

ACC

10000114511

1000011

ITALY-GENERAL

AUG. 1943 - NOV. 1944

0009

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No. 785016

Handwritten notes:
1. 10/1/61
2. 10/1/61
3. 10/1/61

00101

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND

No. 785016

Handwritten notes on the left side of the folder flap, including "10000 / 145 / 1" and "10000 / 145 / 1".

10000 / 145 / 1

THIS FOLDER

CONTAINS PAPERS

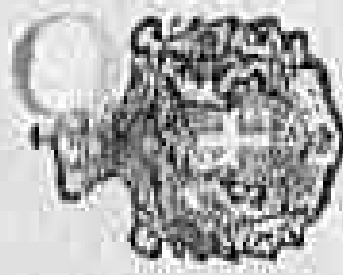
FROM AUG. 1943

TO NOV. 1944

CATALOGUE.

Presented by Mr. Cott to S/C for file 161 p. 45.

19 Nov 45



R. SOPRINTENDENZA

ALLE GALLERIE ED OPERE D'ARTE DELLA SICILIA IN PALERMO

PALAZZO REALE

Palermo, Palazzo Reale, 19 Nov^{bre} 1944.

Carissimo Sig. Tenente Perry Cott,

Profito della cortesia dell'amico carissimo Prof. Guido Gregoriotti per farle pervenire questa mia con la rinovata e sempre più viva espressione della mia gratitudine sentitissima, e con qualche altra notizia, oltre quelle che da ormai tempo addietro a marzo del gen^{te}tilissimo Sig. Capitano Masse, che da prego vivamente oneguiarmi.

Parti troppo, contrariamente alle mie speranze, la Mostra dei dipinti riparati e consolidati che si sarebbe dovuta inaugurare in questi giorni a Palazzo Reale, subisce ancora qualche ritardo. Ma non già a causa della sistemazione del superbo e splendidissimo encausto di Palazzo Scafani, che è, invece, da tempo avvenuta; ma, bensì, perché non sono ancora in ordine le aule, dove dovrebbero essere collocati i dipinti. Il Prof. Gregoriotti da me rammenta a voce della perfetta riuscita della ¹⁴opera.

Profite della coerenza dell'amico carissimo Prof. Guido Gregoriotti per farche pervenire questa mia con la rinovata e sempre più viva espressione della mia gratitudine sentitissima, e con qualche altra notizia, oltre quelle che de inviai tempo addietro a Mario del genellissimo Sig. Capitano Masse, che da prego vivamente ossequiarmi.

Purtroppo, contrariamente alle mie speranze, la Mostra dei dipinti riparati e consolidati che si sarebbe dovuto inaugurare in questi giorni a Palazzo Petrucci subisce ancora qualche ritardo. Ma non già a causa della sistemazione del superbissimo e splendidissimo encausto di Palazzo Schifano, che è, invece, da tempo avvenuta; ma, bensì, perché non sono ancora in ordine le aule, dove dovrebbero esser collocati i dipinti. Il Prof. Gregoriotti da in forma a voce della perfetta riuscita della ~~Mostra~~ ^{Mostra in Opera} del capolavoro nel fondale della sala delle Lapidi. Io, qui, le aggiunge, poi, che la Mostra riuscirà tanto più

20001

interessante, perché sicché sui singoli dipinti che saranno
esposti sono in grado di dire novità in base a fortunati
ritrovamenti archivistici confortati ora, ampiamente, dai
raffronti stilistici.

Ma la più grande novità sarà sempre quella dell'ar-
venuto ritrovamento dei nomi sicuri dei due grandi
simi pittori palermitani che, l'anno di grazia 1456,
composero quest'orchestrale sinfonia d'immagini che dovrebbe
esser tetra e che, invece, si rivelerà in una visione
di alta e luminosa bellezza.

Sigmo Tenente, tutti sanno qui che si deve soprattutto
a lei se l'opera d'arte insigne abbia finalmente avuto
la luce, l'atmosfera e il respiro che le erano necessari,
perché visse pienamente, per la gioia dei nostri occhi
e per il gaudio dei nostri spiriti. Ma più di tutti
lo so io e - ripeto - non lo dimentico; io, che per questo
principalmente, la sono affascinato e grato.

Mi auguro che Ella possa venire qui a presenziare la
inaugurazione della Mostra; e con questo voto formulo
novamente, a nome anche dei miei che da ricordano
con senso di viva riconoscenza, i migliori auguri per

venuto ritrovamento dei nomi ricorsi nel 1456,
sini pittori palermitani che, l'anno di grazia
composero quest'orchestrali stesura d'immagini che dovrebbe
esser tetra e che, invece, si risolve in una visione
di alta e luminosa bellezza.

Sig. Tenente, tutti sanno qui che si deve soprattutto
a lei se l'opera d'arte insigne abbia finalmente avuto
la luce, l'atmosfera e il respiro, che le erano necessari,
perché visse pienamente, per la gioia dei nostri occhi
e per il gaudio dei nostri spiriti. Ma più di tutti
lo so io e - ripeto - non lo dimentico; io, che per questo
principalmente, le sono affezionato e grato.

Mi auguro che Ella possa venire qui a presenziare la
inaugurazione della Mostra; e con questo voto formulo
novamente, a nome anche dei miei che da ricordano
con senso di vive riconoscenza, i migliori auguri per
lei, ripeténdonli dall'interno,

Leu devoto e affezionato

Filippo Di Pietro.

HEADQUARTERS

6004/PC
18 AUG 1943

AMGOT

DOCUMENTS
on Movements
ITALY - WORKS OF ART
2 OKT

PRELIMINARY 12

INTRODUCTION

The material of artistic and cultural importance in Italy falls into several groups. Since the great majority of the Italians are devout Catholics, and the Papacy has, save for a brief interval, always had its headquarters in Italy, the most important group is ecclesiastical. This includes not only churches, monasteries, convents, shrines, and bishops' palaces, but their decorations and furnishings, devotional objects in treasuries and in the possession of the clergy. Decorations include frescoes, mosaics, stuccoes, and sculptures; furnishings include portable objects such as altarpieces and other paintings, sculptures such as crucifixes, statues of the Virgin and the Saints, choir-stalls (carved wooden seats for the clergy), and baptismal fonts. In the sacristy (sacrestia) or in special treasure chambers (tesoro) there are generally collections of ritual objects such as chalices, reliquaries, and vestments for the clergy. These things are frequently decorated with precious metals and jewels which add great intrinsic value to their artistic and sacred significance. It goes without saying that only a small part of all that exists can be listed below; and space permits the naming of only the most important churches and ecclesiastical buildings. But it may be assumed that all churches, whether listed or not, are important both for themselves and for the devotional objects contained in them. Churches and shrines may also have great importance as the center of pilgrimages and of local and national festivals, of which there are many in Italy. The most important of these are noted below.

Italy - Introduction - 2

Also of special value to the Italian people are the museums, picture galleries, and private collections where paintings, sculptures, and other portable objects of the past are preserved. Much of this material has come from churches or is ecclesiastical in origin, though a large part of it is much older and consists of the sculptures, bronzes, and pottery of the ancient classical civilizations. All of it is very highly regarded by the Italian people, whether for its association with their faith, for its artistic merit, or for its connection with the great historical past of the Italian people, as, for instance, with the Roman Empire.

There are also a vast number and variety of architectural monuments not of an ecclesiastical nature, but which are important to the Italians in an artistic or historical sense. Local patriotism is particularly strong in Italy, and every city, large or small, cherishes the evidence of civic greatness. These monuments include palaces in towns, villas and castles in the country, Roman ruins such as Pompeii, Greek temples, Etruscan tombs, and even more ancient remains. Many of these, like ecclesiastical buildings, are richly decorated, and contain remarkable examples of art of the past. The fact that a building is in ruins in no way detracts from its importance.

All of the foregoing categories of cultural material are important to the Italians not only from a historical, artistic, and national viewpoint but for economic reasons as well. In peace-time the architectural and artistic treasures of Italy draw a vast number of tourists annually, and the Italian tourist industry is normally one of the largest of its kind in the world and was a major factor in Italian economy. It is therefore clear that damage to the things that tourists spend money to see would seriously disturb Italian morale for economic reasons as well as for those mentioned above.

Italy - Introduction - 3

THE ITALIAN DIRECTORATE GENERAL OF ANTIQUITIES AND ART

The Italian people also consider themselves not merely as the heirs of their national treasures, but also as trustees who preserve them as a part of the cultural heritage of all peoples. Consequently, Italy has the best organized service of any country in the world to protect works of art and historical monuments. A well trained and organized body of scholars and officials is in charge of this branch of the administration. Severe laws prevent the destruction or ill treatment of art monuments and ancient ruins or their removal or exportation, and control archaeological excavations. Unauthorized excavations at ancient sites and ruins and trade in antiquities so acquired is prohibited by Italian law. Also under Italian law, all chance discoveries of ancient objects and remains of buildings must be reported to the proper local authorities, and structural remains must not thereafter be disturbed no matter how fragmentary.

The central body of the administration of art monuments is the Direzione Generale alle Antichità e Belle Arti (Directorate General of Antiquities and Art) in the Ministry of National Education in Rome. The head regional officer is the Soprintendente (superintendent). Each region usually has a superintendent for archaeology (in charge of early monuments) and one for mediaeval and modern art. Under each Soprintendente are direttori (directors) and ispettori (inspectors); the technical officers include architects, engineers, surveyors, and draftsmen. The lower technical personnel includes skilled restorers of archaeological monuments and paintings, assistants for the work of excavation and restoration, and custodians of single monuments. Besides the professional authorities, in each place in Italy containing important

Italy - Introduction - 4

artistic monuments a local "honorary inspector" is named by the Government. This is usually a person of some cultural background - a doctor, lawyer, pharmacist, or priest, who is well acquainted with the local monuments and represents local interest therein. The major excavation sites (scavi) are in normal times protected by guards (custodi). All the officials named are Government employees. The superintendents are in charge also of the compilation of detailed catalogues of monuments and material of cultural importance in their districts. The most important objects of art and culture are collected in the museums (musei) of the country: these are Regio Nazionale (Royal National), Provinciale (provincial), Civico (civic or "comunale"), and Diocesano (diocesan). The staffs of these museums usually consist of a director (direttore), a curator (ispettore), and guards (custodi). According to the type of museum, these are national, provincial, city, or diocesan employees.

In most towns in Italy there exist also local societies of antiquarians and learned persons who help the authorities in the protection of the artistic and cultural patrimony of the town and its environs.

Another section of the Ministry of National Education is in charge of the libraries and archives.

The control of Italian libraries is vested in the Soprintendenze Bibliografiche. Those library offices are situated at the following places: Firenze (Florence), Genova (Genoa), Milano (Milan), Modena, Napoli (Naples), Rome, Torino (Turin), and Venezia (Venice). Those for Sicily and Sardinia are respectively at Cagliari and Palermo.

Every province has an inspector of libraries (ispettore bibliografico).

BEST COPY POSSIBLE
FILMED AS FOUND
IN COLLECTION

ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT

Translation of a speech delivered by Dr. Adolfo Gnesco
Rector of the University of Naples on 14 October, 1943,
at a Convocation for the reopening of the University
after the burning by the Germans on 12 September, 1943.

Gentlemen,

When the Germans ended the barbarous reconquered the temple, at the top of Mount Sion, which had been desecrated by Antiochus IV, it was the first case of the faithful to purity. It, to raise the altar again and to rebuild the sacred fire.

It is something like that we are doing to-day in this hall which still shows the marks of barbaric fire; we are reopening our doors to our seven continents, our university, one among the four oldest universities in the world, which was founded by emperor Frederick II in 1223, in which Thomas Aquinas taught as well as G. B. Vico and P. De Sanctis, and in which the studies of law, medicine and mathematics at times attained heights that are unparalleled in the history of learning.

We take up again the work that violence has at times broken down, and we re-emerge the interrupted life of the spirit and of science in front of the ruins of Gavour and Marston, that having been spared by fire, recall us to the vigilance of the Albigensians.

Gentlemen, let us hear the facts in our mind. It was late in the afternoon of September 12th, 1943, the even hundred and twenty first year since the foundation of this university, the city was enjoying the German terror, and the hallings of the university were closed as still. It was a Sunday, however, and our undergraduates, driven higher and higher through the world by the war, were mostly absent from Naples. Some German patrolmen swept over the poor Italian sailors just outside our gate; they stripped them of their uniforms and beat them up. One of them slipped slightly on it was decided to shoot him on the spot as he was about to reach the university buildings. The Germans had through the neighbouring houses, bounded their air dwellers down and rammed them to the back of the kneeling, while the cruel execution was performed. By now the crowd their surrounded ears they burst our gates open, and on entering they started by wrecking the subscriptions on which the university had received the names of the first overture. World war, that is, the second legions of patrol officers, throughout the center of our building a meter of over 300 metres up to Piazza S. Domenico, and, when the lecture halls were filled, the rest of the building was the same. The university had been to a real building largely there on the day of the reconstruction of the central telephone station. The first hall was called up by our porters, but it was powerless to interfere with the efforts of the German authorities according to the university buildings were to be given up to the flames.

Such have the facts been in their way and Ericotti's publicity. We have heard only as irregularly and irregularly, but rather a careful plan, drawn up with joy pervasively, especially one attached to the building building the building.

-2-

I feel duty bound to raise the loudest protest to the whole civilized world and to every human heart against an apocalyptic an infamy; to protest not only on behalf of my own university, but - since it is the first to be freed among the martyred schools - on behalf also of all the higher institutes the Germans have wrecked; on behalf of the Polish and Bohemian universities that have been annihilated together with the cultured classes of these countries; on behalf of the Louvain university which has been given over to fire for the second time; on behalf of all the homes of learning which may have suffered, from Norway to Greece, from Heland to Russia. The Germans' object is obvious. They mean to extinguish every spark of thought, to main the minus is they expect to have maintained the bodies of the peoples when the aim at enslaving, so as to provide the new lords of serfs for a new German feudalism. They mean to prevent that anything alive and pulsate in the world except their own "Kultur" - which is a merely barren technique, devoid of the light of thought and of the inspiration of poetry. It is a monstrous form of jealousy that attacks the spiritual cowardice of the Nazis who dread the free intellectual competition owing to their awareness of their own sterility, an awareness that is evidenced by racial persecutions.

This is a sin against the spirit for which not even the Gospels show mercy; it is an awful proof that tyranny has degraded a people, which did once give Luther, Goethe and Kant to the world, down to the level of a filthy rabble.

Anger and wrath might here overcome us and bring us down to the Nazi level leading us to call for the law of retaliation as might not be iniquitous - so that they might endure what they have caused others to endure; and to call also for a sweeping curse upon the German mind, if, being trained to scholarly control, we did not perceive that, in so doing, we should bring ourselves down as low as the enemies are; we could think "racially" by ascribing an indefeasible right to Deutschtum and conceiving a people as a rigid and unchangeable unit. We do not mean to descend to the brutishness of the enemy; we do not mean to welcome the frantic nightmares that the enemy attempts to enforce as ideas by violence. They are not inborn instincts of a race. Such a myth is disavowed not only by the contribution to civilization that Germany has provided in her best day, but also by the fact that the German speaking Swiss - most loyal guardians of freedom, the Dutch who first spread religious tolerance and free scientific research, and the Scandinavian peoples "most just among mortals" as the Ethiopians of Homer - all belong to the German stock.

No, we are up against a fact which is simpler as well as more awful the moral degradation of a people. Responsibility is inescapable; it is so with peoples as with single individuals. Past deeds and ancestral errors to not remove the actual and present responsibility; man may soar to angelic heights as well as plunge into devilish evil. We are face to face with a Christian cosmos that is valid for every race and

have suffered, from Norway to Greece, from Holland to Russia. The Germans' object is obvious. They mean to extinguish every spark of thought, to main the minds as they appear to have remained the slaves of the peoples whom the aim at enslaving, so as to provide the new forms of serfs for a new German feudalism. They mean to prevent that anything alive and pulsate in the world except their own "kultur" - which is really barren technique, devoid of the light of thought and of the inspiration of poetry. It is a monstrous form of jealousy that attacks the spiritual cowardice of the Nazis who dread the free intellectual competition owing to their awareness of their own sterility; an awareness that is evidenced by racial persecutions.

This is a sin against the spirit for which not even the Gospels show mercy; it is an awful proof that tyranny has degraded a people, which did once give Luther, Goethe and Kant to the world, down to the level of a filthy rabble.

Anger and wrath might here overcome us and bring us down to the Nazi level leading us to call for the law of retaliation as might not be iniquitous - so that they might endure what they have caused others to endure; and to call also for a sweeping curse upon the German mind, if, being trained to scholarly control, we did not perceive that, in so doing, we should bring ourselves down as low as the enemies are; we could think "racially" by ascribing an inextinguishable stain to Deutschtum and conceiving a people as a rigid and unchangeable unit. We do not mean to descend to the brutishness of the enemy; we do not mean to welcome the frantic nightmares that the enemy attempts to enforce as ideas by violence. They are not inherent instincts of a race. Such a myth is disavowed not only by the contribution to civilization that Germany has provided in her best day, but also by the fact that the German speaking Swiss - most loyal guardians of freedom, the Dutch who first spread religious tolerance and free scientific research, and the Scandinavian peoples "most just among mortals" as the Athenians of Homer - all belong to the German stock.

No, we are up against a fact which is simpler as well as more awful the moral degradation of a people. Responsibility is inescapable; it is so with peoples as well as with single individuals. Past deeds and ancestral glories do not remove the actual and present responsibility; men may soar to angelic heights as well as plunge into devilish evil. We are faced to face with a Christian concept that is valid for every fact and every creed; responsibility is unescapable by man and by peoples.

The breaking of the common ties of humanity, which are even above wars and caused Achilles and Priam to weep the same tears, has called forth this awful catastrophe of the German people and has rendered them repulsive to mankind, apart from every economical and historical causation.

-3-

The facts speak for themselves. You, British and American soldiers, have bombed our city more than a hundred times; we have seen our homes and many monuments wrecked; we have shed tears on our dead; but, despite an active propaganda by the tyrants, we never did hate you. We were aware that there was violence in the world, but you by the violence of those who had started the war; and our hatred was aimed at those who had killed the evil. When you reached among us, we perceived our own humanity; our own capability to suffer as you do enjoy in your faces; to have seen them to be marked by the sun total of the human experience of our civilization, by the ever-lasting achievements of our civilization, by the under the sky; and we have become aware of the possibility of working with you, who have, officially, been our foes until yesterday. But it was not so with regard to the Germans, not even when they officially were our allies. Nothing helped to us out of the slough, cold and empty hostility of their conduct; and out of their grinding gloom. When they showed what they were capable of, they revealed to us an eternal hatefulness. We experienced the driver of horror that exceeds in eloquent brevity - was experienced by their ancestors, the Gypsies of the Germanic steppe, when they ran up against the witchburn Bure.

An event has taken place of the gravity of which it behoves us to ponder. During the Nazi rule an event has been brought to pass to which the German nation has been reacting since the eighteenth century; a people of some 50 millions has shut itself up into a race; it has broken up the human community of civilized nations in order to become unrecognizable, in order to sit alone. The Jew-haters have fallen into the same error into which Israel incurred in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah during the fifth century B.C.; an error that Israel has been paying for in the scores of centuries of anguish and persecution; that is the error of cutting the ties linking man to the rest of the world, of saying that good is good when it is done under the banner of another race, of assessing every relation of duty and duty towards these who do not belong to the race of duty, of saying that good, truth and beauty - which are ever-lasting values - are subordinate to racial elements. Hence arose the war having for its objective world-conquest and German world-conquest by going back to the origin, to the primitive instincts of our race, by a morbid involution to primal instincts, by barbarism; by reversion to the state of civilization, by civilization is civilization and common advancement of all human beings any national selfishness. Civilization was to be achieved in that that the German people might achieve a new life, entirely their own; should the attempt fail, let the world know that a new twilight of the gods. Hence also came the actual and providential punishment of this people, reviving the ancient myth of the Caesars. Everything is centered around the regeneration, the ultimate regeneration means all political capabilities, occasionally shared political moves have failed on the threshold of success because the moral foundations - on which political success must

15

[illegible]

The problem is an awful one: it entails winning back the ravine people to human brotherhood, replacing it among the nations, making it collaborate with them so that the world may bloom again. It will only for measureless wisdom from those who will fight the battle for the people, and the new manifestation of thought will come out of this. It is a battle to be fought in the necessary recovery. It must be a most difficult task to attain the necessary strictness with clearheaded responsibility.

Yet, if such thoughts must arise, be in setting over the plague of Nazi-Italian fascists, they might never be doing us in our work of defense and of liberation. It believes us firstly to free Italy: this call arises from the very clouds of the sea, from every foot of our breaths who have seen it, from every place that reminds us of our life as a free people, citizens of Naples, recall to ourselves the feeling of moral purification that yet experienced who, armed with the rifles and some machine guns, it was granted to us to counter force by force and to put in flight the armed cars of the enemy from impotent beriberis. These who came back to Naples, as I did, after those days found an transformed, alive with an elation that is still with us. But now, Neapolitans, the work is not finished yet. It is a hard work and a long one; bring it to an end.

And you, who in a small number represent the underground-union of this university, listen to the words of your teachers; join the cause; encourage as many as you can who are with us. Let those who possess the required capabilities, become partisans; should the allied armies call up legions of Italian volunteers, enroll yourselves. Another, by whatever means.

Let me talk to you as a father who has endured the trials of war in silence and through his son. I understand you, Mary of you have been considered by the world, by the breaking down of all the mental barriers, by the unbroken liberation of some human who were unprepared for unexpected events. Many among you have fought and even missed the general wish for victory of your parents; other have been more of the satisfaction of action in a system that was crumbling down, and corruption of agency. Many recall the initiative offered by their own loneliness, for courage, and above all military courage, needs the stimulus and the assistance of a rule of honor, of exultation, of a kind of heroism. And you are all part of it, even the unhappiness of your own generation: the state has collapsed; the cities are wrecked; the families are scattered; the preservation work of previous generations is annihilated. Even the stimulus of hope seems to have vanished.

Despite this, the very experience of the exile and of want ought to cause us to feel that the storm has spent itself.

A shattered man who stands before the more ought to thank God for granting him to understand himself to the limits of his possibilities. He has truly overcome who knows how to be victorious in loneliness, even if it is the only way of victory.

30

Let me talk to you as your old father would have addressed you. Many of you are here through his son. I understood you. Many of you have been bewildered by the devilish, lying breaking down of all the nation's excitements, by the unnecessary destruction of some legends who were wanted for unexpected events. Many among you I've feared and even hated the ugliness of victory of your parents; other I've been aware of the ugliness of action in a system that was crumbling within its own corruption. Every race, all initiators of ideas by their own intelligence, for courage, no above all military courage, needs the stimulus and the assistance of a tide of emotion, of exultation of a kind of heroism. And yet are all wars at a covering of a kind of heroism. The state has collapsed; unhappiness of your own generation; the families are shattered; the cities are wrecked; the work of previous generations is annihilated. Even the children see it.

[illegible]

the day and tobacco is a factor in the
the day and tobacco is a factor in the

young men, the whole of Italy will be with you, and you will experience the advantage of marching at once by the well-wishing of the fathers and of your mothers, and you will feel proud to avenge our brother when the Teuton has feebly kidnapped.

Young men, turn to the pure tradition of Garibaldi. That tradition will spell the purification of our country. Garibaldi, the sinuous prisoner, will be with you, and let his name be your cry.

Despite the present sadness, I venture to comfort you, young men, that Italy will be with you, such men, such men, then it has been with your fathers. Now will come in which men, men, you will recall this glorious memory in this world, as the grey twilight of a sunny day. You are still in a position to fight for freedom, and the happiness you have endured will be the savings of civilization. You will call by the fatherland once more, but the fatherland is married, human, linked up with every other fatherland, and as will wipe national nationalism away. You will help in giving men love and a new constitution to Italy, a real and long-lasting liberty such as to fashion the outlook and to endive very culture of the land. You will collaborate in constructing the moral order and perhaps the stable federation of all European peoples, and it may help you in your great undertaking to have lived for a time under tyranny. You will be able to resist the tyranny of Hitler to the free people who have never experienced it, so that they may live it. You will run throughout the world in order to reconstruct the economic life of Italy, and you will see the wrecked cities rising by once more and life will run more vigorously than it ever did through the country. Such are the goals of our nation, of all the veterans of the trench war. After long years of struggle of struggle on the cargo and the slave we dragged victory and we experienced an overwhelming joy. We thought we had victory in our hands. We had achieved the territorial unification of the nation. We had crushed the empire which, since we were men fifty years, threatened to invade the Po Valley. We felt certain of the future; nothing could stop us. On the contrary victory was ours as a bridge. The victor came, and as for the victory, the people and the youth of Italy, and as for the war still unripe for political action, we were tired of an evil spell that prevented us from taking action. We found ourselves involved in a nightmare: we perceived the danger and the evil, and it is if turned to stone, we were unable to do anything, as if to stone. We seem to run and every one of our limbs refused to budge. The evil spell of tyranny had overcome us, and what has been gained by the country was squandered for the benefit of the sinister adventurer. No it is the loss of the loss that we had won, that is our worst, a worry that will follow, as to our debt.

People all, my children, now Max will be before
can our men.

Despite the present sadness, I venture to assure you, young man, that luck will be with you, much more, much more than it has been with your father. And will come in which he stands, you will recall this bloody reunion in this wrecked world, as the gray twilight of a sunny day. You are still in a position to fight for freedom, and the happiness you have earned will come as the ravine of a hillside. You will build up the fatherland once more, but the fatherland of the world, linked up with every other fatherland, and as will, like a national revolution. You will see, in giving new laws and a new constitution to Italy, a real and deepening liberty such as to establish the children and to deliver very well the land. You will collaborate in constructing the moral order and perhaps the stable federation of all European peoples, and it may help you in your great undertaking to have lived for a time under tyranny. You will be able to point out the abyss of Satan to the free people who have never experienced tyranny, so that they may avoid it. You will see throughout the world in order to reconstruct the economic life of Italy, and you will see the wrecked cities rising up once more and life will rise more wholeheartedly than it did after the abyss. Such has not been our own life, of us who are veterans of the trenches. After ten years of struggle of struggle on the Carso, all the place we created, victory and as experienced an overwhelming joy. We thought we had victory in our hands. We had achieved the territorial unification of the nation. We had created the new Italian, since also then fifty years, threatened to leave the valley. We felt certain of the future; nothing could stop us. By the customary victory of the war on a bridge. The venomous, said, as a great monster, policeman the people and the death of Italy. And while we were still on the verge of political action, we were tied up in an evil spell that prevented us from taking action. We found ourselves surrounded as in a nightmare; we perceived the death of the evil, and, as it turned to stone, we were unable to say anything or to stand, we began to run in every one of our limbs refused to move. The evil spell of tyranny had overcome us, and what had been gained by the country was squandered for the benefit of the sinister adventurer. He is the loss of the lives that he had won, that in our history, a sorry sheet will follow, as to our land.

Despite all, my children, your luck will be better than our own.

Phodae Suzer

AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS OF ITALIANS
AND ITALIAN CUSTOMS

BY

DEANE KELLER

34

Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut
August, 1943

The Social Classes of Italy

The Abraham Lincoln tradition of Log Cabin to White House which is an every day occurrence with us in the USA would be a most remarkable phenomenon in Italy. It would be possible, but it is hardly probable. The so-called lowest order in Italy, criminals or Lazzaroni excepted, is that of the Peasant or Contadino. For one of these to become Prime Minister which is the top in Italy for the aspiring statesman, would be like the man biting the dog. The Contadini up till now have always been considered just that-Contadini- accepted as such, sometimes loved by benevolent landowners, tolerated as such by the majority of the upper classes in Italy and maltreated by others. The rest of the Italians do not either look down on him nor do they prize him; he exists as such and that is all. With the changing times, the furtherance of educational possibilities and the modernizing of the more remote villages and towns, he may come into his own. One writer has said that Italy had three major sources of wealth: (1) Her legacy from Antiquity and the Roman Empire (2) Her tremendous contribution as the Cradle of Civilization in the Roman Empire and the Renaissance and (3) Her peasant population. He went on to say that the third had never been given a chance, and that if he were to be given a chance, the face of Italy would change again for the better and new blood would be infused into her age old veins. This may be true, but it will not happen for some time. Social distinctions are much more marked and much more a part of the life of the Italian community than they are over here. Even in the other lower classes, the lower middle class it is difficult to rise above a certain level in the scant opportunity offered. It has been done, but the social classes are not young--in fact some of the Families of Italy are age old and the designation of class goes way back in history. Exceptions are certainly not uncommon, and the son of a blacksmith, as was Mussolini can rise to the top, cutting across several class divisions. Special talent affords another type of example for the betterment of social standing as in the case of Giuseppe Verdi, the composer, whose parents were inn-keepers; but even here the status of the parent was middle class; Verdi as you remember was offered nobility, but refused it, saying he would feel ridiculous. He loved the land and was really more peasant at heart and his refusal of the noble title was inherent in him as much as it was a personal objective matter of choice. In short, although social lines can be and have been crossed by people from the lower orders of society in Italy, the circumstances governing the crossing have to be more exceptional than in the USA. It is a sort of a triumph for a person of one class to push up into another, especially when the person comes from the class of the contadini.

The Social Classes of Italy can be divided roughly into the following categories: At the top is the King and the Royal Family; then the nobles of the royal family, related to the House of Savoia. (2) The hereditary Princes and members of the High Aristocracy (3) The Upper Middle Class which is usually identified with the preceding class; they are borderline people- may be High Army Officials, wealthy Industrialists who have acquired titles, hereditary Counts and Marchesi who are not necessarily of the biggest and most ancient lineage like the Colonnas and the Torlonias, but still are of the class of the higher aristocracy. (4) The middle class which has been called the "Italian People" for here you find the so-called "Liberal Professionals" lawyers, Doctors, Professors (a Professor really is somebody in Italy) industrialists and the people who run the government in its more important positions--the makers of policy--and its chief executives, the writers and artists and all the rest of the types who exercise their brains for the aid of their country men and the advancement of Italian Life. (5) After them come the vast numbers of lower Middle Class who are the School Teachers, small business men, bond salesmen, petty white collar job holders as clerks in the banks and the rest AND the hordes of Small Govt. Officials that make up the Bureaucracy of the Peninsula. (6) Between them and the last class are the waiters, factory workers artisans like

the carpenters, iron workers- all the highly skilled class of Artigiani, which is one of the Glories of Italy, and the other small job holders who are on the border of the white collar group. (7) Last of all come the Contadini, the "Scarpe grosse, cervelli fini" the big shoes and small heads, the Burini, Villani, the much maligned, but much loved in a sense, The Peasants. Of them there are at least a couple of classes, and these are the ones who own a piece of land and the ones that do not. When they get enough money together to buy a bit of land for themselves they really cease to be contadini and become members of the lower middle class, but the distinction is, though sharply drawn by them and a source of great pride, one of ownership rather than one involving a change of custom or manner of life. There are many slight shadings in this rather arbitrary list. There are the beggars who are all in prison or in the Army now and who will appear again as soon as the restrictions on their profession are lifted, just as the cars on the highway to NY will burgeon forth when the war is over. There is a story of a man in Rome who worked for a noble as a servant for a long time and when misfortune hit the noble reducing his cash reserves, he, with many a sigh and tear had to tell the servant he could no longer afford him. The servant left and for many a day the Noble saw him no more. One evening the noble was walking in the Piazza di Spagna in Rome and passing the Spanish steps was accosted with the cry, "Datemi qualche cosa per l'amor di Dio, e Dio vi benedira!" He turned and there was his erstwhile servant, who on recognizing him, turned as if to go. The Noble was much upset at the apparent low estate to which his servant had fallen and offered him his job back. The servant smiled and said he thanked him from the bottom of his heart, but that he was doing all right and could not afford to go back into service. Another class of citizen in Italy is that of the clergy and the importance of the Priest, of high and of low estate will be dealt with thoroughly in the talk on Religion and Politics.

The present King, Vittorio Emanuele III, is a family man and has 4 daughters and one son. He is known as a collector of coins and as a retiring sort of individual. He has never wanted any triumphal arches and the brilliant life is not the one that he or his wife, Queen Elena, ever followed. Borgese says he prefers his life in the woods of Tuscany and in the bosom of his Family and is essentially middle class in character. His size may have had some effect on his habits of life, for he is not at all a regal type. I had occasion to see him a number of times and twice I met him and talked to him. He is very short and wears his uniforms as if they were cumbersome and too big for him. The old time hat with the huge top part and the plume make him look as if he had on a Persian or Turkish headdress and serve to emphasize his smallness. He has a tic, which I noticed which consists in a twitching of the whole left side of his face, from the eye to the chin and accounts for that onesided out of balance look you may have seen in the pictures. He is a powerful man for his size and nearly pulled a football friend of mine over when they shook hands. He speaks very good English, much better than the Duce, at least as far as pronunciation is concerned. The Duce does a good job on the English I am told, though when an interview, of which I know a good deal was over, Benito escorted the visitor to the door and bade him farewell with a "Tanks". This is hard for the Foreigner, as is H. The King was very affable and democratic and was intelligent about the questions he asked. Apropos of pronunciation I thought that I had learned to say the words properly at least though not fluent in the tongue. He asked me where I had done one of my exhibits. I said, "Arezzo." He said, "Where?" I repeated, "Arezzo." Again he asked where. I thought there would be an international incident soon, for I could see out of the corner of my eye the approach of a gentleman in waiting. Finally I made a terrific effort and tried to roll the R and he got it. Then we talked about this town and some others in the region. Elaborate preparations had been made for the visit and since 5 in the morning guards had been posted outside the Academy and all of our closets and hidden corners and under the bushes had been searched for this and that, and detectives were parked in all the rooms, the street was shut off to traffic, and Carabinieri posted every-

where. Queen Elena came once and she was gracious and friendly and motherly and all you might expect. She towers over the King as does her son, who was called "Il Principino" by the only Italians I knew who ever remarked about him. I gathered that most of them thought he was pretty poor stuff. His performances have never amounted to much to date. In 1932 there was not a real feeling of love and veneration for the King, though you would hear occasionally of his attention to the soldiers in the trenches at the front in War 1 and of many visits of Charity, and it is true that when disaster, like the frightful Earthquake at Messina in 1908, hit the country, the King was on the spot to do whatever the Royal Presence could in such situations. His Court has never been a brilliant one and in general it has never amounted to much. The rules of the Court are pretty stiff and rigid, but you won't have to worry about what to do, as the protocol will always be carefully outlined to those who are to go into his presence, if occasion should arise. A plug hat and a spike tailed coat, and the fixings to go with them are proper in the morning, if you are a member of the official party, as I was not at an opening of a scientific Exhibit once where he performed the rites. The King is not at all popular with the Anti-Fascists, as you may imagine, and they are vehement in their desire that the USA or whatever country deals with the Italians in helping to set up a Government after Fascism shall not deal with him, or any of his group. The same goes for Badoglio, the erstwhile Duke of Addis Abbaba, Graziani, the scourge of the desert and the rest who finally joined up with the Duce in greater or lesser degree of conviction. Though Badoglio was the General who told the King he could disperse the Fascisti in 1922 with a few cannon and machine guns, he did accept the title of Duca from Vittorio Emanuele, the Fascist King-Emperor.

The King visits the provinces now and then and this is the only way that thousands of his subjects will ever see him. Usually some member of the Royal Family resides at Naples as does the Duke of Aosta. The Crown Prince, or Prince of Piedmont, which Mussolini preferred, lives in Turin. Genoa and Florence have their representatives. There is a Royal Palace in each of the larger cities, I might add, and it costs a good deal to keep them up. The King has a reputation for frugality which is quite in keeping with the practice of the middle class category, to which he belongs as a person.

The Aristocracy below the royal group is difficult to place in exact categories. The older hereditary titles in the oldest of the families rank highest in the list. In some towns there are Nobili, nobles, or Patrizi, patricians, who are without title, but you can not become one of them, as you can become a Count, or Marquis-Conte or Marchese. The life of many of the members of the highest order of aristocrats is likely to be a lonely one, for they are not gregarious and they live on the income from their estates a very retired life, especially the older people. This is not entirely true, for there was Prince Gelasio Caetani, Ambassador to the United States along about 1922. He is Duke of Sermoneta, one of the oldest and most respected of titles. I was told off to entertain him one morning on the Gianicolo (Janiculum Hill) when he came up to pay his respects, and found him a very fine type of person--most cultured, very happy still about an honorary degree which he had received here at Yale from the hands of Yale's Billy Phelps. His sense of humour was as broad as one would want. There happened to be a well known American Sculptor in one of the studios and I thought I'd take the Prince in there to meet him. I knocked and he came to the door covered with plaster, I told him what I wanted

32

1

- 4 -

and the sculptor said, "I guess it will be all right." So we went in and after the introductions, the sculptor started a tirade against the Roman casters and their inefficiency and cursed and fumed in good back country style, winding up with the observation that there must be another of those damned strikes going on down town. No Strikes!!! Things were pretty tight at the time, as the Bologna attempt on Mussolini's life had just failed. But Caetani took it with a smile and a wink at me and offered to intercede over the telephone with the recalcitrant casters. Fascist or not, Prince Caetani is a fine man, quiet spoken, democratic, kindly--scholarly, intelligent and a man of the world. His type generally have cosmopolitan contacts through the Diplomatic Corps or through marriage outside Italy. These people feel their position deeply, make little show of it. Some of the Northerners, Lombards and Genoese are business men and work hard, but the major part of them do not engage in the professions or in any other sort of work. In brief they are not to be considered important people to deal with on the problems of Italy.

The more dissolute in this higher category dedicate themselves to the brilliant and superficial life--attendance at grand openings, at which high nobles or even the Royal family is to officiate, theater and social amusements. The women are emancipated and adopt the styles of Paris and London and New York. Their conversation is superficial and risqué and they expect courtship on the part of the men. It is a footless existence and they are not held in high esteem by the Italians as a whole. The men may be officers in the Cavalry, mediocre not too interested agriculturalists and players of games. One of them, perhaps not quite in the top rank, a Baron was a champion tennis player ten years ago. The box at the main Opera house in their own city is important. The worst of them form those large bodies of young bucks who used to hang around the big hotels. One of the favorite occupations of this group was the "Caccia al Dollari" (Hunt of the Dollar) and many an American heiress was caught in their traps. The best of the younger men do not reject work and do it "Con Amore" when they are at it. They are superficial in intelligence and not to be compared with the leaders of their country from the middle, untitled class.

There is still another class of nobles below these, and they are Counts, Marchesi, Barons and even once in a while Princes of which there is a vast number, some legitimate, some bought, and some not legitimate at all. Appearance is their God and "Fare il Signore" is their aim. This phrase means "to live the life of Reilly as a gentleman." This class of petty nobles is not accepted by the groups afore described. The worst of them form part also with those of more elevated title who are the lounge lizards at the teas, and in the Grand and Excelsior Hotels in Rome or in the other larger cities. These titles can be acquired with giving large sums to charity or to some public enterprise. Badoglio got his title after the Conquest of Ethiopia. In the old days, and maybe today, a title could be got from a down at the heels noble who might be driving a cab in Naples by being legally adopted as his son, so that on his death Pasquale Bacigalupo becomes "Principe di Torre San Gennaro" with coronet, family portraits, livery and the rest. In Naples some

- 5 -

of them were so impoverished that they could not afford to own a carriage themselves and would share one together with another noble family, and when it came time to take the afternoon ride on the Via Carraciolo, they would take the carriage door with their own coat of arms emblazoned upon it, remove the door of the family with whom they shared the carriage, put theirs on and go for the ride. In some regions of the south where they own tracks of farm land they pay little attention to their holdings and their absenteeism has been found to be one of the reasons for the suffering of the peasants who worked their land, the middle man who ran the farm for them taking advantage of their lack of interest and attention to make profits for himself, thus giving rise to the appellation Mezzo Ladro (half a robber) for Mezzadro, the official name for the boss on the job. Family life is successful among them, as they have the Latin Tribal Feeling and have a lot of time to give to the family, not being otherwise too occupied. Children are the cement which holds them together, no matter how much the husband may stray from the straight and narrow. In the central part of Italy and in the North they are better as landowners and treat the contadini well and are on good terms with them and take a real interest in the progress of things in their own particular locality. They are not important politically. The professional middle classes are not usually their friends as the latter have little interest in their semi-footless existence. They do not, except for those who have contracted international marriages, mix freely with the Foreign element in Italy. In sum, they lead not very useful existences and for your work will not be of much consequence and need not be considered too seriously. Though the Italians of the lower classes have not too much respect for them, their real attitude with exceptions, is one of envy, for they themselves would like to lead such lives of idleness.

If there is any one group that can be said to represent the Italians as a whole it is the middle class group. They make and administer the laws. They constitute the Government and the Bureaucracy. They control Industry and Finance. They direct and officer the Army and the Navy, though many officers in the Armed Forces are from the ranks of the Nobility. They control and make the newspapers. They are the Doctors, Lawyers, University Professors. In brief all constructive activity in the country is in their hands. Dr. Collins has characterized them pretty well in the following: "They are alert and intelligent, think quickly and clearly. They are not arrogant, haughty, unyielding, believing themselves the last word--like

31

1

- 6 -

the English (SIC) They are not assertive and boastful, though under Fascism I have known some who were; nor are they inquisitive, disparaging of the other man's possessions like the American. They are not prelatory, self-assertive and convinced of their own and their country's perfection, like the French. They display a certain satisfaction with themselves and their accomplishments which may be called conceit." End of quote. There is a division of a sort between what they say they are going to do and what they actually accomplish and they do not always follow up an advantage which they may have gained. There is some of the Manana about the Italian that is unmistakable; I used to joke with one of the help at the Academy about this spirit of "Domani" tomorrow, and he always replied with a shake of his hand and a "Cosa vuole" as if to say after all life is like that and we have to submit to it.

These people of the middle class are most tolerant of strangers and they accept differences in ways of doing things without argument and comment. The Italian of this class in particular and in the others is not critical of the foreigners' manners or manner of doing things if they keep within not too exaggerated bounds, and thus, dealing with them and living among them is pleasant and easy. There is an undercurrent of live and let live in them which is most admirable and goes with their general conception of the world of Justice and universal good feeling, way back to Dante. Even in tough times when the hotheads slashed the seats and tires on the car of a friend of mine who had innocently left a copy of Time with an article, critical of some Fascist doing in it, and we had to say Mr. Armstrong in speaking of Benito Mussolini there was really no trouble in going about your business and in dealing with people. You had to be careful not to say Mussolini out in public, but otherwise you, as a Foreigner, were not molested at all. They seemed to expect in general that we would stay off Fascism, and in turn they were not to irritate us.

The Law and Medicine are perhaps the most popular of the professions with them. Over half the Chamber of Deputies is made up of lawyers. They have a course of four years in the study of law and at the end take examinations and become a Dr. of Laws. There is then another exam in Civil Procedure and they become a Procuratori and can practice in all the courts but that of Cassation; another exam fixes that. The largest group in the Universities is that of the lawyers. The Doctors have a long training - 6 years, including University and Hospital, and after exams go into practice. Office and house visits are lower than ours. Their offices with some exceptions have the Victorian look and are not always too clean. I won't malign the profession in Italy, but I sensed a lowering of the standards in both office and Hospital, that is born out by remarks I have heard MD friends of mine make about some of the Foreign additions to the staffs over here. One isolated case that I saw; a friend of mine had had an appendectomy and I was visiting him. While there his Doctor came in; he was smoking a Macedonia Cigarettes, perhaps the most popular brand in Italy. They are smaller than our cigarettes and they stain the fingers terribly. This Doctor took off the bandage after having thrown the cigarette on the floor of the room and crushed it under his heel, and without washing his hands, pressed around the wound with his fingers, and appeared delighted with the progress of his patient. There was no added infection in this case. The Italians are good engineers and this is a well-paying profession. As a class of people they compare equally well with their confreres in other countries and in some cases, especially the younger of them, are even better equipped with the general knowledge of the world. I have known some of them who were at home on any topic that was not too specialized. Some speak several languages and are conversant with the best in German, American and French literature. People of fine culture. There are, as here, those of them who are good at their stuff, but who know nothing of anything else, but that is an observation that could be made of any people.

- 7 -

There is one thing about them that has bothered many Americans and it illustrates a point. They do not issue as many invitations to dinner or to their homes for social reasons as we do over here--by far. One of the chief factors in this is their relative poverty in a cash sense. They do not have it as we have had it. They are very careful about their expenses and how they will spend anything extra. And they guard the intimacy of the Family circle and Home more carefully than we do. Even among themselves. One Italian I know had never met the wife of a man whom he had known intimately for years. Not just a business or country club acquaintanceship either. Another explanation ties up with this and may be valid; foreigners have not studied them. But the real and best explanation is relatively little cash and you must keep this ever before you when dealing with the Italian of any rung of the Social ladder. This factor is seen again in regard to philanthropy. They are not as well organized for such things as we are, and even if they were they would not have the money to give away. A wealthy man will do something, often, like the Trade School in Vicenza, founded as a local affair, having nothing to do with the government, with the intent of educating the youth in the region. This fact of poverty, or at least small means, had much to do with the Emigration of the lower classes; no one no matter how much he wanted to could do anything really to better the conditions of the thousands of the poor, so that those of the lower classes adopted the little phrase:

"L'arpa al collo
Son' Viggianese
Tutt'il mondo e' mio paese."

"With a harp on my shoulder, I am from Viggiano, and the whole world is my home." Italians of the educated sort like proverbs and little well-turned phrases, and their heads are full of them. The better educated can quote at length from the classics in Latin and some in Greek. They have a very real interest in how something is to be said, as I have indicated to you already. For instance, here is a political speech or part of one, made by Ruggiero Bonghi, a celebrated politico and economist of a generation ago: He won the election too: "Character is something intellectual and civil; it consists, above all things, in having the mind and heart filled with the thought and love of public welfare, without any self interest whatever. Character consists in keeping one's judgment free, and never allowing oneself to be swayed by either passion or selfishness. Character requires that, up to a certain point, a man should be independent of himself. Character.....

This is all part and parcel of a deep underlying trait which is common throughout the peninsula, of making a good impression, or appearance in any circumstance whatever--"Fare una Bella Figura." They are much more interested in this sort of thing than we are. They will scrimp at home and go without things that they need, so that, come Sunday and the time of the Passaggiata--the walk or promenade--the whole Family can appear well clothed and shining and a la mode, according to their lights. Their deportment is tied up in this too. I remember when I had first learned to swear a little, I came down to breakfast one morning and it was raining, so I said, "Mannaggia il Diavolo, piove sempre." (Damn, it is always raining) One of the waiters said, "Per Carita', Signor Chellere, fa brutta figura dicendo tali parolacce." "Non e' elegante....." He was amused at my knowing the words, simple as they are, but the first thought was that I should not have used them. You often hear people higher in station in life discussing a concert, speech, actor, or one of their own who has erred or not gone so well at something or other, saying, "Veramente ha fatto una brutissima figura, te lo giuro."

30
1

- 8 -

The Lower middle class, of which the largest group is probably the men in the Governmental Bureaucracy, as well as the middle class itself tries to put on a better appearance than it can well afford in the attempt at Bella Figura. They must have the look of prosperity. Some will complain of their hard luck in this lower middle class and I had a particularly trying time with a school teacher, Niccolena Biondi, who according to custom as a spinster, lived with her married brother's family, and she lamented her lot, which was to tell the truth, not too happy. She was one of those "Dunque" Italians who are comparable to the "You know what I mean Americans" when you usually do not know at all. The people in this class are of the white collar level. Some of them have to fight hard to stay in it and they will make all sorts of tragic sacrifices to keep on the white collar. So deeply is this feeling ingrained that Panunzio's Father sought to punish him when he ran away from his first Communion by putting him in an Iron Foundry, which would be of course below his station in life. The people of this class are hemmed in very tightly by custom, "Usus Loquendi" (custom speaks or demands). Tennyson's lines do not fit them

"The old order changeth, yielding place to the new,
"And God fulfills himself in many ways,
"Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

The Class distinction between the lower middle and the peasant can be illustrated by a point incidental to a dinner I and two of my friends gave for Domenico Belisario the Peasant, Luigi Barzello the head waiter, and Michele di Nuzzo, the ex Carabinieri. Domenico, the contadino, came looking as usual, belt not through the straps of his pants, and no necktie. Luigi, the Head waiter, wore a spike tails coat and an Ascot tie,

- 9 -

and patent leather shoes with very pointed toes. Michele wore a blue serge suit, gray Fedora and carried a smart cane--tan shoes. Domenico brought a huge bunch of flowers--the others did not. Domenico made fun of Luigi--essagerato. So did Michele sent a cake next day, but Luigi felt fine and one of the other waiters told me how he had dressed up hours before and had hung around anxiously awaiting the time for the party. The younger waiter said "Impressionante, Signore Luigi oggi." Far Bella Figura--all three of them but in different ways.

As to the Little Bureaucrats or "Impiegatucci" as they are called by some people. As we have noted before they are recruited from the class of educated people who have failed to make good in the law or in business and have taken up work with the Govt. as a last refuge, or they are from good peasant stock which feels proud to have a member of the Family in the Govt. Service, or they are straight members of the lower middle class without too much ambition and ability, or chance and circumstance have dictated that they serve in this capacity. Most of them adopt the point of view that they are the Padroni Bosses and that they are in no sense servants of the public, whether they work in the RR Station or in the Quastura (Police HQ) or elsewhere. They treat all alike, so think nothing of it if you are treated half badly when you ask for one "andata e ritorno" to Napoli and you are made a bit uncomfortable. They do it to Italians too. They exercise their little *autorita'* (authority) to the death. Some of them singly are efficient, but as a group in the Governmental System they are high comedy, if not tragedy. After you have waited an hour or two trying to get a check cashed you may think it tragedy. I do not exaggerate. Let me tell you a little of what goes on when you buy a car in Italy and you want licenses and the rest. In the first place the office of many of these people is in an old Palace mentioned in Baedeker and beautiful to behold on the outside; then you enter and your illusions vanish; dirty whitewashed walls covered with pencillings, or dirty stone or brick, no carpet, damp and cold for there is little heat in these offices. The windows may be broken, the chairs are unsteady reed bottom affairs often. There are reams of papers all over everywhere and most of them are stamped; rubber stamps abound. Tables and desks are covered with papers; the pens scratch and stick and refuse to write or blot; the blotting paper refuses to blot. The ink is thick and has sand in it. The functionary wears a black coat and is deadly slow and very important in asking questions and in considering the answers.

Then the real trouble begins "QUOTE FROM MOWRER"

GETTING A LICENSE TO DRIVE A CAR

(1) a birth certificate; written permission if you are over 18 but less than 21. (2) physical exam certificate by a military or municipal MD (3) penal certificate of recent date proving absence of criminal record (4) certificate of residence (5) a sworn statement that the individual can read and write (6) a "Legalized" photograph. The first 5 must be written on stamped paper (7) These with a request on stamped paper and a money order must be sent to the local RR Club. Here a mechanical engineer holds the money order to the light to see if it is counterfeit, then pockets it. You are now examined on gas engines, theoretically and practically. If you pass you take the engineer for a short ride, and if successful in this, the engineer gives you a 7th document. (8) Now you write out another request to the Prefect of the Province on stamped paper, adding a special notebook that you obtain from the Touring club, Milan Office, even if you/getting the car in Sicily. You

are

29

1

- 10 -

send all this to the Prefect and in the course of time his assistant makes out a Certificate of perfect Fitness; you may now drive. This is all if everything goes through all right. If there is an irregularity in your papers, or you forget to mention your grandmother on the male side's middle name, you may have to wait a while until they have considered your case; or if you start with one official and he goes on his vacation or gets killed or something, you begin at the beginning again, with the birth certificate. A friend of mine figured that he had consumed a matter of about 25 hours over a period in getting his license. This story is true. I got a good many permits to go special places to work while there. Here is one of them. I went up there with the first hint that the permit would be granted, did my work and received the final permit when I was about through. They were all agreeable.

When an American applies for a job he usually does so directly. He may have gotten some letters together for credentials, but he is likely to apply directly to the person who has the job to give out. Not so the Italian, though there are doubtless plenty who have done it this way. The Italian would prefer to go to someone of influence, social or political and tell him what is wanted and solicit his intercession. If the prospective employer already named to the mediator is beholden to him or wishes his favor, the applicant gets the job, and the mediator is beholden to the employer and the applicant to the mediator. Thus a series of obligations is set up and there will be a lot of back scratching later on sometime and favors will be expected. Here is an example: A woman wanted a position, the wife of an Army officer who had been totally incapacitated in the last War. She had three small children and no money. The American Doctor in Italy with the American Army, found what she could get along with and offered her a job, to begin immediately. Nothing happened for a week; she did not show up for the job. Then an Italian Colonel, a newspaper man, a lawyer, and a deputy showed up at the MD's office to interview him and to state the woman's case with the intent of getting her the job. IT HAD MADE NO impression on her or the four men that the job had already been offered her and she was to go to work immediately.

As a class these people of the lower middle or Borghesia are very anxious about the education of their young. They are ambitious for them to rise in the world especially southern parents and will be very proud of a son who makes good and gets into more important work. This all ties up with the Par Bella Figura idea of which the Italian is infinitely more concerned than we are. I doubt very much that an Italian would say: "If he is not good enough for college I'll put him in a shop and at least he will lead an honest life and contribute according to his abilities." We wouldn't like this too much, but we would do it. For the Italian I believe it would be una Disgrazia--a great misfortune.

Many times there are three men where one would be enough; promotions come usually through influence, although they say that ability is rewarded. Under Fascism duplicating and paralleling have aggravated this. The Lower Middle class takes a lot of pride in having a son in Government Service and sometimes they have a lively expectation of favors to come because of the sons' connection with the Government, which is not commensurate with reality. But there is always that hope that something better may eventuate. In the South particularly the hope for an educated person to get ahead is all out of proportion to the economic resources of the region and there is little chance in

- 11 -

point of fact. The result is to become a small government employee or to migrate in the peninsula itself, which has become more and more popular. I always felt a little sorry for the people of this class, for they appeared to me to be a group of frustrated men, without much hope and condemned to an endless routine that was not very interesting.

This whole middle class is the one with which you will deal for the most part. You will be received as members of the true middle class the best element in the population--that of the MDs, lawyers, deputies and business men of the most importance. In a general way common sense and your own experience of life will be your best guide. You all have handled men and are used to the vagaries and the varieties, the normal and the eccentric the bright and the slow, the slick ones and the tricky ones. Our job is really one of helping you a little to keep from making any breaks that are serious; with all civilized peoples this is not too tremendous a problem. A lot of them are just like us with a slightly different front and the window dressing is of a different kind. First off sometimes a wrong impression is gotten, and in new surroundings to which you are not accustomed; things may look a little grim and you will wish you were back in Eaperia with your feet under your own desk. Then a little thing like finding out the man you are working with speaks English, as very many of the sort you will meet on the bigger problems do, will make you feel better and the situation won't be so grim. I know a man who had a job as a sort of bursar and keeper of the buildings, boss of the workmen, etc., who scared me plenty for weeks. He was brusque, had a deep and terrific voice, and a very military and important manner. It was about the time that Di Pinedo had made his return to Rome from his transatlantic flight and he landed on the Tiber with half the city watching. I had learned the word for landing a plane--galleggiare and used it not too well but well enough. He laughed for the first time in my presence and corrected it. We became friends then and got to be on very good terms; his manner was all front. You do have to watch for this factor with these people and accept it when you find it. There are obsequious types and importuners and promisers of all things. You have seen them all over here. It seems unnecessary, but I'll say it: do not let them bluff you. They can be very convincing and ingratiating. Let them talk and make up your mind independently, just as you do over here. In essentials my guess is that, in sitting across the desk from an Italian of your own rating in Society, the main difference will be that he speaks Italian and you speak English, and the courtesies that good breeding on this side of the water engenders, will be satisfactory to him. And he will be sure you are acting "Sul serio" (seriously and very much to the point) and he will know the weight and power of the Army of the USA is back of you. This sort of man will appreciate you more if he knows you mean business. One final word on the middle class. I would advise the observance of punctilio and all formalities to the letter. You probably have seen that a group of Italian Officers who surrendered the other day asked to be allowed to surrender in their best uniforms. This is symbolic. And please bear in mind that neither I nor my colleagues are trying to find differences between the Italians and the Americans of this class and the others where they do not exist. In the fundamental issues of life we Americans are not so far removed or unlike them.

Artisans are skilled workers who furnish all these things that tourists buy and that are to be found in Italian homes and cities. The workers in leather, linens, iron, jewelry--the arts and crafts--which by the way are at present the greatest contribution of the Italians in the

28

1

- 12 -

realm of the Fine Arts, as the Arts of Arch., Painting, and Sculpture have sunk to an all time low in Italy at the present time. One story will explain briefly the character of the artisan and his work. There was an iron worker in the little town of Amalfi years ago who specialized in all sorts of fancy grill work and church ornaments and in locks of great beauty and delicacy--entirely made by him. He did very well in Amalfi, but his sons came to America one by one and finally they persuaded him to make the trip. He did, and after a short time he was employed in the Sargent Lock Co. here in town, on the production line. He was miserable. Surely he made as much money there as in Italy, but the routine of turning out a uniform product got him down. He tried to interest them in his skill, but they would not be interested, perhaps rightly enough. Finally the boys told him to quit and they set him up in a little shop by himself, with a forge; then he began to live and he was happy and American looked good. He has done many of the finest things in New Haven of the more artistic and ornamental sort, and there are many hand-made locks in this town that will last until the end of time. There is professional honesty and high skill and regard for one's craft; and this man is representative of that extraordinary talent of the Italian to use his hands and head in the production of highly specialized minor arts.

Here is the order of the Classes as stated by a Peasant character in Fontanara, by Silone:

"At the head of all is God, Lord of Heaven.
Then comes Prince Torlonia, Lord of the earth.
Then comes the armed guard of Prince Torlonia
Then come the hounds of the Armed Guard of Prince Torlonia
Then, nobody else.
And still nobody else
And still again nobody else.
Then come the peasants.
And that completes the list.

"But where do you place the authorities," demanded the city man. "The authorities are divided between the third and fourth classes, according to their wages. The fourth class (the dog one) is tremendous." End of quote. From the north of Italy to the Islands, literate or illiterate, the Italian Contadino is no fool if he HAS got limitations of many sorts. I am sure in your dealings with him you will find him a canny, keen quick witted fellow. At the least you had better start with this point of view of him until, you find him otherwise. Even if they can neither read nor write, their heads are clear for figures. I shall instance Domenico, of whom I have spoken before. He was a man of all work at the Academy and he was a Contadino from Saracinesca. He could hold 25 different commissions in his head of a morning as he set out to go downtown, and they ranged from cashing checks for several people to buying thread for one of the ladies and mailing packages at the Express. When he got back, all the errands would be done correctly, each person was satisfied that Domenico had done what he had wanted him to, AND the little commission more often than not had been figured, as he returned your change to you. He had no list, for he could not read or write. If it was a cold winter day, you could offer him a regular size tumbler and the whiskey bottle and he would nearly fill it and then swallow the whole tumbler full, wipe his lips, smile, tip his ancient hat with a "Grazie, Signorino" and the business was over. One observation on drinking here: you will seldom see a reeling drunk; but you will see plenty of men heated by wine and they are not always too

- 13 -

pleasant; their defenses are down and they are argumentative and there might be trouble. What they say of hard liquor is pretty much true, for it costs too much for the lower class, but wine is strong and to paint too rosy a picture of the abstention from liquor on the part of the Italian is not correct in my experience.

Of the Peasant I believe this to be true: he is courteous and as you go along a country road you expect to say "Buon Giorno" to him whether on foot or in his cart or on donkey back; he will usually think you are a Signore and he will tip his hat with his greeting. He will not expect you to do any more than give him the "Buon Giorno". His sense of class is deep within him. Most Peasants that you will get to know you will eventually call by their given names, I think. As to this sense of class; Dr. Calabresi told me that when he was in Germany he noted that the Doctors always greeted the patient in the morning with a "Good Morning, Herr So and So." He liked the idea and when he got back to Milan he tried the same thing, but it did not work; he got the impression that the peasant thought he, as a middle class person, was making fun of him, the peasant.

The Contadino is hard working and he likes to work. He is slow moving, not nervous, and is methodical. There is no better proof of his ability to work than to consider, that in a mountainous and none too fertile land such as his, with one of the densest populations on earth, through his efforts his country is almost self supporting in terms of food. It is true, however that he loves his "Dolce Far" Niente" and there are an inordinate number of Holidays and the phrase "Oggi Festa" will become very familiar to your ears. We have seen what he has built for us over here--RRs and the rest. In Italy he loves the land; Sforza says "he has contracted a secret marriage with his land," so much does he love it. His olive trees and his little vineyard are truly the apple of his eye and he will work to make them produce; he has to. It has been said that everybody works but the very young and the very old and the latter take care of the former.

Along with their laboriousness goes great powers of endurance of hardship without complaining. They have learned patience--they have learned to make the best of bad situations--like hail storms that destroy crops (for which there is Insurance) in the south the eruption of Etna means beginning all over again none too rarely, the Scirocco will kill a crop, drought kills a high percentage of crops; they endured without complaint the hardship of the emigration to America; high taxes are part of their existence, as are low wages and long hours of work; and in many localities their food is none too good and none too plentiful. They have proven that they can take it and come up for more. All of this would indicate that they are good people with which to work.

They are good judges of Foreigners. This idea is not at all new to us--the judgment of the backwoods or country fellow, like the ones down in Maine for example, is pretty sure to be worth something. The Italian peasant will be quick to note arrogance (as he has among the Germans apparently now and has in the past). If a person in dealing with them is "Superbo" or "Prepotente" (Haughty, boastful, stuck on himself) he will get little service and little satisfaction out of the combination. It is again the affirmation of the common people of any country; the opinion of the so-called backbone of the nation. If the favor of the peasant is won by you, even if they have no political power and may never have seen two pieces of money to rub together, you

27

1

- 14 -

will be sure to have good sound supporters and you will get a lot of work done for you. It appears now in Sicily the peasant is helping. The Peasant's ambitions are limited. One of the hopes under Fascism, of course, was to be relieved of the tax burden which he did know before, but which is worse now. One of the contemporary writers says: "The working masses are cowed, corrupted, apathetic, classified, regimented, rubberstamped, and famished. Hunger itself has been bureaucratized. There is the official kind that gives you the right to eat soup and the unofficial kind that gives you the right to throw yourself into the Tiber." Silone again. But the ambitions of the peasant are fundamentally two: To own a piece of land and to get an education for his son. These are the exceptionally advanced peasants who have these two ambitions and there are many of them. If the peasant had a little land of his own, a few animals, and the weather and the rest favored him, if he could put away a little money to improve his holdings (and often this was sent to him from America or the Argentine or elsewhere) and if he had a big family to help him in the fields, he would be happy and would not feel that he was overly poor. In the early days of the Kingdom, the greatest ambition of the Peasant towards his son was for him to become a Priest. This has now changed somewhat and the ambition is for a boy of exceptional ability to become a lawyer or a Doctor, and thus raise himself in the social scale and do better than his Father had done. This has happened over here many times, and, when a degree is gained, or a big scholarship is won by an Italian American son, the Wine Keg is removed from the cellar and open house is proclaimed for several days, and all the Paesani come in to drink the Health (far brindisi a) of the son and his Family. If they had a successful son as lawyer, their own social rating was bettered and they had someone to take care of them well in old age.

I do not know to what extent the Peasant has become used to modern equipment. You will be told of these things by experts. However the teachability of the peasant deserves a few words of a general sort. In the north it has been much easier to teach him new methods. But you must be well aware by now of the great north and south differences. The Southern, because of ignorance and neglect and the weight of tradition, and unawareness of the value of improvements and family unity (that is the having of many children and the giving to them of the heart shaped hoe of Virgil and the whole feeling of group manipulation of the land) and the economic conditions which offered better returns making improvements in the north than they did in the south--for these and other reasons, I believe you may find the southern somewhat intractable and difficult to teach and though you will probably succeed in teaching him about sewage and garbage and farm improvements, it will take much patience and some explaining. As far as sewage is concerned there will be first the problem of getting the water. If you haven't ever had enough water easily obtained even just for cooking, you are not likely to be familiar with the bath and other such amenities. Once the Italo-American had got used to the idea of running water over here, he took the coal out of the bathtub--at least most of them did--and used the tub for its destined purpose. I merely suggest that you will have some big boulders to roll back before you will put some of your good works into practice--in the south at least.

A few words on the peasant's food. Bread is truly a sacrament. It is the basis of the diet. You must eat bread if it is offered to you by an Italian and especially by a peasant. The latter would be offended if you refused it. With all Italians this Bread Sacrament is true in greater or lesser degree. Italians of all classes do not want waste. This is fundamental. They would be shocked at the waste that there is over here, and you will never see some delicate creature over there toy with a beefsteak without a care as to the economic waste involved. So with bread. A middle-class Italian told me he could not bear to see a child

- 15 -

drop a piece on the floor and spoil it for eating. To throw away bread is worse than swearing. This is one place where all Italians, both Fascist and Anti-fascist get together. Mussolini had a poem spread all over the peninsula about the sacredness of bread. The staple bread is not white and is coarser than white as we know it. Bread and olive oil and salt is the basis of many a peasant diet. Other aspects of the food question may be covered in the seminars. One should know the importance of bread and that it usually is served without butter. It is served with almost every other wet variety of food imaginable.

In addition to the reasons of brigandage and protection from enemies, as given by others in this course for the fact that the peasants usually live together in villages on the tops of hills and small mountains, there is the very important one of Malaria. Around Ninfa near Rome the peasants warn you to get out of the valleys at night fall, as that is the time that the mosquito comes out to bite. This will be fully dealt with by other speakers. There are towns with a population of 30,000 people which will appear deserted during the day, with most of the able-bodied people out on the farms, some of them 5 miles distant. Their houses in the towns are very poor and usually of one story. The rent not so long ago for a year on a house on the periphery of a town, the least desirable spot, has been as low as 36 lire a year. With the lira at 20, which is generous, this makes less than \$8.00 a year and gives some notion of the poverty of these people. One story is the most common thing and the construction is of Tuffa, a porous rock, stone, mud, brick and lava. Washing facilities are the least you can imagine and there is little drainage in the poorest places. Many of the peasants eat in the dark or semidark for want of oil. The street is the parlor, the resort for gossiping, singing, courting; here the children play and the women work and the men have their games. The house may contain a goat, pig, ass, and poultry and will have, of course, no privacy at all for anyone. Several families may live together in the most miserable conditions. There is generally one room in which they eat and live as a family and they sleep in the other. In the north conditions are a lot better and they may live right on the farm, their houses being part residence, part barn and part stable. But there is more room and the crowded conditions of the south are less common.

One angle on the Italian peasant is revealing and it goes for members of the other classes too to a lesser degree. This is their treatment of their animals. They are unmoved in their attitude toward the dumb beasts. Cruel is perhaps too harsh, though there are times when you feel like committing murder as you see a carter take a sharp stick and prod his poor donkey or mule with it and holler "Auuu" which is their expression for demanding more movement of them. They really love their animals in an economic sense. They do not love them as pets as do the English and there never was any objection to vivisection in Italy as there was 25 years ago here and in England. The feeling is that the dogs and the rest must earn their living too. They have magnificent hunting dogs, but that is for a purpose. They will take their beasts to the Priest on the day of the patron saint of animals, San Antonio, but perhaps in the same spirit as the better off take their cars on that day too, and have the sign of St. Christopher, the saint who guards travelers on the dashboard. One who loves animals will likely see some things he doesn't like.

This very brief account of the peasant leaves out many things, his amusements, his superstition, intimate details of his life and work, his attitude toward religion and the rest. All of these subjects will be dealt with in their proper places, as will similar subject headings with relation to the other classes. In the broad and the long you will like them and get on very well with them, for it may have been your experience over here that in the long run simple hardworking pleasant people

26

1

- 16 -

are more desirable to be with than keener, sharper, nervous and less sincere types. And do not be deceived by their physical appearance. One of the most ferocious looking men I have ever seen, a type that should have been in jail according to the false reasoning of the Italian Lombroso, was called Serafino (The Seriph) and he was gentle as a lamb. Your natural instinct towards self-preservation and your trained judgment of men must be your guide.

In closing I want to make a few remarks about the position of the priest in the smaller towns. His powers are circumscribed to a large extent in a city like Milan and his influence would only be felt in sections of the city, and of course there are a great many of them necessary to man the large number of churches. But there are some towns in Italy that are too small to have their own priest and they get along by having one come and stay a day or two and clean up the work of the parish, say the Masses and perform whatever rites there are to be performed--burials, marriages, discussion of Dowry, and advice as to whether a marriage is suitable, if the Priest has the confidence of the people concerned. There are many other duties that fall to the Priest. He advises on all sorts of questions that make up the simple life problems of the peasant. Many times he is the son of a peasant and is therefore not only a Peasano of the whole group, but is the relative of a portion of the group. A short while ago I wrote to a friend of mine who came back to the USA on the Drottingholm a year or so ago (he has lived 40 years in Italy) and I asked him this question: "What is the importance of the priest in the life of a small community in Italy?" His answer was this: "He is the boss." One sound writer on Immigration problems, Foerster, says: "The eager control of the Priest has reached into the major decisions of the communicants' life." Another angle: it is said they might inform on the people in troublous times, especially those who were in arrears in payments to Mother Church. Still another: they are accused of all sorts of immoralities; I have heard a lot of this myself. Many of them are very poorly educated. Still another: it is generally true that the people resent the intrusion of the Priest in Politics.

National Traits and Characteristics

You must understand that the Italians are good people by and large. All civilized peoples fall roughly into pretty much similar categories, except perhaps some of our enemies from the Pacific Islands, who are more difficult to understand. There are good, bad, and indifferent Italians. But in general there is nothing difficult about them. By their very nature of openness, and the free expression of their feelings, they become easy for one to interpret up to a certain point--the broadest aspects of the interpretation of a people. As they say themselves, "Buona gente, buonissima gente, ma bisogna saperle prendere." Good people, very good people, but you have to know how to take them.

Just because you can't buy a Railroad ticket sometimes at an Italian R.R. Station until twenty minutes before train time, or because you see a peasant woman on the street with her corset on the outside of her clothes and highly ornamented at that, instead of inside somewhere, does not mean that all about the R.R. or all about the Contadina peasant is different from anything you have ever seen or heard of before. Maybe the Baldwin works made the locomotive that pulled the train, and the son of the woman in the fancy corset is a friend, acquaintance or employee of yours, over here. Italians don't all carry stilettos, nor are they all dark and swarthy. True, the majority of them are "bruni", on the dark side, but not all, by a long shot. They aren't all lazy and bad actors, as the Italian-American gateman at my office told me the other day of the Sicilians. These few impressions and many others similar are just as ridiculous as some of the impressions the Italians have of us. A Carabinieri friend of mine thought, with the exception of the boys who lived at the American Academy in Rome and their parents, most Americans were gangsters. They all ask after the Pelle Rosse, the Indians, that is, the people of the lower classes did, and they all think we pave the streets with gold dollars. One old barkeep in Sicily kept one of the old dollar bills, the large ones, in his till, and on occasion would take it out hold it up and kiss it, saying "Bell 'America." Some emigrants from Molfetta on the Adriatic returned home and one was blind, and they all thought that it was so hot in the fields in America that eventually everybody got sunstroke and became blind; another emigrant had acquired strange habits, like forgetting the native dialect, and not drinking wine any more.

Cultural background and racial differences are the chief reasons for divergent customs, manners and mores. They do a lot of things differently from us and their ways of life vary from ours. Some are not so good as ours and some are better. For example, the metric system in all their counting and weighing and measuring is infinitely to be preferred to ours, and as for the English system of coinage, in calculations, the less said the better; Pounds, shillings and pence and all the rest. We have adopted the metric system in Medical measurements and in many branches of science and the question of total adoption of this method comes up periodically.

- 2 -

The Italian has it here. But on the other hand, in some of the outlying districts in the Commercial Hotels you will find some very peculiar toilet arrangements; the Italians in these districts preferring to squat and hold on to iron rails rather than sit to evacuate the bowels (Fare una caccata--Andar' di corpo). To us, this is not as good as mono-metal, tile, and porcelain work with accessories. But the squatting arrangement exists, and it is to be found, and must be accepted for the moment at least! It is better than nothing and that is what you will find in the more remote or the smaller villages, but not necessarily in their hotels, if they have any. I went to Saracinesca with Domenico Felisario, a peasant friend of mine, and when I asked where the Gabinetto was, he led me to the door, and with a wide sweep of the hand and arm, he said, "Eccola!" (There it is)

Do not let the Italian think he is peculiar or that anything about his life is to be criticized or laughed at. He may think us peculiar for letting our daughters go unchaperoned to dances where they serve liquor. And he may be right. George Borup was with Peary up North. One of the Eskimos confided in a member of the party this observation. "Borup smells bad; I can smell him half a mile off." This must have surprised Borup, who had the same notion of his Eskimo friend. You men will not be exactly guests in Italy, but the substance of the old saying "When in Rome do as the Romans" is true for you if you want to make headway.

One of my first experiences was a trip up the Gianicolo, one of the hills of Rome in a tramvia--trolley car. There is a single track up there with switch-offs every so often. I was going up the hill in a little tram and it was met by another coming down the hill on the same track, and there wasn't a switch in sight. I was with one of the boys from the American Academy who got irritated with the Italians and he remarked loudly in English, "Look at that, the poor primitive bastards!" There was an argument between the motormen, loud and fast and furious with many Menaglie (Damns) and finally my tram backed down to the switch and all was adjusted. The other day I got on a trolley to go home out Whitney Ave. and instead of going out Whitney Ave. we took the turn around into Elm St. and started towards State St. Someone had forgotten to change the switch. "Poor primitive bastards?"

This ethnocentric attitude of the American is known in Italy. They think the American is boastful of the way he does things and criticizes what he considers second-rate in the life of the Italians. Better that one should not go over there than that he go with a contempt for the Italian way and a firm belief that his way is the only one. An attitude of this sort is provincial, narrow, in addition to being impolite, irritating and even provocative. There are many things the Italians might have done if they had been richer, older as a nation, and had not been so unfortunate as to have been ground for years, even for centuries, under the iron heel. The via del Cuore (way to the heart) and success will be found through tolerance and understanding of a high-minded sort. And I might add, with infinite patience on your part.

- 3 -

Someone once wrote that the Americans who had traveled knew the Italy of the beautiful Palaces and Pictures and Scenery and the American who had not traveled, knew the Italy of the day-laborer in the U.S.A. I want to say a little about the Italian-American and I hope that the Italian Americans in this class will not take offense at anything I may say. Americans never took the trouble to study him until fairly recently. He early got the opprobrious designations "Wops, Ginnies, Dagoes" and they have stuck to the present day. Within the month an Italian, one of the leading professional men in this part of the east said to me, "Yes, you can talk all you want about the Italians over here, but we are still nothing but God-Damned Wops."

Some 4,000,000 of them have come from Italy in the last 75 years or thereabout. The first to come were vendors of statuettes from Lucca, north Italy; they carried their goods with them on their shoulders in large laundry baskets. Then followed large numbers of immigrants who were in the main from North Italy, and they were grocers, barkeepers, restaurant proprietors, market gardeners, stone cutters, masons, sellers of plaster castes, wandering musicians with little boys, to use as bait on the sympathies of the people. From 1880 on the hordes came, chiefly from the Agricultural Districts of Southern Italy. I do not intend to go into the immigration problem. The reason for the Italian Emigration was economic--poverty, poverty and more poverty at home--no opportunity to be anything but be lazy and to become beggars. Frustration of life and hope at home. The emigration has been a boon in a financial sense for Italy, as the immigrants have sent thousands of dollars back to the homeland. Close connection has ever been kept with relatives across the water. This fact puts America in the best position to deal with the Italians in the present situation.

The difficulties that the Immigrant found in learning the language and in adapting to this country's ways, and the essential lack of interest in these problems of his, lead to the following sort of comment on him; I quote: "The Italian is a dirty, undersized individual who engages in degrading labor shunned by Americans, and who is often a member of the Mafia, and as such is likely to draw a knife and stab you in the back." Another: "The rats of the waterfronts of Naples and Palermo and the criminals of the country were sent over here to dig." Some Italians were offered the choice of going to prison or coming over here. But 4,000,000 wharf rats and criminals are quite a lot.

They were badly handled over here in many cases. Costantino Fununzio, a distinguished member of the faculty of the University of California, when first here worked for 6 months for a farmer in Maine and was paid off with a \$5 after having been promised a fair wage. He did not know the language and was ignorant of our ways and was taken advantage of, as were thousands of his countrymen. In a certain part of New York State the storekeepers refused to sell the "Dagoes" any food until they took matters into their own hands and forced him to sell at the point of the shotgun. An Italian vice-consul was sent to Portland, Maine and had trouble

24

1

- 4 -

finding a place to live in a community commensurate with the dignity of his position, for the down-casters didn't want an "Eye-Talian" in their midst. The "Boss" system was iniquitous. Some Italian, or Irishman who had learned a little Italian, would round up a new group of immigrants and promise to take care of all their troubles for them and find them jobs; then he would exact a large share of their pay for his commission. Poor, uneducated, knowing no English, they became suspicious and filled with bitterness. Carlo Sforza quotes a famous poem--The Poem of the Bricklayer which explains this whole situation:*

The Bricklayers came by the hundreds
A whole gang of them with calloused hands
To build a building of 40 stories
Without counting the roof or basement
Now it appears that the Firmament
Is challenged by the honor and glory of the Americans
BUT who thinks of the greenhorns
Of the PAESANI, suddenly dead without the sacrament
What does it matter if by misfortune
Or a mistake, his body is smashed on the floor
POOR GINNIES, UNFORTUNATE DAGOES
Before a half pound of beefsteak
The Boss laughs and shows his gold teeth
"Who is dead, is dead--I am alive and I don't give a Damn!"

The prejudice against the Italo-American has resulted in bringing out into high relief inferiority feelings on the part of these people. Many of them changed their names anglicizing them. One, cited by Sforza, was known as Mr. Mathews; real name was Mattel. When Sforza told him the first Mattel was a good friend of Jefferson's and that he had said long before the Independence of the U.S.A.: "All men are by nature created free and independent." he seemed somewhat ashamed of his anglicization. Other less interesting but better known name changes are Luo Little's, the Columbia football expert's original name being Luigi Piccolo, and Jim Flynn, the Pueblo Fireman's name was Andrea Chiariglione. He was a boxer.

* Vennero i bricchieri a cento a cento
Tutta una ghenga co calli alle mani
Per far la casa di quaranta piani
Senza contar il ruffo e il basamento
Adesso par che sfidi il firmamento
A onore e gloria degli Americani
Ma chi pensa ai prinoni ai paesani
Morto do colpo senza sacramento?
Che val se per disgrazia o per mistocca
Ti sfracelli la carne in fondo al foro?
Povero ghinni, disgraziato dego
Davanti a mezzo ponte di biacca
Il Boss ride e mostra il dente d'oro
"Chi e' morto e' morto. Io vivo o me ne frego!"

- 5 -

Since the advent of Joe DiMaggio probably there will be less of this sort of thing, for nothing today is quite so American as the leading hitter on a World's Champion outfit. This tendency towards a feeling of inferiority can easily be brought to the surface among the Italians in Italy, and if it is, they will become defensive and stubborn and even antagonistic. Generally I think you must be more careful with them not to hurt their feelings, or upset them, than if you were dealing with Americans, whose reactions are not usually quite so hair-trigger delicate.

The Italian brought over here qualities of sobriety, habits of economy and hard work, devotion to his customs and traditions, and attachment to his own kind. The adjustment to American life has resulted in his losing some of these virtues and substituting others, less admirable. These latter are disappearing in the third generation as the ties with the mother country are being almost completely cut off; Americanization is becoming well nigh total. There are now over 500,000 soldiers of Italian origin in the Armed Forces of the U.S.A. A study such as you are making now with the ultimate purpose of dealing with the enemy across the water will prove beneficial in the formation of a more accurate picture of their American cousins who are our fellow citizens. There are still thousands of Italians of the first and second generation here who are really neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. They have adopted many American customs, but still have residues from Italy. Some speak neither language correctly any more. Therefore a judgment of the peninsula is not to be made on the basis of what you know of the Italian over here. Panunzio in his admirable book "The Soul of an Immigrant," wrote that when he returned to Girgenti in Sicily after 14 years in this country his relatives were hard put to it to understand him; he himself thought he was speaking his native Girgentese dialect, which he had spoken with his family in Rochester, New York, for years. Americanizations, or Americanate as the Italians call them, had crept in and there were no Timkin Oil burners in Girgenti and his talk, manners, and whole point of view on life were strange to the natives.

The Italians of the peninsula have complained for generations of their reputation abroad, and rightly to some extent. They have a sense of humiliation and revolt against the dishonor of being considered no more than good artists, singers, dancers and lovers, ditchdiggers, or, on a different level, as possessed of a bright intelligence of the flesh in the pan variety, glowing imaginations, subtle and invidious reasoning powers, and sweeping eloquence; on the debit side as men of no human character, without pride and law, destitute of moral loyalty and physical courage. The Italian himself says, "We are not ashamed of our brawn, but we do feel a reasonable satisfaction that we have also a brain."

In one sense there are no National Characteristics among the Italians, though there are certain larger ideals and veneration that they all do have in common--such as the Risorgimento, pride in the attainments of their great, and their contributions to science and the culture of the world. But the actual character of the Italians

23

1

- 6 -

in groups and separately, is dictated by regional background, racial admixtures and such considerations. You have heard of the importance of the age of these people and the importance of the weight of tradition and their consequent lesser flexibility and mobility when compared with a race that is more recent in point of time, such as ours. Pirandello, the great playwright of the 19th century, has said: "In Europe it is the dead who make life, crushing the life of the living with the weight of History, tradition, and customs. In America, life belongs to the living." Italian culture is dominated in this way, as is her economy based on institutions centuries old. Cities are not planned for modern traffic nor modern housing. Once a house is built it is expected to last forever and there is positive value in some of this. Their racial background is more versatile than that of any other country: The positive, calculating, logical Latin mind; the Art and technical skill and the scientific contribution of the Greek; the Germanic introduction of sentiment, romance, imagination, as well as energy and enterprise; The Oriental influence introduced the Fatalism of the southerner, the procrastination and reluctance to face issues squarely, and the resignation which accepts defeat with a "Pazienza" (Patience), this too will pass, which is not alone the possession of the southerner, but is to be found as a characteristic of the whole people. As a people the Italians are very old and as a nation very young. Therefore they feel the criticism of the older nations very keenly. They are a people like an old, wise man, full of knowledge, but so used to the adversities and misfortunes of life, that nothing is very new or surprising, and what is new is received with some pessimism and much scepticism. I most earnestly hope that the point of view of our government will not be that of sending you men over there to RE-EDUCATE the Italian. Your job as I see it is to go over and help out where help is needed and they themselves need it and ask for it. I hope that if any arrests are to be made that the local flat-foot is told the rules and he makes the arrest. If not, not only will someone likely get bumped off, but all sorts of complications of a larger sort may arise.

One of the most marked phenomena in Italy is the North and South difference--something like that which exists here in the U.S.A. The North is industrial and the South is agricultural. The North is comparatively rich and the South is miserably poor. The Land is rich in the North and arid and barren in the South. The Favours of the Government have been given the North and the South has been neglected--partially because of the relative intractability of the southerner, and partially because the money was better spent in the North, economically, than in the South. The northerner is better educated than the southerner. Much of the life of the cities like Turin and Milan is not so far different from what we know over here. The differences would exist in the smaller habits and customs rather than in the larger aspects of life. And of course one must never forget in Italy the subtle effect of the past. The bond salesman walks down the Lungarno, a street along the river Arno in Florence and sees the Ponte Vecchio and the Ponte della Grazie once trod by Dante, or passes through the Piazza della Signoria where the David of Michelangelo once stood (A replica stands there now), where Savonarola was burned for the criticism of the crimes of society of the 15th century, where the Perseus of Cellini stands in the Loggia

Insert, 8th line from bottom: 4 times the number of murders and assaults, gaming in the State Lottery is nearly

- 7 -

dei Lanzi. The North is generally prosperous, active and progressive and it is much better educated politically than the South. The people are less emotional and are more reasonable and logical in daily existence. Milan has been called the Cervello (Brain) of Italy and the Capitale Morale (moral capital) d'Italia. The Milanese were the first to transcend the communal limitations of thought and their city has been called the political pulse of the nation. If there is any national opinion in Italy on questions in the broadest sense it will be found there. The Corriere della Sera, the leading paper of the country, is published there. The situation of the peasant is better in the North. Rome is a cosmopolitan city as the capitol of the country, but it is not as modern as the cities of the North. In the main, as one goes farther from the big cities, life becomes simpler and the products of the 20th century civilization are met with proportionally less frequently. This is not true in our country where one may find the very latest of modern improvements in the smallest of our country towns. Without particularizing, however, life is easier and more progressive north of a line running from Anzio, south of Rome on the west to Pescara or Giulianova on the Adriatic, if one were to pick a very arbitrary dividing line between north and south in the peninsula.

One writer has said that Europe ends at Naples and Africa begins. Benedetto Croce, a Neapolitan, is one of the greatest living Italians and is the leader in the struggle for the ideal of human liberty. Orlando and Crispi, premiers of Italy came from Sicily. The world renowned mosaics of the Capella Palatina of Palermo and the Cathedral of Monreale nearby, the Greek Temple at Segesta, the Temples at Girgenti and the theater of Aeschylus at Syracuse give mute evidence of great days in the past on that Island. However, the romantic writer's picturesque image of Southern Italy--that it is a land, blessed and lovely, where peasant girls in the daintiest of traditional costumes, send their song ringing in answer, while nightingales warble from the nearby woods, though here and there partially true, is not the fundamental picture at all. Aridity, drought, deforestation, the unwelcome Scirocco--the wind from the African desert which can destroy crops, a land so barren that goats and sheep can barely find enough to feed on in the poor plant growth, and scarcity of water--this is more the picture with its consequent misery and poverty. The soil, even with tillage, fertilization and irrigation yields up its products grudgingly. Springs are rented out for water, and vendors of water in the towns are not uncommon. I saw a peasant woman roundly spank her little boy for washing his hands in a pail of water that she had carried a quarter of a mile up a long hill. It was to be the cooking water for the day. One writer says of the North and the South: "Illiterates are nearly three times as many in the South as in the North, there are nearly twice as rampant, the death rate is higher, books and newspapers are comparatively fewer and postal service is less than half." Here the Poverty of Italy can become actual destitution. Wealth per head is half as great as in the North. The Land is the monopoly of the few. Opportunity for advancement in life is almost nonexistent and consequently hope for betterment is not a characteristic of the southern peasant. Of course, in the larger centers of Sicily like Siracusa, Palermo, Catania, which are touched by life in the

22

1

- 8 -

form of tourists and are really cities of some size, these observations are not all applicable. But there are few cities of any great population and there are vast tracts of arid land and mountainous areas. The whole temper of the populations in the South is slowed down and the nature of the people is more plodding as compared with their northern brethren. Perhaps their particularly fatalistic outlook on life is a consequence of this evident lack of opportunity for improvement of life conditions. There is antagonism between the North and the South.

Before 1870 Italy was a country of communes, or communities greater or smaller. After 1870 there was the Italian nation, but the communes went right on as they do to the present day. The whole conception of Italy as a land of individual communes is fundamental in understanding the Italian nation. The U.S. Dept. of Labor made its groupings of the political divisions of Italy geographically-- North and South of the Po River. They put Liguria on the north with the Basilicata in the south center and with Calabria. The Basilicata had the lowest percentage of children in the secondary schools in the whole of Italy in the census of 1911, and Liguria had a percentage over four times as great. Thus this grouping would have been held up to ridicule and scorn by the Ligurians and people of Basilicata would have replied with loud and prolonged imprecations if they knew that they had been coupled in any way whatsoever with the Ligurians. The conception of Italy of the present day as an outgrowth of the Middle Age Communes, with their disorder, confusion, noise, agitation, and squabbling is the correct one; not the Grandeur that was Rome and the cold decorum and regulation of the Empire, which is the Fascist conception, and goes so sharply against the grain of the individualistic traits of the Italians.

An Italian is an Italian because he is a Neapolitan first. DeSanctis wrote: "If you want to be a good Italian, be a good Neapolitan first." Nearest to the heart of the Italian is his own home town. After that he will consider his country, not before. A Campaniano in America wrote: "I have not forgotten Italy. It is foolish to tell any Italian to forget Italy (this applies to those who were born there and grew to some maturity there). I say Italy, but to me as to the others, Italy is the little village where I was raised." This love for their own home town or PEASE as they call it runs through the whole social structure of Italy, from a man like Fogazzaro one of their greatest writers, who preferred to live at Vicenza than to be lionized in the literary capitols of Europe, to the humblest laborer on the humblest farm in the country.

The common man or peasant identifies himself with the nearest town to which he lives. Surely most of the peasantry live in villages and go out to work, sometimes walking 5 miles to the place of labor, having arisen at 4 in the morning to get there, but if he lives in the outskirts of a village his world centers in it and it is his paese. This is what he knows of life. Each commune or municipio is complete in itself and self-sufficient. The Italian word which

- 9 -

describes all of this is Campanilismo, "within the sound of the bell"; reference is made to the bell of the main church of the town which will ring at stated intervals during the day---at dawn and at the time of the Ave Maria for example. Campanilismo is the regional idea in its essence. One of the outward manifestations of it is to be found in the dialects, almost one to a commune throughout Italy. For instance, onion in Italian is "Cipolla." At Randazzo in Sicily the word is "Cipulli" and at Girgenti, not so far away "Cipudda." The Italian word will be generally understood. No Italian can talk long to another Italian without knowing from what paese he comes, so closely have they all become identified with the culture and customs of their own region, and so deep seated is their love for and pride in this region. Bosses in America used to try to get men from one paese together in their gangs, for there would be less friction and more work would be done because of the sympathy they all had for the home town and consequently for each other. In an American cooking school there were 12 women, ten of whom were Neapolitans, one a Sicilian, and another a Calabrian. The ten banded together, the Sicilian came to the school with her sister and the Calabrian came with a Paesanz, who lived many blocks from her home.

Naturally there was and still is a great rivalry between various adjacent paesi, just as there is between the larger division of Italians, the northern and the southern. The Siennese used to attribute any disadvantage under which they were suffering, to the Florentines, -- like the poor R.R. service to Siena from Florence. You have to change at Chiusi. The Florentines say they never think of the Siennese except at Christmas time when they buy the Pan Forte of the Siennese; this is a sort of rich cake made of ginger, almonds, raisins and is very chewy. The Neapolitans call the Calabrese, Teste Dure (thick heads), the Calabresi say "Non c'e' sole nel Castellamare" (no sun at Castellamare) referring to the prison there perhaps. The Venetians like this little poem:

"Veneziani gran signori
Padovani gran dottori
Vicentini magna gatti
Veronesi tutti matti."

21

In Sicily the Carappipani say: "Girgenti
Mala gente,"

and when a murder is committed in the region, the Girgentesi say the murderer is undoubtedly from Carappipi. When the Florentine Boccaccio put a rogue in one of his stories, he was always from Naples or Milan, never from Florence. There have been comedians in many centers of Italy who spoke the native dialect and joked and ribbed the local population, much to their own enjoyment. Some of these are famous--Pulcinello from Naples, Pantaleone from Venice, and Stenterello in Tuscany. Many of the larger centers are represented by writers in the dialect of the region: Trilussa and Pascarella are great favorites in Rome, as were di Giacomo in Naples, and Carlo Porta of Milan. In dealing with the Italians one cannot over-emphasize the importance of the communes.

1

- 10 -

It is dangerous to attempt to characterize a whole people, or even the people from a particular section of any country. But there are some differentiations noted by the Italians themselves and I'll pass them on to you for what they may be worth. (A) The Sicilians are the most mediaeval people in the country. They are very suspicious of one's motives, even among themselves. They are diffident, take offense easily, are very conscious of the opinion of others about them. Certain classes among them are vindictive fighters and of course they are highly emotional and they everlastingly resent the disparaging attitude of their compatriots of the North about them. They are good soldiers. (B) The Neapolitan is a hard worker when there is anything to do, but he can be very lazy. One must not forget that there were thousands of Neapolitans in the gangs that built our transcontinental R.R.'s and the Panama Canal. The lazy Neapolitan when given something to get his teeth into turns into one of the most rugged, tough laborers on the face of the earth. He is loquacious, quickwitted and gay. He is light-hearted, quarrelsome and some given to superstition. He likes song, music and show, and he likes people and is an extrovert, unlike the Sicilian. Someone once wrote that the Neapolitans were created before the fuss arose concerning the seven deadly sins, and an Italian friend of mine, from the North with a genial smile said, "I like very much."

I have already commented on the more worldly attributes of the people farther north; it becomes more difficult and thus more dangerous to attempt to describe them. They are not free of the qualities already suggested in the southerners. But they exhibit them in lesser degree. The Florentine is the intellectual, but he is ready for a scrap at the slightest provocation. The Romans are stand-offish and as inhabitants of the capitol look down on other Italians, and as a result are none too well liked in sum. Venetians are Gran Signori in truth, but with the majority of Italians share their suspicion of motives and are quick to take offense. Milanese and Torinese are big city people and anything within the larger and most general specifications for the Italian Character may be found, but with much greater breadth of viewpoint and tempered by foreign influence.

I have already noted a few of the factors that have conditioned their lives--the North and South antipathy, the Campanilismo, the worldly character of the big cities and persistence of the mediaeval in the remote sections of the South and the influence of poverty which explains so much of their history for so many years. In describing rapidly other phases of the national traits and characteristics, I'll mention first the very important position of the Family in their lives. It has been said that the only true unit in Italy is that of the Family. Italians guard the privacy of the home more carefully than we do. To marry, have children, educate them if you can, live comfortably without too many luxuries is the end all of existence to many more Italians than a similar ambition would be to the average American. Love of children and pride in a son or sons who will carry on the Family name means everything. Family

- 11 -

attachments are much stronger over there than here in the broadest sense. This small unit, the Family, and the larger one, the Paese or community, are part and parcel of the very essential trait in the Italian make-up -- that of Individualism.

This has been called the essence of the Italian character, and Carlo Sforza calls its emergence the end product of the Italians' history and the spiritual aspects of the Risorgimento. It is a short step from the conception of Campanilismo, "within the sound of the bell" the individualistic symbol in group life, to that of the single Italian. The Italian who occupies himself with things that do not directly touch him is an Italian yet to be born. He is more interested in what he needs himself than in what others may have. Whatever his type the Italian goes forth to achieve his own independence. Italians do not band together as Italians as do the Jews. They prefer to suffer adversity stoically alone and to lay the foundation of their own independence through hard unremitting labor alone. In this sense they are nonconformists as compared with the average American, who will usually do as the rest of the crowd is doing. "Italia fa da se" is a phrase from the Risorgimento and it means that Italy will go it alone. Italians have not yet learned the benefit of coordinated effort as well as they might. This is of the greatest importance in dealing with them. The pearl dipper of Florence might be cited as an example. She dipped the matrix of an artificial pearl in alabaster. She could do about 50 or 60 a day. The secret was an inheritance from her Father and she would not tell it to others and so fill out all the orders that came to her. Imagine what a red hot American business man would have done with an idea like this--and become a millionaire perhaps.

The Italian believes what he wants to believe and does not trust anyone implicitly. They are pretty suspicious and will not always accept a statement at its face value, but will look for the motive behind it. If convinced of sincerity they will come as clean as anyone would want; no doubt of this. One who promises a generous act is particularly suspect; and one who has ever failed to fulfill a promise to them, can never expect to have their confidence again. There is some historical background for this in the lessons they have learned of deceit and deception and intrigue in their own country. They are even suspicious of each other's motives and watch each other like hawks for fear of having something put over on them, or at least beaten or bested.

They are a very emotional people and they do not hide their emotions as do the Japs who are trained never to break down in the face of tragedy. The Italian will weep unrestrainedly at departures of loved ones, sickness, "Dio mio, Dio mio, che cosa succedera'." "Mama mia, mama mia". The Southern Italian is the freest in the display of emotion and he does an all-out job, though some northerners are just as extravagant in their emotions. In the theaters there is never any doubt as to whether there is a tragedy or a comedy on the boards. Even desultory conversation, about politics, which they love to discuss, and which discussions Mussolini forbade with signs in the trattorie and cafe "Qui non si parla della Politica", even in this business of light conversational exchange the argument gets heated. "Permeso, la Questione e' questa," and a violent argument

- 12 -

is engaged upon, with waving of the arms and loud talking. Looks like murder. Presently one of them will say. "Scusate, amico carissimo ho da fare" will shake hands warmly, and with a broad smile walks off. Premier Orlando before the Italian Senate during the first war said of the soldiers: "O children of Italy, our children, for the work you have done, for the work you will do still, your country thanks you, it exalts you, it blesses you." An observer said that the Premier and half the people in the chamber were weeping and the other half were cheering and that was one of the reasons why he loved the Italians. It is true. They are natural and unaffected at their best. They have with the emotional display, or back of it, a tremendous warmth of personality and no one could be so obtuse as to miss it. It is one of their greatest assets. Once you have won the confidence of an Italian of the good sort, you have made a friend for life and he will go all out for you as long as it does not cost him too much money, for they haven't too much of that. But they will repay you in countless ways and when you leave Italy maybe one of them will weep and kiss you goodbye, as did my friend Domenico, four days growth of beard and all. The other waiters and helpers at the place I was leaving laughed at Domenico a little, but he didn't care and neither did I.

Along with the emotionalism goes a very definite feeling for the dramatic. The stationmaster at Battipaglia, a small town in the Abruzzi looked like an Admiral. They love show and display. They love the dramatic qualities of the Opera and thus of course Rossini is a national hero. All classes join in this characteristic. They love to speak in flowery language and when they write even a small business order, if they have done an especially felicitous bit, they want to read it to someone. Sure it slows up business, but they do it. They must polish and embellish and observe a phrase from all angles like a jewel to see that all the facets are perfect. The Italian would prefer to be the actor than in the audience. Dr. Castiglioni told me the other day and I don't think I am betraying a confidence, that he wants to talk to you in Italian sometime, for he enjoyed quite a reputation as an orator back in Italy, he said.

As to honesty. Some say the Italian is not too truthful and will tell the truth if it serves his purpose. My observation is that with the common people of the lower classes, the approach to the truth is not what you would call rigidly George Washingtonian. I was only done once in three years and it was my fault for not being less careless. Housewives keep food under lock and key and dole it out to the cook before meal times. Little commissions are exacted by employees of a household or even a Hotel and one is thought a bit niggardly if one kicks. My feeling is that they are no better nor worse than the people of other countries, but that you must not be wool gathering about money matters or possessions of some value. They might water the milk or wine.

And my last point which I shall elaborate in my next talk is the one about making a good appearance or a good showing, whether it be one's carriage, one's deportment, anything that has to do with the individual. The Italian must "Fare una Bella Figura." This

- 13 -

is important in your treatment of him, for you can do nothing with him if you have destroyed this feeling of *Bella Figura* and he will do nothing for you. He will shut up like a clam, for if he does not make the impression that he is interested in making *ALL* is lost.

I have spoken of the live and let live point of view. Also of the Italo-American and his bearing on the study of the Italian; of the northerner and the southerner, of the importance of *Campanilismo*, of other qualities that seem to me to be facts and true and not just vague boloney. Patience and good will are sure to accomplish a lot with him. You will hear of other angles on his character and make-up. Italians have a charm, maybe a naive charm all their own; I never saw it anywhere else abroad than in Italy and the Italians. I feel they are truthfully, "*Buona gente, buonissim gente, ma bisogna saperle prendere.*"

19

1

Specific CustomsRR StationWaiting Room (Sala d'Aspetto)

Waiting Rooms: 1st, 2nd, 3rd Class
 First--Red Plush seats, and red carpets
 Second has--gray colored seats with black stripes
 Third--wooden benches

"Gabinetti a pagamento" are better than the Gratis ones--cleaner. People sleep and eat and "live" in the waiting rooms, especially 3rd class. Smoking is allowed or prohibited by sign, but everybody smokes.

Tickets (Biglietti)

All officers should go First Class. The idea is--they travel as functionaries of the State. They have a position of importance to maintain. Italian Prof. of a Univ. would go first. Italian Officers would travel first.

Ticket Agency (Agenzia Biglietti)

Biglietteria: Thomas Cook, American Express, International Co. Wagons Lits are agencies for buying RR tickets in town. Thus avoid going to the station. These Agencies are probably active now. They have tremendous Offices and information on Italy. Most of the employees in these Agencies and in the former Consulates of USA, are Italians, and should be useful.

So to get tickets ahead of time use the Biglietteria. Some places the ticket windows are open an hour before Train time and others only twenty minutes. Tickets can not be bought as here at any time of the day or night.

In the large Stations --"Sportelli" for 1st, 2nd, 3rd Class. Small stations only have one ticket window.

Reserved Seats

"Prenotazione del Posto", Reserve a seat a day ahead of time in a certain compartment and in the Corner of that one.

For small expense you can buy a cushion at the station and leave it in the train on arrival--these are good to have on long hauls.

You have to buy a timetable L'Orario Ferroviario. They have complete ones of the whole Italian RR system and small local ones. Ticket prices are marked in the timetables.

If you are going to meet someone at the Station, you have to buy a ticket to go out on the platform. Costs a cent or two, American money. There are automatic machines in the station in which you put the required sum and turn a crank.

Hold on to your ticket and never give it up on the voyage. On arrival at your destination you give it to the official at the train gate exit. If train is late and there is no time to go to the sportello for the next ticket on the trip, for a slight extra sum you can buy the required ticket from the Conductor to continue the journey.

There are NO facilities for checking through a bag on your train. You can send trunk or large bag by express by previous arrangement the day before or the same day, but you can take regular suit cases and small things with you in your compartment. If they are too large, or too heavy sometimes there will be trouble in persuading the conductor to let you take them. If you have checked your bag it may not go with you unless you take it in your compartment.

Trains

They are mostly compartment style (6 people to a compartment--1st Class, 8 people --2nd class) that open by doors on the side. These are marked as to class, and most cars have 1st, 2nd, 3rd class compartments, though some are completely one class or another, or 1st and 2nd, or 2nd and 3rd. Also they are marked as to whether you can smoke or not--"Fumatori", "Vietato Fumare". There are a few cars like ours on the Firenze-Bologna run and other first class fast runs--Roma-Napoli. Few cars are air conditioned. There is, as with us, the Campanello d'Allarme--a rope or chain suspended from the roof of the car with a handle on it like our skipping rope handles--pull it to stop the train.

Types of Trains

Locali-----stop a thousand times--Arezzo-Porgo San Sepulcro 35 miles 20 stops.
Accelerato----Milk trains--deliveries and work trains and stops.
Diretto--Fewer stops--Bridgeport, S. Norwalk, Darien, Stamford, Greenwich and New York.
Direttissimo--Bridgeport and New York.
Rapido--New Haven to New York--no stops. Fast train.

Services in the Station

There is a restaurant in every station no matter how small.

CESTINO di VIAGGIO--little sacks of food to buy and eat on the train.

Dining Car service--Wagoni Ristoranti--is excellent and not too expensive.

If you are out in the country and far from centers, or you do not know much about the situation where you are, it is better to eat at the Station Restaurant. The State owns the building in which the Restaurant is run and exercises a supervision over the place as to food and running and it has the power to close any place that is not going right. The Food will be wholesome and good in any of these.

Books, magazines and newspapers sold in the Station.

Telegrams and cables can be sent from the larger stations and usually from the smaller ones.

In every big Station there is a Police Headquarters.

THE MAN WITH THE RED HAT IS THE CAPO STAZIONE AND HE KNOWS EVERYTHING. OR HIS ASSISTANT ALSO IN A RED HAT WILL KNOW IF ANYBODY KNOWS. ASK HIM!

Money exchange will be found in all big stations that run through trains to the border. Stations in towns near the border will change money.

Just outside Stations in some Big towns will be found the CASA DEL PASSAGGERO, which is a place to get a shower, rest on a good bed in a room you can hire for three hours or more, see the barber, get a shine, have your uniforms pressed, etc.

"In Carozza" is the "All aboard" in Italy. The "Horn" sounds too--La Trombetta. This is a brass affair that looks like a Victorian antique.

When you arrive at your destination and need a porter, stick your head out the window and holler "Facchino". Then you give up the ticket at the gate and the Hotel Runners attack.

Hotels

The Hotel Portieri will descend on you. Representatives of all the leading and some of the not so leading Hotels and Pensioni will be there. Most of them will have busses at the Station well marked with the name of the Hotel they represent. They will offer you anything you want as long as they can get you inside their bus. KEEP YOUR HEAD!

The best thing is to have decided previously where you are going to stay. This information can be gotten from the Publication of the Touring Club Italiana which has a complete list of first, second and third class Hotels, prices and other information. Baedeker is still good for many Hotels, though best for first class places that have been running a long time. Also to help there are in ordinary times and may likely be soon again the Cook and American Express Agents on the Station Platforms. They speak English and know everything. After a short while you will be able to spot the type of Hotel you want from the appearance of their Buss outside, and other considerations, though you will have to fight off the other wolves while you are making up your mind. Best to know beforehand. I would suggest you all keep a list of the Hostelryes you stay at for the use of your friends who may sometime be going there. There really is no great difficulty in getting the place you want.

The man behind the desk--the Hotel Desk Clerk, the Portiere (conciierge French)--is the important man. He knows everything about his Hotel and his City--a mine of information. He will perform all sorts of services for you--put stamps (stamps not legally sold in Hotels) on your letters and mail them for you, send telegrams, hire cars when you want them, call the Doctor, Dentist. These men are thoroughly used to tourists and know and anticipate most of your wants. He is the boss, like the man in the red hat at the Station. This man speaks the usual Foreign Languages and has probably spent a year in England, another in Switzerland and so on as a youth to learn them, unless he has had the benefit of a Linguistic approach like yours. To him you give a GOOD tip, really butter him.

As to rooms--room and bath is not common, though they do exist in 1st class Hotels. There is every possibility of bathing in Italy, but it is sort of a ritual, as the girl on the floor will draw it for you and hand you the towels, soap, etc., and all but give it to you. The prices of rooms are printed and you will find the printed statement for the room cost and the services posted in all rooms. You may find (Tips Abolished) Sono Abbolite le Mance posted too, but you tip just the same, though not in proportion to the tip you give the man at the desk--a few soldi (a few cents). 17 1

Services are: leave your shoes outside the door at night and they will be polished. Pressing, sewing, etc., can be done on demand of the woman on the floor. Washing will be done sometimes over night and very well done too. The Hotel sends it out to entrepreneurs. There are bell hops as here to do various jobs and they get a small tip. Writing rooms in the large Hotels and desks in the lobby of small ones. BRING your own SOAP.

When leaving town you have to give up the room before noon or you will be charged another day's rent. "DISDIRE" (unsay) your room.

- 4 -

Many business engagements can take place in the Hotel if you haven't got a permanent home or Office.

Cesso or Gabinetto--or OO with an arrow through it. The doors of the toilets are always closed, so you have to look at the knob which has "Libero" and "Occupato" in the metal, stamped in. If Occupato you will have to wait. Usually there will be toilet paper, but sometimes the Daily Newspaper will be your only source of comfort. There are practically no paper towels in Italy. But they do know how to do a wash, and the towels are clean. For the bath there are very large towels called Accapatoii if you like them.

Elevators are fairly common, even more common than over here if I remember correctly--Ascensori.

There are Alberghi Diurni where you can rest and take a shower, and these may be found in any part of a city--a big city. Like the Case del Passagiero near the Stations. "Diurno" is "by the day".

Pensioni

These are generally cheaper than the Hotels and there are a vast number of them, of all grades. Some are as Famous as the Grand Hotels. Life there is more familiar and they are really to be recommended to you as being better than the Hotels for your purposes, if you can be in a good one. You get to know the Padrone and his Family, meet more people, probably learn the language much better, enlarge your acquaintanceship in the town. And you will hear all the gossip. I should think that this would be a very good thing to consider in picking living quarters. It would seem to be a better way to get out among the people.

The choice of food would be more limited than in the Hotel. Many of them were run by Swedish, English, Danish, Russians and Germans. If you can find an Italian run one, that would be better. Can't say what the situation would be now.

Food

Colazione (Breakfast). American breakfast is hard to find. Fruit is hard to get in the morning, though you can ask and sometimes you will get it. The usual is caffe-latte, black coffee with an equal amount of hot milk--it is good. Some sort of bun or biscuit or bread. Marmalade and jam is easy to find. The Cappucino is milk added to coffee run through a machine as steam and concentrated in the cup. This is very good. You can get an egg often, but no shredded wheat or oatmeal.

Some Hotels do not serve breakfast, so you go to the nearest Caffe and get it. Also you can have breakfast at a Latteria, though these are less commonly found. There are Caffes everywhere. DO NOT expect to have breakfast in a Restaurant outside the Hotel, because you will be disappointed. They do not serve it.

Lunch (also Colazione)

In general there is no set meal. You have to order a la carte much more than over here, and you can get almost anything in normal times. These lists are long and complicated and it takes time to decipher them. The mimeographing is often not the best--"Abbia Pazienza!"

Beer and Cocktails are not found everywhere, though you will find them in the largest Hotels. Wine, however, is everywhere. The best tip on this is to pick the "Vino del Paese" which is the best unless you are searching some vintage stuff.

- 5 -

Most wines are dry without saying it. If you want sweet, you have to ask for the Vino Dolce. The dry is Vino Secco. Vino Rosso and Vino Bianco are red and white respectively. Some meats are about the same as ours in the cooking--beefsteak and veal particularly. There is always something boiled if you do not want the fried and oily stuff. Fruit salad is called Macedonia di frutti, not insalata verde which is green salad, or the insalata mista, which is mixed salad. Desserts are much less common in Italy than here--the Italian preferring fruit for dessert, though there is Zuppa Inglese and Ice Cream and Water Ice. Catsup, Perrins and Al sauces are not to be found. They make their own sauce and very well. This is not a food story complete. That can be found elsewhere.

Sandwiches are not usual, and when found are small always. The peasant and lower class will eat sandwiches made in the house, and these are tremendous, but I speak of the ones you buy at a Bar, or order in a Hotel, so if you are hungry, do not order a sandwich.

Drinking. You can get a drink almost anywhere. The Hotels have Bars that are complete and you can order almost anything and you can teach the Barkeep your favorite chemical compound, but they know most of them, Manhattan, etc., Seeda Carra---. There are a number of Beer places--called Birrerie. Also there are in the larger cities the Caffe' al'Aperto which are open air caffe's. Officers should not go into the Osterie in uniform, as they will lose caste some in joining up with the workmen and the peasants. If you can go in plain clothes you will find them very interesting and diverting.

There is little Night Life in Italy. What there is may be found in the big Hotels at the bars, where there is Dancing and boozing. There are other hangouts like the Apollo in Rome, where they have a show of a sort--"les Girls Americane". Do not go there in uniform. This is a punk Burlesque type of thing and a rough crowd goes there. Life is likely to get intimate in these joints.

There are Soda Fountains in Florence and Rome, but not nearly so many as here. If you want milk, look up a Latteria. Beat on a glass to call the waiter in small Restaurants. Not too good to do anyhow.

Taxi

They run on meters and the meters are sometimes hard to read. Better ask what the tariffa is to be before getting in. Otherwise they are about the same as they are here. Driver is called the "Chauffeur". Autista.

Carrozza

These are very pleasant and still exist in large numbers. You have to ask the price for the trip, or by the hour, and listen to troubles of both the Horse and the Driver (Cocchiere). They have meters too--of a sort. Florence has a great number of cabs. Sometimes on going up the steep hills you get out so that the poor horse has an easier job of it. Life in a Carrozza is very informal.

Telephones (Elenco Telefonico)

Public Telephones are to be found at Bars, Restaurants, Hotels, Salò Tabacchi, Drogheria (sometimes). With the exception of the larger Hotels no long distance calls are made at the above-mentioned places. You must go to the Main Telephone Office, or to a Big Hotel for all toll calls. Even in private homes there are no facilities for the long calls unless the Family has already a deposit with the Company--for long distance calls there is Abbonato or (subscription) season ticket type of

16

1

- 6 -

thing. You say "Pronto" (ready) instead of Hello. Telephone girl--telefonista.

Stores

They are called Negozi--negozio. Megazzino is a more specialized deluxe store--furs, styles.

In general they want you to pay cash. Whereas here you carry a dollar or two in your pocket--over there you will do better to carry more, as do the Italians, and pay cash. Charge Accounts are unusual. Stores are a little more specialized in Italy than here: Example--for Cameras and Film there will be a store--not like our Optician Stores where you get the best Film service, at least in New Haven. No personal bills paid by check.

You find things in unusual places, but probably not so strange as one Italian's experience here. He was asked what impressed him most in New York the first time he appeared there. His answer was in a Drug Store, where he found a copy of Plato resting on a thunder mug. There are no Drug Stores in our sense of the word--strictly they are Pharmacies.

A Few Sorts of Stores

Piece of marble to ring coin on is USUAL.

SALE TABACCHI: Here you get tobacco, and coffee often and light drinks. Also POSTAGE STAMPS. Wherever tobacco is sold you will find postage stamps and stamped post cards. Here is a tip from a Spanish Priest who loved his pipe. Save the dregs of your morning coffee; soak them up with a handful of the tobacco you have in your pouch, and mix this up with the rest. It will not burn your tongue and it will taste good. Macedonia Cigarettes Exportation Type are the best of the cheaper ones comparable to our ordinary brands; they are smaller than ours and not so strong, but you get used to them. There are other kinds more costly. These Macedonia stain the fingers terribly. Buy matches on street or here. When in the Sale Tabacchi and you meet an acquaintance, do not forget the old saying of King Humbert: "Una Croce di Cavaliere e un sigaro non si rifiuta nessuno!" There is a light on the counter burning for the customers. Cerini waxmatches, zolfanelli, fannuperi, wood types.

Clothing (Vestiti--il Sarto)

Ready-made clothes are hard to find. When here or in any other store which sells stuff of some cost, better to discuss the price a little. Some women who have lived in Italy a lot say that the storekeeper is disappointed if you do not discuss some, though I never found this true. In antique stores or where they sell the tortoise shell stuff, etc., if they see you are an American, they may up the price many times. One instance: An American was asked L. 1,500 for some thing and refused it. Later an Italian bought it for L. 900. Be sure you know what you are buying. Don't spend a lot of money for copies of Old Masters; usually the copies are beyond belief in BAD quality.

Profumeria

Here you get all the toilet articles you want. Razor Blades, soap, scissors, etc. Toilet paper you get, as in U.S.A., at the Grocery--Genere Alimentari. Be sure of your pronunciation, or you may get what one Italian did when he had a cold here in New Haven and asked for Cleanex--large, not small.

- 7 -

Food

Pasticceria for Candy. The Caffè will usually have a candy assortment too. Also you can get chocolate--if they still have it--at the Sale Tabacchi.

Pizzicagnuolo for cheese, sardines, butter, sausage--sort of a Delicatessen type of thing.

Latteria--here you get milk--boiled milk--and you can get a light lunch--cheese and bread and white stuff.

DROGHERIA is important, for it is not the Drug Store. It is a sort of grocery store, but no vegetables are sold here. Oil, salt, butter, cheese, marmalade, bread, preserves are examples. VERY LITTLE CANNED FOOD IN ITALY.

Rosticceria --this is important, for here you can get Potato Croquettes, Roasts, Fried Potatoes, Fried Fish already cooked. They wrap them up and you take them home--something again like the Delicatessen, or the Pizzicagnuolo already mentioned.

L'Erbevendolo--vegetables.

LIBRERIA--books, picture post cards, guides, maps, etc.

Fornaio--bread.

Vinaio--wines.

Macellaio--Butcher.

Panificio--place where bread is made.

Etc.

Telegrams and Cables

These can be sent over the telephone as here.

The main office is the Ufficio Telegrafico dello Stato.

Post Office

Nothing especially different except the vocabulary.

Public Libraries (Biblioteca)

There are very few, and they are not nearly as developed as here. This is a tremendous difference between our two countries. Everybody over here is used to using a library, and very few are so used to it in Italy. Small Libraries, not accessible to public, exist in almost every town.

Doctors

Offices are about the same as here. Doctors in Italy send bills twice a year--January and June. The main difference is that in Italy more people pay cash to the Doctor than here and checks as stated before are much more rare.

15

1

- 8 -

Automobiles--Le Macchine

Gas is expensive. Cars are smaller and you get more on a gallon.

There are Public Garages as here. Italians are fine mechanics.

Nobody drives without Insurance.

Rules of the road are the same as here.

There are Autostrade (Auto Highways) in the North and you pay a toll on entering and you can drive fast--have to.

Sosta or Sostare is parking or to park

Sosta proibita Parking prohibited

Sosta permessa Parking permitted

Voleggi For hiring a car

MONEY

Carta da---L.1,000

""""""""---L.500

""""""""---L.100

""""""""---L.50

""""""""---L.10 (may still be in metal)

Moneta da--L.5 silver alloy

""""""""--L.2

""""""""--L.1 (lira (franco))

Uno scudo--\$1.00

""""""""--Cent. 50

""""""""--"""" 20 alloy

""""""""--"""" 10

""""""""--"""" 5 (Soldo) copper

Women and some men have pocket books with compartments for the different designations.

Italian Etiquette and Ways of Doing Things

One should not expect to find differences in manners and customs and etiquette all along the line and in every circumstance of dealing with the Italians.

An Olympic coach told me this story: Dutch Schmidt, a great swimming coach, was hired by the Germans to coach them two years before the next Olympics. Every morning when they arrived at the pool for instruction he greeted them with a handshake and a "Good Morning". After a while things did not seem to be going so well and they began to lose interest and he wasn't getting results. A mutual friend explained the trouble: The numbers of the swimmers he was to teach had increased to such a large figure that he had omitted the usual morning greeting; they resented it and lost interest. He resumed the "Guten Morgen" and things picked up immediately. The moral is, to find out what they expect and to give it to them. Life is too complicated for us to know all that Italians want, but there are some things I can tell you and you will pick up others on the job. Fundamentally this sort of thing is not of the first importance, but its role in adapting to Italian life is obvious.

When you first get there, I repeat, everything will look different and there will be little superficially that you have seen before unless you have traveled. After a short while you will notice things less and less, and finally you will come down to the conclusion that the life experience of men of your class is much the same whether it be in Europe or America. Good sense, good manners in the American way, and tolerance will be your best guides. I wish to repeat again the great importance of not describing to your Italian, with whom you are to do business, how things are done in your own home town. Don't do it. One of the most recent, and finest Hospitals in Italy, could not afford to include air cooling where air cooling was infinitely to be desired. So do not say, "This is a common feature of all Hospitals in Tuscalcosa." Before you ask a peasant to write his name and life history, be sure he can write. Lots of them can't. If he can't he will be embarrassed. My friend Domenico never admitted he could not write, and as far as I know none of the Americans ever asked him directly about this. On the other hand if the Italian can not contain himself when he sees you do something he does not approve of, let him tell you if nothing is at stake. For example: My Mother bought some apples at Battipaglia south of Naples and washed one and started to eat it in the compartment of our train. A big, black-haired villainous fellow traveler eyed her with pity and terror; finally he could resist no more, and produced his knife and told her to peel it first, then eat. They usually spear any piece of fruit with a fork and peel with a knife. She gave him one and he ate it in the proper way.

This leads to another thing--sharing your food and drink which is common among Latins and especially of the lower classes, who carry their meals with them, or buy them at the RR Stations from vendors who have paper bags filled with a well-balanced meal of a sandwich of Salami, or meat of some kind, and some vegetable often, a bottle of wine or coffee, and a piece of fruit. When an Italian gets out his meal he will usually say, "Vuol favorire con me" which means "would you like to have some of my food" and he means it and he will offer anything he has--even a pull on his bottle. You can say, "No, Grazie lo stesso," (No, thank you just the same). Or you can accept it and offer some of your own.

- 2 -

Or you can refuse by saying, "Buon Appetito", which means (I hope you enjoy your meal). If you take his wine it would be good to say, "Salute", (to your health). When you enter a compartment with some Italians in it, it is well to say, "Buon Giorno", and to say, "Addio or arrivederci" when you leave. You won't do yourself any harm if you admire the children, though this is not necessary unless you have been on the ticket over here and know how it is done. The usual courtesies of helping the women with baggage, and children, are all to the good. "Permesso" is the magic word when you have to bother someone in leaving the compartment. "Scusate" and the French "Pardon" are all right too. At first I would not recommend that you say what an Italian said to me when he stepped on my foot in leaving a tram car. He said, "Pazienza" (Patience) and he seemed to reflect the whole Fatalistic Philosophy of the South as he said it and looked at me, as if it had been foreordained that he would on this day step heavily on my foot. You will add please and thank you oftener than you would over here just to make a "Bella Figura." All this little stuff will be noted carefully and you will be happier at no cost to yourself.

Continuing on the train, when you get to a station and want a porter, you will have to stick your head out the window and holler like the rest, "Facchino", and then you pass your bag out the window and you will not have seen the last of it. The Italian porter is a strong fellow and will carry many bags on his shoulders. Same as here. They have first, second and third class tickets and accommodations. First is elegant and corresponds to the pullman here and costs a lot. Second is day coach and is better than old ordinary day coach, though no better than our modern coaches. Third is where the peasants and the poor and some of the middle class and the American Students ride and the seats are often of wood and not too comfortable and they all spit on the floor and the women suckle babies in public. At the Station there are ticket windows for each category. Sportello is the name for the ticket window. You have to give up your ticket at the gate as you emerge from the train shed. Hang on to your little ticket in the busses and trolley cars, as you have to give that up too. More of these things come under the heading Customs.

Remember that the Italian not only thinks you all are rich, but he thinks Americans are boastful, and show-off types, and that they are very self-satisfied. This is not as bad as their opinion of the German; they believe him haughty, brusque and arrogant, and now I guess a lot more than that--probably in good round words the whole German race can "Va' mori' amazzato" which is good cussing for "Go die murdered, killed and smashed to bits." What you want to be is SIMPATICO which is not rendered into English easily. It means that you are accepted as a warm-hearted individual, of good understanding, well-intentioned, congenial and altogether sympathetic to them. Una persona simpatica. Antipatico is what you do not want to be. Briefly, give the Italian the ball and let him carry it as far as is reasonable and then a little more, provided no one gets hurt. If he reverses his field a few times, and juggles it some, and even drops it, let him do it, as long as the objective is attained. Let them talk and be a good sounding board. Time over here and time over there are likely to be two different things; Italians are likely to be late for appointments.

Here are some notes on conduct. When a Funeral Procession passes, take off your hat always, or do the equivalent, for the Army Officer. You all know Giovinezza and I'll leave it to you as to what you do if you hear that.

- 3 -

About smoking. You always ask a lady or an older man in a train if it is all right. Also at social events where there are ladies or older people it is best to do the same. No younger Italian in approaching an older one, whom he respects, who outranks him, or who is in a position of authority over him, would approach, smoking a cigarette. He would throw it away before speaking. A younger man would tip his hat to an older man, as we used to do many years ago. Men of equal station and age tip their hats to each other some.

Men always greet ladies first in Italy--not as here. Mme. Calabresi tells of an experience of this kind when she was new to America. She had met a woman several times and was fairly intimate with her. She met the husband several times at teas and such. The first time she met him on the street, they looked at each other and passed on without recognition. She was worried and asked her lady friend what was the matter, and finally the situation was cleared up--and the next time, she followed the American technique and he followed the Italian, and they had a most effusive greeting. This is important and hard for us to get accustomed to, for you get the idea remotely that you are doing something slightly irregular. If you have met a lady, and meet her on the street or in some house, go up to her and commence the amenities, and don't wait for her to do it, for she won't.

About calling on people. Newcomers call first after a meeting has occurred at a party of some sort. You should make a formal call, if you wish to continue an acquaintanceship. If you do not call, it will be believed that perhaps you do not wish to continue the acquaintanceship. Do not put off the call too long--make it within a few days of the meeting. Visiting time among nonprofessional people is around 5 in the afternoon. With professional people, you can telephone, and arrange a meeting, and if it is in the evening, not before 9 probably. They have lunch at home and a siesta usually and work later in the afternoon and eat dinner later. In Spain, the fashionable dinner hour is 9:30 o'clock. You might be invited to call at the time of meeting the people, and the arrangement made then and there. Calling cards are considered more important in Italy than here among people of our class, and among the aristocrats. Always leave your card when you call. In Rome they turn up the corner of the card when they leave it personally. Sometimes servants are asked to leave the cards. This is not so good to do. When you are invited to dinner it is a good thing to send the Signora a bunch of flowers and the kids, if you know there are any--and be sure you do know--some candy. You send the stuff before you get there--the same day.

In general as I have told you before, you won't be as offhand as we are over here. You have to observe the formalities to a greater extent. In the elevators, men do not take off their hats, as they consider that you are still on the street until you arrive at your destination. In restaurants and theaters you take off your hat, however. Italians bow and click their heels when they shake hands sometimes and some of our American friends who go abroad calling their baggage, baggage in New York at the departure, and Luggage after a few weeks in England, like to do this. Personally I think it makes an American look like an ass. Italians of the upper classes wear monocles to some extent, so don't let that phase you. One of them, a good friend of mine, wore his monocle here in New Haven when he went to something special, and one day, the first time that I had seen him wear it, he halfway claimed that he had somewhat the matter with his right eye. Some of this stuff--like men kissing each other, which is very common, so don't get too suspicious--seems a bit foppish to us, but always remember this is natural to them and let them

- 4 -

do it without too much show of astonishment. I might add about the kissing, that though this is a national custom, there are plenty of those unfortunates, that go by the name of fairies over here, in Italy. You will learn of the red light districts later.

To change the subject. Under Fascism the Fascist Salute took the place of the handshake. This will go and has gone already in Sicily. I am sure. If through force of habit you see someone do it, it may not mean that the doer is still a dangerous Fascist. You are safe with your military salute, and you will soon find out if the person you have met is OK. A good many of the upper crust still have the custom of kissing the lady's hand. You do not have to do this. The American Lady-Ladies of the newly rich or "Pesci Cant" or dog fish, the Italian equivalent of this phrase, enjoyed this act on the part of the young bucks and others of the aristocrats. I guess any lady likes it, but they do not expect it from the American. As was suggested in one of Mr. Laughlin's seminars, punctuality is not one of the virtues of the Italian always, though there are many exceptions to this, and English Time, meaning precisely at 9 if 9 had been decided upon, is not necessary to say at all. Andatevene all'inglese is more important. This means to go away from any sort of a group without saying good-bye and shaking hands all around. Do not neglect this and be sure you have shaken hands with everybody, or at least mentioned all as you depart.

In the churches and the theaters you will hear a lot of talking and sometimes it is not sotto voce. Also the Italian may move around rather freely and noisily. There will always be some lost in the prayer or some other part of the religious ceremony, and for their sake and for the fact that you are Americans I would say do not do as the Italian does in this respect. Also there will be several people to help you get into the church--one to tell you where it is, even if you are standing in front of it, another to hold back the heavy curtain that hangs back of the door in all Italian churches, and another to tell you what is in the church. You can get past the whole bunch with a grazie and no expense at all. If they get troublesome a "va' te ne" or an "Andatevene" will probably help--meaning "Beat it!" There will be plenty of gratuitous offers of help, and you can make up your mind as to when you want it and when you don't. The Sagristan of the Church, if he thinks you understand Italian may ask for a ticket to America or want to tell you his troubles, and maybe a Priest will try to make a convert of you. You will become accustomed to lots of importuning. You will soon get used to it.

Banquets

Italians do not have toastmasters and the speeches at banquets are short-- seems strange. All speeches are short. At the end of the party there is a toast offered as a sort of ritual--always happens. BRINDISI

Dining out in mixed company

Men and women do not separate as we do sometimes over here after dinner, but all go into the living room together. CIGARS are out at a party of this kind as they are here mostly. Pipes are rare in Italy and they are not used in the company of women.

When you are invited out for the first time and until you know the people well, do not ask where the Gabinetto or Cesso is. In Italy "Il Cesso e' uh po' sacro." They are not so free as we are about the use of the bathroom in these circumstances.

- 5 -

Outdoors there are Urinals everywhere for the men and the Women must suffer in silence--there is nothing for them.

Call within 8 days after having been invited out to dinner, especially if you do not know the people too well.

There is much less shirt-sleeve stuff in Italy than here, and a young man would not receive his friend in house slippers and without his coat.

Dining with Peasants or Visiting Them

If you visit them be sure to drink the wine they offer or you may offend them. And let them enjoy their kindness in offering it to you. Do not be too quick in trying to repay them, or the edge of their generosity will be dulled for them. Often the wife does not sit down at a meal among the peasants--she stays on the edge of things and serves with her daughters and comes in later.

Other Customs

What may appear to us as a servile sort of thing truly is not in Italy. This is called il modo di comportarsi. They bow and appear to scrape around some and it may annoy an American, who thinks he is as good as the next fellow and always wants to show that he is. They have various ways of showing respect to older persons--such as (A) helping an old man across the street, (B) getting up when an older person enters the room, etc. These things appear over here, but not so much. In Italy there is more respect for older persons. And, older persons act their age, so that you need have no fear of a rebuff if you offer to help a man on with his coat. Here some men of 75 are insulted if you do this. Over there they will appreciate it.

Tips--10% is always good.

Everybody in Italy who has a job below the Middle Class, almost, expects a tip. Carriages, Carriers, Barbers, Camerieri, Facchini, Small Officials who show you around in a big office, Hotel Portieri, Services at the Theater. Often it is good to give something to the leader of the Orchestra at a Cafe or Restaurant, and certainly if you have asked for a tune, which is a common thing to do.

Manners

Italians have bad manners often in the tram cars, and in waiting in line for something. "Prima io, prima io, sono il primo," etc., yell! me first, me first. In a general sense they are not good sports in the way we look at it.

Church

The Sunday Mass is an important event in Italy--Social. Do not be surprised at noise, clapping, cheering, swearing in big church celebrations on the part of the populace.

Blessing the House

Three days before Easter the Priests come around and offer a little blessing in the house, with Holy Water. Best to let them do it. It does not mean much and better not get the reputation of not letting them do it. "Male non fa."
(Bad not to do it)

- 6 -

Stamped Postals

Stamped post cards are all right all the time in Italy; here to write a postal indicates a bit of lack of true, proper attention to the person to whom you are writing, unless it is a friend of course. Tutt'altro in Italia. OK in Italy.

Paying in Cash

There is a little sense of shame in Italy in paying in cash. Usually the money is put in an envelope and handed over. Situations do come up here that are somewhat similar, but all Italians of the middle class and above have this sense of shame in paying. Cash paid for almost everything in Italy.

Professional Class--what they won't do.

A chemist, for example, would not sweep out his office, nor would he run errands--this would injure or lower his dignity. Here, of course, we will do it ourselves if there is no one else to do it.

EXPERIMENT: An American took medicine three times and at the end of a period of time went to the Laboratory and gave a specimen of blood. Got \$25.00 for so doing. A Middle Class Italian would find this absolutely impossible to do--would not do it at all. Americans would think they were aiding Science. The Sceptical Italian would say, "What the Hell," and would not be bothered by science to that extent.

Sports and Amusements, FESTE.

At one of the Olympic Meets there was a French discus thrower who was the champion and everybody expected him to win. Right near him on the field was a Jap polevaulter who had caught the eye of the crowd and the officials too. He started to run and the crowd hollered, "There he goes!" The officials for the discus looked too; unfortunately just as the Jap started to run the Frenchman started to throw the discus. The officials didn't see it. The Frenchman made a record throw, but it didn't count, for it had not been officially seen. He jumped up and down in rage and nearly blew his gasket, and made a terrible display of himself. Another instance: it is the custom at the Olympics for the victors to go up on a great podium to receive their medals; the band plays the National anthem of the country from which they come. In this case there were several French girls up for their medals. After the band had finished, there was a silence for a moment; someone, a Frenchman shouted: "Look out sister, for old Landru!" He was the famous bluebeard of that time. Anglo-Saxons would not do either of these things without being accounted very poor sports. They take their sports very seriously, as the French and Italians do not--in the same sense. In the French-American Rugby match the Americans made some use of body checking, which was perfectly legitimate. This so enraged the French spectators that they tried to beat up those they spotted as Americans in the stands. This would indicate that the crowd also is uneducated as far as athletics is concerned in the Latin countries. It was my experience to find the Italians thus uninformed in sports--minor cheating, irritation, overexcitability. Their professionals seemed much better and they had learned the lessons of taking it in Sport, and of being defeated. But the amateurs (Dilettanti) have not learned the lesson as yet, though the Olympic games have done much for this. I would not attribute the lack of sportmanship, in our sense to anything but a lack of a sporting tradition like ours. When they learn to play games and it becomes part of their being, there will be no criticism. They do play very well at Soccer Football, Pallone (a very dangerous game somewhat resembling the lacrosse of the American and the similar Spanish game). Someone usually goes to the Hospital during the course of a game. Pallone is played by professionals and is not seen much. They have had famous athletes in modern times like Becalli who was an Olympic Marathon winner for the Italians. They have not quite learned the attitude "that it is all part of the game." They are not steeped in the "Code" as we Americans are, so that when one of us gets hurt we do not immediately get angry and call names. Maybe we will wait our chance to return the favor, but we will not instinctively call our opponent a "Son of a bitch" and lose our heads over it. That would impair our usefulness to our team. Team play and coordinated group effort are still to be learned by the Italian to a useful degree. I would suggest to the officers this bit of advice given me by a lawyer long ago: "If you want to know what a man really is like, get him into some competitive sport with you." With the above reservations as to lack of background in these things, it may be applied usefully to the Italian. Soccer football, bicycling, boxing, fencing (Naldi has written the definitive book on fencing translated into English), skiing, wrestling, swimming, horseback riding, rowing are their major sports. They do very badly in trying to throw a ball. One Italian cynically added "Girl Hunting" to my list! But this is true for all races. Tennis and Golf should be added to the list, especially the former. Sports are the other universal language; the first being music, which offers another avenue of approach to the Italian. Attention should be given to the music of the people where possible, for they love it. They like American jazz too. There has been for a long time a campaign for more attention to Physical Education among the Italians and the development of their sports knowledge. They have done well over here and are good athletes when taught the way how. They are a husky crowd as a race and should do well at athletics.

- 2 -

Other ways of amusing themselves are: Hunting, which is very popular. There are game preserves. But the majority of Italians will have to be content with a hare, or a bird of some sort, often no larger than a sparrow which they will stalk all day.

The peasant amusements do not of course have anything to do with the above descriptions. Theirs are much more simple.

For the women it consists in getting dressed up and parading around the central or most important Piazza, or in mild flirtation with the lingering swains and in courtship.

The men have a number of games: Bocce is very popular and is very similar to the English Bowls. Bets are made--cigars, drinks, or a few soldi. Most Americans have seen the Italians over here of a Sunday afternoon out on some bare spot or playing field rolling the balls and shouting and having a swell time. Another is Mora which consists in holding the fingers back of the body on the part of both players and at a signal showing all 4 hands together, and the idea is to guess how many fingers are showing. They hold some down of course. Dice are not uncommon. ITALIANS LOVE TO GAMBLE. There are many card games, the most popular being Bridge in the upper classes, Briscola and Tresette of the lower classes, which are, I believe, played with specially marked cards. Quote Mangione, "Briscola was played by four people, and there was an elaborate system of signaling surreptitiously--belching, touching the nose, scratching for lice in the head. The men would try to outdo each other in blasphemy, get exhausted and go back to play." End of quote. Cards are popular and are played everywhere. Dominoes also. The accompaniment is usually done with wine. Family gatherings are very much the custom; they love to get together, especially in the South. Then they sing and drink wine and the parting is as "lingering as the death scene." Sometimes among the peasants, a group will leave and then return and serenade the family at whose house they have been entertained--with the excuse, "There were so many stars out, etc." A delightful custom.

Dancing is the regular thing among the young of the big towns--the more sophisticated and modernized and educated. The peasant thinks our methods of dancing are immoral and will have none of it. He cannot be persuaded that it is right, even if shown the example of the higher classes around him. He likes the Tarantella, which is a wild dance with much whirling around; many times men will dance it together. It is a rare sight when a girl and a boy in Peasant costume do it together--very handsome and athletic. The music is lively.

A word on the cowboys (Butteri) of the Agro Romano. They can ride. Years ago when Buffalo Bill came to Rome with his troupe, many of them in their leather leggings and velvet coats and bright scarfs and sweeping black hats attended the show and the net result was contained in the following remark: "Un circo equestre di terz ordine." (Third class circus)

The children skip rope, roll hoops, have a game akin to our hop-scotch called campanile. The boys do as ours do--get into trouble and out again. Fewer games with balls.

There are recreation clubs in Italy and there was Dopelavoro under Fascism, which was meant as an organization to teach the better use of spare time. Usually the clubs of the old days represented groups of the citizenry with common interests, stage of society, etc. Here they would have dancing and games and the Mothers would bring their daughters to try to make a catch. They might be Reading

- 3 -

Clubs, Gambling ones, Mutual Benefit types, Athletic ones. Some of these Clubs are the descendants of the Famous Academies of Renaissance and pre-Renaissance days, which were highly elevated Literary affairs and where such people as Baldassare Castiglione spent much time--the Perfect Courtier. Some larger towns and cities have clubs for each class of the population. Many of the Clubs are called Circoli. These clubs are rigidly, mutually exclusive as among the classes of Society. Rotary International until Mussolini forbade it was one of the best Club Organizations in Italy. All the "Pezzi Grossi" (big shots) belonged to it in Italy and in Europe in general--not like over here, where some big names will be found, lots of good people; the big names will join for political reasons, but in Italy it was considered an honorary thing more.

The Theater used to be the great amusement of those who could afford to buy a seat. Plays and Opera were immensely popular. Movies have driven them out to a large degree now. Conduct in the theater has not changed much, however, and the Italian talks and voices his approval or the reverse unrestrainedly now--both during the show and after. Dialect plays were and are popular. Repertoire theaters are still found and enjoyed. The Opera is still close to the hearts of the Italians and do not be surprised when you hear a whole aria given very well by a Facchino who will next do some menial chore for you. Much could be said of the theater as an angle in the interpretation of the Italians. Suffice it: the first five rows or six are called Poltrone. Back of them are the Posti Distinti, or Posti Numerati. Upstairs is the Balconia. Above that another sometimes, though not always and this is the Balconia or Piccioneio or the "Peanut Gallery." Boxes or Palchi occupy the rest of the theater. In the larger theaters there is a Royal Box, never used for anything but the Royal Family or their relatives. The fee for the Biglietto is called "L'Ingresso." The theaters are arranged as are ours. Sometimes you can smoke; look for the signs.

Peasants haven't the money for such things, so they go to the Osterie and drink and booze through their Holiday, play Bocce and the other games mentioned and go to bed slightly exhilarated, and are ready for work early the next morning. They put on their best clothes for this entertainment. The Osterie are not at all aired and lighted; they are very dark holes sometimes. The men eat bread as they drink and converse.

The Regio Lotto deserves a word. It brings in millions of Lire a year to the Government Coffers. This is the great Lottery run out from the Alps to the Islands and people of all classes of Society play it. 8 cities in Italy conduct the drawing every Saturday afternoon in the presence of the Prefect and the Mayor. Numbers 1-90, each number shown to the people gathered to watch the drawing, are passed to the Prefect's representative who puts it in a hollow ball. The ball is closed and passed to a youth chosen for the purpose from the poor (surely a child is honest!) and he puts it in the cage--a round one. After every ten of these numbers the cage is revolved to mix them up. When all 90 are in the cage it is violently agitated and the boy is blindfolded and he draws five of the balls out. The prefect's representative opens them up and they are telegraphed to the other Centers in Italy. This drawing takes place in Rome usually. There are 2,000 offices throughout Italy where you can buy tickets and record your choices of numbers. Estratto semplice--you bet your number will appear; if it does you win 10½ times your deposit. Estratto determinato--you bet your number will come out third or first in the draw; if it does you win 52½ times your deposit. Ambo--you bet two numbers you have drawn will appear; if so you win 250 times your deposit. Many interesting things are connected with the Lottery. You will see pasted on the walls of a building here and there pictures of "Poor Peasants" who have become rich from winning vast sums in the Lottery. There is a Dream Book, which interprets

10

1

- 4 -

dreams and events for you and resolves them into numbers which you should play. This is called "Il Vero Libro dei Sogni". One example: You dream you saw a child dead in a garden. You consult for "Child, Garden, Dead". The numbers vary according to whether the child was female or male, clothed or naked, too young to walk, and a multitude of other considerations. There are all sorts of consultants (most of them Poor as poverty) especially old women are supposed to know about these things. Good or bad, the National State lottery brings in a lot of money and answers the Italians' love of taking chances and gambling.

Villegiatura, or going into the country away from the city on vacation, is an important part of the Italian's life, if he can afford it. They love to get away to the Mountains or the Shore or to a watering place to take the baths--like Montecatini. Here they relax and wear old clothes and feel they are living the life of Reilly (fare il Signore). They rise early if they wish, work in the little garden if there is one, enjoy a game of tennis or some other sport. They may eat around 11:00 A.M.; then the siesta. After this possibly a drive or an excursion. Dinner earlier than when in town--maybe at 7:00. There will be guests sometimes. Then sit around and play games or gossip and go to bed. If you are a guest you will not likely be left to your own devices, as here in America. They are constantly aware of you and want to show you all the beauties of their country choice. They are excellent "Ciceroni" or guides. They think it very rude to leave a guest alone, and will deputize someone to go with you, if they can't themselves. Visiting is a bit tough if you like solitude. All Italians want to own a little Villa in the country and here they feel they really live--even the very rich who feel that the Villa in the country is their real home.

There are two kinds of Feste, or perhaps three: Religious, Patriotic, and such things as Christmas and Carnevale. Saint's Days are celebrated--San Pietro at Rome, Santa Rosalia at Palermo, San Ambrosio at Milan, etc. Stores close for part of the day, the bands play, and the Carabinieri put the plumes in their hats. Really the attraction of the religious festival rests on drama and a chance to have a good time. They will eat and drink and make merry in a most unreligious way after they have done their duty by going to the church, walking in the procession, or by some other mode of expressing their recognition of the Saint in question. The streets will be arched, festooned, oil lamps will burn in the windows. In Marino, outside Rome, whole streets are laid out in patterns of flowers and it is a great sight to behold. Floats of living persons or statues are carried through the streets; they do an all-out job. The feast of Piedigrotta, September 7, at Naples is one of the biggest. This is ostensibly to the Virgin, but the most important part of the ceremony has to do with the rendering of new songs. Here many of the traditional songs of Naples known the world over made their first appearance. Fire works (fuochi artificiali) are part of most of the celebrations. Americans born 1900 or before can testify to this in their youth if they lived near an Italian Colony. On the Piedigrotta Day the Napolitani say, "Pure i pesci ce fanno l'amore" (Even the fish make love).

Patriotic Days are like the 20 Settembre, the day Garibaldi entered the Porta Pia. There may be a parade. This is the National Holiday.

Christmas is a serious time and a spiritual one. All go to church. No presents at this time; they come 12 days later at Carnival Time. All Families have feasts and they eat an extraordinary amount. The eating corresponds to our Thanksgiving layout. An oil lamp is seen in all windows Christmas eve to welcome the Christ Child. The Mass Christmas Eve is especially interesting with the processions around the church and all the richest trappings are brought out and the Churches look their finest and some beautiful singing is heard in some of them--as in San

- 5 -

Luigi dei Francesi in Rome. All churches and many private homes have fine Presepi (Creche) or scene of the manger and the young Christ with the Wise men, and the rest. In the home the Father gathers his Family and tells again the Holy Story.

Carnevale is 12 days later and they raise the roof. Everybody lets his hair down, they masquerade, blow horns, drink and carouse. Usually there is a Special Square where they all come together in the larger cities--like Piazza Navona, now, in Rome. The carousing is not a religious thing at all. Hard candy is thrown about (like our sugared almonds) coriandole.

Other celebrations are the Palio of Siena, a Mediaeval Horse Race in the Public Square and held twice a year. Passion Week before Easter, Corpus Christi Day when the cities are decorated with flowers and the finest drapes hang from the windows of rich and poor, and again the Saint's Day of the particular towns throughout the peninsula.

The celebration of the Vintage (La Vendemmia) should be mentioned, as this is one of the happiest times in the year for the Peasants.

This is a very incomplete account, but will suffice to draw the attention of the Officers to this sort of thing and to find out when they come in the places that you are stationed.

In closing this series of impressions of Italy I would like to express to the Officers my own thanks for their kindness to the Faculty and for their sincere attention to the work of the last 6 weeks. We all from the bottom of our hearts wish you God-Speed and Auguri Vivissimi.

Morals

One of the biggest differences between Italians and Americans in relation to sex problems is that the Italians do not talk much of sex and of course the Americans do--considerably. The Italian attitude toward this thing is in a sense more natural than ours. They are more spontaneous in their treatment of the problem. It would be rare for an Italian of either sex to go to a Doctor and ask intimate questions about sex conduct. In America people ask all about it, how this and that should be managed. The children are not told long stories about it and there are not nearly so many books on the question in Italy as here--at least medical and constructive ones. We in America think a lot of Emily Post and in one large library in the East two copies a year are actually worn to a frazzle from use. There is no Italian Emily Post and there is no Italian Marie Stopes. Sex is accepted as a natural phenomenon and indulged in directly and spontaneously, without all the talk there is here. If an Italian boy has had relations with a prostitute he has only one fear: that he may have contracted a disease. The American youth under the same conditions would have another fear to add to this: the Guilt feeling--that he had done something wrong. Apparently the Italian is totally free of any such reaction.

The feeling of the women on this subject can best be brought out by a brief description of Matrimony and their feelings about it. The conception is as of a sacred thing--marriage--to them. In America marriage is, grossly, like a contract that can be broken when the conditions at the beginning no longer seem to exist. The American comes out with it if he desires to separate, though this is not true of all Americans of course; many do make the best of what they might call a bad bargain and stick it out. In Italy there would never be any question of what to do; and this would be to stick it out even if the evidence of infidelity was incontrovertible. If Italians "non vanno d'accordo" (don't get along) they do not decide to separate. Tradition, Catholicism and the children hold them together. It has always been the children basically who governed this tradition and who have been called the "Cement" which holds the Italian Family together.

The husband in Italy must give protection to the wife. She expects this sort of thing more than the American wife. She also wants something akin to the courtship of the premarital days. As women the Italians are more revered than here in America where the women are in competition with the men. Though Italian women are getting more and more into the professional life of Italy, they are far behind the Americans in this, and consequently they receive a more chivalrous attention from their men. In brief--women are more women, the difference in the sexes is more marked in the mores.

Conduct of Italian and American Girls Contrasted.

American girls chase the boys. Italians NEVER do this. There are all sorts of degrees of familiarity between American boys and girls. This does not exist in the middle class in Italy. Girls and boys of the middle class in Italy never go out together in the evening alone or unchaperoned. According to good Italian authority, if the Italians went out together in the American manner, there would be only one result after 7 or 8 such dates. So they are protected against themselves by the strict social rules. One reason lying under these strict rules may be this: it is said that the Italian girl as well as the boy is less inhibited on the question of sex and is perhaps more ardent than the American in the physiological sense. The old one about the famous Latin lover is not necessarily true, but there is something to it and the answer is to be found partially at least in the above-mentioned code of social relations. Among the peasants, boys and girls often have relations previous to the marriage. Groups of ten or twelve Italians of both sexes will get together for parties, carefully supervised. No couple would go to a dance alone in a car as here. In America a girl would go to the movies with one boy on Friday and to a dance the next night with another. This is practically impossible in Italy; the Italian girl falls in love or she does not. If she doesn't, the disappointed swain

disappears from the picture and remains a friend, perhaps, but is through as anything more. This of course is true of the good middle class type of girl.

One Italian has said that even after he was engaged, he was criticized by certain people for taking his bride-to-be, in the daytime, for walks in the Public Parks in Rome. Though the Italians can do such a simple thing as this in the daytime without offending the code too deeply, it never would be thought of at night. THEY DO NOT GO OUT AT NIGHT ALONE TOGETHER.

Among married Italians the code is still as strict. In America it happens that when the husband has been called into the Army, he may say, "Take the wife out for a dinner; she will be lonely". This would be unheard of in Italy. You would not go to call on a Signora without first being sure that her husband was to be there. Even an Italian's best friend would not be permitted to call on, or take out, the wife of his friend. A wife in Italy would rarely go to dine with her brother-in-law, though she might go with her father-in-law (provided he was old enough). If you invite a Signora to eat supper with you in a Caffè or Restaurant it means that you have not invited her for supper, but for something else. A married woman or a young girl will not visit the Doctor alone.

If a young man has seen a girl steadily for three weeks or so the girl's Father will more than likely ask what are the intentions of the said young man. If he replies as the American: "I like your daughter; she is good company." The Father will say, "Vai fuori dai piedi" which is fairly polite for "Get the Hell out of here and don't come back."

There can be no such thing as a regular dating of the girls. They get suspicious. When I was in Rome there was a very pretty secretary working in the office where her Father was the Accountant (Ragioniere). Some of the boys cast longing eyes in her direction and one of them cast them across her desk more regularly than the rest. We noticed that the Father eyed him more than he did us, so we tipped him off and he no longer came regularly to the office to talk with her. In the South of Italy all these things are much more sharply drawn. And with the peasants, who are not possessed with anything of a worldly outlook, the taboo is even more serious. In days past and perhaps today, the wife felt that she was being treated badly if her husband did not shut her up in the house under lock and key while he was away at work in the fields. Marriages were often made by the parents without any reference to the desires of the principals.

Love crimes are not uncommon. Those who have been deceived by husband or wife, and those who are inordinately jealous will commit crimes of passion. A man might very easily kill his wife for unfaithfulness. There is a famous story that went the rounds in Rome of a General who, on returning home and going to the stables, discovered his wife in the arms of the stable boy. He was so enraged that not only did he kill the boy and his wife, but also the horse, which was standing in the next stall. Americans of Anglo-Saxon extraction would not kill, but would get a divorce. Italians remark that in America the whole relation of the sexes is more sincere and above board and out in the open.

CONCLUSIONS from the above notes: Under no circumstances should the Officers, or the non-commissioned men under them, have dates with the Italian women unless they mean MARRIAGE. Do not get involved at all with any of them; those of the good class of people. The Prostitute question will be explained in the next few pages. Be absolutely certain that this little background of information is strictly and completely understood and followed and improved upon. Show the utmost respect to all women of the good sort (and they will be readily discovered). NO MESSING AROUND ON THE PART OF ANY OF THE SOLDIERS OF ANY RANK. Trouble of a serious kind will surely result, and the value of weeks of helping to straighten out Italian affairs will

3

disappear over night. It might be added, though I am not at all versed in Military Government, that this short summary of male and female relationships in Italy could be useful in deciding on cases that are sure to come up in the reorganization of an Italian town and the administration of discipline to offenders. I would suggest that the officers step very gingerly around this whole question and be thoroughly aware of the strictness of the laws surrounding it.

PROSTITUTES

There are many houses of prostitution in Italy. And they come in all grades: de luxe and high priced, those of poco prezzo (low price) and others. They are all privately owned and run. They all have to have a permit (permesso) from the Police (Municipal Police). The regulations require that the windows of the house be locked or nailed down; they are never to be opened. The front door is never open all the way, but is sort of half open. There is no other designation which will reveal them readily to the passer-by.

In addition to Police Supervision (Vigilanza della Polizia) they are visited at least once a week and sometimes more often by representatives of the town or city Sanitary Commission. These Doctors try to retard the instance of Social disease. By the way, these diseases are called by their right names in Italy - Malattie Sessuali.

The women of these houses do not solicit on the street (attirare). You get the names of the places as you do over here--Hotel workers, taxi drivers, guides, and other such tripe. Some Hotel Porters will ask you if you want a girl as part of their job. The prostitutes in Italy are truly the slaves of society; they are made up of girls who have been seduced and consequently have lost all social standing in a community. In America it may happen that a girl has been a prostitute, meets some one who finds "that bit of good in the wayward girl," develops it, sends her to school and marries her. Maybe this is Movie stuff, but it has happened. It would not likely occur in Italy. The age limit for girls in houses of ill-fame is very strictly marked--somewhere around 17 (though I am not sure of this figure). If a man has had relations with a girl younger than this, he is likely to run into the penal code governing the protection of minors and be in serious trouble.

BEST TO STAY AWAY FROM THESE PLACES is a piece of supererogation, but with many noncommissioned men, and the possibilities, it is best said. Though the Doctors visit the places, there is no assurance of escaping the diseases found there, for after a girl has received a dozen men, or even one, she is no longer safe to deal with.

In addition to the houses of prostitution there are of course many prostitutes on the streets; they are more easily recognized in Italy than here, for they dress more extravagantly and they paint more vividly than the ordinary Italian woman who uses Cosmetics. They will be found on the streets, at the bars, in the smaller eating and drinking places. These are the ones "poco prezzo". In the larger Hotels and Restaurants, if you see a lone woman she is likely to be what you think she is, though you can not always be sure. They do hang around the Bars, the higher priced ones, just as do the more modest in price. These are called Prostitute Clandestine, and they are likely to be more perilous as to disease than the ones in the houses, though this is by no means a scientific adjudication of them. Some of the ones around the big Hotels are very elegant in appearance. There is also a class of Mezzo-Prostitute, who bear an evil reputation, often without reason, who are Artist models and manikins in the Tailoring Establishments.

General

In Italy it is known that some women will yield for the sake of their husband's career--something in the alleged Hollywood tradition. Lovers of big men in the Government and in Business can have things done for friends of theirs through this sort of thing. Italian women are either faithful or not. There is none of the playing around with other men's wives that we have seen here in America. There is no half way stop for the Italian. Between married couples in Italy the morals are better than here. One of the reasons may be that the Italians do not drink as much hard liquor as we do and the consequent entanglements are not so frequent. The idea of Protection for the women is of course another deterrent factor. Loose living among married folk is not usual. In the lower classes there is a good deal of what we call petting and it may wind up with more. It is not at all an uncommon sight to see a boy and a girl arm in arm, or with the boy's arm around the girl's waist, on the street, and at night there are certain places that are populated by couples, like the via Garibaldi in Rome, where I counted 40 couples in the space of about three or four blocks one night. They were talking and laughing together as boys and girls do over here. After a short time the via was empty of such, as the Marshall of the Carabinieri had found it out and forbade the meeting place. It is an exaggeration to put too much emphasis on the sex passions of the Italian, but it is necessary to indicate, as I hope I have, that there are differences between his attitude and ours. These people above were from families of workers and peasants.

The question of Catholicism in Italy and a modified sort of Puritanism in America is a big one and explains a lot in the differences which exist in the Moral Code between the two countries. In America the Sabbath is really a Holy and Quiet day. It is not at all in Italy. Conduct in Church in Italy differs largely from ours in our churches. In Italy they make noise, even swear (I have heard one deliver an imprecation not altogether Holy when he could not see a Cardinal for the press of the people around him). Catholicism is theoretically more strict, but is not so in practice. I was amazed when I heard the cheering and whistling and uproar which greeted the Pope in the Square of St. Peter in Rome on the day the Pontiff came out for the first time since the Unification of Italy. The whole procession seemed more like a thing from the Opera than like the greatest religious procession held in 50 odd years. The procession itself was oriental in part and very theatrical and the reception of the event was akin to the reception of a great work of the theater, or the circus here in America. Puritanism does not direct the individual in his private life as does Catholicism. Marriage, children, and all the rest are strictly run by the Church in Italy according to Tradition. Though Catholicism is thus binding throughout life, it does wink at minor peccadillos, and some major ones too. The differences in point of view must be watched for and taken into account in dealings with the Italians.

Italians resent questions which refer to their private lives. One Italian in New Haven in answering a questionnaire, was asked to tell how many times a day he evacuated his bowels. He resented this furiously, though I doubt that an American would have done more than laughed at it. So, in asking questions, be careful not to try to get too intimate details as to sex, physiological functioning (unless you are treating a patient) religion, personal affairs, mental disease, etc. If you need them, do it with the finest attention to diplomatic approach.

Honor

No such thing as the Honor System exists in Italy. One good authority told me that Italian students will copy if given half a chance, on an examination. It can not be said that Italians are not honest, but it must be admitted that, with the above statement may go other things of importance along these lines. One writer, Dr. Joseph Collins says Italians are not honest. This seems too much by far for me.

both from other knowledge that I have from experience, and from other authorities. However differences in the Codes of our two countries must be taken into consideration. One example: Here the Income Tax must be paid on the dot and the penalty for non-payment is prison and fine. In Italy a friend of mine was told by a lawyer that he was a fool for having gone to the office and looked up the official so as to pay and so put himself to a lot of trouble in so doing. The Italians wait till the proper officer comes around to collect. The penalty for non-payment is not so severe as in the USA. Smartness, keenness and quickwittedness may be safely said to be characteristics of the Italian in money matters--not of all Italians, but it is to be considered.

Judges in Italy are generally considered to be above reproach. During Fascism Farinacci, one of the most bloodthirsty of the gangsters, was unable to get cases as a lawyer, for he lost more often by far than he won. Other reasons for his losses may be found, but the fact remains that he was high in the party that held the reins and he still lost, and the Judges may have risked their freedom, or their necks, in deciding against him.

Personal and Family Honor have been spoken of elsewhere. Those are defended strongly and with enthusiasm. Do not offend an Italian in any personal sense is a good conclusion to draw.

The American Officer would do best not to visit certain places. First in this category come the Houses of Ill-Fame. Also there are certain places of entertainment--something like Burlesque Houses over here, that are taboo for the officers. These are, more often than not, places where the prostitutes may foregather, and their reputation is very bad--pessimo. To be seen in one of them, or to talk of one of them is very bad taste and marks the man. If one wants to go, he had better go in civilian clothes. The Italians would not treat such business as a joke and laugh it off as we might over here. "Bella Figura" would vanish and the work that the Officer has to do would be seriously impaired. I believe the American Uniform will be respected in the extreme, and the Officers and the men must live up to a very high code of conduct. Among the Italians themselves there is little respect for those who err and make mistakes of this nature. They talk a lot and are very suspicious of people in high places, without any reason often enough. I have heard many Italians talk of the women that certain high officials could have. They were half envious and half critical. They were not of the higher class of Italians it must be said, but they were good enough people, as they come. Italians of this class like to talk of the peccadillos of the Priests, and they will ascribe all sorts of evil doing to them. Be careful to be the gentleman you are.

Italians treat the subject of Homosexuality with disgust and they try to hide all mental breakdowns deep down inside them. They do not talk of these things--the better Italians. They do not seem to have the Medical point of view that Americans have been developing in the last decade--the feeling that a person involved in one or the other of these difficulties is sick and needs attention. Americans are not 100% in this feeling of course, and they too have disgust in some of these situations, but there is this difference to be noted. Their care of the feeble-minded and the insane is not up to ours, deficient as that may be at the present.

Superstition

Though the modern educated Italian will deny any belief in such things, there are many who do believe and the subject requires some explanation. The situation is particularly applicable to the South Italians for reasons already understood in this course--the general backwardness of this group in the population, many times through no fault of their own. From Roman Civilization they have preserved many pagan customs, such as the worship of objects--statues and relics of religious significance and the attribution of healing qualities to certain Saints. Thus San Rocco protected devotees against illness, Santa Lucia against blindness, Santa Anna during childbirth, etc. Though the custom is disappearing, families still do rely on the powers of a child's name-Saint during illness, or of the Saint whose day is currently being celebrated in the paese, instead of the Doctor. In America I have known within the last few years of the wife of an Italian friend of mine throwing salt across the doorsill during the illness of her child--ostensibly to ward off further evil effects. Mrs. Phyllis Williams in her fine book on the South Italian gives a vivid picture of all this. Other remedies are: to cure stammering, put a pebble in the mouth; jaundice will be cured by eating two or three lice in one's soup; a cold, by sniffing coal dust, etc.

It can be readily seen that the educated Priest and the Doctor have their troubles with this sort of people. There may be few of them (maybe not), but it is something to reckon with. A patient who is suffering will want a crucifix, and this goes for higher classes of Society too. Apparently the close hookup of Superstition and Religion and Medicine in the minds of the less well-educated, and that of Religion as a comfort to the suffering better-educated, is the reason for the almost nonexistence of fake doctors in Italy. There are no Christian Scientists and few Homeopaths (these practice mainly on foreigners), no Naturopaths and the rest of the faithhealers who parade under the name of "Doctor". There is only one Medicine in Italy and that is the legitimate one. When this seems to fail the people they turn to the Superstitions or the Religion for help.

From the standpoint of the Priest and the antireligious, the Blessing of the Horses before the Paglio Race at Siena is more sacrilegious than religious. The Madonna Cult is really a Saint Worship and not truly Christian. Carducci called her the "New and Holy Venus of Italy" and she is the symbol of Blessed and Unblemished Femininity to the Italian. The yearly observance of the Blood of San Gennaro (patron St. of Naples) which is supposed to boil in its receptacle once a year, and so bring fortune to all the Neapolitans, is another pagan manifestation. Roselli says the heart of every Neapolitan boils with it.

There are a quantity of these saints and as the quantity increased in olden times the respect for the individual saint and his relic or his spirit, in the form of a statue, decreased. Even now in modern times if the statue of San Francesco di Paolo, having been placed on the shore in the hope that this placement would bring in a good catch, fails to do so, more than likely an irate fisherman of the neighborhood will shout, "We will duck you if you don't do better than this!" All sorts of processions and feasts are to be seen in Italy in honor of the patron saints and many sorts of objects are bought--jewels, money, even a wedding dress--and laid at the feet of the Saint during the procession. Places in the procession are bought from the priests, and of course thousands of candles are lighted and carried to the church and in the procession. Tremendous Feste of this kind may be expected all over Italy, especially in the southern quarters.

- 2 -

MAL'OCCHIO and JETTATURA (also called occhio cattivo and occhio triste)

The Evil Eye is the translation of the above terms. "The South Italian thought of this as a power in-born in certain men and women, who by a mere glance could cause physical injury, sickness, business reverses, and even death." However this belief is not alone the possession of the Southerner. Northerners have it and so do Americans in a much less degree -- the dirty look, the searching look that makes one uncomfortable, is described also in America. Caporetto was explained by some as the result of the leadership of a man who was a Jettatore and possessed of the Evil Eye. Even one of the Popes was so accused. The Army and the Navy have a sort of belief in this thing, remote as it may be from the thoughts of the majority. Once a man from Trieste had to go to Rome to see another there on business. The Roman was a Colonel. He was known to be a Jettatore. The Triestino's friends told him so, but he said he did not care. In Rome he met another friend, who, on hearing he had an appointment with the Colonel, told him that the Navy would not let him on any of its boats, for years ago when the Colonel was on one of them, it sank. The Triestino saw him nonetheless and completed his business. While he was walking across the Piazza di Spagna in Rome, right after, he was hit by an automobile and suffered a concussion, and had to spend five days in the Hospital. When the Triestino returned home they all said I told you so; the man himself laughed, but he told me, "I hope I do not see the Colonel again!" This is half joke and half serious, as the story is a true one and did actually happen. Another man met a person who had a reputation as a Jettatore and the latter much against the former's will linked his arm in his to walk along the street with him. They came to a curbstone and the first man stumbled and fell and broke his leg. He thanked the Jettatore for having let him off so easily! Do Italians believe in the Mal'Occhio and the Jettatura? The answer is yes and no, and more yes in the south than in the north.

The most common description of the person possessing the Evil Eye is that of a person whose eyebrows grow across his nose in an unbroken line, and who is thin and cadaverous in appearance and on the dark side as to complexion. Also persons who act strangely, wear queer clothes or have something out of the ordinary about them. A hunchbacked woman is suspect. In this connection might be mentioned the old belief in witches both male and female--mago and maga (plural maghi and maghe). They were sometimes good and knew of the healing values of herbs, but in general they were supposed to be well versed in the black arts. In America recently examples of belief in these things has been found, so that this is not all worthless to relate.

There are ways of warding off the effects of the Evil Eye. There is a whole series of amulets--Giuseppe Belluci of Naples had a collection of over 2,000 of them. Horns are the most common, claws, teeth, etc. These are bought and hung over the doors of Taverns, houses, in bedrooms, pinned on children's clothes, suspended under the carter's conveyance, on the harness, and placed in the boats. Men carried them in their pockets. They were painted on the tableware of the rich. Mrs. Williams in South Italian Folkways. If no amulets were available, one could make the sign (il cornuto) with the first making a fist and then releasing the first and little fingers. This was done in secret, for it would be a dangerous thing to impute such a terrible thing to a person--as being one possessed of the Evil Eye.

- 3 -

8

These are means of the more ignorant Italian of coping with the great unknown. With education and advances in the way of life they tend to disappear. But they do not go over night, and for this reason some slight attention to an exceedingly interesting subject has been given. My guess is that the Doctors will run into this sort of thing more than the men in the other fields of the Civil Affairs group. There is still resistance to Medical treatment. A man came to the Santo Spirito Hospital in Rome with what was diagnosed as perforated ulcer. He was in terrible shape but refused to let them operate. This got better and the fever went down. Then it rose and he was a swollen mass through the abdomen. Still he would not let them try to operate and relieve his suffering. Finally he delivered himself of a half a gallon of pus and rapidly got well, and when he saw the Doctors go by his little shop near the Hospital he would smile in a very knowing manner. Things like this may be common over here. With this man at least, the Great Unknown and reliance on the supernatural, or belief, or whatever it was was better than the ministrations of a good group of Doctors. He was 1 in 100 who would have recovered under similar circumstances.

The Family

This is a list of the important features of Family life among the Italians that may be useful.

The Father is the head of the Family with little opposition.

"The wife should be pretty, keep her mouth shut, keep the home fires burning." The Home is her job.

Marriage arranged pretty much by the parents no matter what class in society.

Marriage is considered as a Sacrament, performed under God, not man.

1928 the Civil Code for marrying was superseded by the Religious. A marriage performed by the Priest is Valid.

Divorce is non-existent in Italian Law today.

SELECTION OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

Best from same town or village and from same social class. This is followed closely by the Italians, and is good surety for the success of the combination.

"Moglie e buoi da paese tuo!" (Wife and bulls from your own town).

DOWRY

All girls must bring a dowry, no matter how little. The rich bring huge sums sometimes and the poor bring only the linen or a piece of furniture if very poor--but something.

Middle Class: the wife is not an economic asset. Therefore her dowry is important.

Peasant Class: wife is an asset, for she bears children, works on the farm sometimes. But the farmer needs lots of children to help him and the woman who bears one or two children is pitied--12-15 is much better.

AGE OF MARRIAGE

Upper Classes: they marry later. Husband 25 or more, wife 20 or more.

Peasant: marry young. Husband 25 or more, wife 17.

Bachelor's standing OK, Spinster's is no good. She lives with relatives and does not enjoy the rights of the rest of the Family.

Parents discuss the whole engagement thing and decide on the dowry. This is their last chance to talk or interfere in the life of the young couple.

THE HOME

This is sacred and once found the Italians do not want another--they want to live and die in this place and the furniture they get for it at the beginning. Many proverbs surround the LOVE for the HOME. There will be a Holy Image in all Italian homes but a very few. In some there will be a lighted candle burning all the day.

- 2 -

In the house the living room and the bathroom will be the best of the rooms--where the most money has been spent. The kitchen is never as good as the good American one, and it lacks conveniences such as the Frigidaire. Not so smart looking. Often there will be flowers, as the Italian women love them and want them around all the time.

Peasant home: no toilet, no tub, no living room. There will be wash-basins. Kitchen and bedroom are all that some of them have. The sitting room is the part of the street before the house.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

The husband never lets the wife wear the pants (non dare calzone alla moglie). The husband is independent--away at work all day. BUT some part of the day is spent with the wife. Most Italians of the middle class return to lunch at midday. There are few Clubs such as we have for business men and professional men in America. Here the wife does not expect to see her husband until evening when he leaves in the morning. The husband NEVER helps in the housework. The French have a saying that indicates a point of view: a household is man and wife and mistress. This is not at all 100% true, but indicates a possibility in Italy for the husband -- not the wife.

CHILDREN

If you sneeze an Italian will say, "Salute, figli maschi." (Your health: may you have boys as children). They want boys more than girls. Girls have a much worse time in Italy than they do here--no comparison with all the restrictions there are. Children are a blessing in Italy, and a young couple married two years and without children is considered most unfortunate. When a woman is pregnant they say she is in a "most interesting state." (In stato interessante) Middle Class average 2 or 3 children, Peasants 8 or 9. Women are proud to nurse the children themselves.

Italian women have the education of their children for the first 6,7,8 years and then when they go to school they and their husbands watch over the work more closely than Americans do, and they help with the homework. The general vigilance of parents over their children lasts with boys until they are 9 or 10, and with girls over an indefinite period. The children are held under a much more strict surveillance than here. Girls have no liberty at all (see morals above). They stay with their Mothers.

MEALS

The whole Family eats all the meals together. There is a rest after lunch in most parts of Italy, though in Milan this is not necessarily so. In Rome some of the professional groups go to the shore for two hours at noon--the better off. They work later in the evening to make up the time. Wine is on the table at all times, and it is best for the stranger to take some. Small amounts are drunk by the Italians of the middle class.

ITALIAN WOMEN BUSY

They have few of the conveniences of America--vacuum cleaners, etc.; they have to shop for the food, clean house, cook or supervise the cooking, take care of the kids. Takes up their time.

- 3 -

ITALIAN WOMEN

They believe what their husbands tell them of Politics (except the brighter of them), prefer Family life to a career, are more religious than the men. Among the middle class they will have one or more Foreign languages and may have some talent such as the piano or singing, though this is not confined to the middle class alone, as the peasants are wonderful musicians on occasion.

Olive oil smells, so that houses often smell of cooking; this does not mean they are dirty.

Strangers are accepted as friends more in the south than in the north. The home is sacred and Italians for this reason and for reasons of modest means do have a certain reluctance towards strangers. There is somewhat of a suspicious attitude toward them until they are well known by the Italian.

The institution of marriage and the family is more tradition ridden than it is here, and there is a feeling of trying to preserve what is good of the tradition on the part of the Italians.

The best attitude here is complete tolerance and understanding. When you are invited out, go in the spirit of interest and discovery--without anticipatory prejudice. You can have a fine time in the Italian way too.

Illiteracy

In 1861 the following were the figures concerning the Illiteracy of the whole Italian nation from six years of age on up: 74.68%

Illiteracy decreased through the next sixty years to 25% in 1927.

These figures stand for the whole country. The following are figures from various parts of the country:

1921--Venezia-Tridentina--	2%
Piemonte	7%
Lombardia	9%
Liguria	10%
Calabria	53%
Puglie	49%
Sardegna	"
Sicilia	"

The causes of Illiteracy:

Lack of schools in the rural centers
Children are sent to work in their early years
Presence of a large population of migrant workers
Malaria still present in some sections of the country.

The struggle against Illiteracy:

During War I there was an attempt to set up schools for soldiers. When the Americans closed the doors to Italian Illiterates after War I, an attempt was made in Italy to improve Educational Facilities.

Provisions for improvement of educational facilities:

1 From the Government: Parents and employers were fined, if they either did not send the children to school, or the employers employed children who ought to have been in school. Numbers of Kindergartens were increased and also the number of Elementary Schools.

2 Private Initiative: Private Schools set up to improve the conditions for children brought up in Malarial Districts--the name of the School is Scuole per I Contadini dell'Agro Romano e Paludi (marsh) Pontini. There were day classes, evening classes and ones in the summer, on Sunday and Holidays. Another Institution is the one of the Summer Schools for Shepherds in Abruzzo. There was also a school for Emigrants to Foreign Lands.

After 1922 all the agencies against Illiteracy were under a central committee organized for this purpose.

For many, Literacy means only the ability to write their name. Handwriting in general is not good among these people. In this class of people general knowledge of things would be at a minimum. There is still in Italy the public writer for people who are unable to write their own letters and documents--Lo Scrivano Pubblico. The X is used frequently in the rural districts for the signature. Public Notices are frequently announced in the Churches. If not the Contadini would go to the Priest for what information he was seeking. Do not ask directly of a Contadino if he can read or write. They are very touchy on these things.

EDUCATION SCHOOL SYSTEM Administration

The National Ministry of Education supervises all the Italian Schools. This department has direct supervision over all Schools of University grade Art Schools and Music Schools. All the other Schools are supervised by superintendents, who are employees of the Ministry of Education. There are 19 of these Superintendents (Provveditori agli Studi) one for each region. These men are advised by two committees: one per istruzioni medie e professionali--roughly High School Instruction--and the other for Elementary Studies. Each Superintendent has several Inspectors for the Elementary Schools. The Minister has an Advisory Committee called Consiglio Superiore per l'Educazione Nazionale.

Through the whole School system--elementary and advanced--Centile instituted the State Examination. The examiners are not the teachers who taught the pupils, but are members of the next highest school which the pupil is to attend. The exam is the means of admission to a higher school. The Elementary and the High Schools are completely supported by the State. High Schools are partially supported by the State and partially by the local agencies--either private, municipal or provincial. The Professional Schools are partially supported by the State and partially by local agencies; thus an agricultural school will be aided by the local Agricultural Banks.

There are a few Private Schools--religious in the main.

There is no tuition for the Elementary Schools. For some secondary professional Schools there is a small fee-L.25 a year. For all the other schools the pupil has to pay all the tuition--the Ginnasio, Liceo, Istituto Tecnico, Scuole Commerciali, Scuole Nautiche, etc. For deserving students there are scholarships.

Physical Education is somewhat stressed. Somewhat more stressed under Fascism than before.

Religious Education was compulsory after 1929--Agreement with the Vatican. This in all Elementary, High Schools, Professional and Artistic Schools. The teacher is almost always a Priest. No marks or exams in Religion. If the parents want it, their children may be exempted from the religious teaching.

Kindergarten started in the North about 100 years ago. There are 3 types of this: one is a preparation for the Elementary Grades, two is a sort of play ground type of thing for the child and the third is the Montessori, or self-expression thing, where the teacher is the friend and not the teacher in reality. 1926--7,000 Kindergartens with 600,000 children attending.

Elementary Education Compulsory at six years of age. Compulsory school ends when the child has finished the highest class existing in his locality. Under Fascism there was a single book, including all subjects, for each grade of the School--nationally used--for private schools as well as public. Highest grade in Elementary School is the fifth.

Secondary Education There are schools for farm education, commercial, nautical, industrial, artistic. These are all headed towards a career as an Artisan. There are other schools of High School calibre for artistic and musical training.

The most typical Italian secondary Schools are the Liceo and the Ginnasio. You go to the Ginnasio for 5 years and the Liceo for 3 in this order. Italian Literature, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, History are stressed. Also one or two Foreign Languages and Geography and Mathematics, though not so much as the first mentioned studies.

3

Istituto Tecnico is another sort of Secondary School. It is divided in two parts: Inferior and Superior--four years each. Latin comes only in the inferior course. In the course, both inferior and superior, mathematics and sciences are more stressed. They give the Diploma of Ragioniere or Geometra.

Istituto Magistrale: training school for Elementary School teachers.

SUPERIOR EDUCATION

University Education. There are twenty-one Royal Universities. Ten of them are supported by the Government completely. The State supports 6 Engineering Schools and one School of Architecture. Six Schools of Agrarian studies, eight schools of Veterinary Medicine. All these Schools are supported by the State completely.

Eleven Universities partially supported by the State. Also in this category are three schools of Engineering. Also one of Industrial Chemistry, four of Architecture, one of Vet. Medicine, nine of Economics and Commercial Sciences.

Other institutions of University rank: Istituti di Superiori Magistero six of these--teaching Educational subjects--these men are to be supervisors or inspectors of Elementary Schools.

Specialized Institutes of Univ. rank: Istituto Orientale di Napoli. They teach Asiatic and African languages, Colonial Disciplines.

Istituto Navale di Napoli. Training for all management of Ship Yards - financial problems, etc., and also Commercial Shipping.

Scuola Normale Superiore di Pisa: Admission through competition. 100 pupils total. No fee. Students live here in Dormitories--the one school of University rank in Italy where they do live together as we do over here. Trains teachers in the Secondary Schools.

Universita' per gli Stranieri di Perugia. General Culture for Foreigners.

The West Point of Italy is Accademia di Modena.

The Annapolis: Accademia Navale di Livorno.

Population of the Universities and the other High Schools of Learning: 1928-9:::40,399 students. 8,813 graduated in this year. 1936-7:::72,944 students. 10,523 graduated. In Italy too many people try to go to College. Some of them wind up life as Janitors.

The preponderance of the students are Lawyers. Immediately after them come the Physicians.

Women in the Universities:::11,649 in 1936-7. They represent 51% of the students in the Depts. of Beautiful Letters and Philosophy.

GENERAL

Schools are not typed in Italy as they are here--e.g. the little red school house. There are signs for cars--Go Slow: School house (Scuola!) Policemen patrol before them. Usually built in sections of the city which are not overcrowded. Elementary School is a two story building--sometimes three stories--seldom. Rural Schools--there is an apartment for the teacher--where she lives--and one for the Janitor. Men and Women teach in all Italian Schools even through the higher

grades in the Liceo and Ginnasio. Men outnumber the women in the High School Grades. There are very few Women in the Universities as teachers. Schools have a courtyard where the children can play. There is a place called the Palestra (something like our Gyms) where the children have physical training. In the School rooms every student must have at his disposal at least one square meter (a little less than a sq. yd.) In the secondary schools the pupil must have 1.20 meters and .80 meters in the Kindergarten. Not more than 60 pupils in each room. Height of the room between 4 and 4.50 meters (between 12 and 15 ft.). Required width--of doors--between 1.20 and 2.00 meters. Every floor has carefully separated toilets--male and female. Every toilet has a room outside the toilet--for circulation of air, etc.

In Elementary Schools the children study: Dictation, Spelling, History, Arithmetic, Geography--(Glories of Benito Mussolini in the old days before the 25th of July 1943).

Village Life

AUTHORITIES IN THE VILLAGE: The Mayor (Il Podesta') often a part-time job. He may be a worker, farmer, blacksmith or have some other job in the town. The final authority in the town--official speeches, marries people, receives the guests. Selected by the Provincial Authorities. Before Fascism he was elected by the people. Takes care of the Budget of the village--something like our mayors over here--charities, Hospitals--general care of the welfare of the people.

Il Segretario Comunale: municipal Secretary. He is a very important man in the town: Vital Statistics, certificates of all kinds, all things connected with Civil Law. Carta Bollata (Stamped Paper): most official documents have to be issued on this kind of paper. This man is the administrator. He is generally permanent and represents the continuity of the town. He does the actual running of the village.

Il Parroco (The Priest) Entrusted with the Religious affairs of the town.

Il Medico Condotta A Doctor hired by the Commune in order to take care of the poor, Listed in the Elenco dei Poveri. Can have a private practice.

Farmacista (Druggist) He knows everybody and is therefore important.

Mid-Wife (Levatrice) Takes care of practically all normal deliveries and very well. Medico Condotta will do the others more difficult, having had them referred to him by her.

Il Maresciallo di Carabinieri non-commissioned officer in charge of the Carabinieri. Functions of the Carabinieri are: Public Safety, keep order, protection against crime of all kinds. Small villages may not have local Police, but the Carabinieri are always present. They are picked very carefully by the Government. They are respected young men. They enforce State Laws. Municipal Police supervise markets, Sanitary Code in Shops and Butcher Shops. Fines for violation of Traffic Laws. Vigilanza sopra case di Prostituzione.

These above are all big Officials There are of course the small Clerks, etc.

Public Buildings
(Town Hall)

1

Il Minucipio: many times this is a beautiful Building. Not always in the center of town. Archives and documents will be found here. Church and Convents will also have archives of the town.

La Chiesa There is usually one Church larger than the rest and more renowned than the others for various reasons.

La Scuola Often is not at all imposing in appearance. Some are modern in appearance. Built over old buildings.

Meeting Places

La Piazza in front of the Church. The Town Hall, Pharmacy or Drugs Store. Osteria, Caffè'.

Ufficio Postale There is one of these in almost every small town.

Market Day (Il Mercato)

People meet each other on this day. These days come sometimes twice a month, sometimes once a week. Traveling Salesmen bring clothing, Tools and many sorts of things to sell; this is a day devoted to buying and selling.

Il Cinematografo once or twice a week there are movies. The type of Village described above has a population of 500 to 2,000 people. Traveling plays come to these towns. If the people don't like the show they may throw onions, broccoli, tomatoes at the players and the latter may have to vamoose in a hurry from the town, like the Duke and the Dauphin in Huckleberry Finn.

