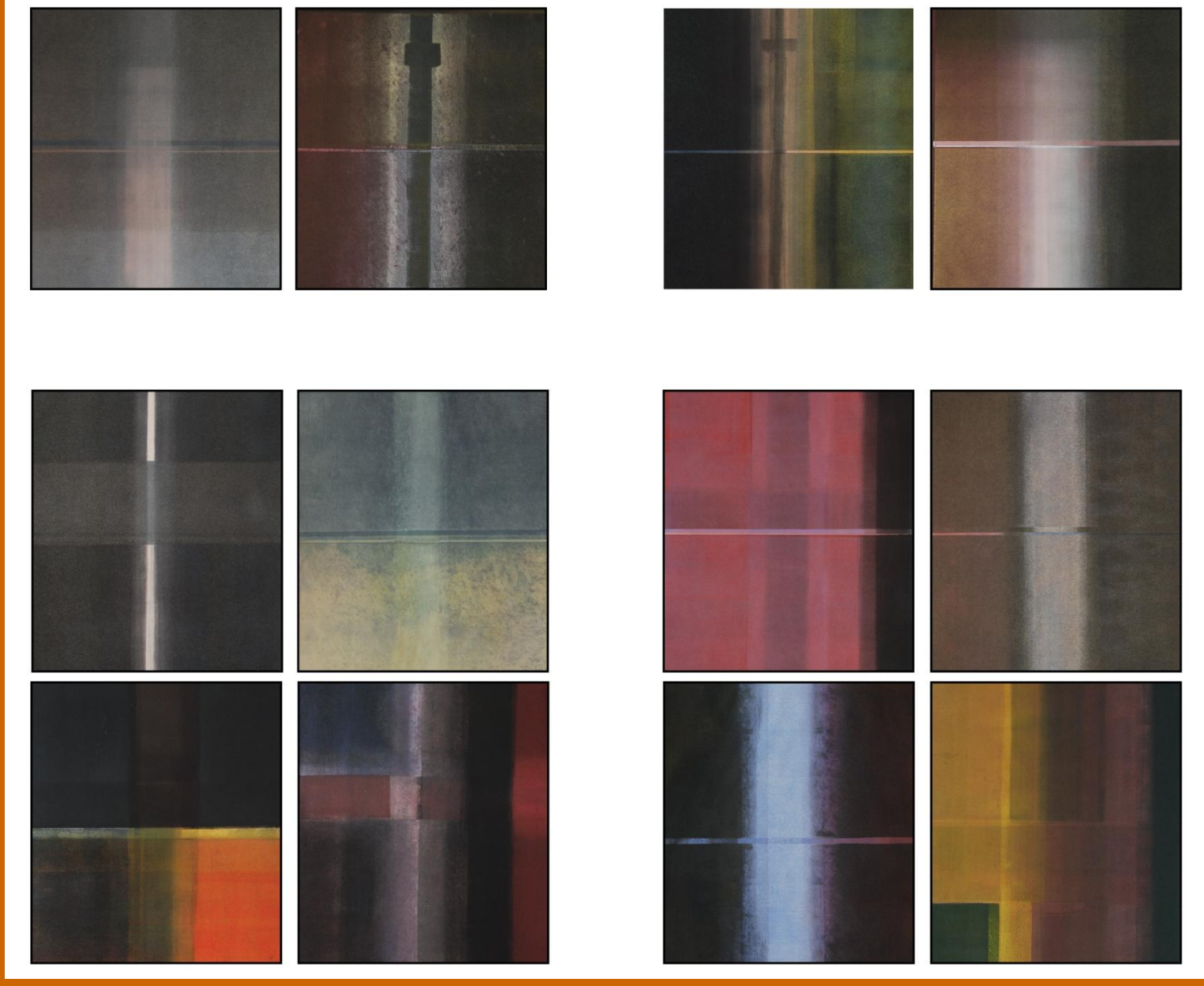

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The *IHSJ* aims to provide an outlet for the circulation of news and reports, the exchange of information and the notification of future activities to those interested in the history of Italian Australian communities. We invite readers to contribute newsworthy articles and short notes. Guidelines for contributors can be found on the last page of this issue.

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Letters and inquiries to:
THE EDITORS
ITALIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL
CO.AS.IT.
189 FARADAY STREET
CARLTON VIC 3053
AUSTRALIA
EMAIL: ihs@coasit.com.au

FRONT COVER: Bruno Leti, *Monocross* (installation), 12 oil monotype (2008), size 180 x 215cm © Bruno Leti

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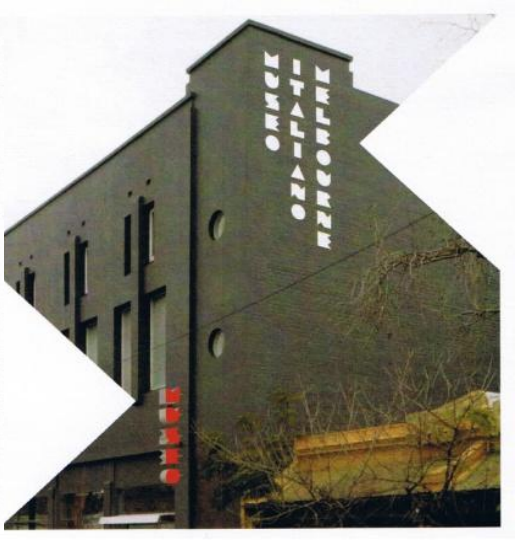
MUSEO ITALIANO CULTURAL CENTRE



"Everything can change, but not the language that we carry inside us, like a world more exclusive and final than one's mother's womb" *- Italo Calvino*

The ***Museo Italiano Cultural Centre*** was officially opened by the Premier John Brumby on Sunday October 3rd, 2010.

Co.As.It. in collaboration with ***Museo Italiano*** celebrated the launch by creating a piazza on Faraday Street for the day with key performances by artists who have helped carve the new Italian Australian culture.

Italian language and culture have become an integral part of many Australian homes. The Italian voice has traversed across many cultures and it is beyond doubt that Australia has changed as a result of the Italian influence. Since the 1850s Italians have migrated to Australia, transforming the landscape and gradually creating a new cultural identity.

The ***Museo Italiano*** is geared towards sharing the Italian legacy and exploring the salient challenges and achievements of settling in foreign land. It tells the story of Italian migration, with a special focus on the post World War 2 years in the district of Carlton.

The permanent ***Museo Italiano*** exhibition comprises five interconnected sections which address the core cultural, social, economic and political themes relevant to Italian migration to Australia. The interactive and self-explorative installations featured in the Museo's sections – ***Departures***, ***Making Lives***, ***Settlement***, ***Interaction*** and ***Identity*** – invite the audience to partake in the contemporary Italian experience.

Linking together disparate influences from the homeland in an Australian context, ***Museo Italiano*** will perpetuate the spirit of all things Italian.

The *Museo* would not have been possible without the community's support and involvement.
We look forward to your visit.

199 Faraday Street, Carlton
Opening hours: Tues-Fri 10am-5pm Sat 12noon-5pm
03 9349 9000 www.museoitaliano.com.au

Museo Italiano is part of the Lygon Street precinct. Development of the Museo has been funded by the Victorian Multicultural Commission's Cultural Precincts Enhancement Fund.

Victoria The Place To Be

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CO·AS·IT

From: John Maneschi
Subject: Interview with Ivo Vellar

Dear Editor,

Thanks for sending me Volume 17 of the Journal, which I have read cover to cover, again a great selection of articles. In particular I would like to commend you on your interview of Ivo Vellar, because the account has brought out in me a flood of memories of what it was like being an Italian in the Australia of the 1940s and 50s, the period just after Ivo's arrival in Australia. My own Carlton period was when I boarded at Newman College 1952 to 1956. I can certainly relate to the racism issues that Ivo encountered, the general dismissive, belittling, spiteful, sardonic attitude towards things Italian by the average Australian at the time. Your account has rekindled feelings in me I thought forgotten, feelings of anger, frustration, a general sense of unfairness towards migrants, of homesickness for the *patria* – all feelings which I must have bottled up at the time in order not to upset my family. I can only admire Ivo's determination not to put up with unfair prejudice, and the bruising, probably both moral and physical, that he had to endure by sticking to his principles. There are probably similar memoirs of Italians of this period, but this one has certainly made a significant impression on me.

My own migratory experience, as you know, was cushioned by the Italo-Australian situation in which I grew up. Beginning with my Australian Anglo-Celtic mother, then her sister, her brother, mother, cousins, etc. being all Italophiles by education and inclination, I was spared the raw impact that Ivo had to absorb. My mother's words to me in the early days of our migration here "take no notice of what certain Australians say about Italy, they are ignorant, prejudiced, jealous of another culture, they haven't travelled, they don't read history..." No derogatory remark about Italians could ever be voiced in her presence. I was fortunate that my Australian relatives had travelled, and understood that the Italian contribution to Australia was not just about spaghetti and *O Sole Mio.* They appreciated my Italian heritage, my country's place in the arts, science, music, engineering, architecture. It was my Italian father instead, like Ivo, who had to bear the brunt of the anti-Italian bias in the Australian workplace, though he also benefited from a supportive attitude on the part of his Australian relatives.

Ivo makes interesting points about the evolution of multiculturalism in Australia, which I find myself in agreement with. The trickle of Italian migrants who come to Australia today would find only vestigial remains of the old anti-Italian bias. I haven't heard the D word used for many years, I suspect it has gone out of fashion. Is racism alive in Australia today? I agree with Ivo that it certainly is, but I am certain that it is not a uniquely Australian trait. It seems to me that racism emerges whenever a previously homogeneous society feels itself under threat by the arrival of outsiders from different cultures. This is because the new arrivals' habits and ways of thinking do not conform to the ways of the majority, raising uncertainties and doubts in the minds of the incumbents that they might be "missing out on something", which doubts they are afraid to voice.

I've had heated arguments on this issue with my Italian cousins in Italy, who deplore the intrusion into Italian society today by Africans, Chinese, Muslims, the dreaded *extra-comunitari* – "*non sono gente per bene, non c'è da fidarsi,* etc." they grumble under their breath. So Italians can be racist too, and we must accept racism as part of the human condition. This doesn't detract from the very real emotional trauma which Ivo experienced in his youth, which your interview so lucidly documents, and which I hope other older Italians will read about in the Journal and sympathise with Ivo's predicament.

Ciao, John ★

antonino and antonio santospirito of malfa and carlton

by tony santospirito

Tony Santospirito, born 3 August 1932, is the youngest child of Antonio and Lena Santospirito. He lived with the family at 79 Bouverie Street, Carlton for twenty-one years before moving to North Balwyn. Tony attended Xavier College, Kew and after working with Antonio for three years, he continued his studies at Melbourne University, graduating in law in 1960. In 1967 he married Beverley Toole and they had five children. He worked in the Commonwealth Attorney General's Department as a solicitor until his retirement in 1997. Since retiring, Tony has studied theology at Yarra Theological College and graduated with a Bachelor of Theology in 2007. He has also undertaken some volunteer work and researched his family's history.

This is a very brief story of my father and my paternal grand-father. It is limited because of the limits of my knowledge, including the limits of my knowledge of my own father's life before he was about fifty. By the time I became vitally interested in the subject, after I retired in 1997, all those who could have told me much about it were dead. Accordingly, a lot of what I relate is based on research. I hope others may find the sources I have referred to useful.

★★★

Antonino Santospirito and Giuseppa Lazzaro were married on 12 April 1888. The marriage took place at Malfa, a village on the island of Salina, one of the Aeolian Islands, Italy. Their ages are given in their marriage record as 29 and 24 respectively. This makes the years of their births 1859 and 1864. Antonino was sometimes called Antonio but I will call him Antonino to distinguish him from their second child, Antonio. Antonio was called "Tony" by all who knew him, but I will stay with "Antonio" so as not to confuse him with myself.

Antonino's parents were Basilio Santospirito and Maria Della Chiesa.[1] Judging by the unusual nature of her name it may be that Maria was an orphan, or perhaps her mother did not wish to reveal her father's name. Antonino had a brother, Giovanni, who married Giovanna Picone. Giovanni and Giovanna had six children. At least three of these have descendants living in Australia. They are Giuseppe, who married Maria Concetta Canestra; Angela, who married Giuseppe Miranda who was born on Lipari; and Maria Giovanna who married Lorenzo Cincotta.

Shortly after their marriage, Antonino and Giuseppa went to Argentina. Their first child, Maria, was born there in 1889 or 1890.[2] In those days many Italians went to Argentina for seasonal work, going from farm to farm, and province to province, harvesting crops. They then returned to Italy, in April, at the end of the southern hemisphere harvesting season, to attend to their own crops.[3] I do not know why Antonino and Giuseppa did not eventually migrate to Argentina. In any case, at the beginning of 1892, the middle of the Argentinian summer, they were in Malfa for Antonio's birth.

Antonio Santospirito was baptised on 17 January 1892 at Malfa.[4] I cannot be certain of his birth date. It may have been 16 January 1892, if his application for registration as an alien can be relied on. We always celebrated his birthday on 17 January, but that is not conclusive.

It is probable that, in anticipation of Antonio's birth, Antonino and Giuseppa had already decided that they needed a more promising, permanent home to raise their family, and that Australia might provide them with the opportunities they were looking for. Less than four months after Antonio's birth, Antonino had embarked for Australia at Naples on the ship *Oruba*, and arrived in Melbourne on 7 May 1892.[5]

Antonino and Giuseppa were among an estimated five million southern Italian emigrants – over one third of the population of the south – who left Italy between 1870, the time it became a fully united country, and 1914. Four million of these went to the USA.[6] The rest went to South America, other parts of Europe and several other countries, the furthest from Italy being Australia and New Zealand. The Aeolian Islands are remarkable

[1] Family History Centre: Copy of records, Parish of Malfa, Italy.

[2] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages: Marriage certificate, Maria Argentina and Pietro Palamara, 1915.

[3] Erik Amfitheatrof, *The children of Columbus; an informal history of Italians in the new World* (Boston: Little Brown, 1973), p. 159.

[4] Family History Centre.

[5] National Archives of Australia (NAA): Naturalisation Papers; File J 7223.

[6] Erik Amfitheatrof, p. 138.

for their beauty, especially Salina, with its twin peaks, Monte Fossa di Felce on the eastern side, 962 metres high, and Monte dei Porri on the western side, 860 metres high. They were called "The Twins" by the ancient Greeks.[7] When contemplating this beauty today, one is led to wonder what calamity could have caused Antonino and Giuseppa, and so many others, to leave and migrate to a distant, unknown land. However, beauty alone is not sufficient to sustain life. Abandoned terraces on the mountain sides hint at a cause.

Fig. 1 *Malfa with the north spur of Monte Fossa di Felce. Image courtesy of Tony Santospirito.*

Fig. 2 *Rinella with Leni and Monte di Porri above. Image courtesy of Tony Santospirito.*

The reasons for this mass migration lie in the Italian historical background, and in the Italian political, economic, social and agricultural conditions of the time[8]. These form the basis for the following summary of conditions in Italy in the late nineteenth century.

The unification of Italy began in 1860. In that year, the south, through the agency of Garibaldi, and parts of the north, were incorporated into the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel II, King of Piedmont, of the House of Savoy. The unification was completed in 1870 with the conquest of Rome. For several centuries before unification, the south was ruled by Spain and then by a branch of the Bourbon kings of Spain. Under their rule the south degenerated into feudalism, backwardness, and poverty, while the north developed culturally and economically. In the early part of the nineteenth century, there were frequent rebellions by Sicilians against the Bourbon kings. However, these were put down ruthlessly.

The overwhelming majority of southerners were peasants without land or education. Those who did own land had prestige and looked down on those who did not.[9] Despite their fervent faith they were inclined to superstition. Antonino himself was illiterate. He had to sign his application for naturalisation with an "X". Amphitheatrof, describing the situation of the southern Italians who migrated to the USA in the late nineteenth century, said they were "the most disadvantaged and humble white people that other Americans had ever seen."[10]

In this situation it was no wonder that unification was seen by southerners as a beacon of hope. However, this hope was soon irrevocably dashed. The northern rulers did not carry out the necessary social reforms. Instead, vast sums were spent on foreign policy, armaments and military ventures in Africa. Taxes on agriculture remained high. Banditry in southern Italy was suppressed by Piedmontese soldiers. To the southerners it appeared that the Piedmontese government had turned out to be just another foreign oppressor. It could not command their loyalty.

The economic situation was no better for southerners than the political situation. Unemployment and poverty in the south became worse. The staple diet of southerners was not pasta, but mainly bread, olive oil and beans. Exports of wine to France remained high until 1888, since *Phylloxera*, a tiny insect pest, had ruined the French grape harvests. However, in that year a tariff war with France cut off that source of income. *Phylloxera* was already destroying crops in the Aeolian Islands by 1890.[11] It reached Sicily by 1892 with devastating effect, just when the French started using vines which were resistant to the pest.[12] Southerners now realised that other countries offered their only hope for a better life.

The interesting question is why did so many Aeolian Islanders, in particular, choose Australia, a country so far from their own? Some Aeolian islanders came to Melbourne in this period. Their numbers were small in absolute terms but so were the numbers of other Italian immigrants. At the time of Federation, 1901, there were barely 5,600 Italians from all provinces in the

[7] Leopoldo Zagami, *Lipari ed i suoi cinque millenni di storia* (Messina: Tipografia Ditta D'Amico, 1960), pp. 11-12.

[8] I refer in particular to the works of Amfitheatrof, 1973, Smith, 1997, and Triaca, 1997 cited in the Bibliography.

[9] Zita Carew, *From capers to quandongs* (Salisbury, S. Aust: Country Idylls, 1997), p. 5.

[10] Erik Amfitheatrof, p. 137.

[11] M. Triaca, "Italians in Australia from the Aeolian Islands – Contributions to Literature." Grad Dip of Librarianship diss., 1977, p. 56.

[12] New York Times, 8 November 1895, quoting the U.S. consul in Palermo.

whole of Australia.[13] The number was estimated to be 6,700 in 1909.[14]

Charles Price found that the total number of Aeolian Islanders in Australia increased from 900 in 1891 to 1,910 in 1921, more than double, but still only a small number. As we shall see, many of the Santospiritos' neighbours were Aeolians. By 1940, the total Aeolian population was about 9,000 to 10,000. The interesting fact is that Price also found that settlers in Australia from the Aeolian Islands and from the coasts of the southern mainland, up to 1940, made up approximately 60% of all Italian immigrants to Australia. Aeolian Islanders made up nearly 30% by themselves. These are significant proportions.

It seems that islanders and coastal dwellers were not as depressed as southern Italians from the inland. Many islanders were traders and sailors.[15] A large book has been written about the sea traders of Salina alone.[16] Like Antonino, they were willing to find seasonal work in places like Argentina. Many saw compulsory national service in the Italian navy, as did Lena Virgona's father, Bartolo Virgona. They would have related stories of their travels to the people of their villages.

Bartolo came from Leni, another village on Salina. He must have been one of the earliest Aeolians to migrate to Australia in this period. After his marriage and the birth of his first child, Vincenzo, he had arrived in Melbourne in March, 1889.[17] His wife, Bartolina Pirera, came from Malfa, Antonino's village. She arrived in Australia with Vincenzo in 1892, the same year as Antonino.[18] The mental horizons of Aeolians would have been much wider than those of the average southern peasant from inland Italy. Migration to far off Australia was a readily conceivable option for them.

Antonino was one of those adventurous islanders. He was an active minded, intelligent man, judging from what I have found out about him. When he arrived in Melbourne, he started a fruit business and lived in Carlton. However, the situation he faced here was not what he had heard about and it must have caused him to wonder why he had come. At that time, the economic depression of the 1890s had already begun in Victoria. The Mercantile Bank of Australia had suspended repayment of deposits in March 1892. Angry depositors threatened violence. Investment companies, in which many small depositors had invested, began to fail in quick succession. Crime increased. The numbers of unemployed grew rapidly and they thus lost all means of support as governments would not intervene to help them. It was not the function of government, they said. In June 1892, an angry mob gathered in Carlton itself and threatened violence against police who were trying to pacify them.[19]

Despite all the troubles that were going on around him, Antonino remained and survived them, ultimately convinced that he had made the right decision. However, it was only in 1897, after a five year separation from Antonino, that Giuseppa was able to join him with their two children. Then, on 30 August 1899, seven years after arriving and only two years after his wife and children arrived, Antonino became a naturalised British subject, "with all the rights and capacities within the Colony of Victoria of a natural-born British subject, except that of becoming a member of the Executive Council of the Colony." His referee, one William Sweeney, a "fruit merchant" of Queens Bridge, Melbourne, certified that he had known him for five years. By law, his wife and children automatically became British subjects also. Maria, probably from then on, was called "Mary," and their next surviving son was called "Lawrence" rather than "Lorenzo." This indicates a willingness on the part of Antonino and Giuseppa to take on the language and culture of their adopted country, even to the extent of using the English form of their children's names. Even Margherita was called "Aunty Maggy" in my family.

At the time Antonino applied for naturalisation, he was living with his family at 57 Bouverie Street Carlton.[20] This house was, for the previous two years, occupied by one, Antonio Ravesi.[21] Ravesi was possibly the uncle of Giovanni Ravesi from Lipari.[22]

When the Santospiritos left No. 57 Bouverie Street, it was occupied by Giovanni Bongiorno.[23] Giovanni was from Malfa and had originally arrived in Australia in 1890. One of his sons, Antonio Bongiorno, who emigrated to Australia in 1906, was a friend and business associate of Antonio Santospirito.[24]

The property at No 57 Bouverie Street consisted of a dwelling with a frontage of about 2.9m and a length of about 7.2m, little larger than today's average Australian lounge. It had a veranda extending 4m out over the back yard, which could have provided shelter for beds in the warmer months. The yard stretched all the way back to Lansdowne Place, a further 14m. At the back of the yard was the toilet. Lansdowne Place was a lane serving the properties on the west side of Bouverie Street,

[13] James Gobbo, *The Italian Heritage of Victoria; a short history of the early Italian settlement* (Melbourne: Italian Historical Society, 1995), p. 8.
[14] Nino Randazzo, "A Brief History of Italians in Australia," in *Ricordo del santuario di S. Antonio e dei fondatori*, Bonifacio Zurli (Melbourne: Capuchin Fathers, 1969), p. 87.
[15] Charles A. Price, Southern Europeans in Australia (Melbourne; New York: Published in association with the Australian National University [by] Oxford University Press, 1963), pp. 11, 16, 18-19.
[16] Alberto Cervellara and Marcello Saija, *Mercanti di Mare: Salina, 1800-1953* (Trisform, 1997), n.p.
[17] NAA: Naturalisation Papers; Series A 1/15 1904/1655.
[18] Maria Rodriquez, interview, Italian Historical Society, 1984, p. 1.
[19] Manning Clark, *A History of Australia. Vol. 5. The people make laws, 1888-1915* (Carlton: Melbourne University Press, 1981), pp. 90-96.
[20] NAA: Naturalisation Papers; File J 7223.
[21] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages: Sands & McDougall, 1897-1898.
[22] Bonifacio Zurli, *Ricordo del santuario di S. Antonio e dei fondatori* (Melbourne: Capuchin Fathers, 1969), p. 363.
[23] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages: Sands & McDougall, 1902-3.
[24] Bonifacio Zurli, p. 150.

enabling their rubbish and night soil to be collected. At that time, Lansdowne Place also had a number of very small dwellings on its western side. Between 57 Bouverie Street and Queensberry Street, a distance of only about seventy metres, were three hotels, all on the same side of the street as 57.[25] They were the Nugget, the Victoria and the Commercial. It must have been a very busy block after working hours.

Antonino and Giuseppa had a third child named Lorenzo, who died while still a baby. Their fourth child, Margherita, was born on 18 October 1900.[26] Then Lawrence was born on 26 January 1902; Australia Day.[27] I think they would have been aware that it was Australia Day as it had been celebrated since the foundation of the colony in 1788, and especially because the first anniversary of Federation had occurred only a few weeks before Lawrence's birth. I think they would have treated the concurrence of the two events as more than a coincidence. They were happy and becoming established in their adopted country and life must have seemed good for Antonino and Giuseppa and their young family.

However, early in 1902 clouds started to appear. Antonino became ill. He returned home one evening from work with a fierce headache. There is a family tradition that this headache first occurred after a meeting with a friend or acquaintance at Antonino's fruit stall that day. Antonino's business success seems to have been the subject of comment in his community, and perhaps the cause of a little envy. He always stocked the best quality vegetables, fruit and flowers. His friend accosted him, exclaiming about his success and at the same time hitting him on the back of the head – in semi-jocular fashion no doubt.[28]

Whatever the cause of Antonino's illness, it became progressively worse. In desperation he decided to go back to Italy in the hope that Italian doctors might be able to cure him where Australian doctors had failed. It seems that in this case, involving a painful and serious illness, Antonino still felt more confidence in resorting once again to the still familiar motherland environment, rather than trusting the still unfamiliar medical system of his adopted country. Moreover, he probably felt uncomfortable talking to doctors in English about such a serious and distressing illness.

I am not certain, but I believe Giuseppa stayed behind to look after Maggy and Lawrence, while young Antonio took over Antonino's business to earn the family living. Possibly Mary was able to get some work. While Antonino was away in Italy, the rest of the family moved into No 17 Lansdowne Place. This was actually in a side alley off the main section of Lansdowne Place. It was a fraction larger than the dwelling at No 57 Bouverie Street but with no verandah, back yard, or even its own toilet – a mere hovel.[29] None of the dwellings in Lansdowne Place had its own toilet. The residents used the several small public toilets that were there.

Unfortunately, the Italian doctors had no more success than the Australians. Antonino returned to Australia on the *Ophir* in December, 1903. Despite his illness, he was still able to look after a lone nine-year-old migrant from Malfa, Salvatore Russo, who had been placed in his care for the voyage. Salvatore still remembered this kindness eighty years later.[30] On Antonino's return, the family moved into No 27 Lansdowne Place. It also was in a side alley. It was marginally bigger than No 17 and had a very small verandah, but no yard.[31]

Antonino's pain became intolerable. In the end Giuseppa, Mary and Antonio could no longer cope and on 24 November 1904, he was admitted as a patient at the Lunatic Asylum in Kew.[32] This was not an unusual solution for cases like Antonino's at the time. There were then eight asylums in Victoria for the insane and for dangerous lunatics. They housed hundreds of patients. "Lunatic" was defined by the Victorian Lunacy Act 1890 to mean "any person idiot lunatic of unsound mind and incapable of managing himself or his affairs." Patients were admitted for all sorts of "mental" conditions, all classed as forms of insanity; a word used generally to describe a person of unsound mind. They included mania, dementia, delusions, general paralysis, adolescent mania, and epilepsy. Asylums at that time served as the institutions for those with mental and neurological health problems.

The form of insanity under which Antonino was admitted was "melancholia." He was brought to the asylum by "friends." By this time, he was in a pitiable state. On admission he was unable to walk and had to be brought in on a stretcher. He was blind. Giuseppa used to bring Lawrence to the asylum so he could touch and feel him, the only way in which he could express his love and loss.[33] He was delirious at times and noisy, although at other times he was coherent. He was emotional and very depressed. He often wept. He often complained of pain in the back of his head. His symptoms were described as pointing to "cerebellar tumour." Antonino "took a sudden turn" on 16 June 1905 and died that day.[34] The cause of his death was determined, at inquest, as "Chronic Cerebral-Spinal Meningitis and Broncho-Pneumonia."[35]

The period of Antonino's illness leading up to his death must have been a traumatic time for Giuseppa. She, Mary and Antonio had been separated from Antonino for five years when

[25] State Library of Victoria (SLV): Melbourne & Metropolitan Board of Works (MMBW) Sewerage Detail Plan, 1896.
[26] Ron Costa, oral source.
[27] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages.
[28] Lena Santospirito, oral source.
[29] SLV: MMBW Sewerage Detail Plan, 1896.
[30] S. Russo, oral history interview, Italian Historical Society, 4 October 1983, p. 13; Bonifacio Zurli, p. 378.
[31] SLV: MMBW Sewerage Detail Plan, 1896.
[32] Public Records Office Victoria (PRO): Kew Asylum Records, 1904-5.
[33] Lena Santospirito.
[34] Public Records Office Victoria (PRO): Kew Asylum Case Book.
[35] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages: Death certificate; No.5306.

he left for Australia. Then, after only about five or six years of normal family life, she had to look after her terminally sick husband, and the young family, right up to Antonino's death. I never got to know Giuseppa, being only very young when she was in her years of decline, and living in a different city. During the few times I saw her on visits to Geelong, she always seemed very quiet, almost in the background of the Palamara family with whom she lived. She loved Mary and Maggy's children.[36] However, I wonder whether she ever fully recovered from those early trials. She seems to have been a woman of devout faith, like many Italian women of the time. At the time of her death, she had a well-used book of prayers and meditations in Italian, some 900 pages long. Inside the cover, the first blank page bears her name, apparently in her own handwriting. Her surname is spelt "Lazara." So, unlike Antonino, she could write as well as read. She survived Antonino forty-one years, dying in 1946 having suffered from dementia for several years.

Fig. 3 *Giuseppa Lazzaro. Image courtesy of Tony Santospirito.*

At the time of his father's death, Antonio was 13 years old. He and Mary had to bear a large part of the burden of earning the family bread. Mary also used to do jobs for Antonio, such as bunching flowers.[37] Antonio was used to having to earn money for his family. At the age of six, he was selling newspapers outside Flinders Street Station.[38] At the age of nine, he used to sell violets from door to door. This was not unusual for a young Italian migrant boy at the time. In about 1903, one Angelo Russo, also from Malfa, had a team of boys about that age selling flowers on commission for him on Princes Bridge, Melbourne. Angelo himself was only about sixteen at the time, having come to Australia with his uncle, Battista, in 1896.[39] Battista and Angelo lived at No 53 Bouverie Street, Carlton from 1898 to 1900, only two doors from the Santospiritos.[40] Angelo occupied No 17 Lansdowne Place in 1907 and 1908.[41] Nos 17 and 27 shared a common wall and were less than a minute's walk apart. Angelo and Antonio must have known each other well.

Antonio had several gifts which he used to the full and, by doing so, developed into a most successful businessman. He had an enormous capacity for hard work, combined with a single-minded dedication to his business. At the age of eleven, when Antonino went back to Italy seeking a cure, he began pushing Antonino's barrow, loaded with fruit and flowers, peddling them on street corners.[42] He would even haul the barrow with his own hands from Carlton down to St Kilda in summer, put in a day's work down there, and then haul the barrow back to Carlton.

At one stage, he tried to induce his young brother Lawrence to join him in his business. Lawrence rejected his overtures outright.

"That's horse's work," he said to Antonio.

"Well I'm the horse then," Antonio replied.[43]

Apart from doing that sort of work, Antonio would rise at 3am on market days, that is, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday every week, and go to Victoria Market, a short walk from his home, to buy his stocks of fruit, vegetables and flowers. He used to loudly advertise his flowers as "fresh cut." In later years when he had become well established, he only needed to rise at 5am to go to market as his wholesale suppliers would be waiting for him. The only holiday he ever had consisted of an enforced time off work in about 1941 because of injuries he received in a car accident.[44]

Having grown up and survived such difficult circumstances, it is only to be expected that Antonio would have become streetwise and would have learned to play the game hard sometimes. In a letter to his son Gerard, who at the time was studying medicine in Mildura, he urged Gerard to study hard and succeed so that he would not be "pushed around" as Antonio himself had been.[45] He did not explain how he had been pushed around, but one can imagine how some people might have treated a boy thrust into the highly competitive business world at a very young age.

Antonio used to arrive home from work at about 7.15pm, including Saturdays. Unfortunately, he did not sit down to eat dinner with his family. He would put down his newspaper and

[36] Ron Costa.

[37] Tony Palamara, oral source.

[38] Smith's Weekly, 3 December 1949, p. 13.

[39] Bonifacio Zurli, p. 372.

[40] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages: Sands & McDougall; Anthony Russo, oral history interview, Italian Historical Society, n.d.

[41] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages: Sands & McDougall, 1907, 1908.

[42] M. Triaca, p. 38, n.6.

[43] Ernest Virgona, oral source.

[44] Smith's Weekly.

[45] M. Triaca, p. 38.

hand his wife, Lena, a bag of fruit. He would then go upstairs to count the day's takings, make telephone calls to his growers and wholesale buyers, and pay bills. He came down to have his dinner about 8.30pm. His children missed the companionship of their father, especially during their adolescence, but Antonio's habits had been formed from the necessity to provide for a family in his young days. Moreover, he himself had been deprived of his father as a baby and again from when he was just thirteen years old. So he had no role model to learn from.

Antonio had a developed talent for the fruit and flowers business. This came to the fore at an early stage. He must have absorbed all the business lessons Antonino could give him. He used to be fond of telling me that when he was fourteen he had three men working for him. He called his business "Antonio Florists." The family wealth increased, gradually at first, and then quickly. In 1911, they occupied No 29 Lansdowne Place, as well as No 27. They used No 29 as their residence.[46] It was larger than No 27 and also had a small rear yard.

Two significant events occurred in 1915. Firstly, on 14 July, Mary married Pietro Palamara.[47] After their youngest child, Tony, was born, in 1923, they went to live in Geelong.[48] Secondly, Antonio became the owner of 79 and 81 Bouverie Street, perhaps the first time he ever owned land. At that time, these two blocks were adjoining dwellings, each about the same size as 57 Bouverie Street. Nos 79 and 81 Bouverie Street were consolidated on a single new title issued to Antonio.[49] By 1916, the family no longer occupied No 27 but occupied Nos 29 and 31 and in 1917, also Nos 19 and 21. It was in 1917 that he pulled down the dwellings on 79 and 81 Bouverie Street and built the two storey brick house which became well known in the Italian community as 79 Bouverie Street. Antonio, Giuseppa, Maggie and Lawrence lived in the new house.[50] By 1920, all the dwellings in Lansdowne Place had been demolished and replaced by industrial buildings, some of which are still there today.

Maggie married Felice Costa in 1922.[51] They too went to live in Geelong. Antonio married Lena Virgona on 30 April, 1925 and they started their married life in the new house at 79 Bouverie Street. It was probably about this time that Giuseppa went to Geelong to be close to Mary and Maggie and their children.

The house at 79 Bouverie Street was built on the northern side of the block up against the building next door, a fact lamented by Lena in later years, because the only windows which received direct sunlight were at the narrow front, facing east onto Bouverie Street, and the equally narrow upstairs rear end which looked west out over Lansdowne Place. She called it "a dungeon."

The rest of the block was used mainly to serve Antonio's business. To store the items needed for the business, there was, at the rear of the house, the paper shed where the fruit bags and the flower wrapping paper was kept until needed. Adjoining this shed was a much larger shed which housed the laundry, shelves and cupboards. On the other side of the block was a shed where the barrow was kept, and a separate garage. Antonio did not acquire a car until about 1935. This was a Ford V8. Lena had to be the family driver, as Antonio was very short sighted. The rear half of the yard was brick paved. The front half was compressed earth. Here a great stack of empty fruit cases were kept, awaiting recycling by wholesale fruit merchants, or for packing flowers for wholesale, or for use as firewood in the family wood stove. Meanwhile, they also served as a great place for children to play in. Not a blade of grass grew anywhere.

Antonio was extremely frugal in his living habits. He personally enjoyed very few luxuries. In fact, he was frugal to a fault. He expected his employees to share the downturns of the business. I recall one instance when business had been slow for a while. When pay day came up, one of his employees, on counting the wage he had been paid for that week, stormed back to Antonio complaining aloud, "That's kids bloody wages, Boss!" When I first went to work for Antonio, my first four weeks went completely unrewarded. Finally, at the end of this period he paid me five pounds ($10). I went back to him and said, "Is that all for four weeks work, Dad?" He waved impatiently and said, "Oh, I'll give you the rest later." He later gave me about two pounds more.

Antonio, very early in his business life, learned the advantages of bulk buying and he applied this principle to his florist business. He kept in regular contact with the growers he bought from as the season for each species of flower came on. When they informed him their flowers were ready to pick he would tell them, "I'll take the whole paddock."[52] Sometimes he would go up to one of his growers in the market, negotiate a satisfactory price and say to the grower, "I'll take the lot." In this he was able to sell his flowers cheaper than anyone else. He also kept in close contact with his wholesale buyers. He made at least two trips to Tasmania on the "Taroona" for purposes of keeping contact. Apart from a trip to New South Wales, perhaps to Sydney, taking in a visit to the Jenolan Caves, these are his only trips outside Victoria that I know of.

One of his favourite methods of selling flowers quickly was to make up a large mixed bunch, ready wrapped, and send me out onto the footpath at the corner of the lane, and loudly call to the passing trade, "Fresh cut flowers, two shillings a bunch… Two shillings the lot." Sometimes there would be one of us on each corner. We sold a lot of flowers in this way, taking advantage of the rush hour, and the drinkers coming out of the

[46] NAA: Application by Antonio for registration as an alien, 1916.
[47] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages: 1915.
[48] Tony Palamara.
[49] Land Titles Office, Victoria: Certificate of Title, Transfer from Jeffries.
[50] Italian Historical Society (IHS): Santospirito Collection; Document SP-02566.
[51] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages.
[52] Ernest Virgona.

two nearby hotels after the "6 o'clock swill." The 6 o'clock swill is what Victorians called the rush to buy drinks before the legally enforced closing time of 6pm which applied in those days. Among the drinkers, sailors from HMAS Lonsdale, the naval college at Port Melbourne, were well represented.

Antonio built up wholesale interstate markets in Sydney, Brisbane and Tasmania, sending many boxes of flowers to these places, mainly in the winter season.[53] This part of his enterprise probably started when he established a permanent location for his business, in about 1929. I say "location" because Antonio never used a real shop. He had what we used to call "the stand." It consisted of the laneway next to No 226 Flinders Street and a small warehouse area with an upper floor off the rear of the lane. There was a toilet on the upper floor but it was rarely used. The lane served the smallgoods shop at No 226, Antonio's warehouse, and the rear of Lyons cafe, which had its frontage on Swanston Street. An open drain ran down the middle of the lane. The fruit and flowers for sale to retail customers had to be stacked on barrows which were wheeled onto the footpath whenever a truck had to come into the lane to drop deliveries for Lyons or for Antonio. Antonio had a licence to use the lane for his business and I presume he rented the warehouse. The rear half of the lane was used by Antonio and his workers for packing flowers into banana cases to be sent interstate. When the packing was finished, the cases would be stacked onto hand trolleys and wheeled down the street to the station, or taken to Ansett Airlines or TAA (now Qantas) to be air freighted.

Fig. 4 *Antonio at the stand. Image courtesy of Tony Santospirito.*

There was a tiny little "office" in one of the storage areas. It looked more like a wide shelf at about waist level in a cupboard from which the doors had been removed. At this makeshift desk, Vince Lazzaro, Antonio's manager, would stand to do the paperwork. The office had a telephone which was an extension from 79 Bouverie Street.

The lane is opposite the main entrance to Flinders Street Station, which at the time was described as the busiest railway station in the world. It was only two doors from Young and Jackson's Hotel, and only two doors from the Port Phillip Club Hotel on the other side of the lane. The Port Phillip Club Hotel is now the Port Phillip Arcade.

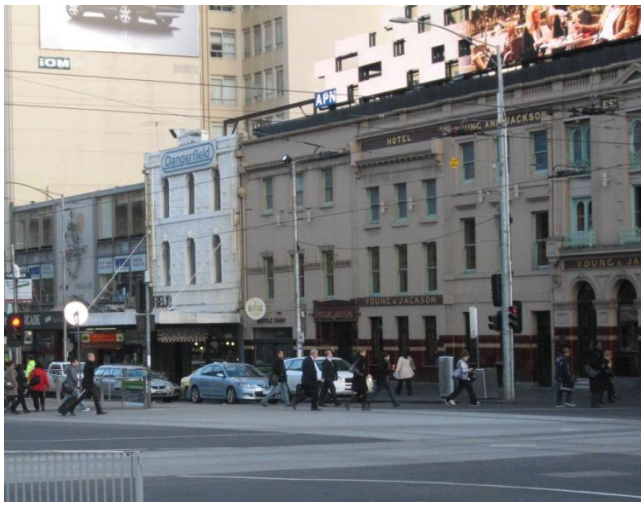

Fig. 5 *The entrance to the lane next to 226 Flinders Street is on the left side of the white building, next door to the Young & Jackson Hotel on the corner of Flinders and Swanston Streets, Melbourne. Image courtesy of Tony Santospirito.*

It was very familiar territory for Antonio since his days of selling newspapers and there would have been no better place in Melbourne for a business as far as passing trade was concerned. It was freezing in winter as, although the front half of the lane was built over, the back half was open to the sky. On cold winter days the draft created by this arrangement would cut through to the skin.

So Antonio's business continued to flourish. His colleagues referred to him as "the flower king." The growers respected him as hard-headed but just and honest.[54] He began investing in shops, a house down at Carrum, (enjoyed mostly by his children and their cousins), a cinema in Oakleigh, and finally in country hotel freeholds. The building of the house at Carrum revealed that Antonio did have his ancient roots in the soil. The house was in the middle of a large block which extended from Nepean Highway to the foreshore. Antonio employed a gardener to plant a number of fruit trees in a section near the rear of the block. We and our cousins had the job of ensuring they were well watered in January while we were there on Christmas holidays.

Antonio owned six hotels, at Toora, Flinders, Woodend, Benalla, Kyabram and Moe. The licensee at one of his first hotels, in Toora, was famous retired Collingwood full back, Jack Regan. Antonio told me that it was his flower business that made all that accumulation of wealth possible. He would inspect each hotel about once a year, being driven, on a Sunday, by Lena, or her cousin Vincent Virgona, by Gerard or me, (when I got my licence), or by Colin Classon, who worked on Antonio's car in the garage in Bouverie Street. In this way, Colin became a family friend. We saw something of Victoria on these trips into the country. I remember driving down to Toora one Sunday. I

[53] Smith's Weekly.

[54] Smith's Weekly.

looked out the hotel window across Corner Inlet and was surprised to see a mountain. I was looking at Mt. Vereker.

"What's that?" I asked Jack.

"That's Wilson's Promontory," he replied. "It's a great place for a picnic."

It was my first glimpse of the Prom. On a visit, to the hotel at Moe, the licensee took us for a picnic lunch to the old gold mining town of Walhalla.

Antonio's faith was much like that of other Italian men. He slept in on Sunday mornings; his only chance for a sleep in. He went to Mass only at Easter. However, in later years when he was still working, I used to drive him to 11am Mass at the Star of the Sea church, West Melbourne.

Antonio's sexual morality was of the strict kind. At one time in the early 1950s, Antonio and Lena had sponsored a migrant family from Calabria. The father and son worked at the stand for Antonio, while the daughter did housework for Lena and lived at our house. The daughter fell sick and was bedridden. One evening I went into her bedroom, to "visit the sick," as I thought. After about ten minutes, I came out, only to be accosted by Antonio. I suspect he was at the door of his adjoining bedroom, waiting for me. He said to me, "You should not go into a woman's bedroom like that."

The success that Antonio achieved in business might cause anyone who did not know him to believe that he had an outgoing, almost charismatic personality. The truth is very different. Although on occasions he displayed temper and impatience with those who did not share his way of doing things, basically Antonio was a very quiet, introspective, gentle person, with considerable internal drive.

Antonio hired only Italian workers. He was very family conscious, as befits one who had to work with his family to enable them to survive in those difficult early years. One of the properties he bought was a small shop in Geelong, which he rented to his brother-in-law, Peter Palamara, so Peter could run his fruit business there. He and Peter used to go rabbiting together.[55] Rabbit was a favourite dish for many people during the Great Depression.

On one occasion, Antonio invited Giuseppe Virgona, one of Lena's cousins, to stay overnight. Giuseppe was coming up to Melbourne from Terang on business. Unfortunately, Giuseppe forgot to tell his family he would not be staying at his usual place, the Victoria Hotel in the city. They tried to contact him there, unsuccessfully, causing them much concern. Antonio was happy to sponsor a cousin, Joe Cincotta, who migrated from Malfa to Australia in about 1950. He gave Joe a job at the stand and had him board at our house for several months, until Lena got upset with people coming to breakfast at different times. Joe then decided he should leave, although Antonio tried to persuade him to stay.

[55] Tony Palamara.

Antonio's letter to Gerard, that I referred to earlier, the only personal letter by him that I know of, showed a fatherly concern for his son, advising Gerard to go about his studies in the same way Antonio had gone about his business, with singleness of purpose. In my boyhood, I had been a little afraid of Antonio, because of his serious demeanour and apparent sternness. However, I too experienced his fatherly compassion. Gerard was fond of skiing and invited me to go skiing with him and Alison Lumb, whom he later married. However, to get to the snow fields from Melbourne one needs a car. So, I was appointed to ask Antonio if we could borrow the Morris, the family's second car. In great trepidation I put the question to Antonio, only to be pleasantly surprised by his immediately positive response. We borrowed the Morris on several occasions that winter.

Antonio greeted my request to go and work for him at the stand in 1950 with enthusiasm. He was elated to think that he might pass his business on to one of his sons. Lena was disappointed but said nothing. She knew I was frustrated and dejected about my continual failures at school. She had finished secondary school and had wanted to go to university, but her family felt they could not afford it. Antonio probably did not even finish primary school before he was forced, by circumstances to earn the family living. However, when I decided, three years later, that I wanted to go back to finish school and go to university, he was disappointed, I think bitterly so.

He said, "You think you are doing the right thing do you?"

I said, "I have to."

That was the last we said about the subject. As he had done for his daughter Maria, and Gerard, he supported me all through my university career without complaint. He paid my fees for Newman College and my university fees the year my Commonwealth scholarship was suspended because of subject failures.

Antonio was also generous with his family in other ways. He contributed much in the way of finance to Lena's work for the Italian community during the recession of the early 1950s, upon Lena's many requests. When someone queried the accounts of the Archbishop's Committee for Italian Relief, of which Lena was President, she engaged an accountant to examine its expenditure and income. He found that, contrary to the opinion of the doubter, the Committee's expenditure greatly exceeded its income, to the tune of about four thousand pounds ($8,000). He asked Antonio how much he thought he had contributed. Antonio answered, "About four thousand pounds." In the early 1950s that was a small fortune. Antonio was not always too pleased at the amounts Lena spent on her work. Moreover, during the recession, her increased workload interfered sometimes with an otherwise orderly family life. These factors were the source of some friction between them.

Antonio's generosity equally extended to people outside the family. On one occasion, he invited a business friend and his

wife and daughter to spend a week at the holiday house at Carrum during a Christmas holiday period. I must confess that I and my cousins were not so hospitable. We could barely stifle our mirth when we overheard the daughter at breakfast one day say to her father, "Butter me a finger, Daddy." We obviously thought, in our ignorance, that fingers were solely intended for holding the bread. We spent a lot of time after that making her stay uncomfortable.

In 1954, Antonio retired, suffering from heart disease. The Bouverie Street house was sold and the family moved to a house in North Balwyn, which Antonio bought from the Minifie family of flour manufacturing fame. It went by the grand name of 'Belmore Grange'. Prior to this move, during the 57 years he had been in Australia, Antonio had not moved out of a tiny area of about 72 metres by 49 metres in Carlton.

At Belmore Grange there was a hot-house on the property and Antonio amused himself growing orchids. He built an upstairs flat for Maria and her husband, David Triaca. However, the cost of maintaining such a large property did not appeal to Antonio's frugality, and it was sold to the Daughters of Charity to become an aged people's home. Antonio and Lena then leased a semi-detached maisonette in Brighton Beach. I was still studying at the time and lived with them when I was not at Newman.

No longer working, Antonio was a much more relaxed person and his gentleness came to the fore. He enjoyed watching television, which was then new to Melbourne. His only worry at the time was the tenant of his hotel at Moe, who was demanding a big rent reduction because the business had declined, just when the Liquor Licensing Commission was intent on raising the standard of accommodation and amenities in Victorian hotels. He was bedridden with pneumonia at one stage and had to give up smoking. This did not seem to worry him much although he used to smoke forty cigarettes a day.

Antonio had had much experience of deaths in his family and fully appreciated the value of life. His and Lena's first child, named Antonio Bartolomeo, was born on 24 January, 1926, but died a day later.[56] Their second child, another boy, was stillborn. He would have been called Basil, after Antonio's grandfather. A month before Antonio died, his first grand child was born; Simon, Alison and Gerard's son. The depth of his feeling for this new life which had come into his family can be gauged by the fact that, in a rare expression of his feelings, he said words to the effect that when he held the baby Simon in his arms he was overcome with emotion and wonder at the experience.[57]

Antonio and Lena intended to build a house on a vacant block overlooking Port Phillip Bay at Brighton Beach, but Antonio died on 30 November 1959 while the house was still being planned. He was sixty-seven years old.
Antonino did not live long enough to see the outcome of his and Giuseppa's decision to migrate to far off Australia. Had he done so, he would surely have been very gratified to see how well all his descendants had prospered. ★

★★★

[56] Victorian Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages.
[57] Thelma (Dolly) Sloan nee Favaloro, oral source.

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from mezzogiorno to sydney seaside: an historical sketch of italians in warringah

by malcolm prentis

Malcolm Prentis is Professor of History at the Australian Catholic University, Strathfield NSW. He is better known for his work on Scottish immigrants in Australia and on Aboriginal history. This is a revised, expanded and updated version of an essay originally written for a bicentennial project of Warringah Council, which then also included the present Pittwater municipality. It was published in Warringah History *(ed. M.D. Prentis, Dee Why NSW: Warringah Shire Council, 1989) and, in revised form, for the programme of the* 34th Italian Super Festival of Brookvale*, 1994, pp. 24-25.*

Though largely a phenomenon of the 1950s and 1960s, Italian migration to Australia stretches back into the second half of the nineteenth century and accelerated somewhat in the 1920s.[1] Warringah is a local government area on the northern beaches of Sydney. Sydneysiders have long been conscious of "little Italies" in the western suburbs, particularly in Leichhardt in the inner west and in Fairfield in the outer west. Leichhardt is associated with old-established football clubs APIA and Marconi and Fairfield with Norton Street's piazza and market gardens. By 1986, about 3,000 people in Warringah Shire were of Italian birth. In addition, there were thousands more of Italian parentage or ancestry. By the 1980s, Italian-Australians constituted by far the largest non-English-speaking ethnic community in the Shire.

The Italian presence in the traditionally Anglo-Celtic middle-class northern suburbs has been much less acknowledged. One sign of an early Italian presence on the north shore is the name of Jacob de Sisto inscribed on the World War II memorial at Roseville. Even on the more insular northern beaches, the Italian presence goes back well before the Second World War.[2] Indeed, the first Italians appear to have arrived in the Warringah area in the 1920s. There were Italian fruiterers and market gardeners north of the Harbour from this time onwards. A small number of settlers from the north-eastern region of Friuli-Venezia Giulia began growing tomatoes in the Warriewood-Mona Vale area. Since this Italian region is adjacent to Dalmatia in the then Yugoslavia, it is likely this movement of Friulians was parallel to the larger movement of Dalmatian Yugoslavs to the Warriewood Valley via Broken Hill.

The strongest area of Italian settlement after the Second World War was further south around Brookvale, and it was to this area that a small number of Italians had also come in the mid-1930s. As in other parts of Sydney, the Italians to some extent followed in the footsteps of the Chinese as market gardeners and small-scale farmers (e.g. pigs and poultry). Virtually all of these earlier Italian pioneers of Brookvale were from Calabria and many came via Broken Hill, the Murrumbidgee or the Sydney suburb of Eastwood. For example, Antonio and Gaetano Bruzzano established a market garden in a rough bush area in Dee Why West in the 1950s after working in north Queensland and on the Snowy Mountains Scheme. Eventually, the Bruzzano Place subdivision would remind residents of their pioneering work.[3]

The region of Calabria, of course, forms part of the *Mezzogiorno,* the predominantly agricultural south of Italy, traditionally looked down upon by the more industrial, prosperous and "cultured" north as "backward". It is a commonplace of migration studies in general, but it is important to recognise that Warringah's (and Australia's) Italians were not a random cross-section of Italian society – they come from culturally distinctive and somewhat marginal parts of the country. For many years, Calabrians had emigrated to the Americas to escape unemployment and exploitation. From the 1920s, Australia became increasingly attractive to them. The prejudice they were to face in Australia was seldom as strong as that which they would experience in northern Italy. Furthermore, in northern Italy they would likely have remained mere "factory-fodder", whereas in Australia they had hopes of becoming property owners, the great ambition of displaced *contadini* (peasants). It was common in the interwar period for husbands and fathers to emigrate first, become established, and bring out the rest of the family later.

The Warringah Calabrese did not represent equally the five

[1] See R. Pascoe, *Buongiorno Australia* (Melbourne 1987) and N. Randazzo & M. Cigler, *The Italians in Australia* (Melbourne 1987).
[2] I.H. Burnley, "Italian settlement in Sydney, 1920-78", *Australian Geographical Studies,* 19, 2 (1981), pp. 177-194.

[3] J. Greco, "Bruzzano Pl Dee Why", *The Manly Daily*, 13 February 2010, p. 39.

provinces of the region of Calabria, from the south, Reggio di Calabria, Vibo Valentia, Catanzaro, Crotone and Cosenza. Rather, the bulk of Warringah's Calabrians came from towns and villages in the first and third of these provinces, including Gizzeria, Conflenti and Nicastro in the province of Catanzaro and Grotteria, Cirella, Fabrizia, Bivongi and Pazzano in the province of Reggio di Calabria. In 1934, Giuseppe (Joe) Bombardiere from Pazzano took up a ten acre farm on the site of the present Brookvale bus depot and rented a house in the adjoining suburb of Beacon Hill. The Bombardier family (as the name came to be spelled) were part of a process of chain migration to Warringah from Calabria through the 1950s and 1960s. They were not the first arrivals, but they illustrate well the saying quoted by Joe Bombardier's son Salvatore (Sam): "pull a rope and the whole town shakes". By the 1980s, Sam Bombardier had acquired a property portfolio of 135 commercial buildings and about 150 residential homes in Melbourne and Sydney, all of which he owned outright. It was claimed in 2006 that he owned a large part of Brookvale.[4] He still lived at Beacon Hill.

The "Reggio chain" may have started first but after the Second World War, the Catanzaresi became stronger. The latter chain commenced with three poultry farmers. Some Catanzaresi came via the mines of Broken Hill and Wonthaggi (Victoria), with later arrivals coming direct from Italy. One of the pioneers was Giuseppe (Joe) Vescio. Another chain of immigrants to Warringah originated in eastern Sicily and became approximately a quarter of the local Italian community.

The process of sponsoring, travel, settlement and establishment in the post-1951 era was greatly facilitated by the established pre- and immediately post-1951 arrivals, who became *padroni* (patrons). In particular, the roles of Italian travel agents and real estate agents in the Brookvale area were obviously pivotal. The Bombardiers filled this role in the earlier post-war years and the Caputos somewhat later. Caputo Real Estate was established about 1967. A typical pattern witnessed new arrivals stay with relatives or *paesani* (people from the same village) or rent from one of them. They would work, save, borrow cheap money from more established *paesani* (or from a bank), buy a house as quickly as possible and pay back the loans (and loan to others) by working incredibly hard. Eventually a second house could be bought, rented out to newer arrivals, and the income used to renovate the first home. The cycle would then repeat.

There was a certain symmetry – indeed, synergy – between the evolution of Brookvale from a semi-rural to a mixed suburban-industrial area, and the evolution of Italian settlement. Market gardening started the chain, then fruit shops were a logical extension, including the Vumbaca family business now long-established in Dee Why. The brickworks and brewery provided many jobs for Italian men in the 1950s. Then, with greater industrialisation, process work in factories became available for men – and for women as well, such as in the Bonds factory at Dee Why. Furthermore, the Shire Council and utilities like the Water Board, Postmaster-General's (PMG) Department and Main Roads increasingly needed labourers. The needs of the local community and of the immigrants fitted together nicely. Concreting businesses were a spin-off. Another result was the development of something of an Italian *ambiente* in Brookvale, with its church, clubs, delicatessens and other businesses.[5]

Like most emigrants, Italians have emigrated predominantly for economic reasons of one kind or another. However, their choice of destination has been determined more by ties of kinship. Settlement of Italians in Warringah illustrates both of these aspects well. Sam Bombardier once said, "At one time, almost every house in Brookvale and Narraweena was owned and/or occupied by Italians". This is a (pardonable) exaggeration, but it pinpoints the areas of concentration of Italian settlement in Dee Why, Manly Vale, Harbord, Cromer, Beacon Hill, Terrey Hills, Curl Curl, Allambie Heights. Indeed, by now, Italians have spread out all over the Manly, Warringah and Pittwater areas. However, they still have great solidarity because of their regional origins, family ties, links with *compari* and *comari* and the relative isolation of the Shire from other, larger Italian concentrations in Sydney. The Italian-born in Warringah have also been very close in age; since they mostly arrived in their twenties in the 1950s and 1960s, they are now mostly elderly. This first generation forms the bulk of the residents of the Scalabrini Village retirement complex built in the mid-1990s at nearby Allambie Heights.

Italians in Warringah have had a vibrant communal life. The most spectacular manifestation of this is the long-running annual *festa* (festival) of *San Giovanni Battista* (St John the Baptist). Every village in Italy has a *festa* for its patron saint. In this case, the *festa* of the village of Gizzeria in Catanzaro province was the first to be reproduced. In the late 1950s, Antonio Caputo, Nardo Milani and Vitaliano Mauro formed a committee to organize the *festa* in Brookvale, first held in 1960. The programme was to be very similar to that in Italy, but in order to be held in mid-summer, it had to be rescheduled from July to January (later, in February). Authenticity was important and Antonio Caputo wrote to the parish priest of Gizzeria to obtain a statue of St John the Baptist for use in the large procession held on the Sunday afternoon of the weekend-long *festa*. Warringah's Italians of many different origins have found a focus for religious and cultural expression in this *festa*. In 1985, the attendance was about 10,000; it was claimed to be the most popular *festa* in New South Wales. The St John the Baptist Association also operates as a voluntary, fund-raising organization. Folk from Fabrizia, through the Association of Sant'Antonio Di Padova (Association of St Anthony of Padua) in the nearby beach suburb of Freshwater (formerly Harbord), have also celebrated the *festa* of their patron in December and their saint's day in June. The Association describes itself as a

[4] The CRW (Crikey Revised Wealth) Rich List, 25 May 2006, http://www.crikey.com.au/2006/05/25/the-crw-crikey-revised-wealth-rich-list/ (accessed 5 February 2010).

[5] For the concept of an *ambiente* in Australian suburbs, see R. Pascoe, *Buongiorno Australia*.

"religious, social, cultural, educative and sportive organization … promoting goodwill". San Rocco, their patron saint, was celebrated by people from Cirella. People from Conflenti have also organized the *festa* of their patroness, the *Madonna della Quercia* (Madonna of the oak-tree). The Associazione Madonna Della Quercia Dee Why Ltd continues as a local charitable organization.[6]

Since virtually all Italian immigrants have been at least nominal Roman Catholics, they have had a great impact on the Roman Catholic churches and schools in central Warringah. The Church was always important in easing the settlement of Italian immigrants, including in Australia and the Warringah area, although it was not an easy process because of the cultural differences between a predominantly Irish-Australian church and the new immigrants.[7] Initially, church work was centred on St Augustine's Brookvale, with parish priest Father Pat Fahey OSA learning to celebrate Mass and preach in Italian at one of the Sunday Masses. The church was decorated in Italian style by subscription within the community.

In April 1965, Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney, offered the parish of St Kevin's Dee Why to the Scalabrinian Fathers, about seventeen of whom served there over the next 45 years. The religious congregation of the Scalabrinian Fathers (officially Missionaries of St Charles Borromeo) had been founded by Bishop Giovanni Battista Scalabrini of Piacenza in 1887. The Scalabrinian order was specifically charged with the care of the souls of Italian emigrants in north and South America and later all over the world, and has also encouraged the scholarly study of migration issues. They came to Australia in 1952. Since 1965, Scalabrinian priests at St Kevin's Church at Dee Why have ministered (not only to the whole parish, but particularly) to the Italian and Italo-Australian community, conducting Italian-language Masses, counselling and helping the community with the various spiritual and temporal challenges surrounding migration and settlement. Fr Tiziano Martellozzo SC was a particularly long-serving priest. Between 1978 and 1994, he held a variety of roles in the area, in addition to his role as parish priest at St Kevin's. By 2010, St Kevin's had become an even more multicultural parish. Nevertheless, since 1999, the parish priest has been Fr John Mello SC, assisted by two other priests, one of whom was a fellow Scalabrinian.[8]

Given the large numbers of Italian settlers in Warringah, and their generally strong attachment to the Roman Catholic Church, it was inevitable that there would be a big impact on the local Roman Catholic schools. By the mid-1980s, approximately 40% of children at Dee Why and Narraweena parish schools and only slightly less at Manly Vale were Italo–Australians. Many would go onto church-related secondary schools in the area, such as St Augustine's College, Brookvale.

In 1979, a small congregation was established by the Punchbowl-based Italian Pentecostal community. In the 1980s and 1990s, it met in Brookvale and later in Dee Why under the leadership of Pastor Edward Sindoni but was dispersed after the controversial departure of the pastor.[9] Some Italians have also converted from Roman Catholicism to other faiths, such as the Jehovah's Witnesses, or drifted away from the church.

In the sporting arena, the most notable impact of Italians has been in football ("soccer"). While represented in large numbers in clubs in many parts of the Shire, Italians founded and provided much of the early strength of the successful Brookvale Soccer Club from the early 1960s. The Club stripe features an *azzurro* shirt with a narrow green, white and red band on the hem of the sleeve. Meanwhile, the Association of St Anthony started the Freshwater Club. Although *bocce* was a popular sport amongst Italians, there were no formal facilities in Warringah to play it. About 1997, the Manly Vale Bowling Club became the Manly Vale – Calabria Bowling, Sports and Social Club. In 2009, the Club inaugurated an annual Sydney Multicultural Festival.[10] Italian names are by now commonly found in local surf clubs and rugby, netball and cricket teams.

Italian social clubs have had an erratic history. The Christopher Columbus Club was founded in 1964 by Antonio Caputo and his fellow founders of the *festa*. By the early 1970s, the Club had over 200 members, organized chaperoned dances for the young and socials for families. It continues today but on a smaller scale. The "Italo-Australia Centro Sociale", sponsored by Sam Bombardier, lasted only from 1969 to 1975. The Scalabrinian Fathers also organized an "Italian Catholic Federation" group for youth in connection with St Kevin's Dee Why.

Italians have contributed significantly to religion, soccer, real estate, small business, local politics and eating habits in Warringah Shire. Examples of this are almost endless, for instance, one-time resident of Bayview with strong family ties to the Shire, Tony Paolo, is now the multi-millionaire head of a computer company. In 1986, John Caputo became the first

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[6] Warringah Directory: CITIZENSHIP, NATIONALITY, http://www.warringah.nsw.gov.au/services/documents/CitizenshipNationality.pdf (accessed 5 February 2010).

[7] As pointed out by Scalabrinian priest and sociologist, Fr Adrian Pittarello, in his *Soup without Salt: the Australian Catholic Church and the Italian migrant: a comparative study in the sociology of religion* (Sydney: Centre for Migration Studies, 1980).

[8] Scalabrinians website, http://www.scalabrini.org/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=1118&Itemid=272&lang=en (accessed 5 February 2010); Missionaries of St. Charles Borromeo, Wikipedia, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Missionaries_of_St._Charles_Borromeo (accessed 5 February 2010); Scalabrinian Missionaries in Australia, http://www.scalabrini.asn.au/australia.htm (accessed 5 February 2010); St Kevin's Catholic Church, Dee Why, parish profile, http://www.stkevinsdy.org.au/ChurchHTML/profile.htm (accessed 5 February 2010).

[9] M. Hutchinson, *Pellegrini: an Italian protestant community in Sydney, 1958-1998* (Sydney: Australasian Pentecostal Studies Journal, 1999), pp. 269-270, 279-280.

[10] Manly Vale – Calabria Bowling, Sports and Social Club, http://calabriabowling.com.au/main/page_about_us.html (accessed 5 February, 2010).

Italian-born Shire Councillor and later Shire President 1989-91 and Mayor from 1998 to 1999. (Although Steve Raffo was a Councillor earlier, he was Australian-born). Sam Danieli was Mayor from 1996 to 1998. The hard work of the first generation of immigrants has created the foundations from which their children have been able to move into law, medicine, architecture, teaching, accountancy and many other fields.

Fig. 1 *John Caputo, Mayor of Warringah, 1998-1999. Image courtesy of Malcolm Prentis.*

As demonstrated, the Italian community of Warringah has settled very successfully. It has maintained its solidarity and mutual support while also participating wholeheartedly in the Shire's life. Home links remain strong; Gizzeria and Brookvale became "sister cities" in 1982, and Antonio Caputo was awarded the equivalent of a knighthood by the Italian government in 1975 and the Medal of the Order of Australia in 2009. Antonio's son John was also later made a *Cavaliere* by the Italian government. Preservation of Italian language and customs has helped Warringah Italians feel at home and relatively few have become re-emigrants *(canguri)* compared with the British and Dutch immigrants. In July and August 2005, an exhibition, *Sempre Con Te* (Always with you), was mounted at the artRoom Upstairs Gallery in Manly to celebrate the lives of Italian women on the northern beaches from 1920 to 1970.[11] It was richly illustrated with text, images and artefacts of "separation and reunion". The project has continued as part of the New South Wales Migration Heritage Centre of the Powerhouse Museum and in 2009 a book of the exhibition was published.[12]

Fig. 2 *Cover of* Sempre Con Te *exhibition catalogue. Image courtesy of Malcolm Prentis.*

[11] For press reports on the exhibition, see *Sempre Con Te* website, http://www.sempreconte.com/media.htm (accessed 6 April 2010). The project was partly sponsored by welfare organization, Co.As.It., which had a long history of helping Italian settlers in the area.

[12] Silvana Toia *et al*., *Sempre Con Te (Always with you)* (Sydney: NSW Migration Heritage Centre, Powerhouse Publishing, 2009).

Despite struggles in the early years, Italians have been fairly readily accepted and integrated into northern beaches' life, which can now scarcely be imagined without them. This is perhaps symbolized by The Strand at Dee Why, where the old Aussie beach life blends seamlessly into a new *ambiente* created by the mostly Italian cafes and restaurants. ★

★★★

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the things left behind thoughts on the passing of my italian migrant parents

by dorothy maniero

Dorothy Maniero was born in Sydney and studied archaeology and Italian at Sydney University in the early 1990s. She worked as a graphic artist, editor and illustrator before returning to university to study the visual arts. In 2005 she graduated from the Tasmanian School of Art, University of Tasmania with honours in printmaking. Dorothy currently lives in southern Tasmania where she continues to develop and expand her art practice and work out ways to get back to Italy.

In February of 2008, I turned up at the offices of the Italian Historical Society in Melbourne with a nondescript box under my arm. The box contained items from the estate of my parents which my sister and I had decided to donate to the Society. I had made the trip up from southern Tasmania and when I boarded the ferry in Devonport, the machete which my father had used to cut sugar cane in Queensland was confiscated as a dangerous weapon and locked up for the duration of the voyage. Years ago, the items in the box had crossed many seas, now they were crossing from the private world of one small family and into the public realm of history.

It is a strange decision to make, relinquishing the possession of highly personal items into the hands of strangers. Indeed, why do it at all? For me, the answer lies in a visit I made to the Immigration Museum in Melbourne, the week after the death of my mum. Heavy with grief, I was looking for something, some kind of confirmation that my parents had made the right choice when they left Italy behind all those years ago. I went to the Immigration Museum expecting to cry. Instead, I found a sense of strength, a kind of awe at the resilience and courage of all the hundreds of thousands of people who, for whatever reason, uprooted their lives, turned their backs on all that was familiar and set out to start new lives in Australia. I was inspired to ensure that something of my parents' story would be known and hopefully preserved outside the circle of family and friends. I wanted to claim a place for them in history. In the Immigration Museum that day, it was the mundane objects salvaged from everyday lives which spoke to me most poignantly about the migrant experience.

How is it that a thing can 'speak'? There is the basic fact that our possessions last long after our physical bodies have vanished, a thing left behind becomes the only proof that we ever were. The way an object has been worn down, stained, or eaten away by moths and silverfish can suggest many stories, for example the way a tablecloth has been carefully washed and ironed until soft and faded. Something we might have touched often or valued highly seems to absorb the attention we gave it in life and continues to contain our energy or even radiate it long after its owner is gone. The French philosopher Roland Barthes (1915 – 1980) was equally aware of these exact sentiments. With specific reference to old photographs, Barthes came to the realisation that an early photograph of his own mother was, "... the treasury of rays which emanated from [her] as a child, from her hair, her skin, her dress, her gaze, on that day", the photograph is thus an object which shows, "at once the past and the real".[1]

The photograph is a particularly compelling category of object, especially now that digital technology has completely changed the way we take photographs. Apart from the subject matter, old photos have a potent material quality, a fadedness, a curling at the edges, a way of freezing the world that imparts an immense sense of distance and loss, encapsulating that one moment which can never be lived again. This distance can only be measured from the point of the one who looks at the photograph in the here and now. As Barthes states, "I am the reference of every photograph, and this is what generates my astonishment in addressing myself to the fundamental question: why is it that I am alive here and now?"[2] In the novel *Utz*, Bruce Chatwin writes that, "Things, I reflected, are tougher than people. Things are the changeless mirror in which we watch ourselves disintegrate."[3] In regarding objects which belonged to people now dead, there is a deep and quiet sense of our own mortality.

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[1] Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida, Reflections on Photography* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1981), p. 82.
[2] Roland Barthes, p. 84.
[3] Bruce Chatwin, *Utz* (London: Picador, 1988), p. 113.

An archaeologist learns that most of an object's meaning lies in its context; where it was found, what it was found in association with. In the case of an archaeological dig, painstaking attention is given to changes in soil layers and the mapping of the association of objects. The position of the object when found is, after all, the final link to the living person who may have last touched the object, the final link to an event upon which the archaeologist stumbles sometimes thousands of years later.

Sifting through a deceased estate is very much like an archaeological dig. One of the hardest tasks I have had to undertake was sorting through my parents' possessions after their deaths. Yet what I thought would be a sad and terrible task turned out to be an amazing time of discovery, a chance to reflect on my parents' lives as a whole and my own life with them. My sister and I spent days sorting through the stuff of these two lives now completed, and the stuff of our own lives as children. We cried and laughed, argued a bit, compared stories and marvelled at the things our parents had kept and at how quickly these objects triggered associations, emotions and memories. To my archaeological eye, it became clear that there was a group of things within the things, small personal treasures tucked away and guarded, things that told a story of their own, a story bigger than just that of our family. These were the documents, photos and other bits and pieces which formed part of my parents' experience as Italian migrants to Australia in the 1950s. Barthes suggests that in order to look at history we must be excluded from it.[4] This rings true for me, illustrated by my decision to donate items from my parents' estate to the Italian Historical Society (IHS) collection. The items donated to the IHS are from before my time. In a sense they are not mine, were never mine, and thus can be given away with a sense of objectivity. Such objectivity would be impossible in regards to, for example, the brush with which I brushed my mother's hair in the hospital the day before she died, an act of intimacy rather than history.

★★★

My father, Pietro Pasquale Maniero, was born in Mestrino, Padova, in 1933. In 1956, at the age of 23, he boarded the *Arosa Kulm* and migrated to Australia. An extremely hard worker, Dad felled trees in South Australia, picked grapes in Mildura and worked seven seasons on the sugar cane harvest in Ingham, North Queensland. During this time he also worked on the building of the Callide Dam at Biloela in Queensland. Dad decided to return to Italy sometime between 1963 and 1965, but for some reason he decided not to stay, he decided that his life lay in Australia. Either late in 1964, or early in 1965, Dad boarded the *Galileo Galilei* and set off for Australia again.

The photos and objects which pertain to this part of my father's life have fascinated me since childhood. They were kept hidden away and when I had the chance to see them it was like sharing a secret, a glimpse into an unknown world. The fact that Dad kept his past in a small, bright orange cardboard chocolate box, with MacRobertsons Old Gold Chocolates and a pirate's chest on the lid, added to the aura of the objects within.

When Dad migrated in 1956, his older sister gave him a prayer book, complete with many holy cards tucked between the yellowed pages – she had consigned her little brother into God's care. My father always had great faith in his *santo*, Sant'Antonio di Padova, and after his death we found one of these holy cards tucked deep inside his wallet. To me, the holy cards were beautiful yet creepy, especially those which showed the reliquary of Saint Anthony's holy tongue. Even though I have been to the great Basilica of St Anthony in Padua several times over the years, I have yet to fulfil a childhood obsession, that is to see Saint Anthony's tongue in the flesh. In true Italian style, each time I have attempted to see it, that part of the basilica has been *chiuso per restauro* (closed for restoration). I was brought up as a Catholic but have since embraced a kind of pantheistic new-age spiritualism. However, I do not deny that the power of these saints can be formidable. As my father lay quietly in his bed, cancer spreading through his bones and in a grip of pain that only he could fathom, he had a massive stroke and died three days later. His stroke happened on the feast day of Sant'Antonio di Padova. I like to think that Saint Anthony came to help my Dad and spare him from further suffering. When I think like this I catch myself. It is amazing to me to find evidence of such deeply ingrained cultural tradition within my own psyche. In fact, as I write this, a tacky tourist plaque from the gift shop at the basilica sits just inside the front door to my home in Tasmania, imploring Sant'Antonio to bless my little house.

Fig. 1 *Holy Card, c1940s, reliquary of the holy tongue of St Anthony of Padua.*

Dad's sugar cane photos were also kept in the chocolate box. These images both attract and repel me. There is my dad as a young man, strong and lean. He stands proud and defiant atop a ladder with a load of cane on his shoulder and he looks like he is enjoying himself. He has the poise of a movie star, a male

[4] Roland Barthes, p. 65.

version of Anna Magnani in the poster for the classic Italian movie *Bitter Rice*. Yet, I cannot even begin to imagine how hard that work must have been; dripping sweat in the tropical heat, a relentless rhythm of cutting, lifting, hauling; a razor sharp machete wielded with brutal force and dangerously close to long, bare legs.

Fig. 2 *Peter Pasquale Maniero, Ingham QLD, 1957-1963.*

The machete itself is a beautiful tool, sturdy yet light, the wooden handle sits smoothly in your palm. Dad always had a great respect for tools. In the photos, the machete seems like a natural extension of his powerful right arm. My eyes keep returning to his sneakers which don't have laces in them and the tattered top he wears. I don't know this man. Could it really be my dad? He looks so savage and wild. I know this man well; this is my dad and I am proud of him. Dad hung his sugar cane machete on the wall in his last shed in southern Tasmania. I don't recall ever have seen it before and it only surfaced after this last move, two years before he died.

Fig 3. *Sugar cane machete belonging to Peter Pasquale Maniero.*

The nine small photos of the construction site of the Callide Dam in Biloela, Queensland also hold that quality of attraction and repulsion. There is such a bleakness to them, a vast wall of concrete rising above earth freshly carved by the tracks of heavy machinery. In one photo, two figures stand on the horizon, their silhouettes dwarfed by the scale of their surroundings. They seem to symbolise the futility of all human toil, while at the same time showing just how much of an impact humans can make on the earth when they work together. It was these things that my dad loved about Australia, the vastness of it all, the possibility that one who was willing to work hard could really build something. On this ancient continent everything seemed new, everything was an adventure.

Fig 4. *Construction of the Callide Dam, Biloela, QLD, c early 1960s.*

Who could have ever seen what lay ahead for the small boy whose 1943 school report seems to show a good student. The report's cover displays a striking example of mid 20th century graphic design and states Mussolini's vision for educating the children of the new Italy.

Fig 5. *Cover of school report of Peter Pasquale Maniero.*

I can only wonder at the kind of ideology my dad was exposed to as a small child and how this may have shaped him, or not.

My dad was a character almost too big to be contained by rules or cultural tradition, a Belzoni[5] of a man with hands the size of dinner plates, a booming voice, and an appetite for life that matched his appetite for *pasta al pomodoro*. Australia in the 1950s was made for someone like my dad.

★★★

My mother, Giuseppina Vertovec, was born in the village of Gabrije, San Daniele del Carso, in 1930 and she grew up in Trieste. In the late 1940s, she represented Trieste in *atletica leggera* as a runner and high-jumper. In 1950 she was *campionessa di salto in alto*. Mum was the youngest of three sisters, one of whom had migrated to Australia in 1956. In 1959, at the age of 29, my mother boarded the *Flaminia* and also migrated to Australia, living in Melbourne with her sister's family and working as a sewing machinist. Sometime in the early 1960s, perhaps 1964, my mum returned to Trieste to help her eldest sister who had fallen ill after the birth of her second child. Mum's original intention was to stay in Italy, but for some reason, she decided that her life lay in Australia. Either late in 1964, or early in 1965, Mum boarded the *Galileo Galilei* and set off for Australia again.

Several objects which have survived from this part of my mother's life speak much about her hopes for the future. Her beautifully embroidered *biancheria*, painstakingly created and carefully preserved over the years, are in themselves works of art. I can imagine the three sisters sitting together in Trieste, stitching their dreams for domestic bliss into these pieces of fabric. A well-used tablecloth became a particularly potent container of memory for my mother – the embroidered poppies, cornflowers, margherita daisies and sprigs of golden hay grass all evoked her homeland. She always said it was good luck to keep some cut hay grass in the house, a symbol of fertility and a good omen for a rich harvest.

Fig 6. *Tablecloth embroidered by Giuseppina Maniero (nee Vertovec), c.1950s*

An essential part of her equipment for her new life in Australia was an Italian cookbook, *Il Cucchiaio d'argento*, a time capsule of 1950s design and tastes. This dilapidated volume speaks of years of constant use in Mum's various Australian kitchens.

Many of my memories of Mum involve food. In the 1970s, when I was very little, we would go on long expeditions through the suburbs of Sydney in search of Italian food products. I remember a shop in Sydney's Haymarket area called *Gavagna's*. It was a dark Aladdin's cave of strange smells where I could run my small hands through vast hessian sacks of hazelnuts in their hard shiny shells and peer at the 1950s postcards of Italy pinned to the walls. The area where Gavagna once plied his wares is now near the heart of Sydney's Chinatown, the Italian presence now silenced, usurped by Asian grocery stores and hoards of hip young university students.

Mum's athletics medals from the late 1940s and early 1950s tell of the prowess and vitality of her youth. They are testament to the importance that Italy placed on sport as a means of rebuilding a sense of national pride after the devastation of World War Two, especially when it came to capturing the interest of the younger generation. This certainly affected my mum as exemplified by her sense of patriotism towards Italy and her hometown of Trieste until her death. The medals have a wonderful tactile quality. The strong athletic figures modelled in low relief, stretch, leap, and stride forth to conquer all. Several show the Basilica of San Giusto, the enduring symbol of the city of Trieste. Mum kept her medals in a slightly battered old tin, nestled in a crumpled paper serviette.

Fig 7. *Athletic medals won by Giuseppina Maniero (nee Vertovec) in Trieste.*

In 1959, when my mother left Trieste the first time, she was given a brooch displaying the profile of a young woman. It is a haunting image – the young woman's eyes are covered with a blindfold and she seems to have to rely on intuition or trust to guide her. My mum had a favourite saying, *fino alla morte non si sa la sorte* (until death you don't know what your destiny will be), and the events of her own life proved over and over again that the saying was indeed true. Unlike my dad, whose sister consigned him to God, Mum was placed in the hands of blind destiny, and destiny had a big surprise in store for my mum when she left Trieste for the second time.

[5] Giovanni Belzoni (1778-1823) was an Italian strongman, inventor and adventure traveller, famed for his exploits in Egypt during the early 1800s when he helped remove many grand antiquities and transport them to the British Museum. He was the first European to penetrate the second pyramid at Giza and his huge graffiti, *scoperta da G. Belzoni*, can be seen in the burial chamber. Like my dad, he was a native of Padua. (Source: Wikipedia)

Fig 8. *Brooch presented to Giuseppina Maniero (nee Vertovec) upon leaving Trieste for Australia in 1959.*

My parents met on that second voyage to Australia and by the end of their sailing on the *Galileo Galilei*, they had decided to spend their lives together. In March 1965, Dad worked for a time on Blowering Dam at Tumut in the Snowy Mountains, then, in August of that same year, my parents were married in Melbourne. They moved to Sydney and it was there that they settled and started a family. In 1966, when my sister was born, our parents were Italian. The following year, our parents swore allegiance to her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second at the Randwick Town Hall. When I was born in 1969, our parents (and therefore all of us) were Australian.

★★★

Nostalgia is defined as a painful yearning for one's home country, stemming from the Greek root *nostos*, homecoming.[6] Add this concept to Umberto Eco's statement that "to survive, you must tell stories"[7] and you get my mum. Of my two parents, Mum was the story teller, the one who missed her homeland deeply and who kept it all alive by weaving and reweaving the threads from that part of her life before she came to Australia. While my dad encapsulated the optimism, adventure and possibility of the migrant experience, Mum expressed the deeper tragedy of migration, of family lives lived apart, of friendships severed, of familiar places lost, accessible only to the wanderings of memory. Many artists and writers have sought to give voice to this sense of tragedy. The young Indian writer Kiran Desai expresses it well in her novel *The Inheritance of Loss*, "This way of leaving your family for work had condemned them over several generations to have their hearts always in other places, their minds thinking about people elsewhere; they could never be in a single existence at one time."[8] In reference to the Scottish diaspora, songwriter Dougie Maclean sings of "the immigrant's deep sunken feeling."[9] Knowing that she was dying, Mum listed the music she wanted played at her funeral. Her list included Verdi's *Va, pensiero*. I personally had never heard *Va, pensiero* and we didn't have it in our collection, so the day following Mum's death, I found myself trawling the music shops in Hobart's CBD, eyes blurred with tears. When I found the song I couldn't understand the lyrics anyway and it was only after a bit of internet research did I discover that this was the anthem of Italian patriotism. The words were painfully evocative, *oh my homeland, so beautiful and lost to me*. As if I didn't have enough to cry about at Mum's funeral, a huge wave of homesickness now engulfed me.

The feeling of homesickness which was my mother's has also become my own. Italy has never been my home and yet I too feel homesick for Italy, for the streets of Trieste and the Basilica of Sant'Antonio di Padova. I feel homesick for the parallel life I could have lived if my parents had met in Italy and lived out their lives there. What would that have been like for me? What if? It's a ridiculous question, the stuff of daydreams and cold rainy days when the mind turns in on itself and wonders how the twists and turns of life could have gone, could still go. The year after my mum's death, I went to spend some time with my cousins in Trieste in the house where my mum grew up, and yet not that house at all as it has been rebuilt and renovated and dragged into the 21st century. Grapevines planted by my grandfather shade the front terrace with the view over the port and the Adriatic coast. On what would have been my mum's 78th birthday I was sunbaking down at *l'Ausonia*, the old public baths in the middle of the port where you can swim in the shadow of huge ships unloading semi-trailers from Turkey. My mum used to come here when she was a young woman. I wonder if I could be lying in the same spot where she might have caught some sun, all those years ago.

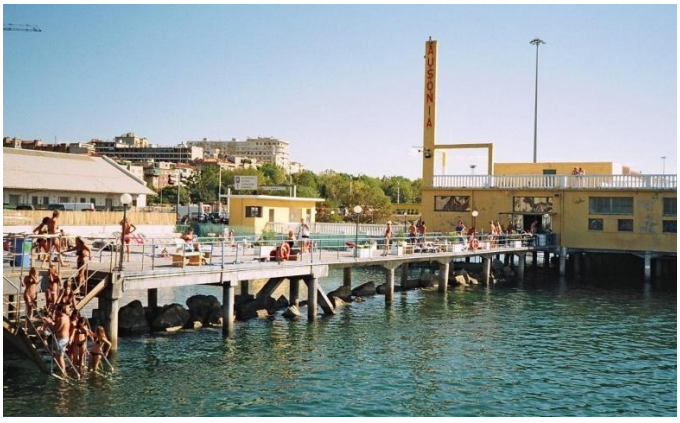

Fig 9. L'Ausonia *baths, Trieste, 2008. Image courtesy of Dorothy Maniero.*

My cousin takes me to see my aunt's grave, the sister who remained in Italy and who died only three months before my mum. The cemetery in the industrial part of the city is vast and bleak, endless rows of memorials with endless photographs,

[6] As defined in *The World Book Dictionary* (Chicago: Doubleday and Company Inc, 1973).
[7] Umberto Eco, *The Island of the Day Before* (New York: Harcourt Brace and Company, 1995), p. 207.
[8] Kiran Desai, *The Inheritance of Loss* (London: Penguin Books, 2006), p. 311.
[9] Dougie Maclean, Scottish folk singer in the song "Garden Valley," album *Real Estate*, Dunkeld Records, music and lyrics by Dougie Maclean, 1988.

faded flowers stuffed into tiny vases, ashes walled up in tiny holes, walls forming narrow corridors. How different to the spot where the ashes of my mum and dad lie in southern Tasmania, a wide sweep of shallow bay on the D'Entrecasteux channel, where sun-kissed and wind-tossed, open and unbound, their ashes united in the sea which had played such a huge part in their lives. I knew then that my parents had made a wonderful choice for all of us, not right or wrong, simply different, brave and bold.

I don't want to let the Italian voices in my life grow silent, yet already I can't quite remember the details of those stories heard many times over. There are a hundred questions I wish I had asked. At the same time the facts don't really matter. The things left behind can speak for themselves, and inherently they speak more directly to the imagination and to the heart. It is in this spirit that my sister and I have donated these things into the keeping of the Italian Historical Society. I agree with the writer Salman Rushdie's statement that, "the past is a country from which we have all migrated, that its loss is part of our common humanity."[10] Museum collections are a way of accessing this 'country', only you don't want to spend too much time there. Dwelling too long in the country of the past makes it awfully difficult to live in the present. Loss, in all its forms, is something we all have to come to terms with, one way or another, as we all journey toward our own final homecomings. ★

[10] Salman Rushdie, *Imaginary Homelands* (London: Granta Books, 1991), p. 12.

toward a new life

by john maneschi

John Maneschi was born in Milan, Italy, in 1932 and moved to Australia at the age of sixteen. He attended secondary school and university in Melbourne, where he graduated as an electrical engineer in 1955. He worked in England, the United States and Belgium, before returning to Australia, first to Canberra, then to Sydney. He retired in 1988 and now lives at Denham's Beach on the NSW South Coast with his wife Jill Hassett Maneschi of 52 years. He continues to maintain close links with both his Italian and Australian relatives.

"There will be Australian school for you boys, you'll do well to spend your time on the ship studying English. Neither of you two knows English well enough," had been our father's admonishment, spoken in his no-nonsense voice. That was typical of our Italian papà, keen as always to address his sons' scholastic deficiencies.

I was piqued. 'Certainly I know English!' I had protested. English was my favourite subject at school. I was in the third year of senior high school, *liceo,* at the *Istituto Gonzaga* in Milan. I regularly came first in class rankings for English. Perhaps my brother Andrea, who was in the second year of the *scuola media*, needed some coaching, but not yours truly!

"And I understand everything Mother says." Mother was Australian and she often spoke to us in English, although we invariably answered her in Italian.

"Ha," snorted papà, "You need much more than that, my dear boy. You might think you understand English, more or less, but that's not enough. You must also be able to speak, write and think, especially think, in English. Besides, Australians have a particular accent and idioms that you don't know. I want both of you to keep a diary, in English, of this voyage, which I want to read when I come to Australia."

We were talking of the Great Voyage to Melbourne, we two boys with our mother. We were going to stay with uncles and aunts until papà followed us a year later. Australian school? No worries, it'll be easy, I told myself. In any case, it was all in the future. First we had a great adventure before us, a voyage of one month on the ship.

Preparations had begun at the beginning of the summer of 1948. *M/n Napoli* was due to sail from Genoa in early July. Departure was then postponed to early August, and then we were told we would sail on 6th September. The delays were due, we were told, to industrial disputes in the ports. For Mother it was going to be the return to her native land she had been pining for. For us children and for our father it was going to be real migration. Papà had already done the 'hard yards' of migration whilst working as a young engineer in the factories of the Western Electric Company in Chicago. At night he would study English till late and after three years, he had a grip on both the language and the local idioms. His firm had promoted him to Paris where he had met an Australian girl studying at the Sorbonne. They had fallen in love and got married. Eventually, he succeeded in getting himself transferred to Milan, Italy, where he had become factory manager. However, it hadn't all been a bed of roses. In the early days in America he'd had his quota of anti-Italian bias on the factory floor. He chose not to divulge details, simply saying: "For you boys things will be easier. With your mother, uncles, aunts, cousins, all Australian, you'll be well taken care of, like being in cotton wool. You won't have to face prejudices and ill feelings like many of those who go there alone, not knowing the language, with no relatives, no support. But even you, I bet, will find, from time to time, *sì come sa di sale lo pane altrui*". This verse from Dante's Divine Comedy, was at that time unknown to me[1]. Papà had always been fond of Italian literature, especially poetry. I later discovered that Dante was referring to the fate of exiles, rather than migrants, but papà was not one to be tripped up by subtleties.

Plans to migrate to Australia had been made ten years earlier, but then war had broken out and they were abandoned. My mother's last visit to Australia had been in 1933 when I was two years old. Now, fifteen years and a World War later, her dream of returning was about to come true. We were excited at the prospect of making the change, and the ensuing liberation from the chains of the Italian school routine. My companions at the Gonzaga would have all gone back in October, but for us … holidays at sea! Hence why papà's words were like a cold shower.

M/n Napoli was moored alongside the wharf in the port of Genoa, a good looking ship of ten thousand tons, the flower of the *Flotta Lauro*, a Neapolitan shipping company. She was to be first Italian ship to sail for Australia after the war, making it both a maiden voyage and an historical event. The owner, Achille Lauro, had acquired her from the British Royal Navy where she had served as troop transport, and had converted her into a passenger ship.

[1] "How salty is alien bread", *Paradiso, Canto XVII.*

We arrived at the wharf with our trunks and suitcases. In front of the boarding gangway we found a noticeboard with an announcement in big letters: '*M/n Napoli* – departure tomorrow'.

Fig 1. *Papà and Andrea in front of M/n Napoli, Genoa Harbour. Image courtesy of John Maneschi.*

"So what do we do now?" we asked ourselves.

"It's nothing serious," papà replied, positive as always. "Genoa is a beautiful city. You've never been here, we will visit it. There are some fine museums. You can get started with your diaries. We'll take some photographs." For my birthday I had received a camera as a present, a second-hand Kodak Brownie which papà thought good enough to learn on.

Mother was not at all enthusiastic about the delay. We found a hotel in the vicinity of the port. From what I could see, Genoa did not seem to me a beautiful city. Evidence of wartime bombing was everywhere, houses in ruins, mountains of rubble, stray dogs scavenging through piles of rubbish. 'Let's go to the high part of the city, it'll be better.' We took a bus uptown.

The next day, back on the wharf, we found the same sign.

"What is the meaning of this?" my father asked a crew member who was painting a railing. "At what time do we board?" But the man knew nothing. Another bus ride, another night at the hotel. The third day, the same story.

"Now I am going uptown to the Lauro offices to give them a piece of my mind!" declared papà. Andrea and I were downcast.

"Don't lose heart boys," said our mother. "Look around you." We were not the only ones on the wharf. There were many other people spread around. The more fortunate ones sat on benches, others on their suitcases which were piled up here and there. There were the young, the elderly, many children and family groups in quiet conversation.

"You see boys, we are not the only ones. But we are lucky. At least we have a hotel room. These other poor ones... I wonder..." Talking to a group we heard that many had already spent two nights under the shed-like roofing of the wharf, open on all four sides to the elements. Papà came back: "They say they still have to finish renovating some cabins and they are waiting for the ballast that has to come from Savona. Two more days, they told me."

He gave the news to people nearby. Some seemed resigned, others protested loudly, "They are wrong in not sending here someone in authority." "A disgrace!" complained others.

We were allowed to board on the afternoon of the fifth day. Papà accompanied us to Naples, then went back to work in Milan by train. We were second class passengers. My mother, my brother and I were in a four berth cabin, two above and two below. The fourth berth had been assigned to a woman from Czechoslovakia whose husband and son were travelling in another cabin. We were excited as we entered our cabin. Every bunk was equipped with elegant pink curtains. One bunk had a porthole that opened up to a covered deck. Unfortunately, our travelling companion had already secured this for herself. We were annoyed. Papà had been assigned the shipowner's cabin, which was available until Naples. For our meals, we found ourselves mysteriously promoted to a table in the first class dining room. All this red-carpet treatment was perhaps due to papà's earlier visit to the Lauro offices. 'Therefore let's not complain too much, boys,' he said.

On the bridge we met the Captain, a friendly Neapolitan man of around fifty. He was busy trying to humour his passengers who had had to wait those five days. "You'll see, *signora*, we'll have a good trip, he promised Mother.

"Have you already been to Australia, Captain?"
"No, never, I've only been as far as Colombo."
"Really, never been to Australia?"
"Don't worry, *signora*, we have excellent maps."

He had courteous manners, especially with the younger passengers. We liked him immediately.

Fig 2. *Our friendly Captain. Image courtesy of John Maneschi.*

We heard sirens tooting and the *M/n Napoli* pulled away from the wharf. But we were not leaving yet. In the middle of the gulf

of Genoa we began to turn around. "What's happening?" asked several passengers. "We must conduct tests on the compass and the rudder," explained our Captain. "They could have done all that earlier," grumbled Mother in an undertone.

And so for the next half hour, the ship did a complete clockwise turn on herself. The same manoeuvre was repeated in an anti-clockwise direction. Finally, the Captain appeared satisfied. There was more tooting of sirens and we set course for Marseilles.

During the first leg of the trip, the ship had not been at all crowded. All that changed at Marseilles where many English and European passengers boarded. On account of our delay in leaving Genoa, we had only a five-hour stopover and were not allowed to go ashore. From our covered bridge we saw the crowds of migrants climbing slowly, bent over under the weight of bags, bundles and beaten-up old suitcases held closed with twine. Most were travelling in tourist class, sleeping in dormitories where the British soldiers had slept during the war, a hundred people to a dormitory. Andrea and I had already gone on a reconnoitring visit of the various decks and had stealthily entered one of the dormitories before our arrival in Marseilles. We were appalled at the sight of a huge, austere and gloomy room, lit by bare electric bulbs on the ceiling, and by the rows of iron bunks, one above the other in two tiers, striped mattresses with no sheets or blankets. It's like being at boarding school or in jail, I thought. We had returned subdued to our comfortable cabin with its elegant pink curtains.

We left Marseilles in the afternoon and before nightfall we were in view of Corsica with the island of Elba on our left. The following morning papà came to wake us, speaking to us though the open porthole:"Come on boys, wake up, wake up! We are in sight of Stromboli!" We passed very close to the famous volcano. At around noon we arrived in Naples, where we had a stop of a day and a half. Papà decided to take advantage of the opportunity to take us on an educational tour of the city and the next day to Pompeii where we had never been.

"I want our children never to forget the history of their country and the civilization they have inherited." He made us dash from one monument to the next, giving us his commentary in a loud voice at the same time. Excitement I now know due to the imminent break up of our family. We returned to the ship in the late afternoon. Not being one for prolonged farewells, papà left us well before the ship's departure. "And take care boys to improve your English!" He gave us each a present, to me *Robinson Crusoe*, and to Andrea *Treasure Island* — both in English. We embraced. Mother followed him with her eyes as he went down the gangway without turning around. Her eyes were brimming with tears.

On the wharf emotion reigned supreme. Many new passengers had boarded, mostly Sicilians and Calabrians. Gaily coloured streamers were being thrown between the ship and the wharf, held at one end by those departing and at the other by those remaining behind. The railings were crowded, all decks were illuminated and Neapolitan songs blared out from loudspeakers. There were groups shouting, embracing each other, many were crying. We left late at night under a full moon. The lights of the city reflected in the waters of the gulf of Naples. Now we were really leaving our own country. For the first time I felt a tug at my heart: would I ever see my native country again?

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In the first class lounge there was a grand piano. I loved classical music. I had been learning the piano for several years and had a secret ambition to become a concert pianist. I had brought some sheet music with me and began right away with a piano transcription of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. However, I was no Walter Gieseking or Arthur Schnabel. I was learning the score and stumbling along. A passenger who was reading a book in a corner approached me, "Excuse me young man, is that the *Pastoral Symphony* you are trying to play?"

"Yes, do you also like it?"

"I do like it, but not the way you are playing it, with all those mistakes. Do you mind not playing? I am trying to read and I need some peace and quiet."

I was mortified and desisted. From then on, I avoided playing when the reader was present. There was also a radio and a gramophone. I tried to tune the radio on to a station playing classical music, but found only static and popular songs. There were records of Neapolitan songs, perhaps chosen to soothe the crew's homesickness during our long voyage. The only classical piece was *La Danza* by Rossini but even this piece started with a tenor bawling out: *'Giaaaaaaa .... la luna in mezzo al mare, mamma mia si salterà ...'*

I had to resign myself. In the days that followed, others discovered the collection and soon the lounge echoed to the well known melodies of *Torna a Surriento*, *Santa Lucia*, *Funiculì Funiculà*, *Marechiaro*, *O Sole Mio*, all played at loud volume. The peace-loving reader was forced to abandon the lounge and seek refuge on an outside deck.

Most of the Italians who had boarded at Naples were travelling in tourist class. We saw them sitting on the open deck at the front of the ship. Several women were seated in a row on a bench, as if on a tram. Every day they occupied the same bench. Some were knitting, others were saying the Rosary. They wore scarves over their heads and were dressed in sombre colours with voluminous skirts that came down to their ankles.

Mother worried about them, "Poor women. They are waiting to arrive in Australia. Don't they know it's going to take a whole month? How are they going to get dressed and undressed in those dormitories? Will all those nationalities understand each other?" We children were blessedly unaware, but Mother had already heard rumours about conditions in the tourist class.

Several English passengers had complained to the purser about the lack of hygiene in the dormitories. Mother spoke to him and he replied, "I know they are complaining, *signora*. But their chief complaint seems to be that they have to travel with Italians. Why then did they choose an Italian ship?"

There were also complaints about the food. During lunch, an Englishman from the tourist class barged into our first class dining room, seething with fury. He was brandishing a bread roll yelling, "This is all we've been given to eat all day, one bloody sandwich!" and flung the bread roll on the floor. Everyone stopped eating. A table of English passengers near us were preparing to sample a *risotto* with a knife and fork, evidently a new dish to them. We heard them murmuring words of sympathy for their countrymen. Some of the European passengers asked each other, "What is it? What did he say?" Those who were learning English were thumbing their dictionaries to find the meaning of "a bloody sandwich". The Captain, doctor, purser and first officer were seated at their own table. The purser rose and accompanied the irate man out of the room, trying to calm him. The repercussions were felt for several days.

"The food is good in tourist class," the purser assured Mother and a group of other passengers. "We give them two good meals a day plus breakfast with butter and jam, as they like it. The problem is that the English don't eat spaghetti or risotto, and they don't touch fruit. Heavens, what can we do? It was the English that asked for roast beef sandwiches instead of pasta and we did just that!' Mother could see both sides of the problem. There was still anger against the shipping company on many counts, starting with the inadequately explained delays in the port of Genoa. When the purser calmed down, Mother said to him,"You see, *signor commissario*, even though the war finished three years ago, in England people still don't have enough nourishing food. The English are not used to the Italian diet and that is why they are complaining." The purser grinned, "We must all have patience, then, on all sides."

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The first foreign port was Port Said. We arrived early in the morning and were woken by the sounds of excited chatter. Mother had gone up to the bridge at dawn and came down to wake us. "Quick, boys, get up! We are in Egypt. Come and see the natives!"

It certainly was exciting. It was the first time I had seen 'natives', who until then had only appeared for me in the illustrated stories of Jules Verne and Emilio Salgari. Mother used the word with a certain condescension, a remnant of the old British colonial supremacy over coloured races, mixed with wonder at the exotic costumes, the black faces, the peals of laughter. We had dropped anchor in the bay and were surrounded by the natives on flat bottomed boats containing their merchandise, baskets, copper utensils, knick-knacks, carpets.

"Very cheap, very cheap!" they called out. We were not allowed ashore and so to purchase goods, we had to lower money in a basket attached to a rope, which was then raised with the chosen merchandise. Great peals of laughter on the part of the natives were heard when customers found that the merchandise they received was not what they had chosen. Heated negotiations ensued, but all in good humour. Mother bought a couple of ornaments and a fez for Andrea.

More passengers boarded and we continued through the Suez Canal. The officers changed into their white summer uniforms. As it was a period of tension in the Middle East, we took on board Egyptian soldiers who patrolled the bridge and were escorted by a British warship. Andrea and I were enchanted at the passage through the Canal, the desert on either side of us and the outlines of camels on the horizon. At the lakes of Ismailia, we stopped to wait for a convoy that was coming up from the Red Sea. During the stop, the Captain announced we could have a swim and he lowered the access ladder. We were overjoyed. I jumped in with other passengers and enjoyed swimming around our ship all the way to the stern with its golden name, *M/N NAPOLI*.

Fig 3. *Andrea and a friend sporting the Egyptian fez. Image courtesy of John Maneschi.*

As we continued through the Red Sea, it began to get hot. There was no air conditioning, only portholes on the top deck with ventilation shafts meant to take fresh air into the cabins. This was not very effective. On the first class deck a makeshift swimming pool consisting of a tarpaulin held together with wooden scaffolding was erected. Sea water was pumped in to a depth of around one metre. Not many of us could fit and it was impossible to swim, but at least we could get wet and cool off. This was only available to first class passengers.
On the journey, we met other passengers. A brother and sister, Peter and Gillian, both a little younger than me, had boarded at Port Said. They chatted to each other in English, French and

Arabic with great aplomb. I was fascinated by Gillian because she played the piano very well, perhaps a child prodigy. She rattled off technically demanding pieces, such as 'The flight of the bumble-bee' by Rimsky Korsakov, all from memory and with no noticeable mistakes. She was immediately surrounded by a group of admirers, including the quiet-loving reader who had objected to my playing. "You see, that's what I call playing the piano! Not like your Pastoral Symphony!"

Peter, the younger of the two and a scallywag, taught us some Arabic words, which he warned us were rude words and not to be used in polite company.

To pass the time, there were several games on deck, including cards, chess, draughts, Monopoly and table tennis. In no time we had gathered a group of children, more or less the same age, and were in no danger of being bored. The table tennis table had been placed along one of the covered decks in a tight space next to a door that opened on to the second class. Second class passengers were allowed to play as long as the table was not in use by first class passengers. No such privilege was extended to tourist class passengers. There were no other rules to limit play, but we soon became aware of the nasty looks and the sighing of certain passengers who were standing along the wall waiting for their turn. We quickly learnt good manners and put down our racquets at the end of a game.

Mother came to watch and, thanks to her democratic instincts, chatted with the second class passengers patiently waiting for their turn. That is how we got to know Stefan Simich, a Yugoslav, and Igor Malinsky, a Pole. They were both excellent players albeit unorthodox in their game style. They enjoyed belting the ball at each other at surprising speed, performing veritable acrobatics to keep it in play. Mother invited them to come and have tea with us. "To tell you the truth, the tea is rather inferior, but the cakes are delicious."

Both Stefan and Igor were grateful for the invitation and the chance to learn something from Mother about the country in which they would soon begin their new lives. Both men were engineers in their thirties. Conversation was difficult as Simich spoke halted English mixed with many Serbian words. He began all sentences with, "Oh Bah!" He also suffered from a strange nervous condition whereby he would burst out laughing in the middle of a sentence, even though he hadn't said anything funny, which made him exceedingly difficult to understand. Andrea, who had a great passion for foreign languages, was fascinated by his English. "He doesn't use any articles, no *the*, *a* …. Perhaps articles don't exist in the Serbian language. After all, they don't exist in Latin …" Simich became a good friend and helped us both improve our table tennis technique.

Malinsky, on the other hand, spoke excellent Italian without a trace of a foreign accent, but hardly any English, fact of which he was ashamed. Mother offered to help him with the English lessons that were being given for migrants by the Lauro company. He had been a cavalry officer in Poland and described to us the thrill of galloping across the steppes. He was patriotic and sang for us the Polish national anthem in a loud voice with martial accents. Andrea got him to teach him several Polish words.

They were invited for tea again, but not together. While Mother spoke fluent Italian and English, she found the effort of translating Malinsky's Italian while trying to understand Simich's English exhausting. To further complicate matters, the two men, as well as being adversaries at table tennis, were also in competition for her attention and they interrupted when one thought the other one had spoken enough. Our mother's new roles – teacher, friend, confidante – left me perplexed. I felt new emotions, almost jealousy. 'What would papà say?' I thought.

She acutely felt the absence of a good cup of tea, made the way she liked it. It was little use talking to the waiters, the main problem being the lack of teapots which had not been considered necessary to the refurbishment of *M/n Napoli*. She had a modicum of success with Oscar, the very likeable Genoese barman who had worked in England and was aware of the problem. Oscar succeeded in making an infusion into glasses with the steam jet of the espresso machine. His only clients were Mother and another Australian, Nancy Beltrami. Together they groaned, "How can all those Brits in tourist class manage without their cup of tea?" Oscar would raise his eyes to heaven and say, "I really don't know … I wonder…"

Nancy's husband, Paul Beltrami, was an Italian musician who had lived in Australia before the war. They were now returning to settle. They had an eight-year old son who became Andrea's friend. Mr Beltrami intended to launch the *Ducati* engine for bicycles that had become popular in Italy after the war into the Australian market. It was a device that mounted on to the frame of an ordinary bike converting it to a scooter. Very thrifty on petrol but very noisy. It ejected putrid fumes from its exhaust. Even though it had already been superseded in Italy by the *Vespa* and *Lambretta*, Mr Beltrami had grand hopes for the future, "Seven million Australians, all on bikes with my engine. We'll make our fortune!"

With her sociable disposition, Mother made many other acquaintances amongst the passengers. There was the one she called 'the shy Englishman,' with very polite manners who always spoke in a whisper. He must have been short of clothes for the tropics because he invariably arrived for meals wearing braces over a singlet, blissfully unaware of the purser's raised eyebrows. There was an Italian couple, the Accolti-Gil, who Mother found very congenial. They were going to Sydney where they were going to work at the Italian Consulate. There was a Hungarian lady who wore lots of makeup, married to an Australian soldier she had met in Italy during the war and who now was waiting for her in Melbourne. She was always surrounded by Lauro officers. Mother referred to her as the Merry Widow. She also met two girls from the second class, proxy brides, who were going to Melbourne to meet their husbands whom they had never seen.

Fig 4. *Mother and friend locating Australia on a map. Image courtesy of John Maneschi.*

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Colombo was our first port in the Orient. There we had a whole day ashore. Mother had been there fifteen years earlier and was keen for us children to experience the exotic civilization. But she was distressed by the pressure of humanity all around us, beggars, children, hand pushed carts, bicycles, rickshaws, men with turbans, women in long multicoloured garments.

"Let's stay together boys, stay together, let's not separate!" Both Simich and Malinsky came with us as bodyguards. Venturing into the town, we heard a loud disturbance emanating from a side alley. To our great surprise we saw Mr Beltrami emerge at high speed on his motorised bicycle, red in the face, hatless, being chased by a yelling mob of bare footed children. Apparently, they had never seen anything like this before. He disappeared around a corner with the children still at his heels and we lost sight of him. During the day we heard the sound of his *Ducati* coming from other alleys in the town. We asked ourselves whether he had succeeded in making some sales or whether he had just provided entertainment for the locals.

We visited a Buddhist temple where we were asked to take off our shoes. As Andrea and I had both been imbued with religion by the Christian Brothers in Milan, we were shocked by the sight of so many people praying "before the idols," as Andrea said. "But Mother, why are there so many pagans here? Didn't the missionaries come to convert them?" asked Andrea.

We went to a photography shop to buy a film for my camera. What we thought was going to be an exchange of a couple of minutes became instead a total immersion in the mercantile customs of the Orient. The owner of the shop courteously asked us to sit down and have a cup of tea. Mother was ecstatic at the suggestion of real Ceylon tea and she offered no resistance. There were no films to be seen, but the owner assured us he would send a boy to another shop nearby to get one. In the meantime, he showed us his treasures, copper pots, silk garments, boxes of finely carved ivory, scarves of fantastic colours. He was a very pleasant man and he seemed to have all the time in the world. We were the only people in his shop that afternoon. While waiting for the film, he gave us a potted history of Ceylon, its people, various languages and religions. In the end we did leave with the film and a completely new concept of the value of time, as known in the Orient. "They are in no hurry here," said Mother.

Later that afternoon we hired a taxi to take us to the Galle Face Hotel at Mount Lavinia. Mother took tea on the terrace of the famous hotel with a view of the sea, while Simich and I went swimming in the lukewarm waters of the Indian Ocean.

On our return to the ship, we found the wharf crowded with natives. All kinds of activities were taking place. There was a snake charmer with a flute and a cobra in his basket and a magician that made gold coins climb up his arm, defying the laws of gravity. "Don't look, don't look boys," Mother ordered. Once back on board she gave a sigh of relief. She had bought the evening newspaper with a lead article occupying the entire second page. It had a huge heading: **"HELL SHIP VISITS COLOMBO"** Subheadings followed: "Disgusting conditions on board – migrants treated like cattle – lack of food, water, sanitation." "They are talking about our ship. What exaggeration!" Mother broke out laughing. The article's claims seemed most unlikely to us, although we had no firsthand knowledge of conditions in tourist class. Mother went on, "I bet it was the English, those who sing the praises of the P&O boats, of which they only know by hearsay. I should know. I have been on those boats on three occasions. Where else can you find a merry captain like ours who throws cushions at the girls, or a doctor who enjoys slipping bread crumbs down their necks! The English don't consider such goings on as decorous – and they certainly aren't – but it's such fun. I have never laughed so much in all my life as on this ship!"

There was talk about the article the next day. Many compared the conditions on the *M/n Napoli* to that endured by the slave traders of centuries ago. More people on board may reap greater profit for the owner but discern the worst aspects of private enterprise. We in first class had nothing to complain about as we were treated like lords, but Mother had got to know several people in tourist class and she knew that down there life was anything but merry. Disgruntled passengers had gone to the newspaper office in Colombo to make their complaints. During the stopover, British, Ceylonese and Italian authorities had visited the ship to verify conditions first hand, hence the article. The Captain was said to be fuming that the chief complaint of the English was about lack of discipline on board. "Poor fellow, and here he is trying to do everything to create a homely and happy atmosphere!" someone said. "I've heard people say that if we want discipline he'll give it to us!" said another.

"We'll arrive in Australia in chains!" joked someone else. From the tourist class deck the Englishman of the 'bloody sandwich' incident was hurling insults at the Captain, "You bloody dago,

you dirty wop! You hate our guts, don't you? Don't you?!" A crewman gave him a warning.

After Colombo, we crossed the Equator. There was a party on board. Since I had crossed the Line when I had come to Australia with Mother at the age of two, I was made a member of the committee for the preparation of ceremonies. I was given a large gong and a hammer and asked to beat the gong on all decks to announce the arrival of King Neptune, who came on board with his trident. Those who were crossing the Line for the first time had their bodies plastered with flour and water and were thrown into the swimming pool. Someone from tourist class managed to break in and throw cooked spaghetti into the pool.

There was a party for children and in the evening a ball. All the officers danced with great display of Neapolitan gallantry towards the fair sex. The Merry Widow was in great demand. I saw Mother dancing with the purser, a short, rotund but agile man, who executed complex dance steps, going down first on one knee, then on the other, as if he were in church. I had never seen anything like this. Mother explained to me later that that dance was a tango.

The sea, which until then had been calm, became more agitated after Colombo and the ship started to roll and pitch. It was terribly exciting. One day after passing the Equator we heard a loud crack and saw water flooding the deck. One of the timbers that held the swimming pool enclosure had broken, which brought to an end the swimming season. The crew rushed to take down the scaffolding and the tarpaulin.

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It was on board *M/n Napoli* that I had my first sentimental liaison. Back in Milan, girls had been on the periphery of my interests, below more important matters, such as learning to drive a car (I had had some driving lessons but had not yet got my licence) and my interest in classical music. Having always attended an all boys' school and not having any sisters, the female world was a big unknown. But I was sixteen and hormones were at work. There had been parties amongst Mother's friends in Milan at which girls danced to gramophone records. Mother had decided it was time for me to learn the rudimentary skills of this art and tried to teach me the simple steps of the waltz and the fox-trot. However, I was ill at ease, especially when it was a question of crossing a room and asking a girl to dance, as was the custom in those days. Besides dancing, just to make things more complicated, it was necessary to be able to converse with the girl. "But what can I talk to her about? I am so busy watching my feet!" I asked. "Talk to her about your interests, classical music for example."

Girls, on the other hand, were confident and nonchalant. They changed the records on the gramophone, extracting from them at loud volume the howls of the latest hits I didn't know, such as the boogie-woogie. It was worse for boys who didn't participate and became the victims of sneering looks from the girls dancing amongst themselves. A mother would take pity on me, entice me on to the improvised dance floor and compliment me on my dancing prowess. I wasn't convinced.

Despite this, I did meet an English girl who was travelling to Sydney with her mother. I found her exotic and mature although she was a year younger than me. She took part with good grace in our children's games but would withdraw early, preferring to lie for hours in her deck chair, an alluring expression on her face like a film star. She had a perfectly oval face, a supple body, long black hair to her shoulders and deep blue eyes. We got on very well. "Who was that girl you were talking to?" asked Mother, "She resembles Vivien Leigh." I hadn't yet see *Gone with the Wind*, but after seeing it, I agreed with Mother. "Her name's Susan." Our mothers also met. Their conversation, as far as I can remember, was based on the lack of a good cup of tea on board.

"Her name is Suzanne, not Susan," corrected Mother, placing the stress on the last syllable, "and she is a champion figure skater." Suzanne and I soon became inseparable. I stopped listening to Gillian when she played the piano and stopped joining in the childrens' deck games. I was happy to keep Suzanne company on the deck chair next to hers.

Fig 5. *Suzanne and myself. Image courtesy of John Maneschi.*

"Good." said Mother. "Your father will be pleased to hear you are practicing your English." I didn't confess that such practice was entirely desultory, as Suzanne was a quiet girl. She seemed to prefer to remain stretched out on her deck chair with eyes half closed, which suited me fine. I noted the envious looks of other males. We took part together in the Equatorial Ball where the band, besides playing tangos, was also able to crank out the occasional waltz or fox-trot. Fortunately, our dancing skills were on a par with each other's. We enjoyed ourselves a good deal, stepping on each others' toes when the boat pitched, laughing and clutching each other. Afterwards, we found a secluded spot on one of the higher decks. We hid behind coils of rope and

kissed as we had seen done in the movies. It was well past midnight when we returned below deck. Romance had blossomed. In the lounge we found our two mothers, distraught. "For heaven's sake, where have you been? We've been looking for you everywhere! We were about to tell the Captain. What if you had fallen overboard?" Crestfallen we returned to our respective cabins like two naughty children.

★★★

A man did fall overboard during the voyage. One morning I was on the bridge where first class passengers were allowed. The Captain was standing in the doorway of the navigation room not far away. Suddenly, I heard the repeated hoot of the ship's sirens. "What's happening?""It's the man overboard signal," someone said."How can that be? The sea is so calm today!" Looking astern I saw that someone had thrown two life buoys overboard. Calmly, the Captain looked through his binoculars and said a few words to the helmsman. He didn't seem at all surprised. I had the distinct feeling he had almost been expecting the incident.

Now we'll turn around, I thought. Finally, I noticed the ship's wake commence a huge semicircle. To the far left, passengers pointed out something that looked very much like a black ball bobbing on the water, appearing and disappearing between the waves. The ship had slowed down and the black ball had now become a human head. We were approaching it very slowly. A lifeboat containing eight crewmen was lowered and began rowing in the direction of the bobbing head. By now, all the decks were crowded with passengers anxious not to miss the rescue operation and to give advice. "Straight ahead, to the right, no, to the left, to the left!" the self-appointed experts called out.

Eventually, the lifeboat returned with a figure wrapped in a blanket seated astern. We were later informed that the rescue operation had taken forty minutes. It had been a young Englishman from second class who had foolishly decided to give some girls a demonstration of his prowess at gymnastics, dangling overboard from a rope at the bows and balancing his feet on the anchor. A sudden jolt had forced him lose his grip and he had fallen into the sea. Rumour had it that the Captain had been ready to receive him with a couple of slaps across the face, however, when he noticed that there were lacerations on the young man's chest and legs, he just gave him a severe reprimand and had him taken down to the first aid room. He had been lucky, we were told, as sharks infested the area.

That evening, the Captain and officers were late for dinner. When they eventually took their seats, everyone at the English table stood up and spontaneously started clapping. The others in the dining room followed suit, all up on their feet, joining in a warm, appreciative applause for the Captain. He smiled and signalled us to sit down.

From then to the end of the trip we heard very few complaints. Everyone had realized that, despite any discontent, what counted most was the competence of the Captain and crew in a crisis on the high seas; such competence had been brilliantly demonstrated. In the days that followed, many English passengers declared to Mother that they now had complete confidence in the captain of *m/n Napoli* and her crew. "We have even got to like risotto," they conceded.

The voyage was coming to an end. Every day, Mother accompanied Mrs. Accolti-Gil to check the progress of the ship against a map hanging on one of the covered decks. One evening the Captain told her, "Tomorrow at dawn we'll be reaching your country, *signora*. Soon you'll be home." We rose early to see the arrival. We sighted the low-lying coast of Western Australia, flat with no relief. We entered the Swan River and were moored at the wharf in Fremantle where we stayed until evening. Childhood friends of Mother's came to meet us and take us for a tour of Perth and the suburbs. Everything was very beautiful, especially the lights along the river in the evening. We reboarded at midnight.

Fig 6. *Mother and myself. Image courtesy of John Maneschi.*

The five days that followed were lively due to the severe rolling and pitching of the ship across the Bight. Furniture moved around and the grand piano slid from one corner of the lounge to the other. The Captain and all the officers had changed back into their winter uniforms. Passengers were starting to say their good byes. Many, like us, were disembarking in Melbourne while others continued on to Sydney. A feeling of sadness came over me when I realized that the fabulous month was about to come to an end and another chapter of my life was about to begin. Suzanne and her mother would be dismounting in Sydney. Suzanne had a distant look in her eyes as if to say, shortly it will be all over.

The day before arriving in Melbourne there was a great deal to do. The purser, who held our passports in the ship's safe, handed them back in exchange for payment of any additional expenses such as extras passengers had consumed at the bar. He was very busy. Despite the notice on the door of his office that only payments in Italian lira, pounds sterling or U.S. dollars would be accepted, many arrived with paper money from other countries. Very long queues had developed and there was a lot of arguing.

We arrived in Port Phillip Bay at eleven o'clock in the morning. It was a grey, humid and blustery day. As the ship sailed up the Yarra to its docking at Port Melbourne, we could see that the wharf was crowded. There was great excitement on board. Mother soon saw her brother, sister-in-law and two curly-headed little girls. "Look, there are your little cousins!" They were looking up but they hadn't seen us. Mother broke out into a loud *Cooee*. Her brother saw her and answered back. The girls looked up but were obviously stunned by the chaos of people yelling, waving hats and weeping. Next to us were the two proxy brides, holding photographs and anxiously scanning the wharf for their new husbands. "There he is, there he is!" one of them yelled. "But where's mine?" asked the other one. "There he is, it must be him, he's shaved off his beard!"

The Merry Widow had sighted her husband, the Australian soldier, in uniform. The two blew kisses to each other.

Announcements were broadcast from the ship's loudspeakers but no one was paying attention as they crowded around the disembarkation gangway. Finally we got to it and went down the steps, carrying our bags and suitcases. The purser thrust a note in Mother's hand. "Good bye, good bye," I heard a voice above us. It was Oscar, our friendly barman, making his farewells. I felt pangs of regret and unease. Now we had arrived in Australia, the spectre of Australian school rose before me. What next? Where was papà?

As we reached the wharf, Mother looked at the note. It was a radio-telegram just received from papà, addressed to myself and Andrea. Another one of his Dantesque outbursts: *"Coraggio, ragazzi – qui comincia la Vita Nuova!"*[2] ★

[2] "Take heart, boys – here begins the New Life", *Vita Nuova* being Dante's story of his infatuation with Beatrice. Papà once again manipulating his beloved Dante to our situation!

lost in the collection 16mm italian cinema in australian state film libraries

by federico passi

Federico Passi is an Italian-born journalist and filmmaker. He has a degree with Honours in Philosophy of Language from the University of Rome "La Sapienza", and has completed a Master of Cinema Management at the University of Melbourne. His fields of interested are Australian and Italian cinemas, realist theory, and the depiction of cultural identities in film.

This study will outline the presence of 16mm Italian-produced films within Australia's state and national film libraries from 1946 to 1980. The focus will mainly be on the former State Film Centre of Victoria (SFC), today incorporated into the film collection of the Australian Centre for the Moving Image (ACMI).

This investigation draws on the hypothesis that film collections, like other archives, are places of historical representation of cultural practice. Large government film libraries, such as SFC, provide the necessary historical context to identify the relationship between a dominant cultural practice and a subordinate presence, as in the case of the relationship between English speaking films and documentaries and Italian cinema. Each film print is thus an individual document whose meaningful presence in the collection calls for a dual reading. First, the film needs to be read within the proper historical and synchronic context of the archival institution and secondly, in the context of the relevant country's historical background. Furthermore, as Paolo Cherchi Usai has suggested, "each print in a moving image archive is more than ever a living object which asks to be examined sympathetically and respectfully as well as with objectivity."[1]

I will limit this investigation to the 16mm print collections because they offer a consistent field of investigation given that this was the de facto standard for non-theatrical distribution around the world in the period 1946 to 1980. 16mm films were also "popular for making industrial, governmental and educational films after the war. Lightweight 16mm cameras became the primary means of filming television news until they were replaced by portable video cameras. 16mm film also became and has remained the most popular film size for documentaries, experimental film and independent filmmakers."[2] After the introduction of the Video Home System (VHS) in 1977, 16mm prints became progressively less used by film libraries due to the cheaper prices and lower maintenance costs of the new VHS format.[3]

1946 to 1980 represents an interesting period in the Australian film-related activity due to the concurrency of several events, namely, the founding and success of state and national film libraries; the establishment and popularity of film societies; Italian migration; and the wider distribution of foreign films. All these phenomena ensued immediately after World War II, had a large diffusion in the 1950s, were still very popular in the 1960s and started to decline at the beginning of the 1980s. The collections in Australian film libraries represented an institutionalised point of view on cinema, culture and society.

the state film libraries

An initial online search of Australian state libraries' film and video catalogues has revealed that the ACMI film library – formerly the State Film Centre (SFC) – holds the most comprehensive state collection of Italian titles in 16mm.[4] With very few exceptions, the ACMI library comprises all the Italian titles held by the other state collections.

[1] Paolo Cherchi Usai, *Silent Cinema: an introduction* (London: British Film Institute: 2000), p. 135.

[2] Ira Konigsberg , The Complete Film Dictionary (London: Bloomsbury, 1989), pp. 325-326.

[3] A query of the online catalogue of the ACMI Film Library shows the number of film titles per year of production increasing until the mid Seventies. After that there is a quick decline in the number of 16mm prints. The ACMI film library holds 33 titles produced in 1930; 55 in 1935; 116 in 1940; 218 in 1945; 554 in 1950; 365 in 1955; 507 in 1960; 555 in 1965; 881 in 1970; 1006 in 1975; 558 in 1980; 85 in 1985; 7 in 1990; and 14 in 2000.

[4] The largest collection of Italian produced films in Australia is held by the former National Film Library in Canberra, now part of the NFSA.

Australia's nation-wide state-run distribution system followed a 1930s British model. It was created to promote and advertise government policies and as such, documentary films were freely available for borrowing through workers' and educational circles and were then screened to their members. The creation of state film libraries was triggered by John Grierson's recommendations to the Australian State Governments in 1940.[5] Grierson was the man behind British excellence in the field of documentary films. Indeed, he was inspired by Robert Flaherty's *Moana* (1926), which led him to coin the term 'documentary' in 1926 and subsequently direct the Empire Marketing Board (EMB) film unit in 1930 and the General Post Office (GPO) film unit in 1933.

State film libraries were founded immediately after the establishment of the Australian National Film Board (ANFB) in 1945 (which then became 'Film Australia' and now is 'Screen Australia') to promote the documentary idea and the Australian films of the ANFB. The ANFB was in charge of supporting and directing the production of Australian documentaries, which "signalled the government realisation of the ideological role the film may play in national affairs."[6] The mission of state film libraries was to "expand, promote, assist and co-ordinate the production, distribution and importation of films for school and adult education, rehabilitation, social development, international understanding, trade and tourist expansion and immigration"[7] Film became a social tool, a means to promote state policies, to teach civic and family values, and to foster a new Australian consciousness. This intention is still quite clearly evident in the 1969 State Film Centre of Victoria pamphlet, "Film with a purpose: documentary film in Australia" which states that:

> ... the documentary covers such a wide variety of topics, the youth club, the church group, the union, the business firm, all find that film will work for them, and farmers will learn about the latest developments of agriculture through the film; parents' associations help their children by examining childhood problems stated on film. Film helps to combat soil erosion, disease, neurosis, war. Film helps to overcome vandalism, and similar social ills.[8]

Victoria's State Film Centre (SFC) was established in 1946, became operative in January 1947, and was the only Australian state film library to function as a separate institution and not as part of an existing State Library. The SFC's implementation of the free distribution system was highly successful. In the period between 1947 and 1957, the number of organisations and film societies registered for borrowing from the SFC grew from 60 to 1,500. This represented an increased number of borrowings from 2,074 to 44,000, amounting to an estimated audience of 2.6 million viewers in Victoria alone. By 1960, the SFC's annual report recorded more than 10,000 titles in its collection, with an average increase of more than 700 acquisitions per year.[9]

Between 1948 and 1980, the SFC "issued a total of 14 New Film Catalogues" at irregular intervals.[10] Each catalogue contained lists of new films acquired in the period since the publication of the previous catalogue, categorised by subject.[11] The alphabetical subject list corresponds to the library's encyclopaedic aspiration. In other words, it aimed to promote through the films a particular vision of the world and a functional and rational approach to society. Ranging from 'Air Pollution' to 'Community Life', from 'International Co-operation' to 'Sexual Behaviour', from 'Australia – Immigration and Emigration' (sic) to 'Libraries and Librarianship', from 'Philosophy' to 'Physiology', each desired subject heading introduces a separate area of knowledge documented and satisfied by the film. Even artistic films became a category appearing under 'Film as an Art Form' or under 'Film Directors'. This ideological aspect has now been partially hidden thanks to the arrival of online catalogues and databases, whereby subject searches have been superseded in favour of searches by keyword, author and title.

italian films in the state film centre collection

ACMI's current online catalogue lists 66 Italian-produced 16mm titles in its collection. This list comprises 7 feature films (3 in Italian language), 26 animation shorts and 33 documentaries. These films are about art (13), music (7), cinema (3), nature (4), sport (2) and international affairs (4). A mere 19 out of 66 are in Italian language with the remainder only available in English. A timeline of how the collection of Italian films was created is difficult to determine as ACMI is currently unable to provide the acquisition date of each film. The only available evidence is the 'new film' catalogues of the State Film Centre.[12]

Before analysing individual films, it is necessary to consider this presence of Italian films in the correct context. There are 21,141 16mm films listed in the ACMI film collection. Of these, approximately 17,800 were produced before 1978 and were likely to be in the library at that time. Therefore, the 66 Italian-produced films represent, in a best case scenario, only 0.3% of the total collection. In the period 1950 to 1979, the number of Italian-born residents in Victoria increased from 40,000 to 115,000 and by 1981, they represented the largest non-English

[5] Ina Bertrand et al., *Government and film in Australia* (Sydney; Carlton South: Currency Press, 1981), p. 97.
[6] Albert Moran, "Constructing the nation: institutional documentaries since 1945" in *The Australian Screen*, Albert Moran and Tom O'Regan (Ringwood: Penguin, 1989), p. 153.
[8] State Film Centre, *Film with a purpose. Documentary films in Australia* (Melbourne: State Film Centre, 1969), n.p.
[7] State Film Centre, *Annual Report 1995-1996* (Melbourne: State Film Centre, 1996), p. 7.
[8] State Film Centre, 1969, p. 7.
[9] State Film Centre, 1996, p. 5.
[10] State Film Centre, *Catalogue of 16mm sound films* (Melbourne: State Film Centre, 1979), p. 1.
[11] Only the 1952, 1954 and 1962 catalogues were available for consultation to document the actual presence of a title in the collection in the first 15 years of the State Film Centre collection.
[12] State Film Centre, 1979, p. 2.

speaking community.[13] In Italy at the same time, the production of Italian feature films increased from 54 films in 1948 to 200 films in 1954 and 167 films in 1959, making Italy one of worlds largest film producing nations.[14] Fictional Italian films arrived on the Australian movie scene at the end of 1948 with "Open City" (Rossellini 1945) which opened at the New Savoy in Russell Street in Melbourne on 6th November. By 1955, Italian and 'continental' films were a regular presence in both subtitled and dubbed editions. Therefore, despite the extraordinary numbers of the Italian migration to Australia in the period 1950 to 1980, the representation of Italian film culture in Australian film library collections was meagre in comparison.

In the 1952 SFC catalogue, the only entry under the subject 'Italy' is an American-produced documentary. However, there are some short films documenting operas performed in Italy in the section Arts: Music. These films are *Guglielmo Tell, Il barbiere di Siviglia* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* (all with Tito Gobbi and all directed by Edmondo Cancellieri in 1948), *Le nozze di Figaro* and *Carmen,* which appears independently and also in a film called *First Opera Film Festival* (Cancellieri 1948). All these films were produced by the American George Richfield for Official Films. Richfield also produced the other Italian-related music titles available in the library, namely, *Invitation to music* directed by Pietro Francisci in 1947, and *Tchaikovsky's Overture* and *Romeo and Juliet,* both performed in Italy in 1949 by the Radio Philarmonic Orchestra conducted by Fernando Previtali. These first Italian-related titles linked Italian culture to an 'artistic' and 'musical' perception. The Italian production values in these films were subordinate to an American dictated distribution logic, which was more adept at securing the Australian market. As is evident through a review of over 200 16mm film titles connected to the keywords 'Italy' and 'Italian', the large majority are American-produced and present an American point of view. This is indicative of the close connection between market forces and library acquisitions. The same course of action was applied to all the other documentaries. When a British or American edition was available, the libraries bought that version. Thus, it appears that they only turned to a purely Italian product when it referred to something rare and unique in style.

This was the case for two interesting small selections of Italian films available in the State Libraries. These were Films on Art and Animated Films. Films on Art was one of the documentary fields where Italy made an innovative contribution. Illustrations of this were available in the SFC collection. Such examples were testimony to the important roles played by Carlo Ludovico Ragghianti and Luciano Emmer. Art historian Ragghianti was a major figure in film and art theory whose interest in film and art dated back to 1933 when he published the article, "Cinematografo rigoroso," outlining the visual properties of the new film medium.[15] He also published a series of guides to films on art comprising 1,100 titles[16] and chaired several international film art festivals in Rome in the 1950s.[17] At the time, Ragghianti's films were not common art documentaries limited to a presentation of the artwork, but rather expressed a rigorous process whereby cinematic language was employed to prove the critical theory around an artwork. In a period of 20 years, Ragghianti authored 21 'crito-film', or 'critical films', benchmarking a new visual approach to art criticism from the art historian's point of view.[18] A prime example of this genre is *Fantasia di Botticelli: 'La Calunnia'* (Ragghianti 1962), where the camera identifies the elements of the composition through a system of lines drawn on the screen, thus revealing hidden formal dynamics.

Fig 1. *Cover of Carlo Ludovico Ragghianti's book,* And the cinematic nature of vision. *Image courtesy of Federico Passi.*

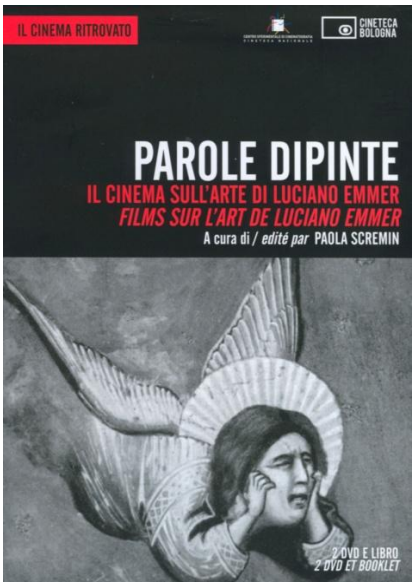

Fig 2. *Cover of DVD directed by Paola Scremin entitled,* Painted Words. Films on Art by Luciano Emmer. *Image courtesy of Cineteca di Bologna.*

[13] Museum of Victoria, "Origins," Museum Victoria, http://museumvictoria.com.au/origins/.

[14] Gian Piero Brunetta, *Storia del cinema italiano. Dal neorealismo al miracolo economico 1945-1959* (Roma: Editori Riuniti, 1993), p. 13.

[15] Carlo Ludovico Ragghianti, "Cinematografo rigoroso," in *Arti della visione*, Carlo Ludovico Ragghianti (Torino: Einaudi, 1975), p. 6.

[16] Theodore R. Bowie, "About Films on Art" in *College Art Journal*, vol. 14, no. 1 (Autumn, 1954), p. 30.

[17] Theodore R. Bowie, "Art Film Congress in Italy" in *College Art Journal*, vol. 15, no. 2 (Winter, 1955), p. 149.

[18] ACMI is today the only film library in Australia to hold 3 'crito-films' by Ragghianti. They are *Storia di una piazza (la piazza del duomo di Pisa)* (1955); *Fantasia di Botticelli: 'La calunnia'* (1961) (also available at the NSW State Library); and *Michelangiolo* (1968).

Another influential figure featured in the SFC collection is Luciano Emmer who, in collaboration with Enrico Gras, introduced an innovative approach to the way cinema looked at art. Their films, recently remastered in an Italian critical DVD edition[19], filmed famous paintings and presented them as a universe to be explored and recounted. Emmer's cinematic approach was driven by a visual narrative, in some ways similar and in others dissimilar to the methods of Ragghianti. Both filmmakers were strong advocates of a visual versus verbal style, however while Ragghianti used film to attain a detached critical insight into an artwork, Emmer sought a closer immersive relationship with the paintings. Emmer's films connected the different elements of the work of art like a script, with the narrator acting the story being depicted. The result was a warm, immersive experience that brings "the work of art into the range of everyday seeing so that a man need no more than a pair of eyes for the task."[20] Emmer and Gras take "the works of art out of the context of art appreciation, and attempt to give back to them an interest which is … a religious holism of eye, mind and heart."[21] There are four Emmer and Gras films in the ACMI library: *Il dramma di Cristo* about Giotto's Cappella degli Scrovegni (Emmer and Gras 1948); *La leggenda di Sant'Orsola* on Carpaccio's painting cycle of the same name (Emmer and Gras 1948); *Il paradiso perduto* on Hieronymus Bosch's "Paradise Lost" (Emmer and Gras 1948) and *Goya/la festa di San Teodoro e gli orrori della Guerra* or *Goya (Horrors of War)* (Emmer and Gras 1951).[22] It was *Goya,* first screened in Australia at the 1954 Melbourne Film Festival alongside *Domenica d'Agosto* (Emmer 1950) which introduced Emmer to the Australian audience.

Fig 3. *Image from Giotto's Cappella degli Scrovegni, represented in Luciano Emmer and Enrico Gras',* Il drama di Cristo *(1948). Images courtesy of Cineteca di Bologna.*

[19] The DVD "Parole Dipinte: il cinema sull'arte di Luciano Emmer" has been published in 2010 by the Cineteca di Bologna

[20] André Bazin, "Painting and Cinema" in *What is Cinema?* ed. Hugh Gray (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967), p. 167.

[21] Raymond Durgnat, "The Cinema as Art Gallery" in *The Burlington Magazine*, Vol. 109, No. 767 (Feb 1967), p. 83.

[22] Three of these films are also available at the State Library of New South Wales.

Fig 4. *Luciano Emmer. Image courtesy of Cineteca di Bologna.*

The group of Italian Animated Films is mostly represented by 21 shorts by the Milan-based director Bruno Bozzetto, father of modern Italian cartoons. Bozzetto's comic portrayals of "Mr Rossi", the everyman dealing with modern society, were very popular and Bozzetto's films were the only Italian productions recurrently acquired by the SFC. In its 1979 catalogue, Bozzetto's films, *Mr Rossi at the beach* and *Mr Rossi goes camping*, were the only two Italian library acquisitions in the period 1973 to 1978. Short, witty and generally without dialogue, Bozzetto's humour has an international appeal focusing on the criticism of neo-capitalist society. One of the best examples is the film short, *A life in a Tin* (Bozzetto, 1967), which follows the average man from birth to death, through a series of 'boxed' life-experiences, from the hospital-tin to the house-tin, from the car and the office to the ultimate tin, the coffin.

Fig 5. *Cover of Gioglio Gianini and Emanuele Luzzati's* Omaggio a Rossini. *Image courtesy of Federico Passi.*

Two other key figures, represented in Australian collections by four short films are Emanuele Luzzati and Giulio Gianini. Luzzati, an art director and artist from Genoa, together with animator Giulio Gianini, authored a series of brilliant colour animations about traditional characters and tales in Italian popular culture and music. They won the prize for best short at the 1965 Melbourne Film Festival with *La gazza ladra* (The Thieving Magpie) (Luzzati and Gianini, 1964) which was later nominated for an Oscar. Their other 16mm shorts in Australian film libraries are *L'Italiana in Algeri* (Luzzati and Gianini, 1968) only available at the State Library of NSW in Sydney; *Ali Baba* (Luzzati and Gianini, 1970) available in Sydney, Melbourne and Perth; and *Pulcinella* (Luzzati and Gianini, 1973), which received an Oscar nomination and is available both in the ACMI film library and the State Library of NSW. Luzzati and Gianini's work is striking for its audio-visual qualities. The brighter-than-life colours and the music-driven animation produce a sensorial feast that comes as quite a contrast with the standard commentary driven English-speaking documentary available in the libraries.

Little more is worth mention amongst the available Italian-produced documentaries. There are three documentaries about Italian cinema investigating De Sica, Neorealism and Bernardo Bertolucci while shooting *1900* (1976) and more entries from the art world: *Chiostri e cortili* (1941) a bland document on Roman classic architecture in Italian without subtitles; *La volta della Sistina* (produced by Lux Films in 1947) a wordless visual study of Michelangelo's work by Pietro Francisci who later directed many of the "sword and sandal" films. Other four Lux Films productions in the SFC library are *Moneta Romana* (Pellegrini 1949), in Italian without subtitles; *L'esperienza del cubismo* (Pellegrini 1949) with script by screenwriter Rodolfo Sonego; *Una lezione di anatomia* (Pellegrini 1950) again with text by Sonego and *Una lezione di Geometria* (Sabel and Sinisgalli 1958). Founded in Turin in 1934, Lux Films was at the time one of the largest Italian production companies investing in quality Italian cinema and documentary.[23] Both documentarists, Glauco Pellegrini and Rodolfo Sonego, later worked together on the Lux feature *Ombre sul Canal Grande* (1951).

The situation regarding Italian feature length films in the state collections is more difficult to ascertain. There are no signs of an Italian feature film in the libraries before the arrival of a 16mm copy of *Bicycle Thieves* (De Sica, 1948) in 1970. The seven features currently available in 16mm represent too small and too scattered a sample to identify a meaningful trend.[24] Worth noting is the late presence of three Rossellini films: *Roma, città aperta* (1945) part of the educational collection; *Viaggio in Italia* (1954) with original English language soundtrack; and *Atti degli Apostoli* (1968) dubbed into English, a credit to the importance of Rossellini in introducing a different idea of realism to the Australian spectator.

However, 16mm copies of some Italian feature films were available for borrowing from the Australian National Film Library (NFL) in Canberra. The films at the federal library could be booked and borrowed through the local state film libraries offices. The National Film Library was established at the same time as the state libraries but had a stronger interest in feature films and for a long time performed the function of a National Cinémathèque, employing the 16mm format. The NFL was part of the National Library of Australia and became the Non Theatrical Loans Collection (NTLC) of the National Film and Sound Archive (NFSA) after its creation in 1984. Today the Canberra 16mm collection holds 42 feature films out of 82 Italian produced films. They are part of a 16mm collection with 9,778 16mm copies (out of a total of 19,840 copies in various formats). A recent survey in collection digital catalogue about the actual date of acquisition of the Italian feature films suggests that most of the 42 feature films were not in the collection before 1980. Most of the Neorealist and post-neorealist 16mm titles seem to have been acquired into the NTLC collection only after 1980: *I bambini ci guardano* (De Sica 1942) was added in 1988; *I vitelloni* (Fellini, 1953) in 1990; *Umberto D* (De Sica, 1951) and *Il grido* (Antonioni, 1957) entered the collection in 1991; *Sciuscià* (De Sica, 1947) in 1994; the 2 copies of *Roma, città aperta* (Rossellini, 1945) arrived in 1998 and in 2000. On the other side the NFSA non-theatrical collection holds a small number of 16mm copies of Italian produced silent films which had screened in Australian theatres in the 1910s: *L'eruzione dell'Etna* (1909), *Nerone e la caduta di Roma* (1909), *Cretinetti, re dei giornalisti,* 1910), *Odissea* (1912), *Giulio Cesare* (1914). In the collection there are also an interesting *Antologia del cinema italiano 1896-1943* (1970) in six parts, and three documentaries on Art and mathematics written by Luciano Emmer's son Michele with music by Ennio Morricone: *La striscia di Moebious* (1978) in collaboration with artist Max Bill; *I solidi platonici* (1979) with mathematician Donal Coxeter, *Simmetria e tassellazione* (1979) with mathematician David Penrose.

This first survey about Italian films into the Australian film libraries suggests that this presence was influenced and restricted by the cultural policies of the government of the day. The adoption of the Grierson documentary model which regarded the film medium as a predominantly social instrument, limited the interpretation of an alternative filmic reality, such as that of Italian Neorealism. An established distribution system and strong commercial market links with America and the United Kingdom also influenced the choice direction of the libraries. As a result, Italian films were mainly appreciated for their artistic more than social or scientific quality. They were added to the collection only after having been received by, and presented at, local film festivals. Such

[23] Alberto Farassino and Tatti Sanguineti, "Lux Film: esthétique et système d'un studio italien" (Locarno : Editions du Festival international du film de Locarno, 1984), p.71

[24] *Ladri di biciclette* (De Sica 1948, Italian with English subtitles); *Roma, città aperta* (Rossellini 1945, Italian with English subtitles, 'educational use only'); *Viaggio in Italia* (Rossellini 1954, English language); *I soliti ignoti* (Monicelli 1958, English language); *Atti degli Apostoli* (Rossellini 1969, English language); *La caduta degli Dei* (Visconti 1969, English language); *Libera amore mio* (Bolognini 1973, Italian language).

festivals were paramount in broadening the perception of Italian cinema and partially overcoming the issue of the limited access to the Italian film market. Equally limiting were the boundaries enforced by the subscription to areas of specificity traditionally associated with Italy, like film about art, music or animation. This inevitably missed important developments in the area of Italian social documentary. Nevertheless, in a very limited fashion, the libraries were successful in identifying two innovative genres: Films on Art in the 1950s and Animated Films in the 1960s. These genres with their peculiar visual style played a role in representing to the Australian spectator the 'other' to themselves. They did not represent just any decent foreign film but rather were carefully selected to validate the rational and functional image of the new Australia citizen. In this mono-cultural picture proposed by the film archives there was no place for the new Italo-Australians, nor for other non English-speaking new Australians.

Consequently the holdings of the State film libraries in the period between 1946 and 1980 did not accurately reflect the events of the Italian migration and Australia's changing cultural identity. Only later, with the introduction of VHS and DVDs, will the library be able to widen the number of Italian feature films available. Thus, much work is still required to develop a deeper understanding of Italian cinema culture in Australia, beginning with a review of film distribution in Australia which will ideally lead to wider access to Italian film sources. ★

author's thanks

I would like to thank and acknowledge the assistance of the staff of the Australian Mediathèque both in accessing the ACMI film library and the NFSA film library. In particular, I would like to thank Nick Richardson at ACMI and John Brady at NFSA for their support.

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re-discovering freedom

by anna cerreto

Anna Cerreto was born in Melbourne and resides in Elsternwick, Victoria. She completed her Victorian Certificate of Education at Star of the Sea College in 2009. In 2010, Anna commenced a Bachelor of Arts (Media and Communications) at the University of Melbourne and looks forward to enhancing her writing skills across a range of genres and media.

This part biographical, part fictional piece depicts the journey of her paternal grandfather from Lipari to Australia. The piece is composed with poetic licence and provides an anecdotal and reflective, rather than factual, approach to history.

Nonno died on the 19th July 1995. Months later, on the footpath outside his house, a lifetime of furniture waits to be tossed into a truck and trundled away. Amongst the chaos of boxes, brothers, and an Andrea Bocelli CD on repeat, I pick up an average looking suitcase filled with documents and photographs.

Although I know his stories well enough, I have never seen anything like this. They are first-hand accounts; all typewritten papers. I retreat to the house and dig through my yellowed discovery.

Fig 1. *Nonno Clemente playing his mandolin. This is the same instrument brought with him by boat from Lipari in 1937. Image courtesy of the Cerreto family.*

A photo of Nonno and me flops onto the floorboards. It is a snapshot of my earliest memory with him; perched atop the front fence, covered in not quite rubbed-in SPF 30+ and a hand-me-down hat. At the time, I had revelled in the height and power the fence gave me, a rare feeling for the youngest of five kids. Proud that I could climb the fence needing only the letterbox as a foot-hold, there I would sit to a soundtrack of mandolin and singing in a language I didn't understand, enjoying my Nonno's feigned distress at my singing "O Salty Cheese" to his "O Sole Mio". I would explore the mandolin, above, around, below and through the mysterious dark rosette sound hole, guarded by arthritic fingers plucking and picking away.

Thinking about it now we must have been a weird sight. *Nonno* and *nipote* sitting on the front fence. Singing. Nonno Clem is remembered by family and neighbours for serenading the sun or some unsuspecting pedestrian. That makes him sound like some sort of loveable village idiot. Harmless, but seriously lacking in marbles.

But in doing what he loved without reservation, he was more sane than anyone. I'd like to think that music was the key to that sanity. The mandolin was one of few possessions that withstood the seas from Naples to Swanson Dock and the sands of Mallee internment camps where, deprived of papers and photos, he was just another wog, another 'Tony'.

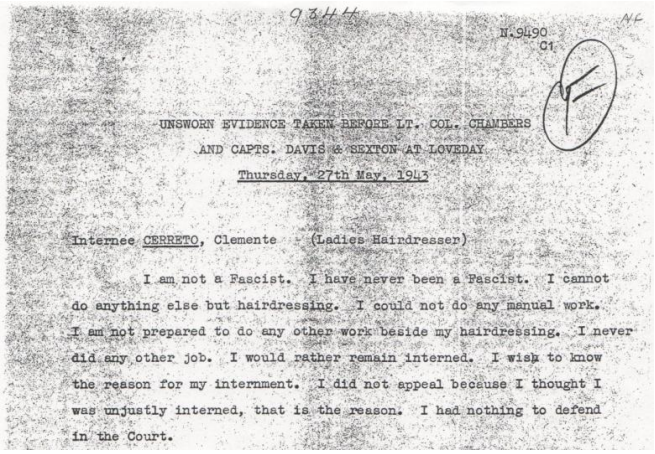
Sitting cross-legged surrounded by towering boxes, I delve deeper into the case and discover the header: *"Statutory Declaration. Clemente Cerreto arrived from: Italy. On the: 17 August 1937. Per: Viminale."* Though I knew his story briefly, new evidence like this about the boat trip added detail to my second hand memories of Nonno's life, which were family anecdotes rather than anything concrete**.** I imagine the belly of the mandolin as a miniature of the ship's hull as it rocked on the salty deck, keeping time with the groans of rigging against the wind. For Nonno, doubt had choked the stomach harder than any sea-sickness. It was too late to ask about the faces he'd often described to us, then hidden on the photo in his breast pocket.

The photograph depicted the spiralling steps which had been sanded down after centuries of barefoot boys bolting down for fishing and music. Lost in sepia pigments were memories of Lipari *paese*, water washing the pumice stone shore, and the purple flesh of the *fichi d'india* bleeding juice in the heat while its sweetness took the sting from the cactus' revenge of prickled hands.

Fig 2. *Clemente (second from left) and his friends sunbaking on Lipari, the small Mediterranean island off the north coast of Sicily, c.1930. Image courtesy of the Cerreto family.*

This often-traced photo had been his prized portal to the past, already creased and fading; the original image was irrevocably grainy. Like all aboard the *Viminale*, Nonno told the story of clinging to the hope of recreating that sense of place in the New World. They floated adrift in no-man's-land singing to the cloaked sky while the stowaway sun travelled aboard in photographs, suitcases, music and memory.

A new document reads: *27 May, 1943. Unsworn evidence. Internee CERRETO: "I am not a fascist. I have never been a fascist."*



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N.9490
C1

UNSWORN EVIDENCE TAKEN BEFORE LT. COL. CHAMBERS
AND CAPTS. DAVIS & SEXTON AT LOVEDAY
Thursday, 27th May, 1943

Internee CERRETO, Clemente (Ladies Hairdresser)

I am not a Fascist. I have never been a Fascist. I cannot do anything else but hairdressing. I could not do any manual work. I am not prepared to do any other work beside my hairdressing. I never did any other job. I would rather remain interned. I wish to know the reason for my internment. I did not appeal because I thought I was unjustly interned, that is the reason. I had nothing to defend in the Court.

Fig 3. *Excerpt of statement of unsworn evidence by Clemente Cerreto, 27 May 1943. Image courtesy of National Archives of Australia.*

While the stories he told me had a larger-than-life, rehearsed feeling to them, this evidence, given to a Lt. Col. Chambers, was desperate and real. The idea of my fence-singing Nonno as a fascist was far from anything I knew about him.

"Salute!" they would cheer (on the second or third glass of rough Sicilian wine). Cards and music played, stories shared in a flowing common tongue. In those days the Matteotti (anti-Fascist) Club was the meeting point for Italians, which "on 1 December 1928 … reopened officially in the much larger premises at Victoria Street, Melbourne. The new Club, conveniently situated near the Trades Hall, included several rooms, a large hall, capable of holding one thousand people, and a spacious courtyard, where the members could play bocce … On two walls of the building the name *Matteotti Club* was painted in large characters and, defiantly, a red flag fluttered from its pole"[1]. The joyous chaos of the Victoria St. Club bore the closest resemblance to home, even though it served VB in place of *Birra Moretti.*

'Little Italy' grew up that day. The din of lilting language and music was silenced as they were marched into a truck and searched, one by one. Nonno's passport and papers were taken; his physical freedom officially forsaken. The photo of his parents was tossed away in a hessian sack.

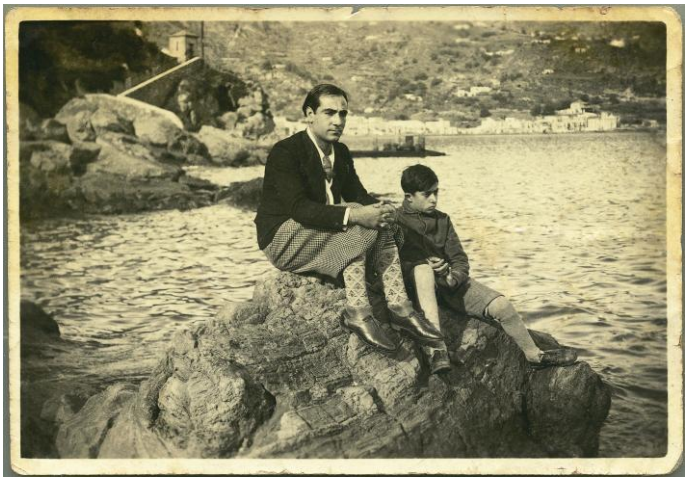
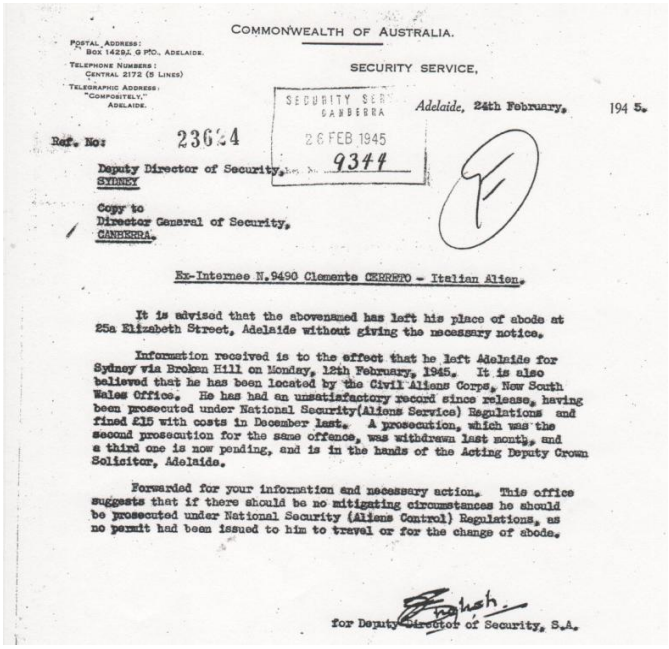


Fig 4. *Clemente (left) and brother Luigi at the beach in Lipari. Image courtesy of the Cerreto family.*

Through grainy sepia, Nonno and fellow inmates of the camp Music Club look gaunt but happy. Nonno and his *paesani* created an oasis of Italy in the South Australian desert. The *nemici stranieri* with black eyes and olive skin lived amongst friends, able to connect through shared experiences. Nonno told us these stories with a sense of acceptance. He understood the Australian reaction to his alien status; they sought safety like everyone else. Yet, this was little comfort as the red dirt that infiltrated everything also turned the colour of his once-pressed suit from cream to burnt porridge. He felt exactly like the 'dirty dago' that *gli Australiani* told him he was.

Nonno's escape was one of those family stories we'd all heard about. It was 12 September 1945. The camps were low security, no solitary confinement or great escape tunnels; but still, his escape was pretty gutsy. De-strung, the mandolin's rosette sound hole was perfect for concealing food. Its belly filled with dried meat and stale bread, the eight strings were refastened.
I imagine Nonno standing, dusting away the layers of red dirt. From afar, the camp looked like a haven for travellers, but internment after Italy signed the armistice with the Allies in September '43 too much to bear. The neglected southern fence was his ticket out. Another internee had recently been shot while trying to escape. Nonno ran into a desert that unforgivingly left desperate men exposed. Freedom was won as the train departed for Adelaide. For now, the alien was safe.

[1] http://www.takver.com/history/italian.htm#fn20



COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 1428J, G PO., ADELAIDE.
TELEPHONE NUMBERS: CENTRAL 2172 (5 LINES)
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "COMPOSITELY," ADELAIDE.

SECURITY SERVICE,

SECURITY SER CANBERRA 26 FEB 1945 9344

Adelaide, 24th February, 194 5.

Ref. No: 23624

Deputy Director of Security, SYDNEY

Copy to Director General of Security, CANBERRA.

Ex-Internee N.9490 Clemente CERRETO - Italian Alien.

It is advised that the abovenamed has left his place of abode at 25a Elizabeth Street, Adelaide without giving the necessary notice.

Information received is to the effect that he left Adelaide for Sydney via Broken Hill on Monday, 12th February, 1945. It is also believed that he has been located by the Civil Aliens Corps, New South Wales Office. He has had an unsatisfactory record since release, having been prosecuted under National Security(Aliens Service) Regulations and fined £15 with costs in December last. A prosecution, which was the second prosecution for the same offence, was withdrawn last month, and a third one is now pending, and is in the hands of the Acting Deputy Crown Solicitor, Adelaide.

Forwarded for your information and necessary action. This office suggests that if there should be no mitigating circumstances he should be prosecuted under National Security (Aliens Control) Regulations, as no permit had been issued to him to travel or for the change of abode.

for Deputy Director of Security, S.A.

Fig 5. *Excerpt of security report relating to the disappearance of Clemente Cerreto, 24 February 1945. Image courtesy of the National Archives of Australia.*

The family story goes that this was the third time internee No. 9490 had fled the makeshift home of camp, though research suggests that there were only 10 escapees from 1941 till release in 1946.[2] In an attempt to forge something lasting, internee 9490 had run into the Deputy Director of Security, and was subsequently thrown "into the hands of the Acting Deputy Crown Solicitor".

Nonno's penalty for being an escaped enemy alien was remitted on 6 December 1946 by the Governor-General Prince Henry**.** This was due largely to the invented evidence of a sympathetic Doctor Cuthbert, who created Clemente's crippling arthritis and convinced the Governor that Clem was unable to pay the £17.9 fine for freedom.

The house is finally empty, the move finished, papers and mandolin neatly packed away. Fingers of sun have slid aside to reveal a shirtless sky and the smell of burning bricks.

Leaning against the fencepost I reflect, my lyrics to "O Salty Cheese" play on a loop in my ear. I feel the burden of Nonno's absence and sacrifices made for the life we have just crammed into a truck, something felt by the countless Australians living relatively unadventurous lives compared to the trans-hemispheric gamble made by their grandparents and parents.

Whoever he was - musician, anti-fascist or local eccentric - I know that nobody will take his place in a world where sacrifice comes second to the modern illusion of absolute freedom.

2

http://www.slsa.sa.gov.au/murray/content/didYouKnow/internment.htm

works cited

Cresciani, Gianfranco. The Proletarian migrants: Fascism and Italian Anarchists in Australia, http://www.takver.com/history/italian.htm#fn20 (accessed 27 May 2010).

State Library of South Australia, Archives: Internment during World War II, http://www.slsa.sa.gov.au/murray/content/didYouKnow/internment.htm (accessed 27 May 2010).

The Italian Historical Society is continually developing partnerships and collaborations with migration museums, cultural foundations, study centres and research institutes in Australia, in Italy and internationally. This section introduces the important work and projects of some of these institutions.

PRESS RELEASE

Agreement between the Agnelli Foundation and Globus et Locus

The Altreitalie Centre relocates from the Agnelli Foundation to Globus et Locus.

The first Italian think-tank on new global movements and globalisation is born.

Milan, 14 December 2009 – The **Altreitalie Centre**, which is devoted to the study of Italian migration and was established by the **Giovanni Agnelli Foundation** with the support of the **San Paolo Company**, will today be relocated to **Globus et Locus**, chaired by **Piero Bassetti**, one of Italy's major intellectuals on the theme of globalisation and the analysis of issues tied to the debate surrounding global and local.

Globus et Locus and its director, **Maddalena Tirabassi**, intend to work on the primary theme of **new streams of movement** and ***italici***: people of various generations both of Italian origin, and from Ticino, Dalmazia, San Marino, both native and italophiles. This deals with over **250 million people, scattered across 5 continents**, with whom they **intend to build a global community**. Such a transnational gathering, united by the values consolidated over centuries of Italian civilisation, will bear a considerable historical-cultural weight and will weigh upon the balance of future *glocals*.

Tangibly, the study of the *italici* phenomenon will propel in action a close collaboration with institutions, aimed at encouraging those very dispersed *italici* to gather, meet and design **collaborative projects**, and above all to create a **new local global village population**.

This activity is particularly vital in light of the 150 year anniversary of the unification of Italy, which will fall in 2011.

The President, **Piero Bassetti**, declared: *"It is most significant that, on the ten year anniversary of the founding of Globus et Locus, the Agnelli Foundation has chosen our association to guarantee the continuation of the study of Italian worldwide migration, cultivated by them and represented by the Altreitalie Centre. For us, it's about widely recognising the work undertaken on these subjects."*

The director of the Agnelli Foundation, **Andrea Gavosto**, explained that *"after 30 years of commitment to Italians and the Italian culture in the world, it is time for our institution to undertake new directions in research. The choice to relocate the Altreitalie Centre to Globus et Locus guarantees continuity and quality."*

www.altreitalie.org ★ www.globusetlocus.org

The Altreitalie Centre was founded in 2005 under the auspice of the **Giovanni Agnelli Foundation**, which it mimics ideologically through its research activities, cultural popularisation, conferences and publications, and initiatives that the Foundation has carried out since the early 1980s on Italian migration and communities of Italian origin in the world. Since 2009 it is part of the **Globus et Locus** Association.

The Altreitalie Centre carries out its projects with support of the **San Paolo Company** under the direction of **Maddalena Tirabassi**, together with a Scientific Committee which comprises important figures from the political and international academic fields.

The Centre promotes itself as a body commited to the study of the Italian identity and *italici* in the world, following their geographical and historical evolution. Its success is thanks in part to a constant program of research and update, made available to scholars, students and to those interested in this field through a number of important means:

- **Altreitalie**, an international journal on Italian migrations in the world, published half-yearly under the direction of Maddalena Tirabassi, published for the first time in 1989 and available online since 1996;
- the **Documentation centre on the people of Italian origin in the world**, which manages the three online databases of the project "Find Your Roots", with which it is possible to research lists of hundreds of thousands of Italians who disembarked at New York, Buenos Aires and Vitória (Brazil) between the 19th and 20th centuries;
- the library, at which is available an ample and updated selection of volumes, journals and other documentation;
- the **Altreitalie Academy**, which meets annually for the training and updating of young scholars, Italian and foreign, who are interested in the study of migration;
- the **prize** for the best Italian and foreign theses on the subject;
- **Research scholarships**
- **Website**

See the section **Publications Received** on page 52 for more details of some *Globus et Locus* publications recently acquired by the Italian Historical Society Library.

Globus et Locus was founded in 1997 and counts amongst its members some of the most important delegations of northern Italy and Switzerland, including Regions, Municipalities, cultural foundations under the patronage of the banking sector and Italian Chambers of Commerce.

The purpose of Globus et Locus is **to promote at the highest level, the analysis of the problems associated with the challenges that glocalisation poses to institutions, to the leaders and to the grass roots of society**.

One of the principal themes set forth is the relationship between "local" and "global" where "local" indicates the vast geographical area of northern Italy (from Piemonte to Friuli as far as Tuscany, comprising the belt of Ticino, Switzerland) – recognised as a geopolitical unit that constitutes **one of the richest and most developed macro regions in Europe** – while "global" refers to a new concept that observes the passage from a world controlled by international relations to a unitary vision.

Globus et Locus's vocation is carried out through:

- **Projects**

Globus et Locus develops and carries out projects with a view to, at best, address the problems connected to the changes generated by glocalisation.
The most significant of these problems concerns:

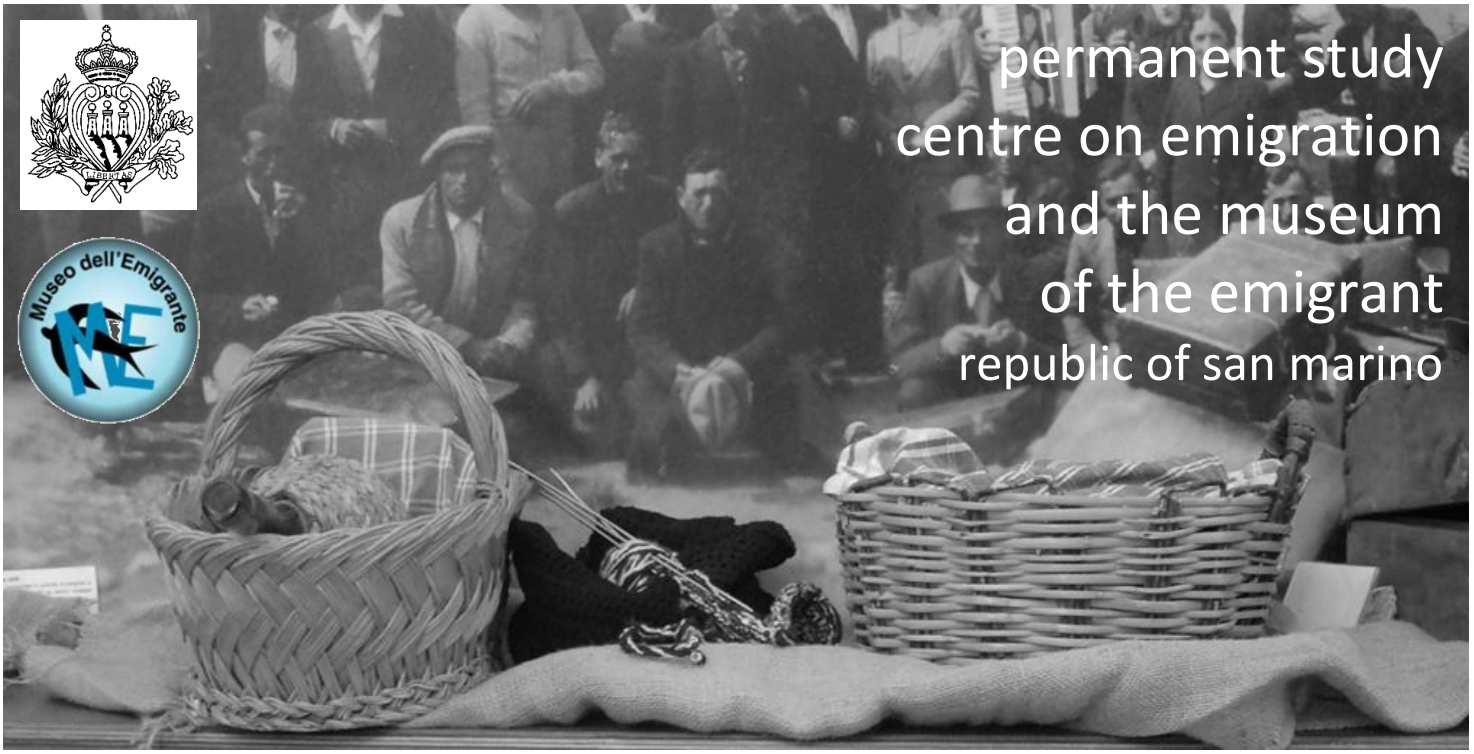
- ❖ global governance and the reform of the UN system;
- ❖ new populations destined to live in the global world, in particular the "Italici", a community of 250 million people;
- ❖ the movement of people, trade and cultural markers; and
- ❖ the city as the crux of the global network.

- **Research**

In tight synergy with its members and through alliances with institutes and research centres, Globus et Locus has promoted a series of research projects on the phenomena of globalisation, analysing these phenomena in terms of the intersection between the "local" aspect (the roots and the meaningful places) and the "global" aspect (the relational qualities and horizons within which these relations occur). Much of the research has been published by Bruno Mondadori or Giampiero Casagrande publishing house.

- **Website**

The Globus et Locus website (www.globusetlocus.org) represents an important instrument of communication and congregation and intends to offer various stakeholders – policy makers, research centres, journalists, academics and individuals from all over the world – ideas and information for a better understanding of the dynamics generated by glocalisation. Constantly updated on the activities of the Association in Italy and abroad, the site also contains sections dedicated to news on interesting themes, press releases and bibliographical references. Another significant tool is the Globus et Locus monthly newsletter, which includes a message from the President and news on activities of the Association and other entities which merit attention.



permanent study centre on emigration and the museum of the emigrant republic of san marino

reasons for a choice

Emigration has been one of the most distinctive and characteristic aspects of the contemporary history of the Republic of San Marino. Although many other countries have experienced and are still experiencing large-scale migratory movements, not so many countries, as San Marino, have experienced such an intensive flow, so long distributed in time, with so many destinations. In past centuries for San Marino people emigration was a way to live and survive, almost a tradition passed down from generation to generation. Before becoming a mass exodus, upsetting ancient balances and halving the population of small San Marino towns, emigration was used as a resource. San Marino people, regulating their flows according to seasonal trends in agricultural work, used to follow well-known itineraries, already opened by their predecessors, according to precise convenience considerations.

However the highest rates in emigration were reached in the contemporary age, in particular during the last decades of the 19th century and the 20th century, when more than a half of the population left the country. San Marino people who left for South America, United States, Canada, France, Belgium and other European States took with them habits, values, ideals and circulated their culture and know-how. They brought to the host country, not always welcoming them, their youth, strength and intelligence. They learnt new professions or improved and adjusted their original professions. In the countryside, mines, marble quarries, builder's yards, factories, ports, restaurants and on the roads, they made any effort to be equal to o better than resident workers. They tried to integrate, learning their language, adapting to their costumes. But in their houses, with their families, their friends, at meetings and parties, San Marino people have always tried to keep collective memory alive about the reasons of their departure. They have continued transmitting their cultural identity, reinforcing their will to maintain the conscience of common roots and the memories of homeland.

San Marino people have always tried to keep collective memory alive about the reasons of their departure. They have continued transmitting their cultural identity, reinforcing their will to maintain the conscience of common roots and the memories of homeland.

Many years have passed and historical conditions are now very different, but the strong link with the homeland, made of work, intelligence and personal initiative of so many San Marino people, is still alive and operating. The 13,000 San Marino people still living in various countries of the world are the testimony of that large Diaspora. Today, when the migration phenomenon may be considered substantially over, and to have left room to its opposite, a large part of our material and symbolic inter-exchange with the rest of the world still passes through the children and grandchildren of our emigrants, who took over the heritage of a complex but intensive and vital identity feeling.

The entire history of our country during the contemporary age has inherited the essential characteristics of migration. What would San Marino economy be today without the accumulation of resources provided by emigrants' remittances? The inter-exchange of trades, professional experiences, technologies materially took place through the migratory flows. What role did the "sign" of our emigration play in our symbolic universe, in the construction and definition of our imagination, in our culture, and in short, in our collective identity?

On the basis of these questions, involving not only scholars studying migratory themes, but all those who want to discover their own roots, we felt the need to open in San Marino a

Permanent Study Centre on Emigration – Museum of the Emigrant, to allow those who live in the Republic, and those who live abroad, to explore, without rites or rhetoric, migratory events, collectively recognizing themselves with regard to past and future.

In 1997 the Permanent Study Centre on Emigration – Museum of the Emigrant was established in a wing of the ancient Monastero Santa Chiara, located in the historical centre of San Marino. The project was completed thanks to the active cooperation of all citizens, providing objects, documents, testimonies, advice, besides economic contribution from public and private entities and international organizations. High school and university students were involved in the project to interview former emigrants and collect documentary and iconographic material. The research was also carried out among the twenty five Communities of San Marino Citizens Resident Abroad. Continuous involvement and cooperation are the best guarantee for the development of any future initiative.

The collected materials are divided in three large categories: objects, written sources and iconographic sources.

- Objects include work tools and tools of any kind relevant to the migratory experience.
- Written sources include:
  - correspondence with emigrants (letters and postcards from and to San Marino);
  - miscellaneous documents (passports, certificates, government calls from foreign countries, ticket fares, working papers and pay sheets, receipts and bank books, diplomas obtained abroad, official correspondence with public and private administrations, sports or other certificates, advertising of San Marino companies abroad, posters and documents of the Communities abroad, notices and announcements of baptisms, confirmations, weddings, etc.);
  - minor literature (autobiographies, diaries, essays on emigration).
- The iconographic sources have been collected from the families who have experienced migration either directly or indirectly.

the research centre

The Permanent Study Centre on Emigration was established on the one hand to collect and protect the history and memory of San Marino emigration, highlighting its social, political, economic, linguistic and anthropological aspects, and on the other hand, to become a research centre on migrations.

Over the years the Research Centre has promoted and carried out several initiatives, described in detail on its website at www.museoemigrante.sm:

- Conferences and seminars. The Conference "Migration and Development" held on 20-21 October 2006 obtained the support of the Secretary General of the Council of Europe Terry Davis.
- A specialized library (which may be consulted on the unified catalogue of San Marino University at http://supernova.unirsm.sm/sebina/opac/ase);
- A film library containing multimedia productions and amateur videotapes;
- A book collection;
- A drama: "The Hero's Journey";
- A literary competition: "The Migratory Experience of San Marino People";
- An itinerant exhibition: "A Small State in the Great History. Emigration Between Event and Narration" to be consulted at www.museoemigrante.sm
- Workshops for schools; and
- A project for networked research: "Migrant Professions";

The Study Centre promotes the introduction of San Marino university students or graduates in the field of research and operates under the guidance of an Advisory Board. It is linked to a network of research centres with similar objectives located in Italy, in European countries and outside Europe. It has been a member of AEMI (Association of European Migration Institutions) since 1997.

The archives of the Museum consist of:

Hard-copy archive:

→ 1,200 documents on emigration, collected in San Marino and abroad, filed and catalogued by community;
→ 12,000 passports and relevant certificates filed and numbered progressively; and
→ 500 original pieces or copies of public and private correspondence.

Sound archive:

→ 300 interviews and 150 filmed interviews to former emigrants and San Marino nationals resident abroad.

Digital archive:

→ microfilms of: documents related to the Emigration Office over the period 1923-1942, deposited in the State Archive; the minutes of SUMS (Società Unione Mutuo Soccorso) over the period 1893-1914; and baptism extracts at the Saint's Basilica over the period 1572-1870.

the memory archive

The Memory Archive is a networked system dedicated to the research and management of data and documentation on San Marino emigration. This project, still in progress, not only facilitates the collection and inclusion of sources in an inventory, and their consultation and use, but it also enables users to access such information by entering a password.

The objective is the creation of a "large San Marino memory archive", a virtual and interactive museum of intangible goods,

which may be consulted, widened and updated in all countries of the world hosting San Marino citizens.

The archives consist of 8 databases: the first five include expatriation documents, testifying more than a hundred years of emigration. Research can be carried out by entering the person's surname, selecting the country of emigration or entering the period of issue of the document authorizing expatriation.

1. register of expatriation records (1835-1843 and 1856-1860)

The archive contains more than 1,550 entries from 1835 to 1843 ad from 1856 to 1861. Such data have been obtained from expatriation records on migration movements of San Marino nationals to Italy, showing personal data, profession and destination.

2. emigration permits (1865-1923)

The archive contains 16,298 entries obtained from the emigration permits issued to San Marino citizens who emigrated to Italy from 1865 to 1923. Each permit shows personal data, profession and destination.

3. stubs (1868-1923)

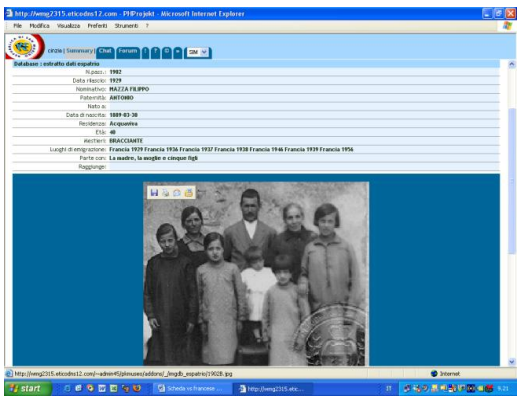
The archive contains 5,914 entries obtained from the stubs of the expatriation records (documents necessary to emigrate to European and non European countries from 1868 to 1923). They contain personal data, profession and destination, and accompanying family members' names.

4. renewal of stubs (1868-1923)

The archive contains 1,911 detailed entries obtained from the requests for renewal of the expatriation document, showing places of destination, profession and accompanying family members' names.

5. passports (1923-1962)

The archive contains 11,977 entries (plus renewals) with photographs obtained from passports issued to San Marino citizens (Law on passport issue n. 23 of 13 August 1923, which replaced all other expatriation documents). The passports are preserved at the Museum of the Emigrant and represent a invaluable documentary heritage. Each passport shows photograph, personal data, social class, destination, profession and accompanying family members' names.



6. repatriations (1960-1980)

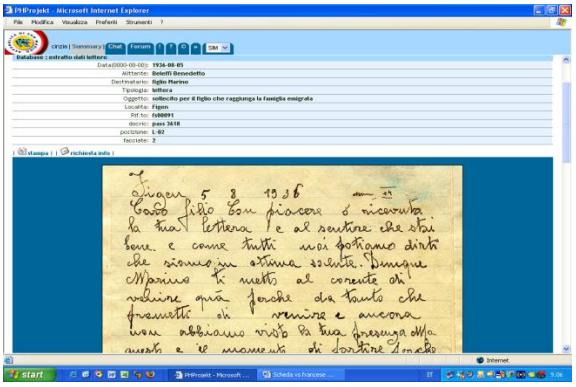
The archive contains about 4,960 entries of citizens repatriated to San Marino between 1960 and 1980. Each entry shows personal data, repatriation year, country of departure.

7. iconographies

The archive contains about 1,800 photographs, which are catalogued into macro-categories (in studio, ceremony, travel, community, work, monuments, leisure time, school, other). For each photograph place, date, type and donor are specified.

8. letters

The archive contains 200 letters catalogued according to the following parameters: date, sender, receiver, type (letter, postcard, telegram), subject, place.



the exhibition

The Museum of the Emigrant, which was established with the objective to become a large documentary exhibition, presenting San Marino emigration as an historical event and a narration, is neither a mere container for obsolete objects nor a "monument" fixed once and for all. It is a comprehensive itinerary aiming at representing the essential characteristics of San Marino society and economy, caught also through material culture.

The Museum, which came in the top ten at the "1998 European Museum of the Year Award", organized by the association "The European Museum Forum" with the support of the Council of Europe, can also be visited on the Internet at www.museoemigrante.sm.

The tour starts with an enlarged picture of a group of San Marino citizens leaving for Germany in 1939, following a Government call, and proceeds through eight rooms (divided

up according to 9 themes), which highlight the most significant aspects of the history of San Marino emigration by means of images, 3D charts, original documents and objects. The tour shows the various emigration stages, which, although in different forms, are always dramatic. Indeed, emigration is always characterised by: departure and flee from economic and political situations which have become unbearable, the difficulty in maintaining family bonds, nostalgia and racism. These recurrent aspects of people's behaviours and migration cycles are shown in the various rooms of the Museum.

Every year, the Museum is visited by about 800 people (this data is inferred from the guestbook). Moreover, upon request, guided tours are organised for tourist groups or students. Upon request, workshops and meetings with former emigrants can be arranged for students in cooperation with teachers.

***first room** – departure*

In the centre of the room is a display of trunks and clothes in order to recapture the sense of loss of those who were forced to seek their fortunes abroad. The room is surrounded by large panels showing the official calls, upon which the names and professions of those who went to work abroad are listed. The texts entitled "The Social Causes of San Marino Emigration", "Emigration, a Historical Resource", "Reflections upon History – A Statistical Perspective" and "The Press", accompanied by pictures and original documents, describe the causes of departure.

***second room** – travel*

A big 3D chart shows the progression of requests for passports from 1923 to 1950. The text entitled "The Dream of Travelling" is accompanied by pictures of both the travel and the arrival and by parts of interviews, such as "*We had a terrible storm... Eight days indoors. We were thirteen people from San Marino and we were put at the front and in the last cabin at the bottom, three floors under water...*" These words show the malaise and pain related to departure and common to past and present emigration.

***third room** – expatriation*

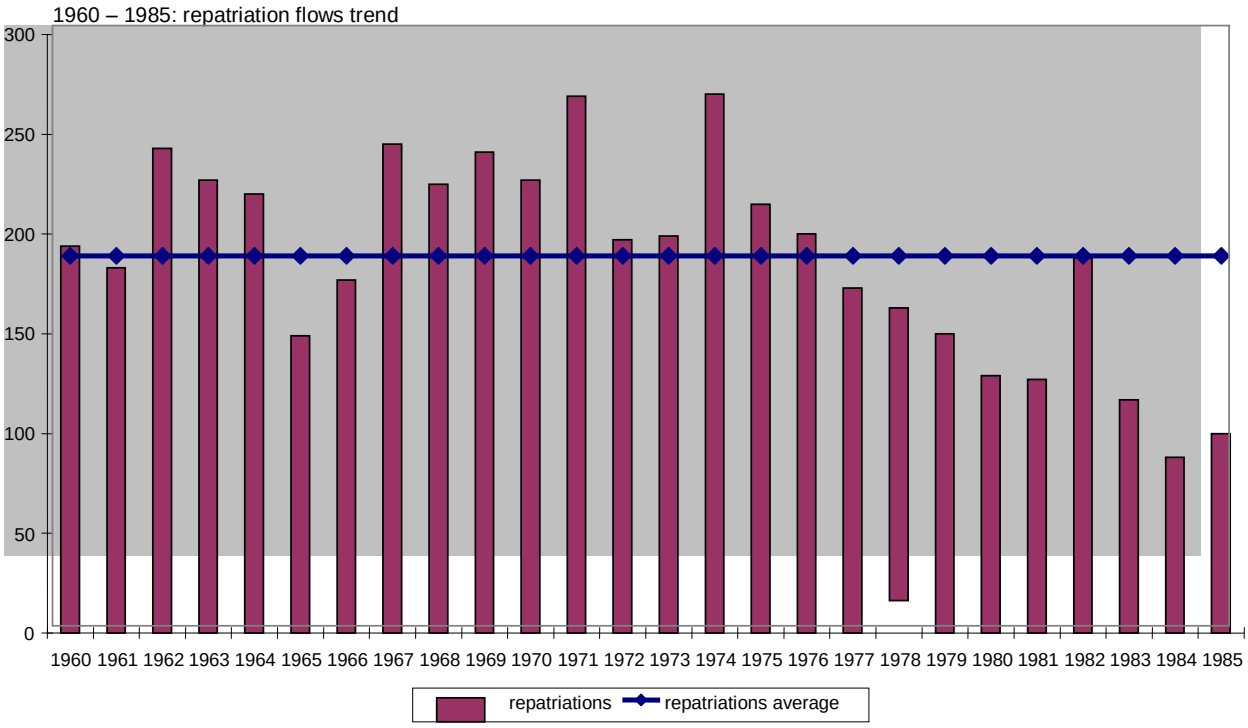
The text entitled "Office for temporary emigration in Europe," accompanied by pictures and a collection of expatriation documents used before the introduction of passports in 1923, testify to the difficulties encountered by those wishing to emigrate.

***fourth room** – arrival*

In the centre of the room, a large interactive planisphere provides information on San Marino citizens still residing abroad. The texts entitled "Calls and Emigration Chains", "The Americas, Europe, Italy" and "Entry Regulations for Migrants", accompanied by pictures, permits and travel tickets, show the various migration destinations.

***fifth room** – work abroad and return to the homeland*

This room is divided up into two different sections, namely 'work' and 'return', by some enlargements of letters sent by emigrants to their families. The first section (A) shows a chart with the trades performed by San Marino citizens abroad, with various pictures of the work places. The second section (B) is dedicated to the return to homeland: the texts entitled "The Emigrants' Remittances" and "The Emigrants' Return: How They Transformed San Marino", and a chart with the data on the emigrants' returns between 1960 and 1980, show the fact that those who returned to their homeland brought not only economic resources to the country but also new ways of living and thinking.



sixth room *– trades*

In this room, some small work environments have been reconstructed to show old trades, with the help of the texts entitled "Wet Nurses", "The Farmer's Boy", "The Miner", "The Stonecutter", "The Bricklayer" and of old objects and working tools. Some of these trades have disappeared while others are still practised in different work environments.

seventh room *– emigration to the USA*

This room shows the texts, documents and images concerning San Marino emigration to the United States, which started in the early twentieth century, and the large collection of 12,000 passports from 1923 to 1960 and the expatriation documents used before the introduction of passport in 1923.

eighth room *– women's emigration*

This room is particularly fascinating as it contains the large kitchen of the nuns dating back to the 19th century. On the wall opposite to the large ovens, the history of women's emigration is narrated by means of texts, pictures, documents and the projection of video interviews.

The Permanent Study Centre on Emigration and Museum of the Emigrant

Antico Monastero Santa Chiara
Contrada Omerelli n. 24
47890 Repubblica di San Marino
ph: +378-0549-885171
www.museoemigrante.sm
emigrante@omniway.sm

ITALY'S MEMORY LIVES IN ROME

BY CARLA TORREGGIANI

Today, all over Italy, museums, cultural centres and archives are dedicated to conserving the history of Italy. Documents, images and words illustrate how so many chose to abandon their homeland and their families, out of necessity, for family or individual reasons. 2011 marks the 150th anniversary of the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy. From 1861 to today, more than 29 million Italians have emigrated. Housed in the Vittoriano complex in Rome, the MEI (Museo Nazionale dell'Emigrazione Italiana – National Museum of Italian Emigration) celebrates this anniversary by recounting the phenomenon of Italian emigration as an integral part of the history of our country. Emigration has occupied an important role in the story of Italy, which now hosts migrants from all parts of the globe, but which continues to see its children abandon the nation (approximately 50,000 compatriots leave Italy each year). The MEI suggests that the high number of citizenship acquisitions abroad, 450,000 from 1998 to 2006, and the presence of Italian descendents of migrants who today arrive in our country, sheds light on the need to establish a dialogue with the community abroad.

The Museum is subdivided into three principal sections. The first, divided into five chronological segments, acquaints the visitor on the political, social and economic characteristics of the Italian diaspora preceding unification; Italian emigration from 1876 to 1915; the departures from Italy in the period between the two World Wars (1916-1942); post-war emigration (1946-1976) and the current situation of the Italian community in the world.

The second section is dedicated to regional presence, elaborating on individual characteristics of migration. The enormous Italian historical and cultural legacy inherent in both regional and local emigration is presented in terms of a national reading. In strange lands Italians from different regions with their dialects and diverse outlooks, have formed enduring ties thanks to their shared identity, thus deepening their feeling of *italianità*.

The third section of the Museum is an interactive journey through emigration that portrays the entire historical period, through cinema, literature, photography, music and rare objects that represent the broad Italian diaspora.

A section of the Museum is dedicated to Italian emigration to Australia and has been prepared thanks to the valuable contribution of the Italian Historical Society – Co.As.It. in Melbourne. The story of Italian emigration to Australia can be traced from the end of the eighteenth century with the arrival of several pioneers who hailed from economically poor areas, but nevertheless rich in culture, history and tradition. Since then, thousands of Italians have emigrated to Australia in search of a better life and a more prosperous environment in which to work and create a future.

Italian emigrants have experimented with nearly every kind of work, exploiting professional skills acquired abroad or maybe learned in the fatherland. The migratory experience has encompassed enormous changes in the lives of emigrants causing them to conserve traditional values, habits and customs. In the process of settling in their adopted country, first generation emigrants have contributed to the creation of a new Italo-Australian culture, preserving the memory of the country left behind and focusing on a future of hope in the new land.

At present, research on the lives of migrants continues to embrace new areas of study. The MEI intends to continually update information so as to illustrate the phenomenon of past migrations and cast a glance on the phenomenon of present-day immigration. This support is extended to all museums who work in the research and conservation of the history of Italy.

MEI – MUSEO NAZIONALE EMIGRAZIONE ITALIANA
Complesso Monumentale del Vittoriano
Piazza dell'Ara Coeli, 1
+ 39 06 69 20 20 49
info@museonazionaleemmigrazione.it
www.museonazionaleemigrazione.it

Immigration Bridge

From the World to Australia

immigration place, canberra

Celebrate the contribution of immigrants to Australia's past, present and future. Immigrants have played a central role in the political, social and economic life of Australia since 1788, and we want to celebrate the ways they have enriched our community and culture.

Our vision is for a significant national monument located within Canberra's Parliamentary Triangle, close to the other landmark sites and buildings which speak of Australia's past and future. The monument will become a place for all Australians to meet and reflect on our immigrant past, as well as a beacon welcoming future immigrants to their new home.

reserve a name place

Every Australian family is invited to have their name, country of origin and year of arrival displayed in Immigration Place.

The cost of each name is $110 (inc GST). Money raised from this program will go towards the construction of Immigration Place – giving all who contribute a permanent physical memorial.

To reserve your name at Immigration Place, or to register your story visit or call

www.immigrationbridge.com.au

1300 300 046

1531 migration stories published so far in the migration book

50,000 people a week come from the world over to the website to read these stories. Why not add yours?

The Migration Book will be published and on display at Immigration place for all visitors to see, and we hope that this collection will be one of the most important and accessible accounts of migration in the world.

Just two pages or less – anyone can do it, and think of the joy you will be giving to the generations to come. Help us all to understand Australia's migration history.

The Italian Historical Society supports the Immigration Bridge Australia project.

publications received

The following publications have been recently purchased by, or donated to the Italian Historical Society. The Society makes every attempt to acquire all current publications in the field of Italian-Australian history. These publications are available for consultation at the Library of the Italian Historical Society.

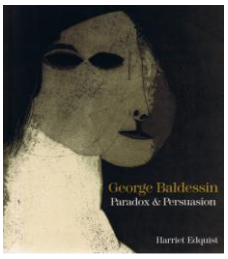
art | music | film

Geelong Art Gallery, *Bruno Leti. Survey Artists Books 1982 2003*, Geelong: Geelong Art Gallery, 2003.
Published by the Geelong Art Gallery to accompany the 2003 travelling exhibition of Bruno Leti's artists books (curated by Brian Hubber), this catalogue photographically documents some of the many exquisite artists books produced by Leti in the period 1982 to 2003. Included in the catalogue are bibliographical notes, a bibliography and an insightful essay by Alan Loney, fellow producer of artists books, freelance writer and co-director of The Holloway Press at the University of Auckland, New Zealand.

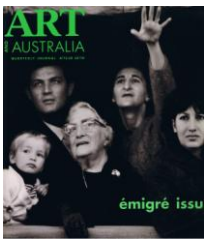
Magistrates' Court of Victoria, *Bruno Leti. The Children's Court Paintings, Melbourne*, Melbourne: Magistrates' Court of Victoria, 2000.
This catalogue of Bruno Leti's large oil paintings on linen for the Children's Court of Victoria was published on the occasion of the official opening of the building. The catalogue considers in detail both the artistic and architectural requirements of the structure. These are expressed through an interesting introductory essay by Dr Sasha Grishin, Reader in Art History at the Australian National University, Canberra, and followed by an explanation of the Courts' structural design by architects Roger Poole and Andrew Raftopoulos of Bates Smart Architecture.

***Hands and Heart, Stitches of Love*, Melbourne: FILEF, 2008.**
This small booklet was produced to complement the exhibition of the *Hands and Heart, Stitches of Love* exhibition held at Co.As.It. in conjunction with the 2008 Melbourne Italian Festival. It photographically documents some of the exhibition, which was a celebration of women's work of handmade trousseau or dowry Italian textiles from various regions of Italy. The textiles exhibited were selected from private collections, sourced by the Filef (Federazione italiana lavoratori emigrati e famiglie) Women's Group.

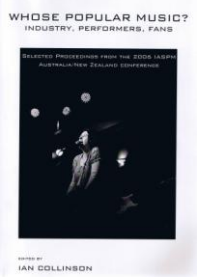
McCaughey, Patrick, 'The Graphic Work of George Baldessin,' in *Art & Australia*, Vol. 7, No. 2, 1969, pp. 154-159.
Written by well-known art historian, critic and writer, Patrick McCaughey, this essay considers the graphic work, including prints, etchings and aquatints, of George Baldessin. Born in San Biagio di Callata in the Veneto in 1939, Baldessin migrated to Melbourne at the age of 10 and enjoyed a successful artistic career until his tragic death in 1978. McCaughey considers Baldessin's graphic works as a "substantial body of work deserving of comment in its own right ... they represent a sustained attempt to maintain a pictorial figuration at a time when figurative painting [was] steering an erratic course."



Edquist, Harriet; Palmer, Maudie (ed.), *George Baldessin. Paradox & Persuasion*, Collingwood: Australian Galleries Publishing, 2009.
This major book on Baldessin's art was published on the occasion of the thirty-first anniversary of his death and to complement a retrospective of his work at TarraWarra Museum of Art. Both the survey exhibition and the book explore the unique relationships that prevail throughout Baldessin's oeuvre. Harriet Edquist offers the reader an appreciation of Baldessin's work and of the vibrant period of the 1960s and 1970s in Melbourne, providing a new understanding of the inspiration that fuelled his boundless invention and experimentation.

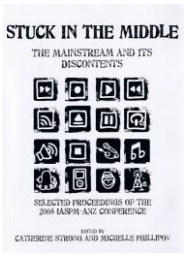


Art Quarterly, *Art & Australia*, Vol. 30, No. 4, 1993, Émigré Issue.
This issue of *Art & Australia* is conceived in the context of post-colonial recognition of the importance of cultural relationships. Over eleven essays, the journal seeks to record the significant contribution of European émigrés to Australian visual art and to examine the process of change.



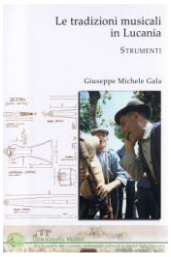
Collinson, Ian (ed.), *Whose Popular Music? Industry, Performers, Fans*, Ryde: Macquarie University Printery, 2008.

This book publishes selected proceedings from the 2006 International Association for the Study of Popular Music (IASPM) Australia/New Zealand Conference. Loosely gathered around the theme, *Whose Popular Music?*, the articles showcase the panoramic scope of association members' research interests. Of particular interest is John Whiteoak's article, "Play to Me Gypsy': Australian Imaginings of 'Gypsies' in popular music before multiculturalism and 'World Music'" and Aline Scott-Maxwell insightful piece, "Seeking the 'popular' in Melbourne's Banda Bellini".



Scott-Maxwell, Aline, 'From San Remo to the Antipodes: Singing, Songwriting and the Italian Song Festival Tradition in Australia' in *Stuck in the Middle. The Mainstream and its Discontents. Selected Proceedings of the 2008 IASPM-ANZ Conference*, Auckland: Oliver Young, 2008.

The concept of the 'mainstream' is a contested one in popular music studies. The papers presented in this record of conference proceedings reflect the diverse and disputed nature of the concept of the 'mainstream' and open up some productive avenues for further exploration of this contested terrain. Aline Scott-Maxwell's paper challenges this notion by considering the history of the Italian Song Festival Tradition in Australia and encourages the reader to reflect on this within the context of the 'mainstream'.



Gala, Giuseppe Michele, *Le tradizioni musicali in Lucania*, Bologna: SGA Storia Geofisica Ambiente, 2007.

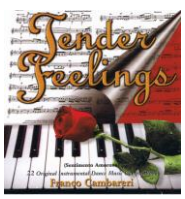
Based on 25 years of research in the field, this book is part of a series that looks at the history and significance of the instruments that form the basis of traditional music of southern Italy. Following some introductory essays, the book is then divided into sixteen chapters. The book not only presents the history of the bagpipe but also other instruments, such as flutes and whistles, drums, organs and accordions and the harp of Viggiano. Also included is a CD of traditional music played with the bagpipe. Further information on the cooperative and its research is available online at www.taranta.it.

Le tradizioni musicali in Lucania, vol. 1, *1. La Zampogna Lucana, 2. Organetto e Tarantelle, 3. L'Arpa di Viggiano*, 1991.

The series of CDs, *Le tradizioni musicali in Lucania*, complement the book of the same name. The recordings showcase some traditional Italian folk-tunes, drawing mainly from the ethno-dance music repertoire. The first album, *La Zampogna Lucana*, is instrumental and presents several good examples from the repertoire of the zampogna (bagpipe) and other wind instruments in Lucania. The second album, *Organetto e Tarantelle*, showcases the accordion, an instrument that over the last century has gradually taken the place of the bagpipe. Also featured is the music of the folk dance, the *tarantella*. Finally, the third album is entitled *L'Arpa di Viggiano* and captures the unique and melodic sounds of the last surviving players of the pastoral harp of Viggiano.

Gala, Giuseppe Michele (ed.), *Balli della Maremma Toscana*, vol. 1, 2001.

The Maremma area, which takes its name from the Latin "Maritima", covers the southernmost coastal stretch of Tuscany and the northernmost part of Lazio. For thousands of years the Maremma has seen seasonal migrations of people and their herds. As a result, traditions, such as folk dances, were exchanged, modified and adapted. This album comprises thirty-seven typical tunes and melodies that accompanied the traditional dances of the Maremma area.

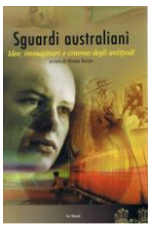


Cambareri, Franco, *Tender Feelings*, Brunswick: Colossal Records of Australia, 2001.

Following a twenty-seven year break from the music industry, Franco Cambareri re-enters the music scene with vigour thanks to the release of his CD, *Tender Feelings*. The album features twenty-two compositions, entirely composed, arranged, played, recorded and produced by Cambareri. He dedicates the music to his family and close friends, each piece composed in a style of music style relative to their country of origin. The album has received significant airplay on radio stations across Australia.

Nemec, Belinda (ed.), *University of Melbourne Collections*, Issue 3, December 2008.

Collections is the bi-annual magazine published by the Cultural Collections Group and the Publications Team at the University of Melbourne, covering all 32 of the University's collections. The variety of subject matter and authors contributing to this magazine illustrates the importance of these cultural collections to the cultural being of the University. This issue covers such topics from a German-born polar explorer and meteorologist to a medical textbook about the diseases common in an 18th century English farming community. Of particular interest to the Italian community is an article by Alison Rabinovici about a ledger which provides intriguing clues to the lives of Melbourne's amateur and professional musicians in the early 20th century.

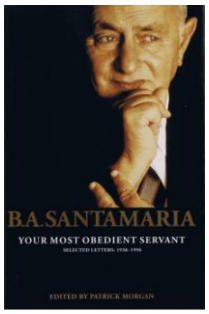


Tuccio, Silvana (ed.), *Sguardi australiani. Idee, immaginari e cinema degli antipodi*, Genova: Le Mani, 2005.

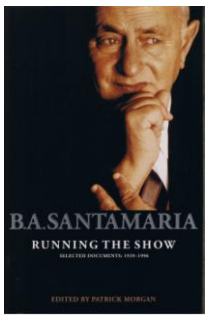
The result of a collaboration between the cultural association *'Lacunae'* and the Monash University Centre in Prato, this book brings together a number of articles on Australian cinema. Australian cinema remains a relatively unknown topic in Italy, despite its growing success and the associated prospect of insight into the complexities of contemporary Australian culture. Written by Australian academics and artists and translated into Italian,

the essays aim to expose Italian readers to an aspect of Australian culture which merits examination.

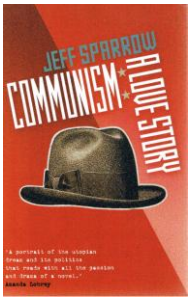
biography & autobiography



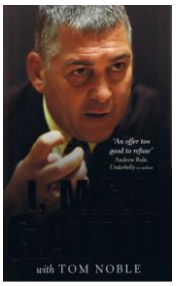
Morgan, Patrick (ed.), *B.A. Santamaria. Your Most Obedient Servant. Selected Letters: 1938-1996*, Melbourne: The Miegunyah Press, 2007.
Published in collaboration with the State Library of Victoria, to whom the extraordinary archives of B.A. Santamaria have been donated, this book aims to reveal the development of Santamaria's thinking through the most intimate form of communication; private correspondence. This collection of letters spanning sixty years shows facets of Santamaria's personality and activities that have, until now, been undisclosed. The letters are both personal and professional and speak frankly on matters of the state, the Church and family. He is revealed as a person more subtle in his views that his public persona would suggest.



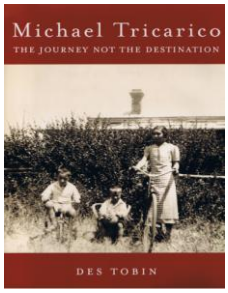
Morgan, Patrick (ed.), *B.A. Santamaria. Running the Show. Selected Documents: 1939-1996*, Melbourne: The Miegunyah Press, 2008.
This volume complements the publication above and contains essays, articles and extracts from publications of the prolific and articulate B.A. Santamaria. Writing was a key part of his political activity and he turned out exhaustive analyses and rejoinders on every matter of importance. *Running the Show* reveals many of the unpublished documents Santamaria produced during his six decades of continuous public activity. It includes speeches, strategic papers, reports to superiors, memos to politicians, aides-mémoires, position papers, personal statements and political analyses. Moreover, it throws new light on a number of crucial episodes in his career.



Sparrow, Jeff, *Communism: A Love Story*, Melbourne: Melbourne University Press, 2007.
Impassioned, witty and moving, *Communism: A Love Story* rediscovers the fascinating life of Guido Baracchi. Baracchi, who was the only son of a famous astronomer, helped launch Australia's Communist Party and served, for a time, as its leading intellectual. Despite being dubbed by *The Sun* as 'Melbourne's Lenin' and classified by ASIO as "a person of bad moral character and violent and unstable political views," Baracchi was twice expelled by the Communist Party. Yet, in true radical orthodox style, he never gave up the struggle. This book makes a provocative argument about the history and the future of politics in Australia.

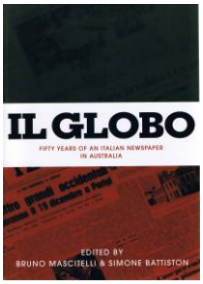


Gatto, Mick; with Noble, Tom, *I, Mick Gatto*, Melbourne: Victory Books, 2009.
He would become an Australian household name. The autobiography *I, Mick Gatto* sheds an intimate light on the man behind the headlines. The son of two Calabrian immigrants, Gatto recounts his inner-city upbringing, his professional heavyweight boxing career and finally his apprenticeship with one of Australia's best safe-breakers. Notably, he describes the gambling industry and his fourteen months in jail awaiting the trial for the murder of Andrew Veniamin. This book provides an extraordinary insight into a colourful and mysterious world, with its own codes, loyalties and treacheries.



Tobin, Des, *Michael Tricarico. The journey not the destination*, Malvern: Killaghy Publishing, 2009.
Michael Tricarico and his siblings are descendants of southern Italian peasant farmers. Tricarico's father Giuseppe came to Australia in 1926 followed by his mother Angela and sister in 1930. Author, Des Tobin, writes with warmth and eloquence of the Tricaricos' time in East Gippsland during the War before their move to Silvan in 1946. With particular emphasis on Michael's story, Tobin describes his time selling produce at the Queen Victoria Market, before embarking on the distribution of agricultural equipment and finally describing the establishment of Silvan Australia, one of Australia's leading manufacturers and distributors of agricultural and horticultural equipment. This meticulous publication contains over 300 photographs and records yet another story about the Italian contribution to Australia.

Ciconte, Enzo; Macrì, Vincenzo, *Australian 'ndrangheta. I codici di affiliazione e la missione di Nicola Calipari*, Soveria Mannelli: Rubbettino Editore, 2009.
Australian 'ndrangheta chronicles the story of "two 'ndrangheta clans active in Australia – effectively subsidiaries of the powerful Alvaro clan and the Nirta clan." The book draws on information gathered in 1988 by the late Italian secret agent, Nicola Calipari. Authored with expertise – Vincenzo Macrì being one of Italy's leading anti-Mafia prosecutors and Enzo Ciconte a Mafia expert – the book sheds light on unpublished material that grants insight into relatively unknown presence of Calabrian organised crime in Australia.



Battiston, Simone; Mascitelli Bruno (eds.), *Il Globo. Fifty Years of an Italian Newspaper in Australia*, Ballan: Connor Court Publishing, 2009.
The year 2009 marked the 50th anniversary of Australia's leading Italian-language newspaper.

Researchers Dr Bruno Mascitelli and Dr Simone Battiston commemorated the occasion with the publication, *Il Globo. Fifty Years of an Italian Newspaper in Australia*, a comprehensive assessment and recollection of the newspaper's recording of the migration program, the defence of Italians in Australia as well as what was making news back in Italy. The book is divided into seven chronological and theme-based chapters: 1. The first 50 years; 2. 1959-1969: An early voice of Italians in Australia; 3. 1969-1979: A turbulent decade; 4. How the Italian-Australian left and its press viewed *Il Globo*; 5. A community paper for a changing community; 6. The newspaper for an 'imagined community'; and 7. Gli anni ruggenti: Nino Randazzo, journalist/editor of *Il Globo* and playwright, Gaetano Rando.

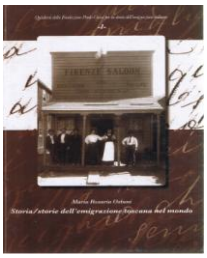
migration institutes & museums

Nicosia, Alessandro; Prencipe, Lorenzo (eds.), *Museo Nazionale Emigrazione Italiana*, Roma: Museo Nazionale Emigrazione Italiana e Gangemi Editore, 2009.

Published to inaugurate the Italian National Museum of Emigration in 2009, this rich publication entrusts itself with the task of contributing to a more detailed understanding of Italian emigration. The book pays particular attention to emigration from the late 18th century to the present day, conscious of positioning emigration within the relevant political, economic and social context. The high quality of this 500 page publication is testament to the importance that the current Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs places on the history of Italian migration abroad. The book is adorned with colour reproductions of photographs, documents and ephemera, data and statistical tables and various academically written and researched essays. Topics focus on the history of migration, the Italian diaspora abroad, and the representation of emigration in Italian cinema.

***Sotto tutti i cieli. Immagini e documenti del museo Paolo Cresci per la storia dell'emigrazione italiana*, Lucca: Museo Paolo Cresci dell'emigrazione italianae Tipografia Tommasi, 2008.**

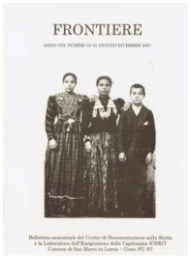
The Paolo Cresci Museum for the History of Italian Emigration, created by the Province of Lucca, studies the history and problems of emigration. The Foundation is named after Florentine researcher Paolo Cresci (1943-1997), whose archives are also held by the Museum. This catalogue is divided into chapters devoted to the main features or themes of emigration – from its causes to the choice of destination, conditions during the journey and on arrival, employment and other issues. It aims to offer a practical guide for those wishing to know more about the topic of emigration and also describes the collections of the Museum. The book is written in Italian, English and Spanish.



Ostuni, Maria Rosaria, *Storia/storie dell'emigrazione toscana nel mondo*, Lucca: Tipografia Tommasi, 2006.

This publication heralds a series of "Quaderni" or notebooks on immigration that intend to give impetus to the Foundation's research and studies, and to publicise the knowledge that this important phenomenon has significantly impacted on the political and social history of Italy over the last 150 years.

This volume tells the story of Tuscan immigration; to date a relatively under-studied field. The publication, complete with photographic reproductions, commences with a well-researched essay by Maria Rosaria Ostuni. Thirty-three primary accounts by Tuscan migrants follow the introductory essay.



Centro Studi 'Joseph Tusiani', *Frontiere*, Anno IX, Numeri 15-16, Giugno-Dicembre, 2007.

The six-monthly bulletin of the Centro di Documentazione sulla Storia e la Letteratura dell'Emigrazione della Capitanata (CDEC) subsidiary of the Centro Studi "Joseph Tusiani" in San Marco in Lamis) covers a diverse range of topics. Essays include 'Carlo Tresca: il dilemma di un radical anticomunista' by Gerald Meyer; 'Un'intervista inedita a Carlo Levi' by Roberto Ruberto; 'Dal paese alla città: Michele Parrella' edited by Sergio D'Amaro; and 'Emigrazione/ immigrazione: ricordo nostalgico del sentimento' by Luigi Lizzardo.

Centro Studi 'Joseph Tusiani', *Frontiere*, Anno IX, Numeri 17-18, Gennaio-Dicembre, 2008.

Numbers 17-18 of the bulletin comprises articles such as 'La scoperta dell'America' by Gaetano Quagliariello; 'Esuli pensieri. La letteratura italoamericana in un importante convegno a Foggia' by Ernesto L'Arab; and 'La "monelleria vagante": gli schiavi-bambini dell'800' by Massimo Tardio. Also included in this edition is a small supplement entitled 'Buon Compleanno Joseph!' The supplement celebrates the eightieth birthday anniversary of the Foundation's namesake and founder, Joseph Tusiani. It includes examples of his eloquent poetry as well as some short yet informative articles on the Centre and Tusiani himself.

Paolini, Davide; Seppilli, Tullio; Sorbini, Alberto (eds.), *1. Migrazioni e culture alimentari*, I Quaderni del Museo dell'Emigrazione, Foligno: Editoriale Umbria, 2002.

The Journal of the Immigration Museum is an editorial initiative of the Museo Regionale dell'Emigrazione Pietro Conti di Gualdo Tadino. *Migrazioni e culture alimentari* is the first edition in a series which endeavours to analyse various themes, features and recent phenomena of the migration process.

This volume investigates the numerous and complex effects of the migration process on food. It focuses, for example, on the types of ingredients utilised, the approach to food preparation and the development of an Italian food industry beyond a national context. The questions posed are supported by a case study which considers the transformation of culinary patterns of Italian migrants to America.

Nardelli, Dino Renato (ed.), *2. Per terre assai lontane. Dalla storia delle migrazioni ad una nuova idea di cittadinanza*, I Quaderni del Museo dell'Emigrazione, Foligno: Editoriale Umbria, 2002.

This volume publishes some presentations from the conference entitled 'Towards distant lands. From stories of migration to a new idea of citizenship', which took place in Orvieto, 14 to 16 April 1994. The conference and the book both examine the meaning of key terms such as 'distance', 'land' and 'multiculturalism'. Numerous essays debate whether the migration process promotes cultural dignity and the preservation of ethnic identity and the effect of the integration process on this notion.

Cigognetti, Luisa; Servetti, Lorenza (eds.), *3. Migranti in celluloide. Storici, cinema ed emigrazione*, I Quaderni del Museo dell'Emigrazione, Foligno: Editoriale Umbria, 2003.
Volume 3, 'Migranti in celloide', investigates how the Italian film industry gave specific and careful attention to the phenomenon of immigration and the movement of peoples – from southern to northern Italy, between European and trans-oceanic nations and between the east and west of the Mediterranean. Such films take into account the types of problems common to all migrants who, confused by unfamiliar routines and surrounds, are forced to assimilate into a new, different and sometimes crude reality.

Franzina, Emilio (ed.), *4. Traversate. Le grandi migrazioni transatlantiche e i racconti italiani del viaggio per mare*, I Quaderni del Museo dell'Emigrazione, Foligno: Editoriale Umbria, 2003.
A voyage 'by sea' solicits a sense of fantasy and evokes popular notions of adventure, drama and spontaneity. This book alters this somewhat illusory notion through interpretation of first-hand stories and experiences of migrants who made the long and demanding transatlantic journey by ship.

Morelli, Anne (ed.), *5. Gli italiani del Belgio. Storia e storie di due secoli di migrazioni*, I Quaderni del Museo dell'Emigrazione, Foligno: Editoriale Umbria, 2004.
Italian immigration to Belgium has been ongoing since the 1700s, continuing well into the last century. Morelli takes a chronological approach toward the economic and political aspects of this phenomenon. He does not treat them as two disconnected ideas but rather as two aspects that intrinsically cohabit and intertwine throughout and within the migratory process.

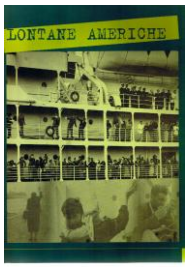
Paoletti, Gianni (ed.), *6. John Fante. Storie di un italoamericano*, I Quaderni del Museo dell'Emigrazione, Foligno: Editoriale Umbria, 2005.
John Fante is considered one of the most important American writers of the twentieth-century. His novels and stories are now deemed classic contemporary American literature, despite their Italo-American setting. Yet for this exact reason, they are also testimonies to life, to customs and to the psychological and social complexities of the Italian migrant community in the United States. Fante repeatedly succeeds in rendering the multicoloured frame of the Italian-American sensibility, exemplifying the controversial desire to preserve the memory of migrants' origins and the yearning to fully integrate into the modernity of the American world.

Tanzilo, Robert (ed.), *7. Milwaukee 1917. Uno scontro tra italoamericano*, I Quaderni del Museo dell'Emigrazione, Foligno: Editoriale Umbria, 2006.
On 9 September 1917, a group of alleged Italian migrant anarchists in Milwaukee collided with police who were protecting a meeting of protestant clergy, also of Italian background. Two of the migrants were killed and a further eleven were arrested. Following a trial steeped in anti-Italian prejudice, all were condemned to 25 years in prison for "conspiracy with intent to kill" and ultimately deported to Italy. Author Robert Tanzilo uses this case study to illustrate prejudice and aversion to Italian immigration in the United States.

Museo Regionale dell'Emigrazione Pietro Conti, *Concorso video nazionale. Memorie Migranti, III edizione*, Roma: Night and Day TV, 2007.
Each year, the Museo Regionale dell'Emigrazione Pietro Conti, in cooperation with the Institute for Contemporary Umbria History, holds a competition for the best video testimonial on Italian emigration abroad. The initiative is aimed at promoting the recovery of the Italian migration story throughout the world, from the end of the 19th century to the present time, as well as furthering research and studies on its historical, social and economic aspects. The shorts must illustrate the emigration experience through individual, family- related or community-based stories. As an additional challenge, they must also endeavour to represent broader perspectives on other related themes (i.e. reasons for leaving, the journey, employment and labour issues, female emigration, Italian communities abroad, the integration process, cultural clashes etc.).
This DVD commemorates the third year of the competition and comprises the 2007 winners and finalists. The DVD provides over four hours of film and is divided as per the competition categories: Stories and characters; University and Masters; Journalists; Secondary Schools (Grade 1); Secondary Schools (Grade 2); and Extra Features.

Museo Regionale dell'Emigrazione Pietro Conti, *Concorso video nazionale. Memorie Migranti, IV edizione*, Perugia: Grafica Video Avi News, 2008.
Edited by Daniela Menichini and Catia Monacelli and with introductions by journalist Piero Angela and Italian film director Giuliano Montaldo, this DVD presents the winners of the 2008 Memorie Migranti film competition. Extra features include a ten-minute informative presentation on the work and research endeavours of the Museo Regionale dell'Emigrazione Pietro Conti.

Tosi, Luciano (ed.), *La terra delle promesse. Immagini e documenti dell'emigrazione umbra all'estero*, Foligno: Electa/Editori Umbri Associati, 1992.
This paperback catalogue, generously illustrated with emotive black and white photographs, complements the 1992 exhibition of the same name. Coordinated and curated by Luciano Tosi for the Institute for Contemporary Umbrian History, the catalogue focuses on Umbrian emigration from 1890 to 1950. Particular attention is given to Umbrian emigration to France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Switzerland, Australia, Canada and Latin America.



Museo Regionale dell'Emigrazione di Gualdo Tadino, *Lontane Americhe*, Magliano Romano: Italy Italy Enterprises Srl, n.d.

This catalogue accompanies the photographic exhibition, *Lontane Americhe: sogni, danze e*

musiche degli emigranti. Organised by the Emigration Museum of Gualdo Tadino, the exhibition aimed to underline the cultural and human heritage linked to the mass immigration that passed through Ellis Island from 1899 to 1931. It documented the contributions of the hundreds of intellectuals, writers, poets, musicians, merchants, soldiers, exiles and adventurers who were attracted to the New World and its childish ideals of liberty.

migration studies

Centro Studi Emigrazione, Roma, *International journal of migration studies: Studi Emigrazione*, No. 173, January-March, 2009.

Issue 173 is dedicated to Canadian political philosophers Charles Taylor and Will Kymlicka and focuses on their significant contribution to the understanding of migration, identity and cross cultural communication. Of interest to the Australian audience is Daniela Cosmini-Rose's article which investigates the post-war experience of repatriated Calabresi.

The issue is edited by Matteo Sanfilippo and includes: 'Migrazioni e comunità: le riflessioni di Charles Taylor e Will Kymlicka' by Sanfilippo; 'Politica del riconoscimento e pluralism liberale. Note introduttive a Charles Taylor e Will Kymlicka' by Bellati; 'Multiculturalismo canadese e riconoscimento delle minoranze nel pensiero di Will Kymlicka e Charles Taylor' by Ramirez; 'Liberalismo e diritti delle minoranze culturali. Analisi e critica proposta teorica di Will Kymlicka' by Melidoro; 'La via identitaria al multiculturalismo: oltre Charles Taylor' by Henry & Pirni; 'Un filosofo e la società. Charles Taylor e la "Commission de consultation sur les pratiques d'accommodement reliées aux differences culturelles"' by Noël & Pâquet; 'Migrazioni e società multiculturali. Quale coesione sociale?' by Prencipe; 'Matrimoni misti: a tu per tu con l'alterità' by Bagnato; 'Tra il qui e l'altrove. Una ricercar sul rimpatrio dei cittadini marocchini' by Barbieri; 'Dall'Australia a Caulonia: esperienze di rimpatriati calabresi nel dopoguerra' by Cosmini-Rose; 'Le ricerche sugli immigrati in Francia: dal "lavoratore ospite" al commerciante à la valise' by Blanchard; 'Fuga di nazisti o migrazioni? A proposito di un libro di Gerald Steinacher' by Sanfilippo; and 'Prospettive geografiche sulle migrazioni in Italia. Una rassegna delle pubblicazioni dei geografi italiani negli anni 2004-2007' by Gentileschi.

Centro Studi Emigrazione, Roma, *International journal of migration studies: Studi Emigrazione*, No. 174, April-June, 2009.

Curated by Esoh Elamé, Issue 174 is dedicated to migration and development in sub-Saharan Africa. The issue includes: 'Repenser le co-développement' by Gueye; 'La diaspora virtuale e il suo contributo allo sviluppo' by Fois; 'Une stratégie de codéveloppement pour le retour volontaire et l'emploi durable des jeunes diplômes Africains' by Frossard; 'Pratiche di co-sviluppo nel progetto MIDA Italia-Ghana/Senegal' by Stocchiero; 'Migration et retour volontaire dans le pays d'origine: le cas des étudiants africains en France' by Elamé, Darjo, Dembelé & Mandolini; 'Percorsi di sostegno alla migrazione circolare attuati dalla Regione del Veneto: l'esperienza di "Re.M.: Return of Migrants" by Condotta & Libralesso; 'Buone prassi di co-sviluppo. Il Tavolo Migranti e Cooperazione della Regione Friuli Venezia Giulia' by Presta & Bandelli; 'Per una lettura intercultural: Il *Memoriale* per la costituzione di una commissione pontificia *Pro emigratis catholicis* (1905) redatto da Mons. G.B. Scalabrini' by Manca; 'Mediazione culturale e migrazione. Sistemi educativi e centri d'accoglienza: le percezione dei midatori scolastici' by Brigidi; '*Migranti autoctoni*: giovani e nuovi percorsi migratori nel sud d'Italia' by Cava; 'Alemanes antinazis e identidad alemana en la Argentina. La conformación de una identidad colectiva en un grupo minoritario' by Friedmann; and 'L'integrazione degli alunni stranieri nel sistema scolastico tedesco, dagli anni 1960 ad oggi' by Guidotti.

Bassetti, Piero; Accolla, Paolino; and d'Aquino, Niccolò (eds.), *Italici. Il possibile futuro di una* community *globale / Italici. An Encounter with Piero Bassetti*, Milano: Giampiero Casagrande editore, 2008.

This small yet fascinating publication grapples with the definition of the term *italici*. Edited by Paolino Accolla and Niccolò d'Aquino, the book records an interview with Piero Bassetti, otherwise known as the father of this dynamic transnational community which amasses native Italians, italophiles and all those who, despite perhaps not even possessing a drop of Italian blood, have embraced the Italian way of life as known throughout the world thanks to the expansion of the Italian economy in recent decades. *Italicità* represents a network of people scattered around the world. Bassetti's reflections give an outline of the events which have characterised the history of this 'diaspora', looking to explain the reasons that encourage Italians to unite.

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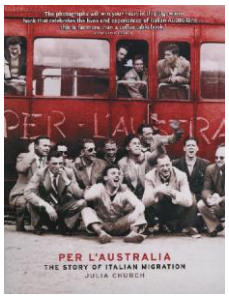

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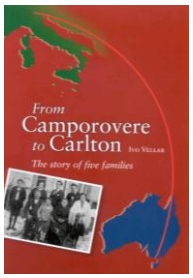

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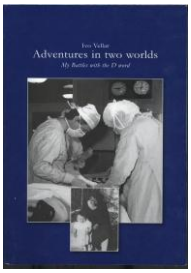

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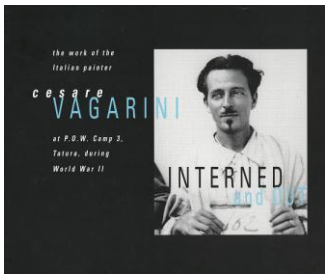

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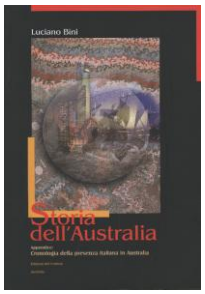

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Authors are to indicate sources and references where appropriate by the use of numbered footnotes (not endnotes).
Articles should be preceded by an abstract of no more than 100 words.
Illustrative material is to be supplied in the form of medium resolution jpgs (300 dpi). All images are to be clearly captioned.
The author is to supply evidence of copyright clearance for all images.
Articles should be accompanied by a 150 word biographical including full name, address and contact details.

For general style conventions, please refer to *AGPS Style manual for authors, editors and printers*, 6th edition. All bibliographic citations should follow the Author-Date style as outlined in the above publication.
For example:
Citing books (author, *title of book*, edition, place of publication: publisher, year of publication)
Castles, S et al. (eds), *Australia's Italians: culture and community in a changing society*, North Sydney: Allen & Unwin, 1992
Citing periodicals (author, 'title of article', *title of journal*, volume number, date/year of publication, page number/s)
Battaglini, AG, 'The Italians', *Italian Historical Society Journal*, vol. 9, no. 2, July-December 2001, pp. 5-9.

Contributors should retain copies of all material submitted.

Master of Preservation and Enhancement of the Italian Heritage Abroad

www.mastertutelabeniculturali.it

ACADEMIC OBJECTIVES

The University of Parma together with the inter-university Consortium ICoN Italian Culture on the Net in collaboration with the University of Milan and the University of Turin: theoretical experience in the field of conservation and computerised management of cultural heritage; printed documents and manuscripts, works of art, photographs, design, music, audiovisual, film, ephemera.
Students will examine didactic multimedia material published on the platform www.mastertutelabeniculturali.it, created by ICoN. Materials have been compiled by academics of the universities of Milan, Parma, Turin and by staff of the Italian Government's Central Institute for Catalogue and Documentation and the Central Institute for the Single Catalogue.

PROFESSIONAL OBJECTIVES

Laboratories at the University of Parma, the Palatina Library in Parma, the House of Music and the historical archives of the municipality of Parma, the Apice Centre of the University of Studies of Milan and the National Cinema Museum of Turin: practical experience in the field of conservation and computerised management of cultural heritage; printed documents and manuscripts, works of art, photographs, design, music, audiovisual, film, ephemera.

AREAS OF STUDY

- History;
- Documentary and artistic production (artistic project and Film, audiovisual, multimedia and musical production);
- Computerised organisation and management of document archives and collections of art (Creation and management of data banks of document and bibliographic archives and of artistic collections and Conservation and promotion of cultural heritage).

WHO CAN APPLY

Foreign citizens and Italian residents abroad and foreign citizens residing in Italy holding an Italian degree or a foreign equivalent of at least 180 cfu and relevant to the field of the Master (MA or equivalent) and with advanced knowledge of Italian language (certificate of Italian knowledge L2 – at least Level C1).
In the case that the number of enrolments does not exceed the maximum 50, Italian citizens residing in Italy and/or those of any nationality or residence may apply to participate in the online learning module. Alternatively, it will be possible to enrol in the course part time or to participate only in the online learning activities as a non-academic student, i.e. without entitlement to the qualification of Master but rather a certificate of attendance.

NUMBER OF ENROLMENTS Minimum 18, maximum 50.

DURATION AND COURSE STRUCTURE

The one-year Master is structured in four phases: lectures, e-learning, internship and thesis.
The Programme envisages face-to-face lessons, visits and labs from 8 March to 1 April 2011.

COURSE COST €3,500 payable in two instalments.

SCHOLARSHIPS Partial scholarships will be available based on merit.

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