Cesare Barbieri Courier

November 1959
Vol. II, No. 1

Cesare Barbieri Courier

NOVEMBER 1959 VOLUME II, No. 1

CONTENTS

Published by The Cesare Barbieri Center of Italian Studies at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut

The *Cesare Barbieri Courier* is issued twice a year and is designed to provide information on matters of Italian Culture and the affairs of The Cesare Barbieri Center.

Distributed at no charge to *Friends of the Center.* Subscription price $1.00 a year; single numbers: 50 cents.

Editor: MICHAEL R. CAMPO

GELLI'S *CIRCE* AND JONATHAN SWIFT

A "source" study that undertakes to link two men so contemptuous of pedantry and so committed to the useful in learning as were Giovanni Battista Gelli and Jonathan Swift, needs justify itself as something other than an exercise in literary detection. Swift poked fun at "curious Men a hunting thro' Indexes, and enquiring for Books out of the common Road." Gelli, a Florentine shoemaker of the cinquecento, devoted his life to the popularization of classical culture for the practical moral benefit of his fellow-artisans. However fascinating the possibility that England's greatest satirist drew upon Gelli's *Circe* for his controversial fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels,* we are admonished by our subjects to apply the criterion *utilità* to the discovery. Indeed, no "discovery," in a precise sense, is involved. During Swift's own lifetime, an English translator of Gelli commented in a laconic footnote that Captain Gulliver had "translated" some lines from the *Circe* — and the *Circe* was, in that day, a book by no means "out of the common Road."

This essay does not, therefore, propose merely to add another leaf to researches that, beginning with Lord Orrery's *Remarks* in 1752, have suggested "sources" for *Gulliver's Travels* in the whole range of Swift's life and reading, from the debates on the Barrier Treaty and the letters of Bolingbroke, back to Lucian and Plutarch, and forward again to Cyrano de Bergerac, Dampier, Gabriel Foigny, and the Japanese *Wasobiyoe*. Swift, for all his contempt of quotations and footnotes, was a man of scholarship both wide and deep. His debt to the Florentine Gelli would have appeared less surprising to his contemporaries than it does to us, who retrospectively view the early eighteenth century as a time when Italian influence in English literature declined in favor of French; when the anti-Italianate quips of Boileau were roundly echoed in the fulminations of such spokesmen of the age as Shaftesbury and Addison. The fact that the *Circe* received two fresh English translations in the first half of the eighteenth century, and the possibility that Swift may have known it in Italian, warn us that our conventional characterization of the period may be somewhat too simply exclusive.

The most interesting aspect of a possible literary connection between Swift and Gelli is not, however, what it may indicate about the continuing vitality of Italian Renaissance influence in English letters of the eighteenth century. It is, rather, that it suggests a relationship between the much-debated fourth book of *Gulliver* and a philosophical (as well as literary) tradition which may help us to recognize Swift's positive standard. If the *Circe* provided ideas for "A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms," then Gelli's message and his own sources may be relevant to an understanding of the central conviction about the nature of man that underlies Swift's satire. Swift scholars no longer are content to view Houyhnhnmland as a simple utopia nor the Yahoos as the measure of their creator's hopeless misanthropy. Critical opinion remains divided, but at least one distinguished recent study[1] has developed an interpretation which the association of Gelli and Swift in a common tradition would tend to substantiate.

That tradition, in one of its aspects, is what Professor George Boas has called "theriophily."[2] The name denotes a trend of thought related to Primitivism in which animals, since they are more "natural" than men, are viewed as Man's superiors and exemplars. The literature of classical antiquity is replete with comparisons between animals and men, of which the earliest example appears in Xenophon's *Memorabilia.* Democritus, the Cynics, the New Comedy playwrights, Philemon and Menander, and later writers such as Philo

Judaeus and Diodorus Siculus emphasized the greater kindness of nature toward the beasts and the superiority of a natural way of life. Through Ovid and, especially, through Pliny and Plutarch, this attitude flowed to the Renaissance. It had furnished material for the adoxographic exercises of Polycrates, Lucian, and Philostratus, and for the scepticism of Sextus Empiricus; similarly, it became a part of the stock of sixteenth century *paradossi* writers such as Ortensio Lando and Giraldi, and of the serious sceptic, Agrippa von Nettesheim. Its most famous Renaissance expression, that of Montaigne in the *Apology for Raimond Sebond,* created a sensation the reverberations of which were heard during most of the seventeenth century. But before the *Apology* came Gelli's *Circe,* a work which Montaigne knew, as did most of his contemporaries, for the *Circe* enjoyed considerable popularity for many years after its publication in Florence in 1549.[3]. It may have influenced not only the *Apology for Raimond Sebond* and the *De la Sagesse* of Montaigne's follower, Charron, but also Pierre Boaistuau's *Theatrum Mundi,* Fénélon's "Ulysse et Gryllus" in his *Dialogues des Morts,* Fontaine's "Les Compagnons d'Ulisse," and Boileau's famous Eighth *Satire.*[4] It was imitated by James Howell, whose *Parly of the Beasts* (London, 1660), credits Poggio and Gelli with having taught the animals "their grammer." With all or most of these works Jonathan Swift was familiar, as he was with Gelli's classical models. There is evidence, however, that he knew the *Circe,* either in its original Italian or in its first (1557) English translation. Swift gave to "theriophily" a new satiric turn that cloaked his very connection with the tradition and tended to obscure the positive standard that lay behind his use of the "animals," Houyhnhnm and Yahoo, as types for Man. The modest Florentine's handling of the "happy beast" theme in his version of the old Circe story may, therefore, offer suggestive clues as to Swift's intention.

Giovanni Battista Gelli, however, deserves more than a footnote attesting his probable relationship to such "greats" as Montaigne and Swift. He was, in his own right, one of the most attractive figures of the linguistic and literary movement through which the Accademia Fiorentina, in the mid-cinquecento, attempted to make the treasures of classical learning available to the people. After considerable popularity in his own century, his works were neglected in Italy during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to be revived with new editions in the nineteenth. He merits renewed attention today for several reasons. His life (1498-1563) was spent in Florence where, from his workshop in the Piazza della Signoria, he might each day see the comings and goings of Cosimo de' Medici and of all the cultural, as well as political, leaders of the city. He was their acquaintance, co-worker, friend — yet remained an independent artisan, devoted to his craft and to his class.

Just as his shop stood at the center of Florence, so his thought and activities reflect the central concerns of his period. During his life, Florentine freedom gave place to absolutism attendant upon foreign domination; religious upheavals north of the Alps produced the strictures of the Council of Trent; the literary "High Renaissance" of Italy descended in a struggle over language and the classical "rules." Throughout the century, men of the traditions of Lorenzo, Ficino, and Pico, of Machiavelli and Ariosto, sought a practical adjustment to the new situation that would preserve for the people the liberating and uplifting achievements of the national flowering. Such a one was Gelli: a synthesizer who, like Pico della Mirandola, sought to reconcile the teachings of neo-Platonism and of Scholasticism; a popularizer who believed that science and classical wisdom would make the lives of artisans more virtuous and happy; a devout believer whose soul-searchings were looked upon with suspicion in a day when religious questions had been taken to the battlefields.

Giovanni Battista Gelli was born on August 12, 1498, in the San Paolo district of Florence.[5] His father, Carlo, was a Florentine citizen who, with a brother, Francesco, had come from Peretola as a wine merchant. In Florence, Carlo had become a *calzaiuolo* — a combined shoemaker, stocking-maker, and tailor. Giovanni Battista was trained for that trade and followed it all his life. He was active in his guild, which belonged to the *arte mag-*

giore, and in the Confraternità of San Domenico, a lay society with religious, cultural, and charitable purposes. Although he was a supporter of the Medici, he was not primarily active in politics. His admiration for Cosimo was qualified by a "subtle reservation," as his verses on the baptism of the Duke's son, and his sonnet and *Egloga* celebrating Cosimo's accession day, show. In his "Dedication" of the *Circe*, he reminded Cosimo that the ruler should be "i veri simulacri e le vere immagini d'Iddio." The Duke's support, for political reasons, of the program of the Accademia Fiorentina, was probably his chief claim on Gelli's loyalty, for the shoemaker's primary concern was the dissemination of education.

Gelli's own education, aside from his apprenticeship as a *calzaiuolo*, was evidently self-won. As a young artisan, he sat in the Rucellai Gardens and listened to the discussions of the Orti Oricillari. Here, such men as Francesco da Diacceto, Giovanni Corsi, Giovanni Canacci, Piero Martelli, Luigi Alamanni, Zanobi Buodelmonte, and Francesco Vettori gathered under the hospitality of Bernardo Rucellai, a close disciple of Ficino. Although political rather than philosophical questions were the chief interest of the group (Machiavelli read his *Discorsi* here), the presence of Rucellai and of Diacceto indicate that the young Gelli must have heard discussions of the views of Pico and Ficino. He also heard his language spoken by the most cultured men of his day, for the talks of the Orti were carried on, not in Latin, but in Italian. As for Gelli's formal schooling, the "Dedication" of his translation of Erasmus' Latin version of Euripedes' *Hecuba* reminded his friend, Filippo del Migliore, that they both had studied under Antonio Francini da Monte Varchi. Michele Capri's *Orazione* on Gelli's death stated that the shoemaker had attended the Studio Fiorentino (the University of Florence) to study under the philosopher, Francesco Verino.

Although the 1530's saw some not-very-distinguished sonnets and occasional verse from Gelli's pen, it was only in 1540-41, with the formation of the Accademia degli Umidi (which soon took the name Accademia Fiorentina) that he emerged as a champion of secular, middle-class education. The dissemination of learning through the vernacular, hence the development of the Florentine language, the study of its literature, and the translation of the classics, constituted the program of the Florentine Academy. To these purposes Gelli devoted his life and his writings. Not a humanist in the narrow sense, he saw language as the vehicle for the acquisition of useful knowledge, rather than as an end in itself; for him *la questione della lingua* was the key to the education and moral betterment of the artisan class.[6] His position on the language (involving, as it did, a recognition of the evolutionary process in language) can be described as liberal, anti-archaistic, and not only pro-Tuscan but thoroughly Florentine. In the mid-1540's his treatise, *Origine di Firenze*, became (especially through Piero Giambullari's popularization of its views in his *Il Gello*) a source of dissension in the Academy's linguistic discussions. In this connection, Gelli gained the enmity of Anton Francesco Grazzini ("Il Lasca") and of Alonso de' Pazzi. His particular supporters and friends were Giambullari, Cosimo Bartoli, and Carlo Lenzoni. Gelli's most signal contribution was his study of the problem of standardizing the vernacular through an Italian grammar. This was published in 1551 with a related work of Giambullari's; Gelli's was entitled *Uno dialogo sopra la difficultà dello ordinare della lingua.* His enthusiasm for the culture of his native city was expressed in his short treatise, *Vite de' primi Pittori di Firenze* and, especially, in the critiques of Dante and Petrarch which extended over the last twenty years of his life. (His lecture on Canto XXVI of the *Paradiso* was the first to be given at the Academy when it had taken the name "Fiorentina" at the behest of Cosimo, in 1541.) Although Gelli was probably the sixteenth century's most competent Dante critic, his interest in the *Divine Comedy* was didactic rather than aesthetic. In consonance with the Academy's program, Gelli translated a number of humanistic Latin works, including several philosophical treatises of Simon Porzio, and Giovio's *Vita* of Alfonso d'Este. He wrote two comedies, imitations of Plautus (which were also modeled in part upon Machiavelli's similar imitations): *La Sporta* and *Lo Errore.* Despite their derivative character, these contain some of the same

sort of fresh, realistic language that gives charm to his major works, *I capricci del bottaio* and *La Circe*.

These last-named dialogues were the foundation of his reputation abroad. They, alone of his works, were translated: *I capricci* into French (1566), English (1568), Spanish (by way of a plagiarism, in 1582), and German (1620); *La Circe* into French (1550, 1681), Spanish (1551), English (1557, 1702, 1744), Latin (1609), and German (1620). Both are examinations of the moral nature of man wherein the learned shoemaker presents the fruits of his life's experiences and of his eclectic studies, in a homely, charming, often humorous style. *I capricci* consists of ten early-morning dialogues between the cooper, Giusto, and his Soul, in which Reason is shown to be superior to the senses, and Faith to Reason. Despite this conclusion, *I capricci* was condemned in 1554 and remained on one Index or another for over three centuries; the *Circe* was also banned for a short period during the sixteenth century. Gelli learned of the condemnation of *I capricci* only in 1562. He expressed his willingness to retract the censored passages, but simultaneously said that he was unable to correct his errors since he was unaware that he had written anything against the Christian religion. Affected by the religious restlessness of his time, Gelli was sympathetic to some of Luther's views, especially as regarded translation of the Scripture and of Church services into the vernacular. However, his insistence upon the freedom of the will placed him closer to Erasmus than to Luther. His views were like those of the Christian humanists who sought in a fusion of medieval faith with the rational culture of antiquity the road to a practical, moral life within a purified Catholicism.

I capricci may have been known to Rabelais; in 1711, Duchat speculated on the possibility of its influence upon Book III of *Pantagruel*,[7] but it seems to have received little attention abroad after the sixteenth century. DeGaetano points out that its translation (as *The Fearfull Fancies of the Florentine Couper*) in 1568 by William Barker (who knew Gelli), may have constituted one of the earliest introductions of Dante to the English reader, since *I capricci* quotes the *Divine Comedy* and praises its author extensively. The *Circe*, which had a greater and more lasting vogue, was a less original work; in it Gelli followed, as he stated in his "Dedication" to Cosimo de' Medici, "the steppes of the most learned Plutarch."[8] In fact, it may have owed its continuing place in European literature for nearly two hundred years to the very fact that it was the first full-fledged Renaissance version of the old device by which the life of the beast is used to criticize the life of Man. During the seventeenth century, the question of animal intelligence and "soul" became a central concern for theologian, philosopher, zoologist, and poet; it constituted a bone of contention between Cartesian and anti-Cartesian for at least two generations, particularly in France.[9]

Primitivistic admiration for brute life was, as Professors Boas and Lovejoy have amply demonstrated, of ancient origin. The social organization of ants and bees, the nest-building activities of swallows, were described in Aristotle's *Historia animalium;* the supposed wisdom and courage of lions, horses, and elephants have impressed writers since the time of the Cynics or before; the idea that animals were men's first teachers is at least as old as Democritus. Whether or not it was Plutarch who first combined this traditional lore with the Homeric story of Circe and Odysseus, "the reading of . . . ethical content into the myth was," as Merritt Y. Hughes says, ". . . known to be originally Platonic."[10] In his *Moralia* ("Bruta animalia ratione ute," to which we shall refer as the "Gryllus") Plutarch has Circe offer to restore to Odysseus any of his crew whom he can persuade to abandon their swinish existence and to resume human shape. Odysseus confidently approaches a hog named Gryllus (who is spokesman for all) and is astonished to receive a diatribe upon the superiority of brute life over human. Not only does Gryllus see Man as Nature's stepchild, but he asserts that men are less reasonable, less clean, less moral than the beasts. Odysseus is ineffectual in countering Gryllus' arguments; the dialogue ends abruptly with his warning, "Have a care, *Gryllus*, 'tis a dangerous thing to allow them Reason, that have no knowledge of a Deity."[11] Plutarch's "theriophily", (until this last speech, at least) is not "anti-intel-

Dosso Dossi — CIRCE AND HER LOVERS IN A LANDSCAPE
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Samuel H. Kress Collection

lectualist"; rather than exalting blind instinct, sensation, or "Nature" over Reason, he allows Reason to the beasts, and in greater measure than to Man.

Gelli confronted his Ulysses with eleven different animals (a segment of the "great chain of being" from the Oyster to the Elephant) and divided among them the labor of castigating human life. He did more, however, than merely to expand the "Gryllus" or to "complete" it with Ulysses' single conversion of the Elephant-Philosopher, Aglaophemus. The theme of Circe's varied metamorphosis was popular in Gelli's day. For the early Florentine neo-Platonists, for Erasmus, for the mythographer Natale Conti, and for the physiognomist Giovanni della Porta, the physical forms of the brutes represented the vices of the men they once had been. Roger Ascham's *The Scholemaster* mentioned the "inchantementes" of Circe in terms of swine, asses, foxes, and wolves; he concluded, "*Homere* and *Plato* have both one meanyng, looke both to one end."[12] Sir Thomas More, in commenting on Pico's letter to his nephew Giovanni Francesco, wrote:

> "There was somtyme a woman called Circes whiche by enchauntemente as Vyrgyll maketh mencyon used with a drynke to turne as many men as receyved hit in to dyvers likenes & fygures of sondrye beestes, some in to lyones, some in to beeres, some in to swyne, some in to wolfes, which afterwarde walked ever tame aboute her house and wayted upon her in suche use or servyce as she lyst to put unto them."[13]

This was the popular Circe of the emblem books, the Circe whom Dosso Dossi twice portrayed as the allegorical sister of all the Acrasia's, Armida's, Alcina's, Acratia's, and Filidia's of Renaissance literature. Professor Hughes has said of this Circe (and he includes Giordano Bruno's "not entirely wicked enchantress of the *Cantus Circaeus*") that

> "In the hands of artists — poets, philosophers, or painters — she stood for more than the temptations of the flesh. So, clearly, she does in Dosso Dossi's early picture of her as a wilful young goddess teaching mysteries from her tablets to some beasts . . . . which are as ingenuously inquiring as the youths whom Bruno described in the *Cantus* as making their ardent spiritual pilgrimage to the Monte Circeo . . . . [The] Circean figures [of Bruno's allegory and Dossi's picture] represent the varying spiritual experience that lures and temporarily satisfies and ultimately disappoints men as they pass from youth's faith in the world's most respected institutions to the hard testing of their own private ideals in middle age."[14]

Gelli's Circe has a place in this Renaissance gallery. The possibility that the Florentine work introduced Spenser to

Plutarch and thus influenced the "Gryll" episode of the *Faerie Queene's* Book II was suggested by Thomas Warton in 1762. It is not, however, in his treatment of the allegorical temptress, nor in the fact that he was the first to have each animal speak for itself, that Gelli's particular contribution to the tradition lies. His is not Spenser's "enchanted landscape like that in the youthful Dosso Dossi's symbolic picture of the nude Circe reading charms that are deeper than sex to her diverse menagerie."[15] Gelli's concern was directly didactic and philosophical; he was not a poet. His *Circe* was, as Professors Lovejoy and Boas have pointed out, one of the channels through which "theriophily" was transmitted from Plutarch to Montaigne and "a host of lesser writers." Yet he did more than merely to pass the tradition along, for his work represents an attempt to fuse the major premises of Pico della Mirandola's *Oration on the Dignity of Man* with the critical purposes of Plutarch's "theriophily." Other Renaissance trends beside Florentine neo-Platonism are present in the *Circe:* it has much in common with the satirical dialogues of Giovanni Pontano's *Charon* and with Fr. Anselmo Turmeda's *Disputa del ase*, which was written in Catalan in 1417.[16] But it is Pico's Man, "maker and molder of thyself . . . [who] mayest fashion thyself in whatever shape thou shalt prefer,"[17] that Gelli introduces in the "Dedication" of the *Circe:* "man onely can chose of him self, a state and ende after his owne mynde, and walkynge in that pathe, that most pleaseth him, canne rather rule his lyfe freely accordinge to th arbitremente of his owne will, then to th inclination of nature."

Ten successive animals fill the pages of the *Circe* with a condemnation of human nature and behavior which combines contemporary example with the stock data of Lucretius, Pliny, Plutarch, and Aelian. Ulysses is forced to agree as one after another cites evidence of Man's weakness, his intemperance, his avarice, his duplicity, his overweening pride. The beasts do not seriously challenge Ulysses' contention that Man alone possesses Reason. They argue, rather, that in "Nature" they have a more reliable guide to lives of health and happiness. It is only the eleventh and last beast, an Elephant who had been a philosopher, that Ulysses is able to persuade of the glory of the rational life. His single triumph is founded upon his demonstration that Man's possession of Reason implies the freedom of his will, hence his unique ability to lift himself "from things base and earthly, to things high and divine." The piece ends with the rescued philosopher's hymn of praise to the Creator.

Gelli's point of view was that of the Christian humanist, for whom Man was at once an angel and a fallen Adam. Nevertheless, the *Circe* is weighted with a pessimism that is far from the spirit of Pico's *Oration.* The dualism of nature and grace that informed the outlook of such men as Pico, Erasmus, and More is here expressed in terms that imply a belief that very few would be saved. Gelli's animals, not Gelli's Ulysses, are echoed in the *Apology for Raimond Sebond* and, long afterward, in the *Operette morali* of Leopardi. The final conversion of the Elephant caused Giovanni Gentile, to view the *Circe* as a typical enunciation of Renaissance pride in Man[18] — but throughout nine-tenths of the book, Gelli's animal-critics subject that pride to a withering scrutiny. If Ulysses and Man triumph in the end, the victory is by way of a paradox.[19] Certainly, the *Circe's* influence upon later writers, serious and satirical, is chiefly to be found among those who saw the dichotomy of Man and beast, of Reason and Nature, in terms far from complimentary to the dignity of Man.

Yet, for Gelli, Reason was that faculty which enabled Man to make the ethical choices which distinguish his existence from that of the brute. His animals claimed, at best, a superior guide in Nature, but Ulysses was at repeated pains to point out that that which is determined by Nature can be neither praised nor blamed; without free choice there can be no virtue, no consciousness of the Divine pattern. The denial of Plutarch's position that is involved in this firm distinction between Nature and Reason is fundamental to the *Circe.* On its basis, Gelli presented a portrait of Man at once medieval and Renaissance in inspiration: Man is a frail and fallen creature, far from *animal rationale* — but he is *rationis capax* and, with the aid of Divine Grace, may even practice virtue. This was Jonathan Swift's "great foundation of misanthropy" and, allowing for the differences between sixteenth and eighteenth century terminology, was not

far from Gelli's affirmation of Man's "chameleon" character.

Superficially, Gulliver's fourth Voyage seems to have an opposite relation to the Florentine fable. The "noble and virtuous Houyhnhnm" is a rational animal, but he is a horse. The bestial creature called Yahoo is wholly devoid of Reason, but Gulliver and the Houyhnhnm Master equate him with Man. Whereas Ulysses tries to persuade his metamorphosed Greeks to resume their "human form divine," Gulliver is himself persuaded and seeks to become a horse. Nature and Reason, at least insofar as they apply to the Houyhnhnm, are practically equivalents.

Swift, who wrote that the chief end of all his labors was "to vex the world rather than divert it," nowhere succeeded more signally than in "A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms." Although today's reader may no longer feel Thackeray's outrage at the portrait of the Yahoo ("horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous"), the Houyhnhnm nevertheless remains a peculiarly repellent model for Man, a fact which Gulliver's ruin as a human being helps to underscore. In her recent brilliant study, *Jonathan Swift and the Age of Compromise,* Miss Kathleen Williams makes the point that the Houyhnhnms and Gulliver, as well as the Yahoos, are being manipulated in the service of Swift's moral and satiric purposes. The Houyhnhnm, she proposes, is portrayed as a horse precisely because he represents a standard alien to mankind — the ground of "natural reason" or "rational virtue" from which the Deists and rationalists of Swift's day launched their attacks upon revealed Christianity. The use of animal imagery in Gulliver, therefore, serves to define and to delimit man at least negatively: Man has his Yahoo side, but the "Scheme of Virtue without Religion" which the Houyhnhnm embodies does not relate to the other side of Man's dual nature.

If it is true that Swift drew hints for his satire from Gelli's *Circe,* it may also be true that there existed some relationship between Swift's positive standard and Gelli's. The possibility invites investigation. There is, on the one hand, a close correspondence between Circe's beasts' view of their own Nature-guided lives and Gulliver's description of Houyhnhnm society; on the other hand, mankind appears to Gelli's animals very much as do the Yahoos (both "native" and European) to Gulliver and the Houyhnhnm Master. The question, of course, is whether the resemblances are of such a character as to justify a belief that Swift was familiar with the work of the Florentine shoemaker. The history of past interest in this question is by way of a literary curiosity.

In 1702, a Grub Street satirist named Thomas Brown published in London his rendering of Gelli's *Circe;* there had not been an English translation since the first one, that of Henry Iden in 1557. Brown (as E. N. S. Thompson pointed out in *Modern Language Notes* in 1917) was the originator of the joke on the astrologer, Partridge, that Swift picked up in his "Bickerstaff Papers"; and Swift (in his "Introduction to Polite Conversation") gave Brown an ironic accolade as "the greatest Genius of his Age." In 1918 (in *MLN*), Edward Bliss Reed pointed out some passages from Brown's translation of the *Circe* "that resemble in a general way certain passages in Swift's satire." He concluded, however, that "the part this book plays is inconsiderable when compared with Cyrano de Bergerac's *Voyages Comiques.*" In 1923, W. A. Eddy devoted three pages of his *Critical Study* of *Gulliver's Travels* to passages from Brown's version of the *Circe,* where he found "two or three of the most significant parallels" between the two works — principally what Gulliver and Circe's beasts had to say of court ministers, the military establishment, and social inequity. The resemblances are only of a most general sort, since they depend primarily upon analogous subject-matter. Similar passages occur in Tom Brown's own work, *Amusements Serious and Comical;* in fact, one of the *Circe* passages cited by Eddy is not Gelli's at all, but Brown's interpolation.

In 1744, Henry Layng undertook a third (and latest) translation of the *Circe* in order, as he stated in his Preface, to "rescue a worthy Person from bad Company that had used him ill; and put him into a Capacity of delivering his natural Sense without the expressive Epithets of Billingsgate, the flowing Eloquence of Water-Language, or the strong Metaphors of a Gin-Shop." Layng described Brown's translation as "a certain Paraphrase, Traducement, Carricatura." The supposed possible relationship between Brown's *Circe* and *Gulliver* has

thus appeared rather unmeaningful, for it is not remarkable that one eighteenth century satirist (even the greatest of them all) might sound somewhat like another. Harold Williams, in his 1932 study, *Dean Swift's Library*, remarked that "the parallelisms are strained; and Swift's reference to Brown is obviously contemptuous and ironical."

The possibility that Swift knew Gelli's dialogue in the original Italian or in Iden's faithful translation of 1557 (or, indeed, in one of the French translations) has, to the best of our knowledge, never been explored. Yet Henry Layng (who may have known Swift, since he knew Lord Bathurst, Gay, Prior, and Pope) in 1744 footnoted two passages in the *Circe*'s Seventh Dialogue as having appeared in Gulliver, one of them as a "strict translation." This is the most famous phrase in the entire work, a phrase which is repeated, always in Italics, six times in Book Four and once in the "Letter from Captain Gulliver to His Cousin Sympson," which Swift added as a preface to the 1735 edition. It became a byword in Court and literary circles in the days of *Gulliver's* first popularity. The phrase appears first (and in most instances thereafter) as an indirect quotation of the Houyhnhnm Master: "He replied, That I must needs be mistaken, or that I *said the thing which was not.* (For they have no Word in their Language to express Lying or Falshood.)"[20]

In the *Circe*, these words are spoken by a horse, also. As he argues that men are compared with lions and bulls as examples of fortitude, and not the reverse, Gelli's Horse declares:

> "Della fortezza no vo' io affaticarmi, perchè ella è cosa tanto chiara, che i vostri scrittori (io non parlo de' poeti a' quali è lecito per cagione della dilettazione dire talvolta quello che non è) . . . ."[21]

Henry Iden's sixteenth century translation of this passage is:

> "I will not travayle at all in talking of fortitude: For it is so manifest a thing, that your writers (I speake not of Poetes, to whom it is lawfull because of delectation, to saye sometimes that that is not . . . .)"

Tom Brown's 1702 version, however, reads quite otherwise:

> "I will not give myself the trouble to speak of Fortitude, for 'tis a case given up by you. Thus your Writers, I don't mean your Poets, who, because they write principally to delight the Reader may be sometimes allow'd to stretch a Point a little . . . ."[22]

This is only one instance, albeit the most striking one, of a verbal parallelism between Gelli's original and Iden's translation, on the one hand, and *Gulliver's Travels*, on the other, which does not appear between Brown's version and Swift's work. (Swift, as a matter of fact, had his Houyhnhnm use the phrase on one occasion in connection with a topic quite similar to that discussed by Gelli's Horse: He says to Gulliver, ". . . Nature hath left you utterly incapable of doing much Mischief . . . . therefore in recounting the Numbers of those who have been killed in Battle, I cannot but think that you have *said the Thing which is not.*"[23])

Whether or not Swift read his contemporary's rendering of the *Circe*, it appears from the above and from evidence to follow, that he knew the original or its early, literal translation. The 1746 Sale Catalogue of the Dean's library listed no edition of the *Circe*, but Swift had access to the finest collections of his day, notably those of Sir William Temple and of Harley, Earl of Oxford; his known readings went far beyond the limits of his own library.

The Sale Catalogue does, however, offer material for speculation concerning Layng's off-hand statement that Swift "translated" passages from Gelli's Italian. Swift's library contained, at the time of his death, the following books in Italian: *Biblia Sacra Italice* (1561), *Florio his Italian and English Dictionary, Dictionaire Espagnol-François-Italien* (1671), Father Paul, *History of the Council of Trent, in Italian* (1619), Veneroni's French-Italian grammar, *Le Maître Italien* (1699), and four manuscripts: *Gl'Amori di Paride in Ida, Il Figlio delle Selve, Le Pazzie d'Amore, e dell' Interesse,* and *Rinaldo.* Whether Layng knew that Swift could read Italian, or whether he merely assumed that so accomplished a Latinist and master of French would be able to do so, we have no way of knowing. Since the question must remain an open one, we shall offer passages from the Italian text as well as the 1557 English translation of the *Circe* as evidence that *Gulliver's* portraits of Houyhnhnm and Yahoo owed something to Gelli's beasts. The *Circe* offers several parallels for each passage from *Gulliver* cited here, and there are many additional areas of correspondence, but the following will have to serve as samples."[24]

Swift's *Gulliver*	Iden's 1557 Translation	Gelli's Original Text
". . . I entered on a firm Resolution never to return to human kind." (p. 242) ". . . Death would have been too great an Happiness." [instead of banishment from Houyhnhnmland] (p. 264)	"Moule . . . I for my parte, am one of those, that wil rather dye then become man agayne." "Goat . . . not onely I will not retourne man, but also I will not practise amonge them."	"Talpa . . . io per me sono un di quegli che voglio più tosto morirmi che ritornare uomo." (p. 20) "Capro . . . io non solamente no vo' tornare uomo, ma io non vo' praticar con loro . . ." (p. 91)
* * *	* * *	* * *
"My Design was . . . to discover some small Island uninhabited . . . which I would have thought a greater Happiness than to be first Minister in the politest Court of *Europe;* so horrible was the Idea I conceived of returning to live in the Society and under the Government of *Yahoos.*" (p. 267)	"Hare . . . it should be better to liue in a most sharpe and abandaned desert . . . then in what wel gouerned realme soeuer it be amongest menne."	"Lepre . . . sare' meglio vivere nella più aspra e abbandonata solitudine . . . che in qualsivoglia ben governata provincia fra gli uomini." (p. 55)
* * *	* * *	* * *
"The two Horses came up close to me ..... Upon the whole, the Behavior of these Animals was so orderly and rational . . . that I . . . concluded, they must needs be Magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves . . ." (p. 209-210)	"Se yonder coming towardes me a very fayre Horse: oh what a fayre beast it is: truely nature besides man, hath put all her knowledge in this: the beholdinge him hath taken me in such sort, y I would desier that he, who was chaunged into him, had ben a Gretian . . ."	"Ecco verso di me un Cavallo molto vago: oh che bello animale! certamente che la natura, fuor dell'uomo, messe in questo ogni suo sapere; l'aspetto suo me ha preso in modo, che io desidererei che chi fu trasmutato in lui fusse stato Greco . . ." (p. 138)
* * *	* * *	* * *
". . . *Houyhnhnm* . . . signifies a *Horse;* and in its Etymology, *the Perfection of Nature.*" (p. 219)	"Horse . . . to obteyne that perfection, and that ende, that apperteyneth unto my kynde, and to my nature . . ."	"Cavallo . . . a conseguire quella perfeczione e quel fine che si conviene alla specie ed alla natura mia . . ." (p. 138)
* * *	* * *	* * *
"But, besides real Diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the Physicians have invented imaginary Cures; these have their several Names, and so have the Drugs that are proper for them; and with these our Female *Yahoos* are always infested." (p. 238)	"Ulisses . . . the beliefe that a paciente hath in the Phisition, helpeth hym often times, muche more then the medycynes, and he that canne persuade mooste falselye, getteth moste credytte." "Snake. I knewe it verye well, for, for beynge able to speake well, an to perswade well, and Chiefelye unto women (to whose myndes phisitions are most tymes taken, and not for being able to worke well) I became in great credite."	"Ulisse . . . la fede, che ha uno ammalato nel medico, gli giova bene spesso molto più che le medicine, e chi meglio sa ciurmare s'acquista più fede." (p. 36) "Serpe. E io lo so, che per sapere ben parlare, e ben persuadere, e massimamente alle donne, a modo delle quali si tolgono il più delle volte i medici, e non per sapere operare, mi acquistai sì gran credito." (p. 36)
* * *	* * *	* * *
"He said, those Animals, like other Brutes, had their Females in common; but in this they differed, that the She-*Yahoo* would admit the Male, while she was pregnant; and that the Hees would quarrel and fight with the Females as fiercely as with each other. Both which Practices were such Degrees of infamous Brutality, that no other sensitive Creature ever arrived at." (p. 247)	"Horse . . . For though we also seke to quenche this desire, yet shalte thou not see, after that the female hath conceived, neither that she seketh after us, nor we after her."	"Cavallo . . . Perchè sebbene noi cerchiamo ancora noi di sfogar questo desiderio, tu non vedrai dipoi che la femmina è gravida, nè che ella cerchi di noi, nè noi di lei." (p. 143)

* * *

"Therefore he desired I would let him know, what these costly Meats were, and how any of us happened to want them. Whereupon I enumerated as many Sorts as came into my Head, with the various Methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending Vessels by Sea to every Part of the World, as well for Liquors to drink, as for Sauces, and innumerable other Conveniences. I assured him, that this whole Globe of Earth must be at least three Times gone round, before one of our better Female *Yahoos* could get her Breakfast, or a Cup to put it in." (p. 235-236)

"I was at first at a great Loss for Salt; but Custom soon reconciled the Want of it; and I am confident that the frequent Use of Salt among us is an Effect of Luxury, and was first introduced only as a Provocative to Drink . . . For we observe no Animal to be fond of it but Man: And as to myself, when I left this Country, it was a great while before I could endure the Taste of it in any thing that I eat." (p. 216)

"I told him, we fed on a Thousand Things which operated contrary to each other; that we eat when we were not hungry, and drank without the Provocation of Thirst: That we sat whole Nights drinking strong Liquors without eating a Bit; which disposed us to Sloth, enflamed our Bodies, and precipitated or prevented Digestion . . . That, it would be endless to give him a Catalogue of all Diseases incident to human Bodies; for they could not be fewer than five or six Hundred, spread over every Limb, and Joynt: In short, every Part, external and intestine, having Diseases appropriated to each." (p. 237)

* * *

"Horse. Where thou shalt finde that what beast soever thou wilt . . . is farre more moderate then you. For thou shalt not find anye, that at any time eateth or drinketh more then he nedeth, nor that seketh for other meates, then those that were ordeined for him by nature: some sede, some grasse, some fleshe, and some fruite. Whereas you not contented with one only, eat of al, and more over you cause diverse thynges to be brought from every part of the world to eate. And not contented herewith, you also seke with arte, that they may give you more delight, then it hathe pleased nature to put in them . . . you take more thereof then your nede requireth, and you make so many disorders, . . . procuringe your selves a most short lyfe, or a troublesome and sicke age."

"Snake. Seest thou not that she (Nature) hath geven unto you an appetite of feding so unsaciate, and a desyre so immoderate, that you sease not continually to seke newe meates? . . ."

"Ulisses. What are these meates that we use, that were not made by nature, for our maintenaunce and conservation?

"Snake. What are these meates? infinite, and perticulerly all those that you use to make good the other withall, and that are not good of them selves to eate, as is salt, peper, and such like.

"Ulisses. I for my part have wholly beleved the contrary: Yea, rather I have heard saye, that man coulde not lyve without salt.

"Snake . . . But the matter standeth in thys pointe, that man with these sawces . . . maketh his meates so much better, and of more appetite, that provoked by the delite that is therein, he eateth much more then he hath nede of. And besides this, he is pricked and stirred by the varietie of tastes, to drink much more, then his nature requyreth. Whereby growe after in him so many Catarres, reumes, swellinges, goutes, toothe ache, that they muste after be plucked out, and a thousand other infinite mischiefes. . . ."

* * *

"Cavallo. Sicche io vo' lasciarle da parte, e passare più oltre a quei piaceri che nascon dal mangiare o dal bere dove tu troverai che qualsivoglia fiera . . . è molto più temperata di voi. Imperocchè tu non troverai alcuna che mangi o bea mai più che'l bisogno suo, nè che cerchi d'altri cibi, che quegli che gli sono stati ordinati dalla natura, chi semi, chi erbe, chi carne, e chi frutti; dove voi non contenti a un solo, mangiate di tutti, e di più fate venire d'ogni parte del mondo varie cose da mangiare: e non contenti di questo cercate ancora con l'arte che vi arrechino maggior diletto, che non è piaciuto a lei di porre in quegli . . . prendete più che il bisogno vostro, e fate tanti disordini . . . procacciandovi o una brevissima vita, o una nojosa, ed inferma vecchiezza." (p. 145)

"Serpe . . . che ella vi ha aggiunto uno appetito del cibarvi con tanta insaziabilità, ed una voglia tanto immoderata, che voi non restate di cercare continuamente nuovi cibi . . ."

"Ulisse. E quali son questi cibi che noi usiamo, che non sieno stati fatti dall natura per il mantenimento, e per la conservazion nostra?

"Serpe. Come, quali? Sono infiniti, e particolarmente tutte quelle cose che voi adoperate per far buone l'altre, e che non son buone a mangiare per loro stesse, come sono verbigrazia il sale, il pepe, e simili.

"Ulisse. Io per me credeva tutto il contrario anzi ho sentito dire, che l'uomo senza il sale non viverebbe.

"Serpe . . . ma il fatto sta in questo, che l'uomo con questi condimenti . . . fa i suoi cibi tanto migliori, e più appetitosi, che egli ne mangia molto più che non sarebbe il bisogno suo, tirato da quel diletto che ritruova in essi. Ed oltre a questo, è ancora incitato e sospinto da quella varietà de'sapori a bere molto più che non richiede la natura sua, donde nascono poi in lui tanti catarri, scese, gocciole, gotte, dolor di denti, onde poi bisogna cavarsegli il che non accade a nessuno do noi, e mille altri infiniti mali ne succedono dipoi oltre a questi." (p. 29-30)

* * *

"That, our Institutions of *Government* and *Law* were plainly owing to our gross Defects in *Reason,* and by consequence, in *Virtue;* because *Reason* alone is sufficient to govern a *Rational* Creature; which was therefore a Character we had no Pretence to challenge . . ." (p. 243)

* * *

". . . they die only of old Age, and are buried in the obscurest Places that can be found, their Friends and Relations expressing neither Joy nor Grief at their Departure; nor does the dying Person discover the least Regret that he is leaving the World, any more than if he were upon returning home from a Visit to one of his Neighbours . . . *Lhnuwnh.* The Word is strongly expressive in their Language, but not easily rendered into *English;* it signifies, *to retire to his first Mother.*" (p. 258-259)

* * *

"Ulisses. Then doest thou think, that to have lawes, is an evyll thinge to man?
"Goat. No, but to have nede of them is evill: for hereby the imperfection and weakenes of your nature is seene. Seest thou not that you have so many immoderate desyres, and agaynst your owne wealth and profite, and you are so much ledd by them, that the light of reason is not sufficient to teache you to avoide them . . ."

* * *

"Goat. And then, of the feare of deth that you have, the which feare we have not, what canst thou say to me?"
"Goat . . . you . . . se death alwaies before you, and you recken yr howres, one by one . . . the which is not so to us, who live by the benefit of nature: but what wilt thou more? your folye is so great, y you take thought also for that that must folowe after your deathe . . . Even of your grave, and as thoughe the earthe were not the universal mother of all men and y every man had not his part thereof. . . ."

* * *

"Ulisse. Stimi tu adunque che sia cosa cattiva all'uomo lo avere le leggi?
"Capro. No: ma l'averne bisogno sì, perchè da questo si cava la imperfezione e l'infermità della natura vostra. Ohime! non vedi tu che voi avete tante voglie immoderate, e contra il bene e util vostro; e tanto siete tirati da quelle, che non vi è bastato il lume della ragione, che vi insegni schifarle . . ." (p. 90)

* * *

"Capro . . . E della paura della morte che voi avete, che non l'abbiam noi, che mi dirai?" (p. 82-83)
"Capro . . . voi . . . vi vedete sempre la morte innanzi, e contate l'ore a una a una . . . la qual cosa non avviene a noi, che viviamo a beneficio di natura. Ma che vuoi tu più? che la stoltizia vostra è tanto grande, che voi avete ancor pensiero di quel che ha a seguire dopo la morte . . . Insino della sepoltura. E come se la terra non fussi la universal madre di tutti, e ciascheduno non vi avesse parte. . . ." (p. 85)

Gulliver constructs a picture of the Yahoo that parallels, in detail after detail, what Circe's animals remember of their lives as Greeks. While they condemn men's social institutions — government, law, medicine, marriage, war, learning — from the fresh viewpoint of the Nature-guided beast, Gulliver attains his perspective on human society through contact with the Houyhnhnms who "are endowed by Nature with a general Disposition to all Virtues." In both works "the nature it self of man" (to use the words of Gelli's Snake) is contrasted unfavorably with that of the brute. In this respect, both are founded upon the central tenet of "theriophily" — whether of the "intellectualist" type that allowed Reason to the Beasts, or the "anti-intellectualist" variety that found in their lack of Reason the source of their superiority to Man. The selection, association, and verbal rendering of the major ideas of this common tradition appear sufficiently similar to justify belief that Swift knew Gelli's own work, as well as Gelli's sources, and the works of those whom Gelli had influenced. A comparison of *Gulliver's Travels* with the relevant texts (Pliny's *Naturalis Historia,* Plutarch's *Moralia,* Montaigne's *Apology for Raimond Sebond,* Charron's *De La Sagesse,* and others) supports this conclusion.

What Gelli brought to the argument was Ulysses' insistence that virtue is "an elective habit." Reason, for him, is the faculty that informs Man's moral choices, that enables him to choose between the merely earthly and the Divine: "how can you then have . . . vertue in you, fyrste not having reason?" Again and again he argues that what Nature ordains can be neither praised nor blamed: ". . . for those operations that come by nature, there is neither praise nor dispraise at all deserved. As a stone for falling down is neyther praysed nor dispraysed, nor the fier for going upwarde." Similarly, Gulliver says of the Master Houyhnhnm, "That, although he hated the *Yahoos* of this Country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious Qualities, than he did a *Gnnayh* (a Bird of Prey) for its Cruelty, or a sharp Stone for cutting his Hoof."[25] And the Houy-

hnhnms, themselves, "who live under the Government of Reason, are no more proud of the good Qualities they possess, than I should be for not wanting a Leg or an Arm. . . ."[26]

What, we may ask, is this "Reason" which Swift described as the "grand Maxim" by which the Houyhnhnms were "wholly governed"? He has Gulliver explain: "Neither is Reason among them a Point problematical as with us, where Men can argue with Plausibility on both Sides of a Question; but strikes you with immediate Conviction. . . ."[27] The Houyhnhnm Master "thought Nature and Reason were sufficient Guides for a reasonable Animal, as we pretended to be, in shewing us what we ought to do, and what to avoid."[28] Ulysses' crucial distinction is thus blurred: Nature and Reason in *Gulliver* become virtual equivalents and therefore the Houyhnhnm is a morally-neutral creature, just as are Gelli's beasts.

If there were any doubt as to whether or not Swift knew what he was doing when he set up his Houyhnhnms as an ostensible ideal, his "metamorphosis" of Gulliver should settle it:

> "When I thought of my Family, my Friends, my Countrymen, or human Race in general, I considered them as they really were, *Yahoos* in Shape and Disposition . . . making no other Use of Reason, than to improve and multiply those Vices, whereof their Brethren in this Country had only the Share that Nature allotted them."[29]

What principle of conduct does Gulliver draw from this observation? He continues:

> "When I happened to behold the Reflection of my own Form in a Lake or Fountain, I turned away from my Face in Horror and detestation of myself. . . . By conversing with the *Houyhnhnms*, and looking upon them with Delight, I fell to imitate their Gait and Gesture . . . *I trot like a horse;* which . . . I take for a great compliment. . . ."[30]

Upon his banishment from Houyhnhnmland, Gulliver returns to Europe incapacitated for human society, a figure of heartlessness, pride, and absurdity fitted only for life in a stable. It is the case of Ulysses *renversé*.

One hardly needs a broader hint that the Houyhnhnm, far from representing the pattern for humanity, is the satirical embodiment of a philosophy which is alien to Man; the Houyhnhnm is a horse and his "Natural Reason" is substantially that of Gelli's Greek turned Horse. One need not search long among the prevailing trends of eighteenth century English thought to recognize in the "grand Maxim" of the Houyhnhnms that system "for Morality without regard to Religion" dear to Deist, neo-Stoic, and anti-Christian rationalist, which Swift repeatedly attacked in his Sermons and in his correspondence with Pope and Bolingbroke.

The long debate over Swift's intention in "A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms" has resulted from uncertainty about the limits of his satire. His positive conviction about the nature of Man is not explicitly stated, except insofar as the King of Brobdingnag, in the second Voyage, and Don Pedro, in the fourth, may indicate realizable ideals for a creature who is, at best, *animal rationis capax*. *Gulliver's Travels* has no Ulysses, as has the *Circe*, to underscore the author's didactic purpose, but we may turn to Gelli for a conception that is, apparently, very close to Swift's:

> "[Man] consideringe . . . that imperfection, the which he findeth in him selfe, that is to say: that he is in power unto all things, but not yet in acte, and therefore understandeth not alwayes, but sometime ye, & sometime no: he can fourme within him selfe a kynde of an understanding more high, and more perfect than himselfe . . . And this is the fyrste cause. . . ."

"There is no solid, firm Foundation of Virtue," said Swift, "but in a Conscience directed by the principles of Religion."

Jonathan Swift properly belongs with those men of an earlier period who cherished good letters, moral responsibility, a moderate orthodoxy, active public service, and sincere Christian humility as the components of the worthy life. Such a one was Giovanni Battista Gelli — and such is the Christian humanist tradition which links the Florentine shoemaker's *Circe* and the English Dean's *Gulliver's Travels*.

Footnotes:

[1] Kathleen Williams, *Jonathan Swift and the Age of Compromise* (Lawrence, Kansas, 1958). Among other important studies that have questioned the traditional view of Gulliver's fourth Voyage are: Irvin Ehrenpreis, "The Origins of *Gulliver's Travels*," *PMLA*, LXXII (Dec., 1957), 880-899; John M. Bullitt, *Jonathan Swift and the Anatomy of Satire* (Cambridge, Mass., 1953); Martin Price, *Swift's Rhetorical Art* (New Haven, 1953); and T. O. Wedel's invaluable earlier work, "On the Philosophical Background of *Gulliver's Travels*," *SP*, XXIII (Oct., 1926), 434-450.

[2] George Boas, *The Happy Beast in Seventeenth Century French Thought* (Baltimore, 1933), p. 1.

[3] For the history of "theriophily" in antiquity, see Arthur O. Lovejoy and George Boas, *A Documentary History of Primitivism and Related Ideas* (Baltimore, 1935), pp. 389-420; its development from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century is treated in Boas, *The Happy Beast*, and in Hester Hastings, *Man and Beast in French Thought of the Eighteenth Century* (Baltimore, 1936). For the use of animals in adoxography and in the *paradossi*, see Arthur Stanley Pease, "Things Without Honor," *Classical Philology*, XXI, (1926), pp. 27-42; Warner G. Rice, "The *Paradossi* of Ortensio Lando," *Essays and Studies in English and Comparative Literature*, Univ. of Mich. Pubs. in Lang. and Lit., VIII (Ann Arbor, 1932), pp. 59-74; Elbert N. S. Thompson, *The Seventeenth Century English Essay*, Univ. of Iowa Humanistic Studies, III, No. 3 (1926), pp. 1-149.

[4] Boas cites sources to show that the *Circe* was imitated in three plays: *Les Bêtes Raissonables*, a one-act comedy by Montfleury produced in 1661; *Ulysse et Circé*, a three-act comedy produced by the Italians in Paris in 1691; and *Les Animaux Raissonables*, by Fuselier, produced in 1718. Swift, who owned the volume of *Le Theâtre Italien* which contained *Ulysse et Circé* commented in *The Intelligencer*, (No. III, 1728) that humor ". . . may be found in many *Spanish, Italian,* and *French* Productions: And particularly, whoever hath a *Taste* for *true Humour*, will find a Hundred Instances of it, in those volumes printed in *France*, under the name of *Le Theâtre Italien* . . . ." Swift, *The Prose Works*, ed., Herbert Davis, (Oxford, 1955), XII, 32 - hereafter cited as *Works*.

[5] The only full-length study of Gelli in English is the unpublished dissertation (Columbia, 1954) of Armand L. DeGaetano, "Giambattista Gelli, a Moralist of the Renaissance." To this exhaustive and penetrating work we are indebted for most of the biographical and bibliographical data here cited.

[6] Pierre Villey in his *Les Sources Italiennes* (Paris, 1908), pp. 13, 151-152, speculates on the possible influence of Gelli's linguistic works on Du Bellay's *Déffense et Illustration de la Langue Françoise*, and finds much similarity in their viewpoints.

[7] François Rabelais, *Oeuvres* (Amsterdam, 1711), III, Ch. IX, n. 1, pp. 49-50.

[8] Here, and throughout, English quotations from the *Circe* are taken from the unpaginated sixteenth century translation: *Circes* of Iohn Baptista Gello, Florentyne, Translated out of Italyon, into Englyshe by Henry Iden, (London, 1557).

[9] Apropos of Gelli's influence on French philosophy, Giusto Fontanini in *Biblioteca Italiana*, ed. N. C. Haym (Venezia, 1728), pp. 201-202, credits *Circe's* French translator, Denis Sauvage, Sieur du Parc, with the remark in the 1572 edition that his translation had necessitated the development of new philosophical terms in the French language. Estienne Pasquier, in a 1552 letter to Adrien Turnèbe (*Choix de Lettres* [Genève, 1956], p. 82) wrote ". . . nous avons veu en nostre jeune aage dans la ville de Florence, Jean-Baptiste Gelli, exerçant avec les lettres la couture . . . & toutesfois il fit plusieurs livres pleins de bonne Philosophie; ainsi que nous voyons sa Cyrcé, & son livre qu'il nomma Caprices. où il n'ya rien de caprice sinon le tiltre." On the debates between Cartesians and anti-Cartesians see Boas, *The Happy Beast*, pp. 56-141.

[10] Merritt Y. Hughes, "Spenser's Acrasia and the Circe of the Renaissance," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, IV, (Oct., 1943), 387.

[11] *Plutarch's Morals*, translated from the Greek by Several Hands (London, 1704), V, 216.

[12] *English Works of Roger Ascham*, ed. W. A. Wright (Cambridge, 1904), p. 226; see Hughes, *JHI*, IV, 387-399.

[13] *Giovanni Pico della Mirandola: His Life by His Nephew Giovanni Francesco Pico: also Three of His Letters; His Twelve Rules of a Christian Life; His Twelve Points of a Perfect Love; and his Deprecatory Hymn to God*, trans. Sir Thomas More (London, The Tudor Library, 1890), p. 31.

[14] Hughes, *JHI*, IV, 388-389; also Bernard Berenson, *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art*, first series (London, 1930), pp. 31-32.

[15] Hughes, *JHI*, IV, 398.

[16] DeGaetano, *Giambattista Gelli*, pp. 133-134.

[17] Pico della Mirandola, "Oration on the Dignity of Man," in Ernst Cassirer, P. O. Kristeller, and John Herman Randall, Jr., *The Renaissance Philosophy of Man* (Chicago, 1948), p. 225.

[18] Giovanni Gentile, *Il pensiero italiano nel Rinascimento* (Firenze, 1940), pp. 47-113; Theodore Spencer, in his *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man* (New York, 1942), pp. 35-37, takes somewhat the same view of the *Circe*.

[19] A contemporary treatise of the Friulan Girolamo Rorario, *Quod animalia, bruta saepe ratione utantur melius homine* (which remained in MS until 1648) came to the conclusion that beasts were nobler than men. The work of Rorario was probably known to Swift through Pierre Bayle's *Dictionaire Historique et Critique*, if not directly.

[20] *Works*, XI, 219.

[21] Gio. Battista Gelli, *La Circe*, Classici Italiani (Milano, 1804) I, 141.

[22] *The Circe* of Signior Giovanni Battista Gelli, trans. Thomas Brown (London, 1702), p. 183.

[23] *Works*, XI, 231.

[24] The page numbers following the *Gulliver* quotations refer to *Works*, XI (cited above). *Circe* quotations in the Italian are from the Classici Italiani edition (cited above). The English text of the *Circe* is from Iden's 1557 translation.

[25] Swift, *Works*, XI, pp. 232.

[26] *Ibid.*, XI, p. 280.

[27] *Ibid.*, XI, p. 251.

[28] *Ibid.*, XI, p. 232.

[29] *Ibid.*, XI, p. 262.

[30] *Ibid.*, XI, p. 262-263.

Saint Francis in the Square

(To Carlo Betocchi)

Before The Angelicum
Saint Francis leans over the water basin
and talks to the birds; his smile is warm
(wisdom's own) in bronze; the birds are welcome
to drink, rest, listen to his words. Saint Francis
leans ever; the brightness of cut flowers in his arms
enhances

the square. Whose flowers? I wonder.
They must be changed at times I've not been there.
From morning mist to dusk nine different days
I came to him. Once in a clap of thunder,
once in the rain, not once in sun. (Does Milan have sun?)
Yet Saint Francis smiles with never thought of praise
from anyone.

Who understands diminutive speech
in silence more articulate than words?
The birds, who at all hours past the flowers, alight
upon the shifting light of bronze and perch
upon his habit or his head to purchase rest
until an untoward instant rouses such unquiet
in the breast

they rise full-winged, not to rise too late,
fly to high tension wires or to nest in eaves,
wait till stillness falls as snow on fallen snow
before they return to him, who can outwait
milleniums their crises — this patient saint.
Is it nearly seven hundred years since Giotto
first used paint?

For, Saint Francis, in Assisi
I walked from San Pietro to your basilica
built by Fra Elia to your blessèd soul,
and I, a Jew, was not at all uneasy
on Monte Subasio. No bird claimed flight in air,
when in the weeping veil your nearness stole
upon me there.

I touched the earth pulse underfoot.
The sun consumed the mist to light the air
to render green fields visible and new
as their original. (The glistening root
owns its sustaining source.) In the arches of the mall
I found your fount of gentleness: You
speak to all

the world. In bronze, those eyes
are turned forever to the water basin,
as if God meant *that seeing's* but for birds,
and not for strangers outside the inner guise
of a-mortal speech. Back in Milan the wind
coughed in my face, whistled downscale in broken thirds
as it spinned

a crazy wheeze about the tower.
That night, the last in my belovèd Italy,
before The Angelicum: Saint Francis, sheathed in rime,
and in his arms, frozen to bits of ice — flowers,
their gold heads pinched in cold. The campanile warning
the hour was late, I left, slept a little, made the train on time
next morning.

I. L. Salomon

The Exhibition of Luciano Guarnieri

An exhibition of the paintings and drawings of the Florentine artist, Luciano Guarnieri, was held October 2 through 10 at Trinity College under the auspices of the Cesare Barbieri Center of Italian Studies. The exhibition came after numerous one-man shows in Europe and South America where Guarnieri's work has aroused considerable interest. Already at the age of twenty-nine Guarnieri is recognized internationally as a portraitist of extraordinary gifts. A traditionalist, (for sixteen years he studied and worked with the celebrated painter Pietro Annigoni) he has twice won the Canadian Elizabeth prize for work in the tradition of classic art. His paintings are to be found in the Uffizi Gallery, the Galley of Modern Art in Florence, the Museum of Leyden in Holland and numerous other European galleries and private collections.

Featured in the exhibition at Trinity were drawings of the stage by stage reconstruction of the famed Santa Trinita bridge in Florence which was destroyed during World War II.

At the opening Giuseppe Prezzolini, Professor Emeritus of Columbia University, gave the inauguration lecture on the subject of Ponte Santa Trinita. For the occasion messages to the Director of the Barbieri Center expressing appreciation and pleasure were received from the head of the municipal government of Florence, Lorenzo Salazar, and from the Rector of the University of Florence, Professor E. Paolo Lamanna. Signor Salazar's message read in part, "I am particularly pleased and honored to express the enthusiastic approval and warm gratitude of the governing body and of the city of Florence for the admirable initiative of Trinity College and its Center of Italian Studies for the significant and splendid event dedicated to Florence and the reconstruction of the Ponte Santa Trinita, to which distinguished and worthy Americans offered the precious and unforgettable gift of their assistance and their love. To them I renew on this occasion the gratitude of the citizenry of Florence and my own personal appreciation. Undertakings like those of your college contribute to the strengthening and bettering of relationships between the United States and Italy, and between our two cities."

Bernard Berenson, in his essay "On the Reconstruction of Florence" *(Essay in Appreciation)* in which he distinguishes between the picturesque and the architectural and pleads for the preservation of the latter, wrote, "the Florence that we know as a work of art would remain a fragment without the Ponte Santa Trinita."

The following is Professor Prezzolini's lecture.

Luciano Guarnieri, Giuseppe Prezzolini and Filippo Donini, Cultural Attaché of Italy in the United States, at the exhibit.

PONTE SANTA TRINITA

You are opening an exhibit dedicated to the reconstruction of the old Santa Trinita Bridge in Florence as seen in the new drawings of Luciano Guarnieri. Therefore we are gathered here today to commemorate an old bridge and to congratulate a young artist. The mixture of the old and the new becomes an old institution of learning like yours which every year opens its door to young people.

What is a bridge? If I were to paraphrase an American celebrity, Gertrude Stein, I would say: a bridge is a bridge is a bridge is a bridge. This simple if not exhaustive definition needs elaboration. The bridge, whose pictorial history we will see here represented is a bridge between two banks of an ancient and famous city, Florence. Why is this bridge so important as to bring us together in its honor?

During the many centuries of her lifetime, Florence has built several bridges, some picturesque, some indifferent, and one beautiful — so beautiful that it has often been called the most beautiful bridge in the world. There has always been general agreement since its creation in 1571 on the feeling elicited by the Bridge of Santa Trinita. It comes from the elasticity in its look; it appears elegant, slim, graceful, daring without effort and bold without effrontery.

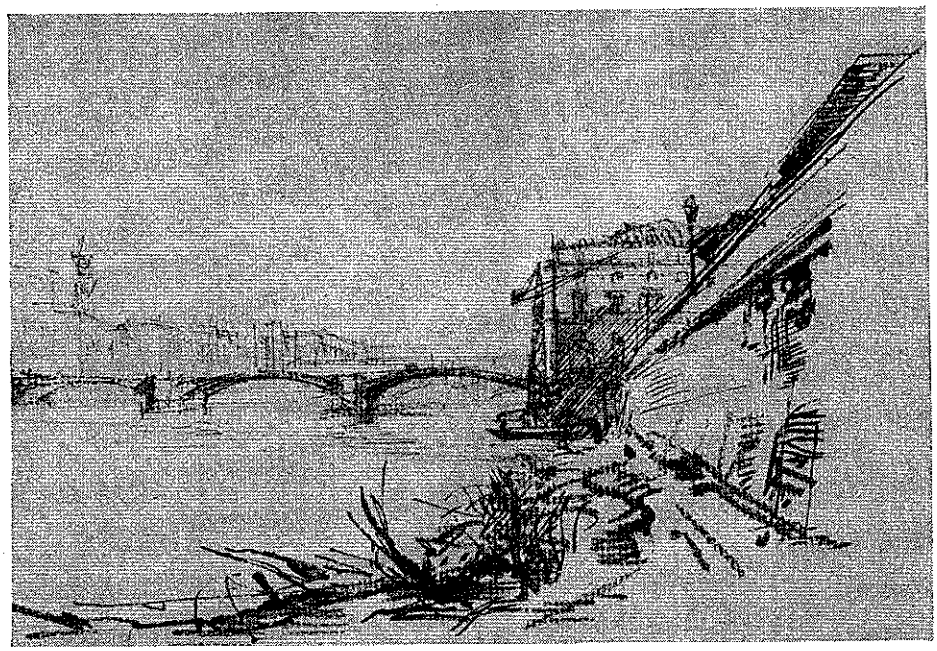
In America where the most astonishing and characteristic architectural expressions of today are perhaps bridges, it was possible with steel to give to their structure grace in leaping from one bank to another. But the Bridge of Santa Trinita attains the same aesthetic effect of the Washington Bridge in New York and of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, but with stone. Thousands of stones roughly hewn and set in a peculiar curve, one close to the other, sustain themselves and create the same illusion as that given by the use of steel. It was a miracle at the time and today it is a feast for the eye, like seeing a bouncing ball gently and surely departing from one bank and just skimming the surface of the water, bouncing once again and finally reposing on the opposite bank. This bridge smiles, caresses, sings in the air. It is the symbol of a calm and serene existence. It seemed that no weight could break it, no flood hollow it out and that its end could only come about by means of a violent act. In fact, it came to its end by an act of war.

It has been said that the three lines that form the charming, sinuous, inviting arches of the Bridge of Santa Trinita are derived from a curve which was studied in those days, the so-called catenary, deriving from the Latin, catena, meaning chain. If between two points at the same level any flexible cord or chain is suspended, this cord or chain will assume the same descending and ascending figure the middle of which will always be lower than the ends. Such a curve may be more or less expanded. There are, therefore, an infinite number of possible catenary curves. From a material, non-mathematical point of view, we know that if this curve were too long, the material cord would break.

The builder of this bridge strove for a catenary curve by using a chain of stones so connected as to give the maximum span, without breaking the chain. In this way he found a solution to the stones' resistance and simultaneously resolved a problem of aesthetics.

If my explanations and definitions seem obscure, please forget them and think only of a line any housewife draws from one pole to another on which to hang her laundry and you will know what a catenary line is. Now turn this line upside down, with its curve towards the sky and not downwards, and you will see the same line that inspired the builder of the Bridge of Santa Trinita.

This bridge, in fact, seems a very simple solution to the problem of connecting two banks. Vehicles and pedestrians require a minimum of effort to cross it because of its lightly increasing ascent and slightly diminishing descent, with slender legs supporting the structure and built in the form of a ship's prow, offering the least resistance to the floods of the torrent called the River Arno. Shall we say that like modern architecture, it is functional?



Ponte Santa Trinita *Guarnieri*

Yes, it is indeed. No bridge, I would say, is as much a bridge as the Bridge of Santa Trinita. It is the bridge of bridges. Compare it with other bridges, Roman or medieval, covered or uncovered, and in comparison, they look awkward, heavy, encumbered and overcharged. The Santa Trinita seems air-bound; the others seem stolid.

You know that curves are the special province of geometry and of women. There is another geometrical curve that has been connected with the Bridge of Santa Trinita and it is the cycloid curve, which is a feminine curve.

Galileo was the first to explore the fascinating design made by a wheel in motion. What is a cycloid? It is the curve traced by any point on the circumference of a circle making one complete revolution along a straight line in a single plane. In order to understand more clearly this definition of Webster, look at a wheel of a train in motion. Imagine putting your finger on the point where the wheel is in contact with the rail; now let your finger follow the movement of the wheel and it will trace an ever-increasing curve in height simultaneously moving in the direction of the wheel's motion; when your finger has reached the highest point of the wheel, it will descend and finally it will return to the rail. However, your finger will be at a distance from the starting point, and the design it has traced will be a very pleasant curve, developed from one point to another on the same level.

It was Galileo who first discovered this curve and its magic relation to the circle, from the movement of which it is generated.

The natural beauty of this curve has moved the heart and stirred the imagination of mathematicians who call it the Helen of Troy of geometry. Shall we say that this curve, pleasant, harmonious, sinuous, at first increasing and then diminishing, with the same impulse, but with different proportions, is the curve of the three spans of the Bridge of Santa Trinita? No.

The discovery of Galileo took place around 1600 and the bridge was finished in 1571 so it is impossible to credit Galileo with having supplied the idea to the artist. Instead it is a legitimate hypothesis to think that the artist gave the idea to the scientist and that Galileo, who as a Florentine would know the bridge, got the idea from it of exploring the cycloid curve. In fact, in the letter to Cavalieri of 1640 in which Galileo announced his discovery, he mentions the fact that the curve was "similar to the curve of a bridge."

The architect of the bridge was Benedetto Ammannati, 1511-1592. All art historians and guide books credit him with

the invention of the three slender arches, and the documents of the Medici Court attest to the fact that he was entrusted with the construction.

But there has always been an element of mystery in the origin of this bridge. It was too beautiful — many said — for an artist like Ammannati. His sculptures are contorted — a mixture of wildness and elegance; his buildings have a tendency to be picturesque, spectacular and decorative. He possessed ability but not genius, manners but not force; he was merely elegant and polished. Nothing else in his artistic production reveals the geometrical simplicity that is found in the Santa Trinita Bridge; indeed everything is in direct contrast to it.

This enigma has been considered solved with the indication by a German scholar, Dr. Kriegbaum, of a letter of Vasari to the Duke of Tuscany, Cosimo I:

> "I have been seeing Michelangelo every day and we worked on the designs of the Ponte Santa Trinita. Michelangelo talked at length about it. I will bring back a report of his writings and his designs which he made of the actual measurements of the bridge."

Since then it is generally accepted that Michelangelo furnished Ammannati not only with the idea but with the designs of the bridge. He faithfully carried out Michelangelo's instructions.

However, in my opinion, some mystery still remains because it is questionable if the genius of Michelangelo would express itself in the simple geometrical style of the Trinita Bridge. The work of Michelangelo is always the product of contrasting forces. It does not possess any affinity with that bridge which is a serene solution of two contrasting forces.

We can clearly see what the bridge actually became. It was the largest between two parts of a city, connecting the ruler's home, the Pitti Palace, to the city hall, the Palazzo Vecchio. Even today, you might expect to see rising from one of the approaches to the bridge first the hat, then the head, and finally the whole figure of the postillion preceding the ducal coach; then the horses galloping, followed by the coach, with the lackies sitting at the rear, and finally the guard of honor, the lesser aristocracy and, trailing behind, the populace.

But if the Trinita Bridge was intended as the court bridge, it served also as an arena for the popular sport called the Gioco del Ponte, the Game of the Bridge. Two opposing teams sought to gain possession of the span, and some of the champions were even thrown into the water from the bridge, just as today wrestlers are sometimes thrown outside the ring.

Moreover, this bridge has another characteristic: it bears a name whose pronunciation is almost unique in the Italian language. The name of the church upon which the bridge faces on the bank of the larger part of the city is pronounced Trinita and not Trinità, as in any other part of Italy. This accent on the first syllable is considered a sort of oddity among scholars. They say that it stems from the nominative case of Latin and not from the accusative, as is the rule for Italian words. It proceeds from Trinitas and not from Trinitatem. Nobody can adduce a reason for this oddity but someone has suggested that it is a case of conservation of an older accent, which survived when the new stress on the penultimate had acquired authority. There thus developed a bifurcation of the word: the oldest remained attached to the material body of the Church and consequently to the bridge, as Trinita; and the other indicated a larger, more immaterial theological concept of God, unique and trine, as Trinità. This occurred only in the area of Florence, and has persisted for centuries. If a French colony had founded Trinity College here in Hartford, it might now be called Trinity, in the manner of French pronunciation.

This conservatism leads me back to what happened when the bridge was destroyed.

Destruction of monuments was not uncommon in the Italian peninsula. Earthquakes, eruptions, floods, and of course civil and foreign wars are generally recorded as the cause of ruins or of the entire disappearance of buildings and even of cities. But one must not forget that the changing taste in architecture has also been responsible for mutilations, and finally for the complete obliteration of works of art. A different artistic taste can be just as inexorable as the lack of artistic taste, as the passions of political revenge or as the necessity of war. In the past centuries

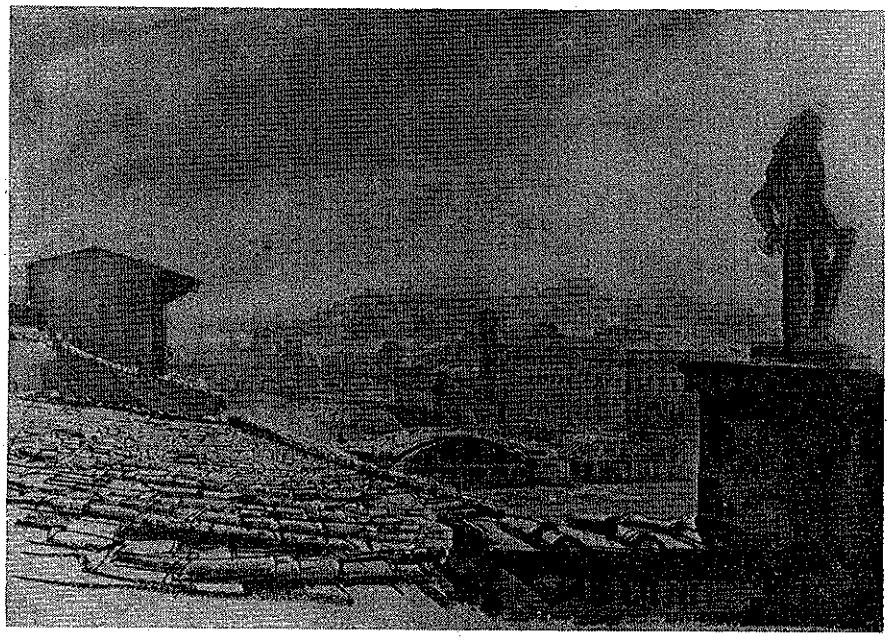
there was no respect for old forms of art when a new type of art seemed to dictate a change. Romanesque art made use of Roman columns, capitals and stones; Gothic architects destroyed Romanesque churches without any compunction in order to elevate their pinnacles and pointed arches; the Renaissance considered every building of the Middle Ages, Romanesque or Gothic, as a barbaric expression which should be demolished; Baroque and Rococo artists felt no scruples in modifying with their fantastic effulgence the rather chaste and demure temples of the preceding epoch. Almost every great cathedral of Italy, to begin with St. Peter's, has been built over the man-made ruins of another church. What I am saying is that respect for art, respect for the past, tolerance in art are modern feelings. The impulse toward a new art was strong enough to cause artists to consider the past as an encumbrance. Not far from the Bridge of Santa Trinita there is a large square, now named for the Republic, and many modern streets, as ugly and as commonplace as possible. My father was still alive when the destruction of this picturesque and old part of Florence was accomplished by Italians. They sacrificed old churches, quaint corners, noble mansions to the Goddess of Cleanliness and Hygienic Necessity. And to mark this event, a large memorial tablet was proudly placed in the highest roof overlooking the square, reading: "The old center of Florence to a new life arisen."

Times have changed and art has now acquired another value. When the bridge was destroyed, a feeling of rage and anguish permeated the city. The Santa Trinita Bridge was beautiful and was loved by every Florentine. After its destruction, many people tried to save stones and fragments of sculpture or ornamentation from it, and even salvaged pieces from the bottom of the river. And as soon as possible, when Italy was rising again from the ruins of war, the problem of rebuilding the bridge was put before the citizens of the city.

As Mary McCarthy said in a recent article in the New Yorker, the populace of Florence is considered the most intelligent of Italy; and the Italians in general are not looked upon as stupid. The Florentines are especially endowed with an interest in art. Artisans form the most elevated and civic-minded aristocracy among workers. For centuries, they have been famous for their cutting sarcastic remarks, for being models of a temperate judicious way of living, and for possessing a traditionally inspired feeling for artistic criticism. Anything new in the city, a chapel or a painting, a shop or an editorial, undergoes the scrutiny of this elite.

Along the right bank of the Arno there is a row of illustrious mansions, interspersed by middle-class houses, tourist shops, English tea-rooms and old hotels — a section reminiscent of Beacon Street in Boston. From many of the buildings of this bank can be seen the Bridge of Santa Trinita. The Lungarno, a thoroughfare leading to the Cascine, the largest and woodiest park in Florence, is sometimes a deserted avenue beaten by the winter winds and sometimes a gay main street of revelers; at other times students go by with books under their arms, lovers meet and tourists swarm about with their open guide books, trying to identify the nearby churches and steeples. It is a very important artery in Florence. On that thoroughfare, near the Bridge, face the windows of a noble palace of the very noble family of the Corsinis. Modern civilization has deprived this family of all political power, but they still feel an obligation towards the city from where they originated and where once they occupied so exalted a position. More than fifty years ago, a group of young Florentine writers and artists, rebelling against academic exhibitions, opened an independent art show modelled on the famous exhibit of Paris, *Les Indépendants*. My friend, Giovanni Papini, was chosen to be the spokesman for the occasion and in his best satirical vein, he did not spare his barbed darts. It was Prince Corsini's hospitality that made this manifestation possible. I wonder if he regretted his generosity when the meeting took on such a radical turn. However, he was indulgent enough never to complain about it.

Today the Corsinis still open their beautiful palace to artists, to cultural societies and to exhibitions of paintings. And when the reconstruction of the bridge had begun, they had just lent the large attic of their palace to a young artist. This artist was attracted by what he saw: scaffolds being erected behind which workers, all seriously bent on their work, mixed cement,



Ponte Santa Trinita *Guarnieri*

cut stones, measured with a plumb line. It was the beginning of a dramatic resurrection about which every Florentine was commenting. Would the new bridge endure? Was there enough money? Would it look the same as it did before?

The young artist could not see the bridge from the attic, but he had only to tiptoe on the tiled roof, and look down: there it was – the gaping hole, the emptiness, and the beginning of the emerging structure. Here was a story that he could tell by means of his pencil. He began to draw and continued, with intervals, for two years or more. From time to time the artist went around, walked on the roof, stopped along the parapets, saw the work from nearby; and he always carried on his work in a quiet and unprententious way, fearing some other artist might appropriate his idea. Thus came into being the drawings you will see tonight. They were collected in a folio and received an extremely favorable press upon publication.

These drawings are impressions but they are rich in detail; they are notations but they are full of sentiment. After all the artist was a Florentine and not an outsider or a reporter. His hand did not shake but his heart beat faster as the work progressed. The bridge was actually growing under his very eyes and elation was gaining possession of his soul. The scar of the destruction of the bridge was healing and when finally in his sketchbooks he could trace the three arches so mysteriously light, elegant, graceful and mathematically correspondent to a divine proportion, he seems to be giving expression to a hymn of joy.

This young man, Guarnieri, knows his trade well. He comes from a family of artisans and he has inherited their terseness in his work, their clear vision, their incredible dexterity and talent for small details. You will see some of his other works, heads of thoughtful men like Cardinal Dalla Costa and Professor Salvemini, portraits of some of the most beautiful girls in America, landscapes of Mexico, the Netherlands, London, Pisa and New York. I especially happen to like his Cathedral of Chartres seen from a distance, from a land where you feel that the god Pan, chased from the city by the Christians, would seek refuge and, to the accompaniment of his flute, sing a melancholy refrain.

Guarnieri is a conservative painter, which is to say he is today a radical, because what could be more revolutionary than being a traditionalist at a time when traditions are being abandoned?

There is nothing bad about being a conservative; it means only a great confidence in what humanity has developed

in the past as being pleasant and useful, or unpleasant but essential to a common life of human beings, who are so different and competitive. For instance, a conservative is one who before destroying a bridge wants to be sure he can rebuild a better one. To destroy a bridge requires only a few minutes of time and a few dollars worth of dynamite; to rebuild one, much time and money are needed and, of course, artistic genius is not always readily available.

I wish I could elaborate more on the different subjects I have touched upon today. We would easily see that there are other bridges between America and Italy besides the Bridge of Santa Trinita in Florence and the history of its resurrection depicted in the drawings of Luciano Guarnieri.

I am especially grateful for having been invited to Hartford because Wallace Stevens lived in this city and he is an American poet whom I hold very dear among poets. Just a few days ago, browsing through a volume of an American magazine called *The Broom*, published in Rome in 1921 and 1922, I came across an old bridge between Stevens and myself. At that time, as you may know, many writers and poets felt they "could not breathe in America," as Edgar Lee Masters told me years ago while he was visiting Rome. *The Broom* was published by the publishing house of which I was president and into which I was trying to inject new life after the First World War. It was in this way that I became Associate Editor of *The Broom* where appeared one of the first poems of Wallace Stevens, "The Parakeet." The address of that publishing house and of the magazine *The Broom*, was Trinità dei Monti. As you can see, here is another Trinity, this time a Roman one, pronounced in a different way from the Florentine one.

And now let me thank you all: President Jacobs, with whom my previous connection at Columbia University had already formed a bridge of cooperation and mutual respect; Dean Hughes; and you Professor Campo; and all of you, ladies and gentlemen, professors and students of the College, who have been so patient with my wandering recollections of art, manners and a literary past.

A special debt of gratitude should also be expressed to Dr. Max Ascoli and to the Kress Foundation, without whose generosity the Bridge of Santa Trinita would be a memory instead of a present reality.

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

Alcman

Sleep is over the crests of mountains
And the small shoulders around them,
The ravines and the deep slopes;
Asleep are the numerous serpents
Fed by the black earth,
The beasts of the wood, generations of bees,
Monsters of the marine deep, swarms of
creeping things;
Sleep is on flights of birds under their
long wings.

Reprinted by permission of
The Times Literary Supplement

An Italian rendering
by Salvatore Quasimodo
translated by Hanford Henderson

The Visit of Gherardo Forni

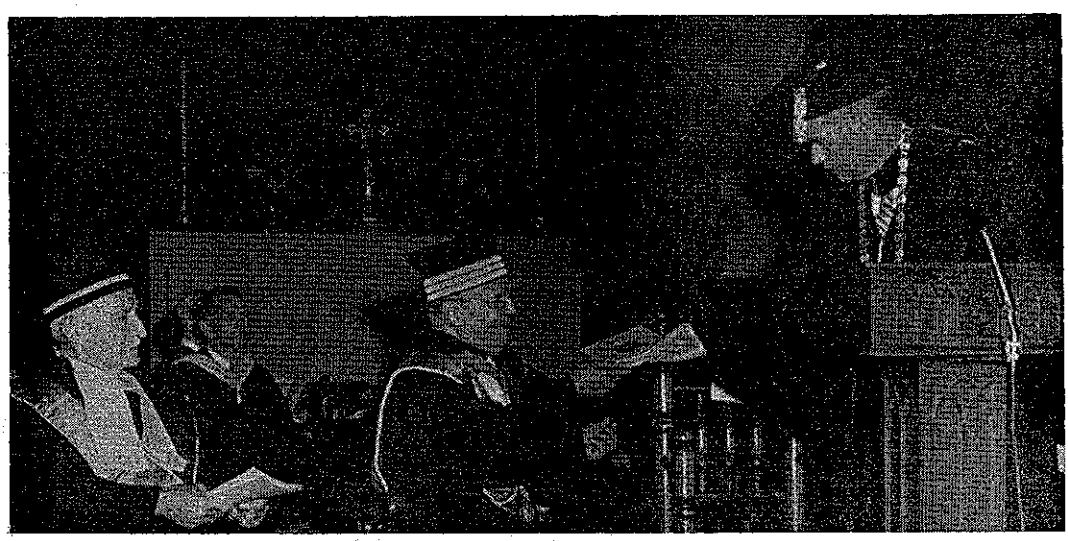
The Rector of the University of Bologna, the distinguished surgeon Dr. Gherardo Forni, visited Trinity College as a guest of President Albert C. Jacobs on May 20 for the occasion of Honors Day. Accompanying Dr. Forni were his secretary Dr. Gino Fantini, Professor Howard Marraro of Columbia University and Dr. Jerome P. Webster, famous plastic surgeon, Trustee of Trinity College and Fellow of the Barbieri Center. Early in the day Dr. Forni was escorted on a tour of Hartford Hospital and was the guest of honor at a luncheon attended by doctors and dignitaries of the City of Hartford.

At the Honors Day ceremony, held in the College Chapel and preceded by an academic procession, both Presidents exchanged the greetings of their institutions and presented gifts. Dr. Forni, in the name of the University of Bologna, offered Trinity College the golden seal of the Studio Bolognese, publications of the University and a marble shield representing one of the most illustrious literary acadamies of Bologna, the Gelati Academy, which had flourished in the 17th century. The shield, taken from the Archiginnasio, bears in the center a forest stripped of its leaves. On the upper part of the shield is the motto "Nec longum tempus" (Not for long). Its meaning is that though the cold has caused the leaves to fall, spring would cause them to return and be green again. The shield will be placed in the wall of the Chapel cloister.

Upon his return to Italy, Dr. Forni wrote a report of his travels in the United States in which he speaks at length and in detail of his visit to Trinity College. He ends his description with the words, *Giornata veramente memoranda per le cose viste e per le parole udite e dette.*

Shield of the Gelati

Left to right — Dr. Jerome P. Webster, Trinity '10 and recipient of an honorary degree from The University of Bologna, Dean Robert M. Vogel, Dr. Forni and President Jacobs.



REVIEWS

Italy. A Modern History. by Denis Mack Smith. University of Michigan Press, 1959.

Few, if any, will doubt that a scholarly unbiased book on the history of modern Italy was needed by the growing section of the American public desirous to know a little more about one of the most fascinating nations of the Old World than the vague three R's of schooldays (Rome, Renaissance, Risorgimento). One should therefore be thankful to Professors Nevins and Ehrmann for having included, in their 15-volume history of the Modern World, a book on the history of Italy since the unification a hundred years ago. The volumes already published in what will be, when completed, an enlightening picture of the world as a whole between the middle of the 19th century and the middle of the 20th, are rather uneven, some very good, others frankly mediocre. *Italy. A Modern History,* by Professor Denis Mack Smith of the University of Cambridge in England, is definitely among the good volumes, even if the reviewer — as is usual — finds a few defects and deficiencies.

Professor Mack Smith knows Italy and the Italians. I would go further and say that he loves them and sympathizes with them, sharing their experiences and their emotions, their hopes and their disillusions. Before tackling the difficult task of presenting in 500 pages the complex history of a period characterized by radical transformations in all fields of human endeavor, Professor Mack Smith had become known to the scholars interested in Italy through a valuable monograph on Cavour and Garibaldi, a life of Garibaldi, and a number of articles on Italy. The result of the close contact between the author and his subject is that the book is not the cold analytical study one would expect from a foreigner; it has the warmth and the understanding of someone who relives — as Croce said all historians should do — the life of those about whom he writes. There is understanding; there is also objectivity, the result of the discipline and the outlook characteristic of British intellectuals, and of their classical training.

The book opens, naturally enough, with a description of the situation in Italy at the time of the sudden death of Cavour, in

June 1861: except for the Three Venetias and Rome, the peninsula was united — for the first time since 568. During thirteen hundred years of divisions and conflicts Italians had gone in different directions and there was little in common — except for the will to be united among important sections of the educated classes — between sturdy Piedmontese, industrious Lombards and Ligurians, easy-going Venetians, in the north, and their fellow-countrymen of central and southern Italy, the Tuscans proud of the glories of Florence, Siena and Pisa, the people of the States (the Papal realm was called "gli Stati"), the "regnicoli" or inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples which had existed for eight hundred years, covering a fourth of Italy, the Sicilians in whom lived the spirit and the imagination of ancient Greeks, the Sardinians as severe and stern as the Castilians of Spain. Italy was made — people said — now there was the problem of making the Italian nation.

The author deals with the geography of Italy, a unifying factor and at the same time, as all those who have travelled through the peninsula know, a diversifying factor. After discussing those who embodied the ideas of national unification and of revolutionary transformation from traditional authoritarianism to a progressive, open society — liberals, democrats, republicans — Professor Mack Smith describes the political institutions of the Kingdom proclaimed in March 1861, the social structure, the economic conditions, the tension between the old and the new,

the tragedy of deep-seated conflicts which often ended in bloodshed. He points out correctly that the myth of the Risorgimento as a widely spread popular movement corresponds little to reality, that things would have been easier after 1861 if it had been otherwise, that Mazzini's republicans, Cavour's and Ricasoli's liberals, Rattazzi's democrats had to fight against apathy, indifference and even hostility on the part of considerable sections of the Italian people not less than against Austrian power and loyal supporters of traditional despotism; that fewer Italians for instance fell in the conspiracies, insurrections and wars of the Risorgimento than Frenchmen on the fields of Solferino alone. The unification would not have taken place without the initiative of a courageous few, the quick-mindedness of Cavour – and a favorable international situation.

Fifty pages are devoted to a description of the difficulties met during the first fifteen years when the Moderates ("la Destra") were in power, when patience and determination were the main factors in moulding one state out of seven in an atmosphere of liberty and of promising progress. This is the period when Italy produces a considerable group of competent statesmen who stand comparison with the statesmen of any other nation. The internal and external developments centering around the personalities of the leaders of the reform party ("la Sinistra"), Depretis and Crispi, form the subject of sections 4 and 5 of the book. There follows a description of the social and constitutional crisis at the end of the century when reactionary authoritatianism seemed to be the best answer to the growing pressure of revolutionary forces born from the awareness of poverty and discrimination; but in 1900 free institutions were maintained – a clear index of the maturity achieved by the responsible sections of the Italian nation. The resumption of constitutional parliamentarian procedure gave Italy fifteen years of continuous progress, intellectual as well as economic, maintained in spite of ever-recurrent frictions and tensions. Then came the psychological and political crisis of 1915 and participation in World War I.

The best, and probably the most profitable pages for all readers, are the last 170 pages in which the author describes the rise of fascism, the ideological, political and economic structure of the first totalitarian dictatorship ever established in a western country in modern times, its achievements during the period 1926-1936, and the failures which followed, culminating in the collapse of 1943 – from which arose spontaneously the Resistenza and a new, democratic Italian republic. In Professor Mack Smith's book, the American reader will find what is probably the best and most objective account of Italian fascism at present available in this country. One should keep in mind that if Italian fascism was in itself a modest and temporary phenomenon, it was also the spark that ignited the totalitarianism of Germany, Spain and other European countries, that lit the flames of now extinct dictatorships in Latin America and of still existent dictatorships in the Near East. Whatever one's feelings about Italian fascism, its ideology, its structure and its implications in the political, social and intellectual fields need to be known by the educated person concerned about the recent past and what may be the near future in many parts of the world.

Defects and deficiencies? No book can be expected to be without a few. There are minor points: *saragattiani* is spelt with two ts, Zaniboni was a major and not a colonel, the two maps at pp. 356 and 444 show Italy's eastern boundaries after World War II while they should show the boundaries after World War I; etc. There are also a few major points. Professor Mack Smith's book is an excellent conventional history, dealing chiefly with political leaders in office or waiting to get into office: heads of state, prime ministers, cabinet ministers, party leaders. But politics, particularly when there is freedom, as was undoubtedly the case in Italy from 1861 to 1922 and has been the case since 1945, represents only one element in the history of a nation, sometimes it may be even a secondary element. It is true that other elements of the Italian scene are mentioned, but in my opinion they could have been given some of the space devoted to party politics and to governmental activities. The weakening of Italian Liberalism is not sufficiently explained, nor is the fast growing appeal of various forms of socialism to intellectuals and to workers at the end of the 19th century. The reformulation of the Catholic position in a variety of fields, be-

gun under Pius IX and continued under his successors, has had a considerable impact on the Italian nation and explains the political resurgence of Catholicism after the collapse of fascism; this development is not analysed as it should have been in view of its importance for the Italian nation. Nowhere is there mention that corporativism is a Catholic doctrine, that nationalists (a group somewhat different from the fascists) carried out most of the political reforms of fascism. It should also be mentioned that the leaders for whom the author has a good word are few, defects being stressed more than virtues; in all human beings there in smallness and meanness, but there is also, often, generosity, abnegation, the sense of duty: I would have appreciated a more balanced view of those who acted on the scene of Italian history – such as one finds in the works of Benedetto Croce.

MASSIMO SALVADORI
Smith College

The Poet as Superman: a Life of Gabriele D'Annunzio. by Anthony Rhodes. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1959.

There was fullness enough in the career of D'Annunzio to enable his biographers to treat only one aspect of his life if they so choose. Frances Winwar whose *Wingless Victory* (N.Y., 1956) was the last biography in English to appear before the contribution of Mr. Rhodes, gave primary emphasis to the poet's sentimental and amorous life. Anthony Rhodes, an Englishman, has elected to draw for his readers the portrait of D'Annunzio the patriot, warrior and, if we may use the word with some reservations, the politician. As the title indicates, this is "a life" of D'Annunzio, and not the definitive biography, although in saying this we do not seek to minimize the accomplishment of this lucid, tightly organized, well-paced and fascinating presentation of the poet's life as it is seen against the background of his contemporary social, moral and political environment. As this background serves in great degree to explain D'Annunzio, so does his figure enrich and enlarge our understanding of his times. The interplay and juxtaposition of the figure and his surrounding world forms the pattern of Rhodes' narrative, which must ultimately be considered as much a history of D'Annunzio's times as of himself; but a history seen only in the reflected light of the poet's brilliance, and therefore, if not inaccurate, certainly incomplete.

To write about D'Annunzio today, in the light of the events of recent history, is in a sense to indulge in a colossal irony. He lent himself to parody even in his own more flamboyant days, and it is unfair to hold up before the disillusioned and illusionless eyes of mid-twentieth-century man the figure of a superman destined to failure; but it is very instructive. The ease with which the social doctrines of Romanticism could be turned into a vehicle for a vague and mystical authoritarianism is made as clear to us as the moral and spiritual emptiness which characterized the Italian disciples of Nietzsche. Rhodes does not and had no need to comment on the fatuousness and intellectual cloudiness of D'Annunzio's speeches, gestures and thought in the political and philosophical sphere, for our hard-won knowledge of totalitarianism and its tricks of the trade has well prepared us to understand D'Annunzio's naivete and trace its role in the subsequent tragedy of Italy and Europe. Perhaps no other writer in modern times has given as much support by personal example to Plato's insistence that the poet be excluded from the ideal Republic.

Almost as unpardonable as his cloudy politics, perhaps ultimately even more so, is D'Annunzio's sin against language. We are now in total reaction to D'Annunzian turgidity, hyperbole and flowery but empty bombast. The poet was unable to differentiate between what he felt was appropriate for his lyric and dramatic works and the language of political persuasion and propaganda. Perhaps nothing distinguishes us more from D'Annunzio's generation than our imperviousness to the glib ornateness and the elegant magic of his rhetoric. It is tempting to trace a parallel between a nation's acceptance of the dishonest use of language and the weakness or decline of that nation's moral fibre. D'Annunzio's contribution to Fascism was as important here as in any other area. Rhodes has wisely refrained from commenting on the numerous excerpts from the poet's speeches and political writings which he reproduces, as they clearly condemn themselves. Certainly there was some justice in the

causes which D'Annunzio elected to serve, but it is possible to see, at least with hindsight, that he effectively obscured the real issues with his irrepressible rhetoric. His refusal to come to terms with realities was more than an insistence on "purity"; as in the case of Italy's complete unpreparedness for participation in the first World War, it was no less than criminal. It can either explain or make thoroughly incomprehensible the similar plunge into disaster the Italians took under Mussolini's leadership almost twenty-five years later.

Rhodes' life of D'Annunzio, limiting itself to an impartial presentation of the facts, can hardly be said to present the warrior-poet in a heroic light. The truth is, of course, that D'Annunzio was hardly morally superior to his times, even though he often seemed to be at diametric odds with them. His Dantean pose underlines even more ironically his lack of self-knowledge; and he epitomized that common Italian failing, egocentricity, to the ultimate degree. While his latest biographer has not omitted details of his life which testify to his idealism, courage and generosity, one cannot help regretting that these laudable qualities were put to the service of a narrow, oratorically inflated chauvinism. For our generation cannot help condemning him for his lack of intelligent awareness of the human condition.

Although he has informed himself thoroughly by wide reading of the works of his predecessors, Rhodes' book does not pretend to be a scholarly or exhaustive study. He has a disconcerting tendency to generalize loosely at times, which is particularly noticeable in his prefatory essay where, for example, he exaggerates the influence of Dante and Machiavelli on the political conscience of the Italians, and brushes aside somewhat cavalierly the political idealism of the Risogimento patriots. And occasionally one finds in the work puzzling statements like the following. After mentioning Italian admiration for Bismarck in the nineteenth century, Rhodes continues: "With him too went Wagner, the most Teutonic of all Germans, because he was a Jew, with his conquering and fearless Siegfried." Since Wagner's reputation for anti-Semitism is widespread and the Hitler regime's admiration for his music well known, Rhodes could hardly knowingly have made such an observation, and one can only be led to believe that in the type-setting the word "hater" must have been left out after "Jew". This typographical or proof-reading carelessness is notably common in Rhodes' study. (Bonficace XIII is found for Boniface VIII, as another example; elsewhere the biographer describes the great *Banca romana* crash as "a sort of Stravinsky affair" obviously referring to the French Stavisky scandal.)

While Rhodes' biography of D'Annunzio offers no grounds for a reinterpretation of the poet-warrior's role in recent Italian history, it has been able to utilize recently available documents which have emerged as an aftermath of the Fascist debacle, to supply a more detailed picture of D'Annunzio's activities and influence. Perhaps most important here has been a clarification of his relations with Mussolini, and the revelation that these two "supermen" were at bottom mistrustful of each other, and, in Mussolini's case at least, intensely jealous. Rhodes has also found it possible to present the fullest, most colorful account we have yet had of the great Fiume adventure, where the Quixotic idealism and reckless courage of the *Comandante* gained him a worldwide admiration which was to make such a drab anticlimax of the last eighteen uneventful years of his life.

Louis Tenenbaum
University of Colorado

Arturo's Island. by Elsa Morante. Translated by Isabel Quigley. Alfred A. Knopf, 1959.

Arturo's Island appears in English translation two years after its initial publication in Italy and its award of the coveted Strega Prize. It would be pleasant to be able to attribute the delay exclusively to a recognition of the difficulties of translation, especially pronounced in the case of this novel, rather than to the more general and usual vicissitudes of publishing. Surely the task of turning Elsa Morante's "iridescent" and "magic" idiom into English was no mean one. The author herself had felt somewhat ill at ease at the enchanted and rich tone in which her fourteen-year-old protagonist, a wild, self-schooled boy from the island of Procida, wrote his "memories". To lend them stylistic plausibility she had therefore added rather awk-

wardly, almost as an after-thought in the final pages, the boy's conviction that he is a writer. And yet, robbed of its particular tone, *Arturo's Island* would be no more than another novel of adolescence, another chronicle of the difficult task of growing up, akin to Moravia's *Agostino* and *La disubbidienza (Two Adolescents)* for its psychological insight, and to Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward Angel* for the poignancy with which the final break is represented.

The particular tone of *Arturo's Island* is to a large extent a function of its exotic and picturesque setting and of a boy's efforts to break through the screen of ignorance which shields him from the unpleasant realities of life. It is also — and this is the book's individual mark — a function of Elsa Morante's ability to create subtle musical effects by a careful choice of words and of her almost miraculously hitting upon that unique precision of designation, which a writer achieves only in rare moments of true excellence, at a number of crucial points in her story. The most important of these is to be found almost exactly in the middle of the book (p. 183). Arturo is day-dreaming, thinking of leaving the island, but is, as always, overcome by a resurgence of the mixed feelings he has for his father, by his unbreakable attachment to the island:

> I was seeing mysteries, seeing much that was new and disquieting, indecipherable, unattainable, seeing my childhood fade . . . but it all went to make up the ever-changing, ever-enchanting chimera I knew of old . . . all had changed, but it was veiled in magic as before, in something I couldn't fathom, like an iridescent spider's web, which kept me prisoner on the island.

The translation here is excellent, completely free of that slavish subservience to the word order and the expression of the original which so often mars translations when they are the work of someone who knows the language translated from better than the language translated into (an inexcusable shortcoming!). It is somewhat surprising therefore to find that the key word, the one word which names the "chimera", gives body to the recurrent image of the spider's web, and defines the nature of the boy's conflicting emotions, the almost technical word *ambiguity*, should be missing, its meaning diluted in the limp circumlocution *something I couldn't fathom.* (See page 191 of the Italian edition for complete passage.)

Something similar happens in another important passage (p. 369), in the few beautiful lines in which Arturo momentarily relives the passions of his childhood and definitely bids them farewell:

> The fire of that everlasting childhood summer rose in my blood so passionately, so terribly, that I nearly fainted. And the one friend I had had all that time returned to bid me farewell. As if he was there beside me, I said out loud: "Goodby Pal"

But the key word here should be *love*, for Arturo does not speak of his father as his *one friend*, but as his *one*, his *only, love* ("l'unico amore"). In avoiding the word *love* (possibly because of its overtones) the translator has unwittingly betrayed the author. For even if it has not before been clear, certainly at this point it becomes unmistakably so — and the precise term makes it so — that the boy's story has been a love story, that he has suffered the pangs and joys of unrequited love, that he felt the magic spell of the loved one's mystery, and that only when that mystery was penetrated — when the rational world broke into the dream world — was he able to liberate himself from his ambiguous, ambivalent love and finally leave the island. And it is the word love, used here, that brings other elements of the book into focus: Arturo's tempestuous and tender love for his stepmother Nunziata, his affair with the village woman who initiates him to physical love, his attachment to his dog, to Silvestro who raised him, to the animals and the plants and the vistas of his island. And it is the word love that reflects back upon another magnificent episode — the portrayal of life in Nunziata's home in Naples — no less than upon the theme of the recurrent and degrading infatuations of Arturo's father.

These two instances in which Isabel Quigly's translation fails to capture the full meaning of the original should not be taken as invalidating an otherwise extremely successful and commendable effort. Something is always lost in translation. It seems no idle effort to try to determine what that something is. Especially so in the case of a work of such consciously complex structure and such stylistic refinement as Elsa Morante's. For *Arturo's Island* is no hastily composed *divertissement* to be read at one sitting. And while

its impassioned tone and its nostalgic worship of an ideal moment of development – "There is no paradise except in limbo" the prefatory poem says (but again the word *Elysium* used instead of *limbo* in the original is more significant) – will weave its spell over even the most inattentive reader, the more sophisticated will not go disappointed. The sentimental core of the book, which we have approached through an analysis of a few linguistic details, invites – as it does in any classic – ever renewed attempts at definition.

Olga Ragusa
Columbia University

The Life of the Admiral Christopher Columbus by his son Ferdinand. Translated and annotated by Benjamin Keen. Rutgers University Press, 1959.

My pleasure in reading Dr. Keen's felicitous translation of the life of Columbus by Ferdinand is matched only by my amazement that the book should be hidden from popular view for so many centuries. There is only one other English rendering of this momentous work, and it is a poor and error-ridden eighteenth-century one, prepared by John Churchill for his *Voyages.* Serious students of the age of discovery have recently used the splendid annotated Italian text edited by Rinaldo Caddeo in 1930. But a delightful account has been denied the English reading public up to now because of a strange and unexplained indifference. Certainly Samuel Eliot Morison's superb *Admiral of the Ocean Sea* must have done a good deal to produce a climate of opinion that now makes it possible for Benjamin Keen to translate one of the great classics of the geographical Renaissance.

Columbus has suffered an undeserved but not unusual fate. It is the fate of the great man who becomes a household word and therefore so familiar that curiosity and interest are satisfied by anecdotes, legends, and national commemorative holidays. We learn about Columbus when we are very young. I learned the names of his ships when I was in the fifth grade. The story of the egg and the trouble Columbus had convincing the Catholic Kings about the shape of the world were illustrations of the difficulties faced by all pioneers. When I studied seriously the age of discovery, the name of Columbus was taken for granted and my teachers directed me to more esoteric Spanish and Portuguese discoverers. Columbus had become a monument, a name, a holiday, an occasion for parades. In the quest to extend one's historical and biographical knowledge, one tends to rush over the old familiars. This is one of the Columbus problems, the suppression created by familiarity. We have had to wait until 1959 to have a translation of a classic which is certainly the most significant work composed by anyone who was close to the Discoverer.

Columbus suffered many suppressions. Some of them he knew in his lifetime, others affected his reputation long after his death. His son Ferdinand wrote the *Historie* in order to push aside one of the curtains that obscured his famous father. The Spanish Crown had to depreciate Christopher Columbus in order to retrieve full title to the lands that it had ceded the Discoverer and his descendants with royal abandon in 1492 and 1493. Christopher's success in 1492 had been problematical. When it was assured, the Catholic Kings and their successors could not honor their agreement. In 1536, the Council of the Indies decreed that Columbus's heirs were to renounce their viceroyalty and its revenues in return for a perpetual but meagre income. The litigation that attended this decision encouraged Ferdinand to write his loving account of his father's life. It is a product of controversy and bears, inevitably, some if the indelible hallmarks of an argument.

Ferdinand was born out of wedlock to Christopher Columbus and a young peasant woman of Cordoba. Christopher was then a widower of thirty-seven waiting for a decision from the Catholic Kings about his projected voyage. Already dreaming, perhaps, of the titles and honors that would come his way, Christopher could not run the risk of social retrogression by marrying the young woman. But he behaved very honorably toward their son. Ferdinand became a page to the heir to the thrones of Aragon and Castile. At the age of thirteen, in 1502, the boy accompanied Columbus on the famous and disastrous Fourth Voyage. The boy knew his father and his work very well indeed.

Ferdinand moved with ease through

the Italianate Renaissance society of the Spanish Court. Comfortably provided for by his father, he devoted himself to writing and study and to book-collecting. He began to write his life of his father during the last years of his life.

The manuscript was of course written in Spanish but the original was lost and the source for the *Historie* is an early Italian translation. The alternations of the manuscript provide an interesting bibliographical story. On the death of Ferdinand in 1539, the *Historie* passed to a grandson of the Discoverer. He sold it to a Genoese called Fornari. Fornari commissioned a translation of the work into Italian. After the unhappy loss of the original, all subsequent translations had to be based on the Italian edition which has become, in fact, the definitive source. Many scholars have questioned the authenticity of the *Historie* in controversies which Dr. Keen sagely calls "wearisome". There can be no question now about the authorship of the work although the vicissitudes of the original manuscript create understandable misgivings about the completeness and accuracy of the first Italian translation.

Misgivings and doubts appear very pedantic indeed when we read the exciting book that comes from the pen of its latest *traduttore*. Here is a delightful and exciting adventure story filled with Indians, mutiny, shipwrecks, and marooning. There is a delightful and medieval mixture of the probable and the fantastic. Ferdinand combines knowledge of the most advanced Renaissance navigation with naive accounts of griffins and sorcerers. And all of this is told with the suspense of a modern adventure story and with an economical delineation of detail.

Columbus emerges from his son's account as a flesh and blood character without any of the forbidding monumental qualities that obscure his vitality in the historical primers. We see him as a loving father, beloved by his men, adamant in the face of opposition, intrepid on dangerous voyages. We can also discern the climber and the adventurer, characters compatible with the atmosphere of Renaissance Italy in which he was born and bred. This work should give to students of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Europe a fresh insight into contemporary thought from an able son of a very distinguished father.

GEORGE B. COOPER
Trinity College

Contributors

ELIZABETH BARKER received her Master's Degree from Trinity College in June. Earlier this year she won the Emily Clark Balch National Poetry Award. Her prize winning poems appeared in the spring number of the *Virginia Quarterly*.

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI founded, along with Giovanni Papini the two important Italian journals *Leonardo* and *La Voce*. He has written many provocative books and innumerable articles on literature, philosophy, and politics. For a quarter of a century he has been to Italians the principal interpreter of America. His perceptive essays on this country have been collected into several books: *America in pantofole, America con gli stivali,* and *Tutta l'America*. He is Professor Emeritus of Italian at Columbia University and former Director of Casa Italiana where he compiled his *Repertorio bibliografico 1902-32*, one of the richest and best organized bibliographies of Italian literature. Some of his recent publications include *L'italiano inutile* and *Machiavelli, anticristo*.

I. L. SALOMON, poet, critic and lecturer, has had many of his poems published in leading literary journals. His most recent book of poems is entitled *Unit and Universe* published by Clarke and Way. *Saint Francis is the Square* which appears in the present number received the Annual Award of The Poetry Society of America in 1958.

CARLO BETOCCHI to whom it is dedicated is a Florentine poet who won the coveted Premio Viareggio in 1955.