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Record Group/Collection: George H.W. Bush Presidential Records
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OA/ID Number: 13775
Folder ID Number: 13775-007

Folder Title:
Italian - American Foundation Gala 10/5/91 [OA 8330]

Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
G	26	21	6	7

McGroarty/Bunton
October 2, 1991
1:00 pm
[ITALIAN]

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ITALIAN-AMERICAN FOUNDATION GALA
WASHINGTON, D.C.
OCTOBER 5, 1991
9:35 P.M.

Let me salute

Thank you, Frank [Stella], for those kind words -- and thanks, all of you, for this warm welcome. [[.]] [Introductory acknowledgements.] It's great to see so many members of my Administration, so many members of the House and Senate. And of course, a special welcome to our distinguished guests who come to us tonight from Italy. Let me single out Foreign Minister de Michellis, honored here tonight for his steadfast leadership during Desert Storm.... //

Two fellows who give Michaelangelo's David a run for his money: Sly Stallone and Joe Piscopo. / Then we've got that monument to Momma's cooking, Dom DeLuise. /

If you'll indulge a proud husband for a moment, let me say how delighted I am to see Barbara honored here tonight. Literacy goes to the root of so many problems: //

[[We've narrowed it down to three: the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria. //]]

////////////////////

All of us here tonight know the special bond -- the heartfelt pride that links so many millions of Americans to Italy, the "Old

Country." At the center of it all: family -- a word that speaks to us, in any language.our reverence for the past -- our fondest hopes for the future. If America is, as I believe, the most fortunate country on Earth -- it's owing to the values....

Tonight, you kick off the 500th anniversary of Columbus' famous voyage. This foundation's special role -- under the leadership of my friend Frank Donatelli. // Special significance this celebration holds for our nation. America has always been the new world -- a land of infinite possibilities, the far horizon....

From Columbus' day, from Plymouth Rock to the pilgrims bearing steamer trunks who filed through portals of Ellis island:

In the words of Luigi Barzini, the Italian-born author whose family came to this country when he was a boy, what drew immigrants from Italy and from all lands to America "was" -- and I quote -- "nothing more than the sum of all their different and sometimes impossible hopes." //

What a wonderful definition of America: the land of impossible hopes. A country where the dreams of one generation become the destiny of the next. //

Once again, my thanks to you for this warm welcome -- and may God bless the United States of America.

#

McGroarty/Bunton
October 2, 1991
2:30 pm
[ITALIAN]

*Call re: memo
Jim Callahan 197-5778*

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ITALIAN-AMERICAN FOUNDATION GALA
WASHINGTON, D.C.
OCTOBER 5, 1991
9:35 P.M.

Thank you, Frank [Stella], for those kind words -- and thanks, all of you, for this warm welcome. My apologies for our late arrival. As I told Barbara on the way over, of all the evenings to miss dinner.... // I can't help but think of what we've missed: The red sauce, the white sauce -- and no sign at all of a certain green vegetable. //

[Introductory acknowledgements.] Let me salute tonight's emcee: Jack Valenti -- and the leadership of this fine foundation: Frank Stella, Jenò Paulucci and Arthur Gajarsa [Guy-AR-suh]. // It's great to see members here from all three branches of the federal government. And of course, a special welcome to our distinguished guests who come to us tonight from Italy. Let me single out one of the many: Foreign Minister de Michellis, honored here tonight for standing steadfast and strong through the days and nights of Desert Storm. //

Let me salute another of tonight's honorees: Paul Tagliabue, NFL Commissioner -- the man who helps give us so many memorable Sunday afternoons in front of the TV when we should be out cutting the grass. / And if you'll pardon a proud husband,

let me say how delighted I am to see Barbara Bush honored here tonight. //

We share the spotlight tonight with celebrities like Ernest Borgnine -- of movie and McHale's Navy fame. / With two fellows who give Michelangelo's David a run for his money: Sly Stallone and Joe Piscopo -- and that monument to Momma's cooking, Dom DeLuise. / Finally, a fellow ready to trade a star on Hollywood Boulevard for a seat in the Senate: Mayor of Palm Springs Sonny Bono. [[Sonny, I just can't resist: we need you, babe. ///]]

Every member of this organization knows what it means to trace your roots to Italy: To feel that special pride in your heritage -- mixed with profound compassion for all of us who can never be Italian. [[We Bushes go back a long way. We've searched -- but we can't claim a single ancestor on the Nina, the Pinta, or the Santa Maria. ///]]

I think it says something special about our nation that we can combine such reverence for the land of our ancestors with an unshakable patriotism for this country we call home. It speaks of a country that is confident -- open hearted: a place where to our differences don't detract -- but make us all a bit richer. //

We can all feel the special bond that links so many millions of Americans to the "Old Country." At the center of it all: family -- a word that speaks to us in any language. The place where our reverence for the past meets our fervent hopes for the future. / If America is, as I believe, the most fortunate

country on Earth -- we owe it to the values the Italian American community calls its own: values of family, faith and freedom.

//

We must work hard to strengthen those living values in everything we do: far from our shores, as America strives always to be a force for freedom in the world. Right here at home, as we seek a society where our sons and daughters can raise a family and build a future. //

As you know, Barbara and I are regulars at this event, but this year's gathering is special. Tonight, you kick off a year of celebration marking the 500th anniversary of Columbus' famous voyage. I want to mention this foundation's special role as coordinator of this great celebration, under the able leadership of my friend Frank Donatelli. //

1992 is our chance to reach back into history, to make this celebration a moment of renewal. From Columbus' day -- from the settlers at Plymouth Rock -- to the pilgrims bearing steamer trunks who filed through the portals at Ellis Island: America has always been the new world -- the land at the far horizon of human endeavor. //

In the words of Luigi Barzini, the Italian-born author whose family came to this country when he was a boy, what drew immigrants from Italy and from all lands to America was -- and I quote -- "nothing more than the sum of all their different and sometimes impossible hopes." //

What a wonderful definition of America: a country where the dreams of one generation become the destiny of the next -- a story of sacrifice and success that reads like a family history for so many of you here tonight. //

So as we celebrate five centuries since Columbus' epic voyage, let us also celebrate the many contributions Americans of Italian heritage have made -- and will make -- to this proud country we share. //

So once again, my thanks to you for this special evening -- and may God bless the United States of America.

#

Quite From OH! ~~AMERICA~~

DOUG GAMBLE

Oct. 2/91

424 - 36th Place
Manhattan Beach, CA 90265
(213) 548-6409

TO: CHRISTINA MARTIN


MORE ITALIAN-AMERICAN DINNER (Dan McGroarty)

IT'S INTERESTING TO SEE SONY BONO RUNNING FOR THE SENATE, BUT I HAVE ONE
QUESTION. WHAT MAKES HIM THINK SOMEONE FROM THE CALIFORNIA ENTERTAINMENT
INDUSTRY CAN ~~HAVE A FUTURE~~ IN NATIONAL POLITICS?


Succeed

September 26, 1991

MEMORANDUM FOR DAN "Don Alberto" McGROARTY

FROM: JEANNIE BUNTON 
SUBJECT: ITALIAN FUNDRAISER

Momma mia ---

- o King and Queen of Spain will arrive in Washington on night of dinner, but according to Protocol - too late to show up. 
- o Connie Francis and Ernest Borgnine are both Italian. All members of board are Italian. No other examples of Italians with generic names. "The tell tale sign is the vowel on the end," according to John Salamone, dinner coordinator.
- o Dinner from 7:30-9 p.m. Expect POTUS to speak last at 9:55 p.m.
- o Leaning towards a Columbus kick-off theme.
- o John said, "You know Italians -- give 'em a microphone!"

RETURN TO:
THE AGENCY LIBRARY
ROOM 1011 - 1750 PA. AVE

O America

When you and I were young



Luigi Barzini

Harper & Row, Publishers
New York, Hagerstown, San Francisco, London

Barolo Sauce

Brown Sauce

Garlic Bread
Butter

(Lucky fingers
in espresso)

(TIRAMI
SU)

Chapter 2



THE REASONS WHY I ended up with the rest of my family an involuntary adolescent immigrant in America naturally have little to do with me. The decision was Father's. His reasons were many and tangled, related to his personal life, the waning of his fame, the world around him, and the moment in history. They were, however, not dissimilar to those that had driven millions of humbler men down the generations to the same country, which, in the end was nothing more than the sum of all their different and sometimes impossible hopes. This is why it may be interesting to reconstruct the influences that inspired one immigrant, not a typical one, to be sure, yet not as exceptional as he might have appeared.

Luigi Barzini *padre* was the greatest Italian journalist of his time. He was so well known that people recognized and

Dais

Bottom Level

- Fred Rotondaro
- Franco Bolla
- Duke Cristoforo Colon
- Frank Donatelli
- Giuseppe Garafano
- Cong. Peter Rodino
- Marcello Inghilesi
- Jan Zarro
- ✓ Sec. Lamar Alexander
- Mario Mirabelli
- Alex Rocco
- John Gale
- Joe Piscopo
- ~~Alvin Karpis~~
- Cong. Frank Guarini
- Dom DeLuise
- Cong. Vic Fazio
- Sonny Bono
- Cong. Connie Morella
- Joe Maselli
- ✓ Sec. Edward Derwinski
- Geraldine Ferraro
- Cong. Tom Foglietta
- Minister Margherita Boniver
- Francesco Nicotra
- Walter Alessandrini
- George Silvestri

only direct descendant.

Borghese

Admin.
Sen
Cong.

Robt Venturi audience

Dais

Middle Level (Podium Level)

- Ambassador Caccivillan
- Mrs. Antonin Scalia
- [✓] Amb. Peter Secchia - *Amb. to Italy*
- Don Santarelli
- Sylvester Stallone ←
- [✓] Amb. Biancheri
- Barbara Bush
- ✓ Frank Stella
- President Bush
- Jeno Paulucci

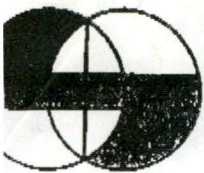
PODIUM

- ✓ Jack Valenti - *EMCEE*
- Cong. Frank Annunzio
- Cong. Nancy Pelosi
- Minister Gianni De Michelis
- Arthur J. Gajarsa
- Justice Antonin Scalia
- Paul Tagliabue
- Senator Domenici
- Mrs. Paul Tagliabue
- Richard Grasso

Dais

Top Level

Edward DiLoreto
Cong. Larry LaRocco
Robert Georgine
Faith Daniels
Gene Casagrande
Ernest Borgnine
FBI Director William Sessions
Frank Graziiso
Cong. Rosa De Lauro
Domenic Antonelli



The National Italian American Foundation

666 Eleventh Street, N.W., Suite 800 • Washington, D.C. 20001-4596 • (202) 638-0220

91 SEP 26 12:54 FAX (202) 638-0002

FACSIMILE TRANSMITTAL SHEET

Cannon Fax - 520

FAX NUMBER - (202) 638-0002

To: Jeannie Bunton

Firm: White House

Fax #: 456-6218

From: JOHN SALAMONE

Date: Sept. 26, 1991

Number of pages being sent (including transmittal sheet) 3

Special message:

The attached draft material concerning the NIAF October 5th dinner should be helpful for appropriate remarks by President. Please call me if you have any questions.

Please call (202) 638-0220 if you don't receive all pages.

DOUG GAMBLE
213-546-6409

National Italian American Foundation
Background Sheet for President George Bush
Gala Dinner - October 5, 1991

The National Italian American Foundation (NIAF) is a non-profit, non-partisan Foundation dedicated to promoting the positive contributions of Italian Americans. NIAF serves as a Washington voice for the Italian-American community and a clearinghouse for information on every aspect of that community. The NIAF Chairman of the Board and a founder is industrialist, Jeno F. Paulucci, Vice Chairman Frank D. Stella, and President Arthur J. Gajarsa (pronounced Guy-R-Sa).

While the October 5, 1991 Gala serves as a celebration of NIAF's 16th anniversary, it primarily serves as the official kick-off of the commemoration of the 1992 Columbus Quincentenary. This is a source of pride to the more than 25 million Americans of Italian descent who recognize the historical significance of October 12, 1492 when two hemispheres were brought together bringing us the world as we know it today. This is more than an American observance. Columbus Commissions have been established in over 30 countries.

The Presidential Commission for Columbus 1992 designated the National Italian American Foundation as the coordinating body for the Italian-American community as we approach the 1992 commemoration.

The President and Mrs. Bush have attended five of the NIAF anniversary dinners over the past 10 years. This year we will present awards to the following individuals: Sylvester Stallone (Career Achievement Award for Entertainment); NFL Commissioner Paul Tagliabue (Special Achievement Award for Business and Sports); Italian Foreign Minister Gianni De Michelis (U.S./Italy Friendship Award); and Barbara Bush (Lifetime Achievement Award for Humanitarian Service). In the case of Mrs. Bush the award is in special recognition of her work to combat illiteracy.

Among the other prominent figures on the dais will be Ernest Borgnine, Dom DeLuise, Joe Piscopo, Connie Francis, Mario Andretti, Sonny Bono, [Italian Ambassador to the United States Boris Biancheri], U.S. Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia and Most Reverend Agostino Cacciavillan (Vatican Ambassador to the United States).

MRS. BUSH TO RECEIVE LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD FOR HUMANITARIAN SERVICE

BORIS

[BE ON cari]

Sly.

+ Joe Piscopo,

both on dais

John Salamone
10/4/91

American Ambassador to Italy w/be attending:

Peter Secchia

Seck e a

COLUMBUS



The National Italian American Foundation

666 Eleventh Street, N.W., Suite 800 • Washington, D.C. 20001-4596 • (202) 638-0220
FAX (202) 638-0002

Background Sheet

The National Italian American Foundation (NIAF) is an independent, non-profit, non-partisan foundation, legally incorporated in the District of Columbia. It is dedicated to preserving the Italian heritage and values by integrating and retaining them in the mainstream of American life. The Foundation was organized in 1975 by a group of prominent leaders in both the private and public sector, including Congressmen Frank Annunzio and Peter Rodino, industrialist Jenò F. Paulucci, and Msgr. Geno Baroni.

NIAF funds many important programs and projects including cultural events, educational symposia, anti-defamation campaigns, scholarships, and meetings with an array of world and national leaders. As the major Italian-American voice in Washington, the Foundation works with Congress, the administration, and present and future national leaders to ensure that Italian Americans and issues of concern to them receive appropriate treatment and consideration.

NIAF has awarded nearly \$1 million in academic scholarships, as well as organized internship and mentor programs. The Foundation works with various Italian-American professional groups, and sponsors numerous exchange programs and conferences. It has emerged as a critical liaison between Italy and the United States, culturally, politically and economically. NIAF's access to Congress, the White House, and federal and state agencies has allowed it to play an important role in the appointment of qualified Italian Americans to key positions in the federal government.

The Foundation's annual awards dinner in Washington has attracted every American president since NIAF was founded, in addition to nearly 3,000 people from around the country and abroad. The dinners have honored many of the nation's most respected Italian Americans, such as Frank Sinatra, Justice Antonin Scalia, Joe DiMaggio, Liza Minnelli, Perry Como, Luciano Pavarotti, Sophia Loren, Frank Capra, and Judge John Sirica.

NIAF's Board of Directors includes K-mart Corporation CEO Joseph Antonini, Ambassador John Volpe, Congressmen Frank Annunzio, Silvio Conte, Pete Domenici, Dante Fascell and Frank Guarini, as well as a significant group of industrialists, businesspeople and educators -- all under the leadership of Chairman Jenò F. Paulucci, Vice Chairman Frank D. Stella and President Arthur J. Gajarsa.

NIAF's International Board of Advisors is chaired by Mr. Paulucci, who is joined by Governor Mario Cuomo, former Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci and Italian Senator Susanna Agnelli, among others.

###

Post-it brand

Fax Transmittal Memo 7672

To	JEANNIE BUNTON	No. of Pages	1	Today's Date	10/2/91	Time	6pm
Company	WHITE HOUSE RESEARCH Speechwriters	From	JIM Callahan	Company	WASH Hilton + Towers	Location	
Location		Location		Dept. Charge			
Fax #	456 OCT 3 1991 3:47	Telephone #		Fax #	797-5825	Telephone #	797-5778
Comments	I hope THAT THIS IS helpful			Original Disposition:	<input type="checkbox"/> Destroy	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Return	<input type="checkbox"/> Call for pickup
PS - There was NO answer last night at 6:30 pm - so we had to RESEND TODAY.							

DINNER

Antipasto

Sliced Fresh Mozzarella, thinly sliced Proscuitto and Vegetable Marinade, Yellow Red Plum Tomato, Roasted Peppers, Marinated Artichokes, Calamata Olives, Radiccio, Red Tipped Leaf Lettuce, Olive Oil and Balsamic Vinaigrette

NO FORM OF BROCCOLI WILL BE SERVED.

*

Broiled Filet Mignon (6oz.)

Barolo Sauce

a Marchand du Vin flavored with Sage and Rosemary

Swiss Chard and Julienne Carrots

sauteed in Garlic with Pinenuts

Cauliflower, Chopped Parsley, Diced Black Olives and Parmesan Cheese

Shell stuffed with Ricotta and Seafood

*

Banquet Manager: One (1) Fish Dinner for Congressman Frank Annunzio on the Headtable

*

Garlic Bread, and Butter

*

Tirami Su

Espresso soaked Lady Fingers

frozen with Marscapone Cheese, Fresh Cream and Eggs garnished with Cappuccino Mousse and a Half Strawberry

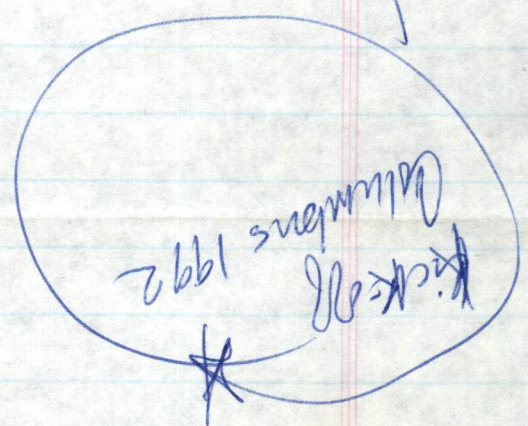
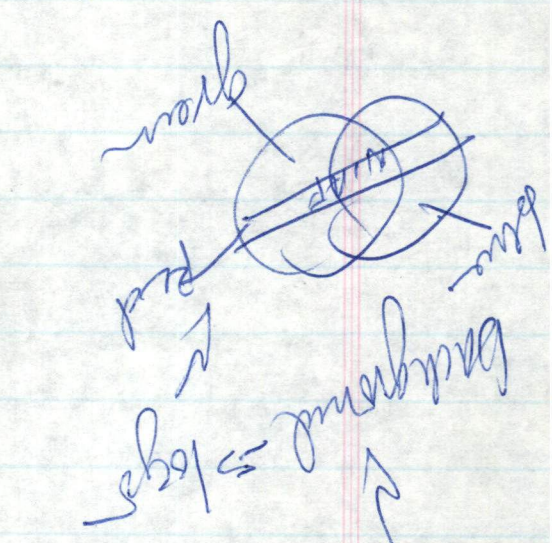
*

Freshly Brewed Lavazza Coffee, Decaffeinated Coffee

*and Assorted Teas, Including Herbal
(Client to provide Lavazza Coffee)*

*

5-7 cards
 ← →



(When yrs. 58, 10
 then check the docs)

5/1 MINS IN CARDS

Great Valenti: Emces

PTMS (archive)?

6:15
 VIP reception -> afternoon Am. (58 people)
 3 tier head table

get there 7:30 - do a little get to know dinner
 but my 8:30 get out must bring center -> depart Camp David

~~3000 people / 2400 attendees~~
 2500 people

250 tables (USE WATER) (MT LEAD)
 10/ (ORATSSRA)
 Individual sponsor

10/2/91
9:55 a.m.

NIAF
038-0220

JOHN SALAMONE

attended in 1983 · principal speaker as V.P.

1988 · came as candidate (w/ Dukakis)

✓ 1984 · came w/ Reagan - Reagan spoke

1981 or 82 · principal speaker - in lieu of Reagan

1991 · spoke as POTUS

spoken @ ea. of

✱ Chairman of 92 Commission Frank Donatelli & b @ head table

Patty Conrad - 7565

still nothing on times ... @ 10:30 am ... Win call asap...

(8:45 arrive speak 9:40 leave @ 10)

(POW-LUCHI)

promiscuous in Gino
Palucci

Ella Peterson

Political groups

10/3/91

(POLITICAL AFF) 7730
KATHY 6510
HATCHWISER

get. Campaign - on Br w / Petrus ny. to Rome
more per point (Gene & b then) - Cameron's out

over money for Peter L.

89
89
Savings

Remarks at the Annual Dinner of the National Italian American Foundation

September 15, 1984

The President. Thank you very much. Thank you.

Audience. 4 more years! 4 more years! 4 more years!

The President. Thank you, Frank. Thank you very much. Mr. Toastmaster, reverend clergy, and all of you, I'm very happy to be here with all of you. In fact, let me try this—[laughter]—*sono molto contento di essere qui.* [I'm very happy to be here.]

And I, too, would like to extend an official welcome to our honored guests from Italy who are with us here this evening.

As I look out at all of you here this evening, I can't help but think that you're a living affirmation of the sometimes desperate dreams of those world changers who came here and invented America. I say desperate dreams because those who traveled here, by wind-driven ship or by steamer, wouldn't have been making that terrible journey unless they were in search of something that had eluded them at home—economic opportunity, or personal freedom, or a chance to make one's mark.

The Italian-American experience was never an easy one, but it was one of great triumph. Italians, of course, made their mark on this country early on. An Italian found it, it was named for an Italian, and it was explored by Italians. But after that came the immigrants, and it wasn't easy for them. The Jews of the roiling ghettos, the Irish living 10 to a room in Boston, and the Italians looking for work in Philadelphia—all shared some rough beginnings. But what distinguished these groups of immigrants is that they yielded more than their share of genius. In fact, you might say that Ellis Island was one big incubator for American greatness. All of the immigrants, and certainly the Italians, changed our country by adding to the sum total of what we are. They did not take from, they added to.

The Italians did it by hard work. They went to New Orleans and became longshoremen and fishermen. In Washington and Oregon and in my home State of Cali-

fornia, they started out as hired hands and eventually built up their own farms. In Pennsylvania, they took the heavy lifting jobs, the manual labor. In New York, Chicago, and Boston, they opened barber shops, fruit stands, restaurants and eventually, small banks.

These immigrants were guided by habits, principles, and traditions that they took from the old country and transplanted here. They believed in the central importance of the family, the dignity of hard work, and faith in a just God who would reward effort and encourage virtue. They stayed in America and worked hard, and little by little, secured the things that eluded them. They became the backbone of the American middle class.

Many of them went on to great achievements and to fulfill the desperate dreams of their fathers and grandfathers, their mothers and grandmothers. I was told the other day about one family that had done especially well, by the way. It was a few years ago, and they moved out of their apartment in the city into a big house out on Long Island. And a friend said to the 12-year-old son, "How do you like your new house?" And he said: "Oh, we love it. I have my own room, my brother has his own room, my sisters have their own rooms. Poor Mom, she's still in with Dad." [Laughter]

I want to add that the thing I like about Italian-American families is that no matter how many rooms they have, they're always together. The family bond is strong and loving. There are numerous examples, of course, of Italian-American triumphs. Many of them are sitting here on this dais. One of them was recently chosen to be the Vice Presidential candidate of her party, and I understand the pride that all of you feel. And, Congresswoman Ferraro, all I can say is—and here I go again—[laughter]—"Congratulazioni."

Monsignor Geno Baroni used to say, "There are only two lasting things we can leave our children. One is roots, the other is

wings." And what can we do to make sure that our children are? And what can we do to ensure the immigrant sons and daughters of Italy have the same chance to the sons and daughters of Italy have?

My views on these things, I well know. We believe that the conditions of faith and family, the work, and the importance of effort be encouraged. And that's why we gear so many of our efforts to family, the prime generator of human virtues. We believe that economic freedom means fighting, with unrelenting determination, is the deadliest tax of all.

Because we believe in justice, we to make society a safer place. We that families have the right to talk together in a park, in the dark, in without having to fear for their life pay taxes for that right, but violence has deprived them of it. We're crime, and we think we must be. Parents have their rights and always always must. But victims and potential, too, have their rights, and we very hard to make sure those rights are respected.

Let me add here that in the area of crime and drug trafficking, the Government and the Government of Italy formed an extraordinary joint group. Representatives of Italy's Ministry will be in Washington soon for intensive high-level meetings with the Department. The Italian Government's operation on this matter has been excellent and I believe the working group is a reflection of the excellent relationship between our two countries.

Italy, by the way, deserves a lot of credit and the thanks of the world for its efforts to fight crime and domestic terrorism. All of us remember that in 1982 when Italy liberated General Dozier from the hands of the Red Brigades. The courage of the Italian forces to breathe away. And I had the pleasure of meeting the young men that Italy broke through that last door in the of the enemy guns and effected the And I want to tell you, I'd feel you

VALUES FAMILY

columns

Italians across America

Italian American

rted out as hired hands and
t up their own farms. In
hey took the heavy lifting
l labor. In New York, Chica-
they opened barber shops,
restaurants and eventually,

rants were guided by habits,
traditions that they took
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ndidate of her party, and I
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woman Ferraro, all I can say
go again—[laughter]—"Con-

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make sure that our children are given both?
And what can we do to ensure that all of
the immigrant sons and daughters of our
country have the same chance to prosper as
the sons and daughters of Italy have?

My views on these things, I think, are
well known. We believe that the Italian tra-
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family, the prime generator of life and
human virtues. We believe that protecting
economic freedom means fighting inflation
with unrelenting determination, for infla-
tion is the deadliest tax of all.

Because we believe in justice, we've tried
to make society a safer place. We believe
that families have the right to take a walk
together in a park, in the dark, in the city,
without having to fear for their lives. They
pay taxes for that right, but violent crime
has deprived them of it. We're tough on
crime, and we think we must be. Defend-
ants have their rights and always will and
always must. But victims and potential vic-
tims, too, have their rights, and we've tried
very hard to make sure those rights are
respected.

Let me add here that in the area of orga-
nized crime and drug trafficking, our Gov-
ernment and the Government of Italy have
formed an extraordinary joint working
group. Representatives of Italy's Interior
Ministry will be in Washington soon for in-
tensive high-level meetings with the Justice
Department. The Italian Government's co-
operation on this matter has been complete,
and I believe the working group is another
reflection of the excellent relations that
exist between our two countries.

Italy, by the way, deserves a lot of credit
and the thanks of the world for its heroic
efforts to fight crime and domestic political
terrorism. All of us remember that day in
1982 when Italy liberated General James
Dozier from the hands of the Red Brigades.
The courage of the Italian forces took our
breath away. And I had the pleasure in
Rome of meeting the young men that final-
ly broke through that last door in the face
of the enemy guns and effected the rescue.
And I want to tell you, I'd feel you could

send them to do some very tough jobs with-
out arms. They were the most capable
young men I've seen in a long time. Italy's
been very effective in this fight, and they're
setting an example for the world.

We believe in the neighborhood. We be-
lieve that the closer political power is to the
people it affects, the better it will be wield-
ed. We believe that human experience has
taught us that local control is an integral
part of political freedom. And we believe,
finally, that the first and last key to making
sure America will always be a haven for the
immigrants who've enriched it is to ensure
the peace.

And to ensure the peace, we must remain
militarily strong. Down through our history
most American Presidents have understood
this. Our friends know well something that
we know and something that our adversar-
ies know: America can be trusted with mili-
tary might. We don't like war; we never
have. We're not an expansionist country or
an imperialist country. We seek only to pro-
tect, never to act as the aggressor.

Our nation must always remain what
God, in His wisdom, intended it to be—a
refuge, a place of safe haven for those look-
ing for the human rights that have eluded
them in the place of their birth. And it
must always be a place of limitless opportu-
nity for the children and grandchildren of
the dreamers who journeyed here. If we
keep these things in mind, then, truly, the
children of the future will have both roots
and wings, and the dream will endure.

Before I leave you tonight, I want to add
just one more thing. Decades and decades
back, there was an Italian immigrant who
came to America. And he started a family
and worked hard and raised his children as
best he could. One of his sons became a
milkman. He, too, worked hard and mar-
ried and had a family. And then the mail-
man—or the milkman, I should say, raised
his children as he had been raised. They
were taught to respect honesty, decency,
and hard work. They struggled to make
ends meet. All of the money went to the
education of their children. They put one
son through college, and when he said he
wanted to be a doctor, they put him
through medical school. Because of their

diligence, the son became a prominent surgeon in a great hospital. And one day that surgeon, that son of a milkman, saved the life of a President of the United States who'd been shot. I know this story, because I was the patient.

Dr. Joseph Giordano is the surgeon. The hero of this story is Joseph Giordano, Sr.—retired milkman and inheritor of the Italian-American tradition.

I have thanked the Giordanos, but I've not had a chance to personally thank a

group like this for all that you've done to keep the tradition alive. And so, grazie. Thank you all very much. God bless you

Note: The President spoke at 10:56 p.m. in the International Ballroom at the Washington Hilton Hotel. He was introduced by Frank Stella. Other speakers at the dinner included the Vice President and the Democratic Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, Walter F. Mondale and Representative Geraldine A. Ferraro, respectively

Remarks on Receiving the Report of the United States-Japan Advisory Commission September 17, 1984

The President. Well, I'm going to turn the meeting over to you, except to say that I'm delighted here and to have the report that I know you are going to present. I think we're all agreed on the improvement that has been made and the things that really remain to be done in our relationship with Japan. I think that's one of the most important partnerships we have. So, David.

Mr. Packard. Well, thank you very much, Mr. President, for taking time from your busy schedule to be with us, and I want to present this report to you from the Commission.

Now, I would like to quickly point out that this is a joint effort. The Japanese and Americans continue to work very closely together, and the report is really an agreement between both members. As you can expect, there might have been some things that would have been said if we'd had complete freedom to say them, but I was very encouraged by the fact that the Japanese have been very forthcoming and very much interested.

I think we all came out of this study with the conclusion that this is an extremely important relationship not only in the short term but in the long term. In addition to the work that we did in discussing these issues among the Commission members, we had a number of studies done on various aspects of this relationship—a very good

study on agricultural policy, a good study on industrial policy. And we also had a study made to try and get some idea about what the options would be in the long term—what would happen if we continued a close partnership with the Japanese over the next 10 or 15 [years] or even into the next century, and if we didn't.

And I think the conclusion we've come to is that this relationship is so important that we have no option but for both of our countries to work very hard to maintain this close cooperation. And I think that out of that, and really in part out of some of the things that you and your associates have done here, our recommendation is that this relationship will benefit from better management. And I think the exercise that we went through when you presented the yen-dollar issue to the Prime Minister this last fall, the fact that Secretary Regan followed up on that, and George Bush went over—it was an example, I think, of the way some of these issues can be managed in a more effective way than simply the reactive process that has come about.

Now, the Japanese are presenting their report to the Prime Minister at about this time, and I have a wire here from the Japanese Cochairman. I thought I might just read an excerpt from this because he especially wanted to have you realize that the Japanese have concurred in the programs.

And he is going to approach a major point in the report; that is, the fact that the two leaders will obviously stress the growth and opportunities for cooperation between our two nations in global affairs; certainly point out some of the particularly in the management of the relationship. But we will discuss the context of a need for greater bilateral cooperation.

"Some of the problems, if left unaddressed, will undermine our capabilities for joint contributions to the global and political health and advancement. We hope to encourage our Prime Minister to instruct the government officials and the leaders in the private sector to read the report carefully and to implement the recommendations. And it is our hope that a deep, mutual confidence and commitment to the shared goals of our President and our Prime Minister will provide us with a golden opportunity to maximize our cooperative relationship."

"Public officials as well as private citizens in both countries should find ways to further promote such relationships and also improve resolution of some of the frictions inevitable in interdependent and close bilateral relationships. We are very pleased that the President, Secretary Shultz and other members of the Cabinet [will be presenting the report], and that it demonstrates the importance of our bilateral relationship. We hope that you will convey to your President the deep respect and appreciation of the members of the Japanese Commission. It was our privilege to serve you and your Prime Minister in this fruitful joint project."

The President. Well, that's fine. Thank you, Mr. Packard. So, we hope to

Mr. Packard. So, we hope to



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James
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Doug Stankle

9/25/91

(SHARON)

DEMAREST 7020

NO IDEA ON REMARKS

- DAVID IS INVITED

RECEPTION 6:30

DINNER 7:30

[dinner coordinator - John Salamone]
NIA FOUND. 638-0220

9/26/91 faxings over info -

[Effected wether King & Queen of Spain accompany POTUS]



night of
arriving Oct 5 (?) (state Dept.)
King & Queen of Spain

2pm 9/26/91

Patrick Danley
647-2681

Connie Francis - Ernest Borgnine are Italian
tell tales vowel @ end of name

7:30 dinner - 9:00

speech around 9:55

"you know Italians when you give 'em a microphone,
'not gennis' same night - may be real big

leaving towards Columbus Kirkoff

MINISTERIAL IVL

DRAFT
DINNER PROGRAM

*Domino Cassal
Met. Opera lead kantone*

- 7:30 pm Dais introduced
- 7:37 pm Introduction of singer for National Anthems
- 7:38 pm Anthems sung
- 7:45 pm [Vatican Ambassador] delivers invocation
- 7:47 pm Dinner served

- * 9:00 pm - Valenti begins program and introduces Amb. Secchia
- 9:05 pm
- 9:05 pm - Secchia introduces De Michelis and presents award
- 9:06 pm
- 9:06 pm - De Michelis remarks) *Desert Storm - rok Persian Gulf ...*
- 9:11 pm *EMCEE* [Valenti] introduces Gajarsa *FM Italy*
- 9:11 pm
- 9:12 pm - Gajarsa introduces Pelosi
- 9:13 pm
- 9:13 pm - Pelosi remarks and introduces Mrs. Bush to present award
- 9:16 pm
- * 9:16 pm - [Mrs. Bush remarks] (*What honor*) *deception*
- 9:18 pm *who is doing this?*
- 9:18 pm - Pelosi remarks and introduces Tagliabue to present award
- 9:19 pm
- 9:19 pm - Tagliabue remarks
- 9:21 pm
- 9:21 pm - Pelosi introduces and presents award to Stallone
- 9:22 pm
- 9:22 pm - Stallone remarks
- 9:26 pm
- 9:26 pm - Valenti introduces Paulucci
- 9:27 pm
- 9:27 pm - Paulucci remarks and concludes with introduction of Stella
- 9:33 pm
- 9:33 pm - Stella introduces Bush
- 9:34 pm
- * 9:34 pm - Bush remarks
- 9:42 pm
- 9:42 pm - Stella to microphone before Bush sits down to 9:44 present him with the Columbus medallion
- 9:44 pm
- 9:45 pm - Valenti thanks audience and re-introduces Vatican Ambassador
- 9:45 pm
- 9:45 pm - Vatican Ambassador gives benediction
- 9:46 pm

Frank Bonville

Democrat

500th Albatross

Oct. 1991

2 October 1991
9:30 a.m.

MEMORANDUM FOR DAN MC GROARTY

FROM: JEANNIE BUNTON 

SUBJECT: ITALIAN DINNER

HERE'S MORE BASED ON THE WALKTHROUGH...

250 TABLES -- AUDIENCE OF 2,500

JACK VALENTI IS EMCEE

THEME IS KICKOFF FOR COLUMBUS 1992

EXPECTING 5-7 MINUTES, CARDS

FRANK STELLA (NIAF VICE CHAIRMAN) INTRODUCES POTUS

Remarks to the National Italian
American Foundation

October 19, 1990

What I really want to do is get this distinguished group to ask you to file through into the Oval Office. Take a look at that and maybe get individual pictures.

But let me just tell you where we stand as we're getting near the end of this Congress, the end of this session. Last night the Senate passed a bill that offers, I think, some real hope for getting this budget deficit matter under control. I have stood against raising these individual income tax rates, and I think I'm on the right track in that. And I'm going to try to hold the line.

The Senate did a very good job on that compromise on one side or another. But I congratulate the leaders. I just had Bob Dole [Senate minority leader] in here and got to thank him personally for his steadfast leadership. And then I think certain credit goes to George Mitchell [Senate majority leader], who held the line on the Democratic side. So, now they go to conference. They're starting at 11 o'clock. I expect it will start off with a photo opportunity—all life does these days—[laughter]—and then they'll get down to some serious work.

It is a question now that could be solved in a very short period of time. But I think they have been serious—the Senate—working until all hours to bring it this far. There are big differences between the Senate and the House legislation, but I'd prefer not to go into what I think the details of the final bill will be. But I will say I, for the first time, feel optimistic that we can get this job done for the American people, and it needs to be done. I've found that if you want to make something happen, if you want to govern rather than just give speeches, you have to sit and work very hard and give a little and take a little. And it's in that spirit now that the White House is going to approach this conference. I hope that we can finally demonstrate to the American people that this deficit that is plaguing the generations to come can be managed. So, that's where we are on that one.

On the Middle East, you've, I'm sure, all followed that. And we've got a lot of kids over there—wonderful, highly motivated,

cancer. Smokers, former smokers, and children may be especially sensitive to radon exposure.

It is estimated that some level of radon gas can be found in one out of ten homes across the country. Fortunately, however, it is relatively easy to protect families from potentially harmful radon exposure. Radon home test kits are widely available, and factors that allow homes to develop high radon levels can be corrected at moderate costs.

The Environmental Protection Agency and a number of State governments—as well as the American Lung Association, the Advertising Council, and the American Medical Association—have initiated programs to educate the public about radon. Many other concerned agencies and organizations are supporting local efforts to test homes and schools. I join with them in urging Americans to test their homes for radon and to make any necessary modifications to reduce excessive levels of the gas. Radon is a health concern that we can readily address.

The Congress, by Senate Joint Resolution 317, has designated the week of October 14 through October 20, 1990, as "National Radon Action Week" and has authorized and requested the President to issue a proclamation in observance of this week.

Now, Therefore, I, George Bush, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim the week of October 14 through October 20, 1990, as National Radon Action Week. I encourage the people of the United States, as well as government officials, to observe this week with appropriate programs and activities designed to enhance public awareness of the risks of excessive radon exposure and ways we can reduce them.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this nineteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and ninety, and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundred and fifteenth.

George Bush

[Filed with the Office of the Federal Register, 4:09 p.m., October 19, 1990]

well-trained men and women. I'm as determined as I was the day that the first troop left that Saddam Hussein's [President of Iraq] aggression not be rewarded by some compromise, not be rewarded by our failing to get him totally out of Kuwait or restore the legitimate rulers.

And it's been a fascinating experience as we've pulled together the largest coalition of this nature perhaps since World War II—I'm sure since World War II. And it's disparate: It's Arabs as well as other countries. Saddam Hussein's still trying to make people believe this is the Arab world against the United States of America. And he couldn't be more wrong. We have a majority in the Arab League—strong majority. We've got strong support, both on the ground and in diplomatic forums, for what we're doing from Arab countries.

So, I think we've sent a very strong signal, but I think the bottom line is he can't prevail. So, we're going to stay with this, stay the course, and send a strong moral message out there, and a simple one: One big country can't bully its neighbor and take it over. That's the principle that we're fighting for. We also have national security interests which relate to the energy out there. So, it's been a fascinating experience.

With Pete Secchia here, I will simply say that—I want to thank him for the job he's doing—but say that I can't think of anybody who has been more cooperative in all of this than the Italian Government. You know, I've had a chance now to work with the Italian Prime Ministers in NATO, for example, and in the G-7 meetings [economic summits of industrialized nations], and I can report to you what I think most of you already know, and that is that the relationship between Italy and the United States probably has never been better. We don't get in and choose up on some of the domestic political issues over there; of course. I mean, that's their business. We deal with whoever the Prime Minister is, whoever the government is. But whether it's one party or another, they've been steadfast friends of the United States, constructive in debate and in discussion, and we always end up kind of on the same wavelength. And I think that's a very, very important thing. And at times, I feel that, for reasons that

escape me, people don't fully understand how well this relationship is set up and how well it's going.

I think, Pete—I expect you'd agree with those comments, but—and I will say that this Ambassador has done a very good job of getting out around the country, getting the feel for the people themselves, and making clear to them in every way possible—through papers, through appearances and different groups around the country—that we are their friends. Not that they doubt it. It doesn't hurt sometimes, when you have the turmoil around the world, to let your friends know you're not neglecting them and you're not forgetting the importance of them.

Besides that, we have an awful lot to learn from the Italian experts over there in matters that relate to neighboring countries. I'm thinking of the turmoil in Yugoslavia today, and I'm thinking of the evolution, of change, all through Eastern Europe. And I've found Mr. Andreotti [Prime Minister of Italy] and company to be extraordinarily helpful as I've had many, many discussions with them.

So, I think that part of our business is in fair shape. I've dwelled only on one domestic issue here, and that is the necessity of getting the budget deficit down. Congress is running out of time now to act on our Educational Excellence Act, which I think fits into some of the work of the foundation on education. And I regret that very, very much because we've got a good, sound program.

We are making progress, as Bill Bennett [Director of National Drug Control Policy]—I don't know whether he's talked to you all today or not—but anyway, making significant progress on this all-out war against drugs. Some of the statistics are very, very encouraging. I know, Paul [Paul Oreffice, chairman of Dow Chemical Corp.], you know Jim Burke [chairman of the Partnership for a Drug-Free America], who used to be head of Johnson and Johnson, and some of the rest of your probably know him as well. And he's headed up what we call a Points of Light approach, in this instance, bringing media advertising to bear on this question of antinarcotics. And part of the work is staying in very close touch

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statistically through polls and surveys on this. And he shares Bill Bennett's optimism about the fact that the country is finally making progress with dramatic use of heroin down, use of cocaine down—use of all these heavy drugs down. And so, there's a light at the end of that tunnel, and we're going to stay with that one.

And on the National Drug Strategy, I think in fairness, we are getting pretty good support from Congress. We're not getting the support I want on the crime bill. We've had a different approach to it. Ours is hard line. Ours is tough. And I think it's proper. And I regret very much that they have not come through and given us a crime bill that I can sign. And I don't think that we're going to get it before the end of this session.

Clean air—I'm disappointed that we haven't finalized a clean air bill that is reasonable and one that does do what we started out to do, and that is make dramatic improvements in the clean air amendments. And I had one up there that we had to get agreement with on some of the Senators. And then we go to the House, and it gets caught up in a lot of extremes over there—people wanting to drive industry totally to its knees. And I'm still convinced that we can find a sound balance between growth and jobs and sound environmental practice. And so, we're not home yet on the clean air amendments, but I'm hoping that we will be because I think it's very important for our country and for the generations to come. So, we're going to keep working.

A lot of these issues will carry over, obviously, until the brand new Congress—they've got to start over, but headway will not be totally lost on some of these key questions. But I'm not handing out grades to Congress. They're grading me every single day. Some of it very flattering, and some of it not so pleasant. [Laughter] But that goes with the territory. And what I'm trying to do in the last—back to where we started—in the last few hours of this Congress is say: Look, let's put the people's business first. Let's lay aside this political rhetoric and get a job done that should have been done long ago, because it simply isn't right to mortgage the future of these kids anymore.

And with an economy that is sluggish, it is just exactly the time to demonstrate to the world that we can get the deficit down. You've all heard what Greenspan [Chairman, Board of Governors, Federal Reserve System] said about interest rates, provided we get a sound budget agreement. And I think better than a speech on the floor of the House would be a sound agreement that brings these interest rates down and starts growth and job opportunity for the American people. So, that's where I'm spending my time at the end of this session.

Thank you all very much for coming. And now if those who have the time—I'd love to have you just file through and see the majestic Oval Office, and we'll get pictures. Thank you all very much.

Note: The President spoke at 10:16 a.m. in the Roosevelt Room at the White House.

Proclamation 6210—National Red Ribbon Week for a Drug-Free America, 1990

October 19, 1990

By the President of the United States of America

A: Proclamation

Illegal drug use costs the United States billions of dollars each year in terms of health care demands and lost economic productivity. Far more disturbing, however, is its daily toll in terms of human lives disrupted and destroyed. Those costs are immeasurable.

Former addicts, families terrified by neighborhood violence, law enforcement officials and emergency medical personnel—all can describe the grave consequences of illicit drug use. Affecting individuals and families of every region, every race, every age, and every walk of life, illicit drug use undermines the very foundation of our society.

Fortunately, however, we have made important strides in the fight against illegal drug use. Tougher law enforcement and escalated interdiction efforts, as well as education, prevention, and treatment programs

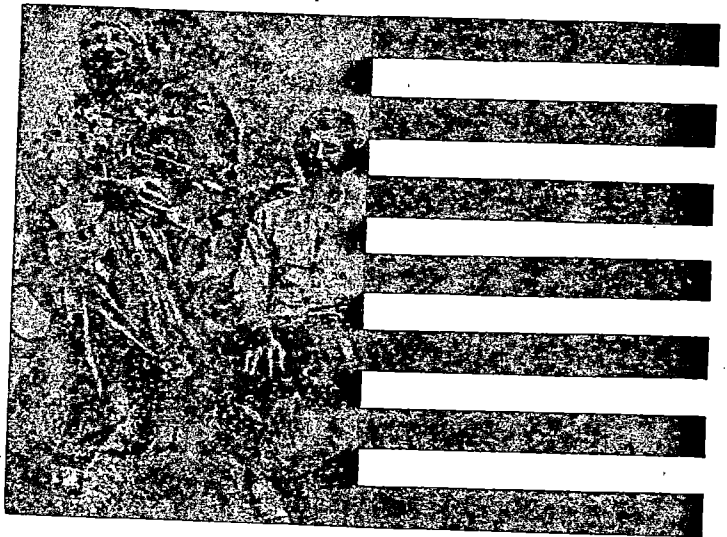
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The
**IMMIGRANT
EXPERIENCE**

The Anguish of Becoming American

EDITED BY THOMAS C. WHEELER
JACK AGUEROS • WILLIAM ALFRED
EUGENE BOE • CZESLAW MILOSZ • ALAN PRYCE-JONES
MARIO PUZO • HARRY ROSKOLENKO
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*"Beautifully written . . . so personal and close to the
heart that one cannot but share the pain it cost to reveal so much"*
—Chicago Daily News

2

Choosing a Dream

ITALIANS IN HELL'S KITCHEN

Mario Puzo

As a child and in my adolescence, living in the heart of New York's Neapolitan ghetto, I never heard an Italian singing. None of the grown-ups I knew were charming or loving or understanding. Rather they seemed coarse, vulgar, and insulting. And so later in my life when I was exposed to all the clichés of lovable Italians, singing Italians, happy-go-lucky Italians, I wondered where the hell the moviemakers and storywriters got all their ideas from.

At a very early age I decided to escape these uncongenial folk by becoming an artist, a writer. It seemed then an impossible dream. My father and mother were illiterate, as were their parents before them. But practising my art I tried to view the adults with a more charitable eye and so came to the conclusion that their only fault lay in their being foreigners; I was an American. This didn't really help because I was only half right. I was the foreigner. They were already more "American" than I could ever become.

But it did seem then that the Italian immigrants, all the fathers and mothers that I knew, were a grim lot; always shouting, always angry, quicker to quarrel than embrace. I did not understand that their lives were a long labor to earn their daily bread and that physical fatigue does not sweeten human natures.

And so even as a very small child I dreaded growing up to be like the adults around me. I heard them saying too many cruel things about their dearest friends, saw too many of their false embraces with those they had just maligned, observed with horror

their paranoiac anger at some small slight or a fancied injury to their pride. They were, always, too unforgiving. In short, they did not have the careless magnanimity of children.

In my youth I was contemptuous of my elders, including a few under thirty. I thought my contempt special to their circumstances. Later when I wrote about these illiterate men and women, when I thought I understood them, I felt a condescending pity. After all, they had suffered, they had labored all the days of their lives. They had never tasted luxury, knew little more economic security than those ancient Roman slaves who might have been their ancestors. And alas, I thought, with new-found artistic insight, they were cut off from their children because of the strange American tongue, alien to them, native to their sons and daughters.

Already an artist but not yet a husband or father, I pondered omnisciently on their tragedy, again thinking it special circumstance rather than a constant in the human condition. I did not yet understand why these men and women were willing to settle for less than they deserved in life and think that "less" quite a bargain. I did not understand that they simply could not afford to dream, I myself had a hundred dreams from which to choose. For I was already sure that I would make my escape, that I was one of the chosen: I would be rich, famous, happy. I would master my destiny.

And so it was perhaps natural that as a child, with my father gone, my mother the family chief, I, like all the children in all the ghettos of America, became locked in a bitter struggle with the adults responsible for me. It was inevitable that my mother and I became enemies.

As a child I had the usual dreams. I wanted to be handsome, specifically as cowboy stars in movies were handsome. I wanted to be a killer hero in a world-wide war. Or if no wars came along (our teachers told us another was impossible), I wanted at the very least to be a footloose adventurer. Then I branched out and thought of being a great artist, and then, getting ever more sophisticated, a great criminal.

My mother, however, wanted me to be a railroad clerk. And that was her *highest* ambition; she would have settled for less. At

the age of sixteen when I let everybody know that I was going to be a great writer, my friends and family took the news quite calmly, my mother included. She did not become angry. She quite simply assumed that I had gone off my nut. She was illiterate and her peasant life in Italy made her believe that only a son of the nobility could possibly be a writer. Artistic beauty after all could spring only from the seedbed of fine clothes, fine food, luxurious living. So then how was it possible for a son of hers to be an artist? She was not too convinced she was wrong even after my first two books were published many years later. It was only after the commercial success of my third novel that she gave me the title of poet.

My family and I grew up together on Tenth Avenue, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets, part of the area called Hell's Kitchen. This particular neighborhood could have been a movie set for one of the Dead End Kid flicks or for the social drama of the East Side in which John Garfield played the hero. Our tenements were the western wall of the city. Beneath our windows were the vast black iron gardens of the New York Central Railroad, absolutely blooming with stinking boxcars freshly unloaded of cattle and pigs for the city slaughterhouse. Steers sometimes escaped and loped through the heart of the neighborhood followed by astonished young boys who had never seen a live cow.

The railroad yards stretched down to the Hudson River, beyond whose garbagey waters rose the rocky Palisades of New Jersey. There were railroad tracks running downtown on Tenth Avenue itself to another freight station called St. Johns Park. Because of this, because these trains cut off one side of the street from the other, there was a wooden bridge over Tenth Avenue, a romantic-looking bridge despite the fact that no sparkling water, no silver flying fish darted beneath it; only heavy dray carts drawn by tired horses, some flat-boarded trucks, tin lizzie automobiles and, of course, long strings of freight cars drawn by black, ugly engines.

What was really great, truly magical, was sitting on the bridge, feet dangling down, and letting the engine under you blow up clouds of steam that made you disappear, then reappear all damp and smelling of fresh ironing. When I was seven years old I fell in love for the first time with the tough little girl who held my hand and disappeared with me in that magical cloud of steam. This

experience was probably more traumatic and damaging to my later relationships with women than one of those ugly childhood adventures Freudian novelists use to explain why their hero has gone bad.

My father supported his wife and seven children by working as a track man laborer for the New York Central Railroad. My oldest brother worked for the railroad as a brakeman, another brother was a railroad shipping clerk in the freight office. Eventually I spent some of the worst months of my life as the railroad's worst messenger boy.

My oldest sister was just as unhappy as a dressmaker in the garment industry. She wanted to be a school teacher. At one time or another my other two brothers also worked for the railroad—it got all six males in the family. The two girls and my mother escaped, though my mother felt it her duty to send all our bosses a gallon of homemade wine on Christmas. But everybody hated their jobs except my oldest brother who had a night shift and spent most of his working hours sleeping in freight cars. My father finally got fired because the foreman told him to get a bucket of water for the crew and not to take all day. My father took the bucket and disappeared forever.

Nearly all the Italian men living on Tenth Avenue supported their large families by working on the railroad. Their children also earned pocket money by stealing ice from the refrigerator cars in summer and coal from the open stoking cars in the winter. Sometimes an older lad would break the seal of a freight car and take a look inside. But this usually brought down the "Bulls," the special railroad police. And usually the freight was "heavy" stuff, too much work to cart away and sell, something like fresh produce or boxes of cheap candy that nobody would buy.

The older boys, the ones just approaching voting age, made their easy money by hijacking silk trucks that loaded up at the garment factory on Thirty-first Street. They would then sell the expensive dresses door to door, at bargain prices no discount house could match. From this some graduated into organized crime, whose talent scouts alertly tapped young boys versed in strong-arm. Yet despite all this, most of the kids grew up honest, content

with fifty bucks a week as truck drivers, deliverymen, and white-collar clerks in the civil service.

I had every desire to go wrong but I never had a chance. The Italian family structure was too formidable.

I never came home to an empty house; there was always the smell of supper cooking. My mother was always there to greet me, sometimes with a policeman's club in her hand (nobody ever knew how she acquired it). But she was always there, or her authorized deputy, my older sister, who preferred throwing empty milk bottles at the heads of her little brothers when they got bad marks on their report cards. During the great Depression of the 1930s, though we were the poorest of the poor, I never remember not dining well. Many years later as a guest of a millionaire's club, I realized that our poor family on home relief ate better than some of the richest people in America.

My mother would never dream of using anything but the finest imported olive oil, the best Italian cheeses. My father had access to the fruits coming off ships, the produce from railroad cars, all before it went through the stale process of middlemen; and my mother, like most Italian women, was a fine cook in the peasant style.

My mother was as formidable a personage as she was a cook. She was not to be treated cavalierly. My oldest brother at age sixteen had his own tin lizzie Ford and used it to further his career as the Don Juan of Tenth Avenue. One day my mother asked him to drive her to the market on Ninth Avenue and Fortieth Street, no more than a five-minute trip. My brother had other plans and claimed he was going to work on a new shift on the railroad. Work was an acceptable excuse even for funerals. But an hour later when my mother came out of the door of the tenement she saw the tin lizzie loaded with three pretty neighborhood girls, my Don Juan brother about to drive them off. Unfortunately there was a cobblestone lying loose in the gutter. My mother dropped her black leather shopping bag and picked up the stone with both hands. As we all watched in horror, she brought the boulder down on the nearest fender of the tin lizzie, demolishing it. Then she picked up her bag and marched off to Ninth Avenue to do her shopping. To this

day, forty years later, my brother's voice still has a surprised horror and shock when he tells the story. He still doesn't understand how she could have done it.

My mother had her own legends and myths on how to amass a fortune. There was one of our uncles who worked as an assistant chef in a famous Italian-style restaurant. Every day, six days a week, this uncle brought home, under his shirt, six eggs, a stick of butter, and a small bag of flour. By doing this for thirty years he was able to save enough money to buy a fifteen-thousand-dollar house on Long Island and two smaller houses for his son and daughter. Another cousin, blessed with a college degree, worked as a chemist in a large manufacturing firm. By using the firm's raw materials and equipment he concocted a superior floor wax which he sold door to door in his spare time. It was a great floor wax and with his low overhead, the price was right. My mother and her friends did not think this stealing. They thought of it as being thrifty.

The wax-selling cousin eventually destroyed his reputation for thrift by buying a sailboat; this was roughly equivalent to the son of a Boston brahmin spending a hundred grand in a whorehouse.

As rich men escape their wives by going to their club, I finally escaped my mother by going to the Hudson Guild Settlement House. Most people do not know that a settlement house is really a club combined with social services. The Hudson Guild, a five-story field of joy for slum kids, had ping pong rooms and billiard rooms, a shop in which to make lamps, a theater for putting on amateur plays, a gym to box and play basketball in. And then there were individual rooms where your particular club could meet in privacy. The Hudson Guild even suspended your membership for improper behavior or failure to pay the tiny dues. It was a heady experience for a slum kid to see his name posted on the billboard to the effect that he was suspended by the Board of Governors.

There were young men who guided us as counselors whom I remember with fondness to this day. They were more like friends

than adults assigned to watch over us. I still remember one helping us eat a box of stolen chocolates rather than reproaching us. Which was exactly the right thing for him to do; we trusted him after that. The Hudson Guild kept more kids out of jail than a thousand policemen. It still exists today, functioning for the new immigrants, the blacks, and the Puerto Ricans.

There was a night when the rich people of New York, including the Ethical Culture Society, attended a social function at the Hudson Guild in order to be conned into contributing huge sums of money for the settlement house program. I think it was a dinner and amateur theater presentation that was costing them a hundred bucks a head. Their chauffeurs parked the limousines all along the curbs of Twenty-seventh Street and Tenth Avenue. Us deprived kids, myself the leader, spent the night letting the air out of our benefactors' tires. *Noblesse oblige*.

But we weren't all bad. In our public schools one year an appeal was made to every child to try to bring a can of food to fill Thanksgiving baskets for the poor. The teachers didn't seem to realize *we* were the poor. We didn't either. Every kid in that public school, out of the goodness of his heart, went out and stole a can of food from a local grocery store. Our school had the best contributor record of any school in the city.

Some of the most exciting days in my life were spent at the Hudson Guild. At the age of eleven I became captain of my club football team for seven years, and president of the Star Club, an office I held for five. I enjoyed that success more than any other in my life. And learned a great deal from it. At the age of fifteen I was as thoroughly corrupted by power as any dictator until I was overthrown by a coalition of votes; my best friends joining my enemies to depose me. It was a rare lesson to learn at fifteen.

The Star Club was made up of boys my own age, a gang, really, which had been pacified by the Hudson Guild Settlement House. We had a football team, a baseball team, a basketball team. We had a yearbook. We had our own room, where we could meet, and a guidance counselor, usually a college boy. We had one named Ray Dooley whom I remember with affection to this day. He took us for outings in the country, to the Hudson Guild Farm in New Jersey for winter weekends where we hitched our sleds to his car,

towed at thirty miles an hour. We repaid him by throwing lye into his face and almost blinding him. We thought it was flour. He never reproached us and it wound up OK. We idolized him after that. I liked him because he never tried to usurp my power, not so that I could notice.

The Hudson Guild was also responsible for absolutely the happiest times of my childhood. When I was about nine or ten they sent me away as a Fresh Air Fund kid. This was a program where slum children were boarded on private families in places like New Hampshire for two weeks.

As a child I knew only the stone city. I had no conception of what the countryside could be. When I got to New Hampshire, when I smelled grass and flowers and trees, when I ran barefoot along the dirt country roads, when I drove the cows home from pasture, when I darted through fields of corn and waded through clear brooks, when I gathered warm brown speckled eggs in the henhouse, when I drove a hay wagon drawn by two great horses—when I did all these things—I nearly went crazy with the joy of it. It was quite simply a fairy tale come true.

The family that took me in, a middle-aged man and woman, childless, were Baptists and observed Sunday so religiously that even checker playing was not allowed on the Lord's day of rest. We went to church on Sunday for a good three hours, counting Bible class, then again at night. On Thursday evenings we went to prayer meetings. My guardians, out of religious scruple, had never seen a movie. They disapproved of dancing, they were no doubt political reactionaries; they were everything that I came later to fight against.

And yet they gave me those magical times children never forget. For two weeks every summer from the time I was nine to fifteen I was happier than I have ever been before or since. The man was good with tools and built me a little playground with swings, sliding ponds, seesaws. The woman had a beautiful flower and vegetable garden and let me pick from it. A cucumber or strawberry in the earth was a miracle. And then when they saw how much I loved picnics, the sizzling frankfurters on a stick over the wood fire, the yellow roasted corn, they drove me out on Sunday afternoons to a lovely green grass mountainside. Only on Sundays it was never

called a picnic, it was called "taking our lunch outside." I found it then—and now—a sweet hypocrisy.

The Baptist preacher lived in the house a hundred yards away and sometimes he, too, took his lunch "out" with us on a Sunday afternoon, he and his wife and children. Outside of his church he was a jolly fat man, a repressed comedian. Also a fond father, he bought his children a great many toys. I borrowed those toys and on one late August day I sailed his son's huge motor launch down a quiet, winding brook and when it nosed into a wet mossy bank I buried the toy there to have the following year when I came back. But I never found it.

There came a time, I was fifteen, when I was told I was too old to be sent away to the country as a Fresh Air Fund kid. It was the first real warning that I must enter the adult world, ready or not. But I always remembered that man and woman with affection, perhaps more. They always bought me clothing during my visits, my very first pajamas. They sent me presents at Christmastime, and when I was about to go into the army I visited them as a young man of twenty-one. The young were excessively grateful then, so I did not smoke in their house nor did I follow up on a local maid who seemed promising.

I believed then, as a child, that the State of New Hampshire had some sort of gates at which all thieves and bad guys were screened out. I believed this, I think, because the house was left unlocked when we went to church on Sundays and Thursday nights. I believed it because I never heard anyone curse or quarrel with raised voices. I believed it because it was beautiful to believe.

When I returned home from these summer vacations I had a new trick. I said grace with bowed head before eating the familiar spaghetti and meat balls. My mother always tolerated this for the few days it lasted. After all, the two weeks' vacation from her most troublesome child was well worth a Baptist prayer.

From this Paradise I was flung into Hell. That is, I had to help support my family by working on the railroad. After school hours of course. This was the same railroad that had supplied free coal and free ice to the whole Tenth Avenue when I was young enough

to steal with impunity. After school finished at 3 P.M. I went to work in the freight office as a messenger. I also worked Saturdays and Sundays when there was work available.

I hated it. One of my first short stories was about how I hated that job. But of course what I really hated was entering the adult world. To me the adult world was a dark enchantment, unnatural. As unnatural to the human dream as death. And as inevitable.

The young are impatient about change because they cannot grasp the power of time itself; not only as the enemy of flesh, the very germ of death, but time as a benign cancer. As the young cannot grasp really that love must be a victim of time, so too they cannot grasp that injustices, the economic and family traps of living, can also fall victim to time.

And so I really thought that I would spend the rest of my life as a railroad clerk. That I would never be a writer. That I would be married and have children and go to christenings and funerals and visit my mother on a Sunday afternoon. That I would never own an automobile or a house. That I would never see Europe, the Paris and Rome and Greece I was reading about in books from the public library. That I was hopelessly trapped by my family, by society, by my lack of skills and education.

But I escaped again. At the age of eighteen I started dreaming about the happiness of my childhood. As later at the age of thirty I would dream about the joys of my lost adolescence, as at the age of thirty-five I was to dream about the wonderful time I had in the army which I had hated being in. As at the age of forty-five I dreamed about the happy, struggling years of being a devoted husband and loving father. I had the most valuable of human gifts, that of retrospective falsification: remembering the good and not the bad.

I still dreamed of future glory. I still wrote short stories, one or two a year. I still *KNEW* I would be a great writer but I was beginning to realize that accidents could happen and my second choice, that of being a great criminal, was coming up fast. But for the young everything goes so slowly, I could wait it out. The world would wait for me. I could still spin out my life with dreams.

In the summertime I was one of the great Tenth Avenue athletes but in the wintertime I became a sissy. I read books. At

a very early age I discovered libraries, the one in the Hudson Guild and the public ones. I loved reading in the Hudson Guild where the librarian became a friend. I loved Joseph Altscheler's (I don't even have to look up his name) tales about the wars of the New York State Indian tribes, the Senecas and the Iroquois. I discovered Doc Savage and the Shadow and then the great Sabatini. Part of my character to this day is Scaramouche, I like to think. And then maybe at the age of fourteen or fifteen or sixteen I discovered Dostoevsky. I read the books, all of them I could get. I wept for Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot*, I was as guilty as Ras-kolnikov. And when I finished *The Brothers Karamazov* I understood for the first time what was really happening to me and the people around me. I had always hated religion even as a child but now I became a true believer. I believed in art. A belief that has helped me as well as any other.

My mother looked on all this reading with a fishy Latin eye. She saw no profit in it but since all her children were great readers she was a good enough general to know she could not fight so pervasive an insubordination. And there may have been some envy. If she had been able to she would have been the greatest reader of us all.

My direct ancestors for a thousand years have most probably been illiterate. Italy, the golden land, so loving to vacationing Englishmen, so majestic in its language and cultural treasures (they call it, I think, the cradle of civilization), has never cared for its poor people. My father and mother were both illiterates. Both grew up on rocky, hilly farms in the countryside adjoining Naples. My mother remembers never being able to taste the ham from the pig they slaughtered every year. It brought too high a price in the marketplace and cash was needed. My mother was also told the family could not afford the traditional family gift of linens when she married and it was this that decided her to emigrate to America to marry her first husband, a man she barely knew. When he died in a tragic work accident on the docks, she married my father, who assumed responsibility for a widow and her four children perhaps out of ignorance, perhaps out of compassion, perhaps out of love. Nobody ever knew. He was a mystery, a Southern Italian with blue eyes who departed from the family scene three children

later when I was twelve. But he cursed Italy even more than my mother did. Then again, he wasn't too pleased with America either. My mother never heard of Michelangelo; the great deeds of the Caesars had not yet reached her ears. She never heard the great music of her native land. She could not sign her name.

And so it was hard for my mother to believe that her son could become an artist. After all, her one dream in coming to America had been to earn her daily bread, a wild dream in itself. And looking back she was dead right. Her son an artist? To this day she shakes her head. I shake mine with her.

America may be a fascistic, warmongering, racially prejudiced country today. It may deserve the hatred of its revolutionary young. But what a miracle it once was! What has happened here has never happened in any other country in any other time. The poor who had been poor for centuries—hell, since the beginning of Christ—whose children had inherited their poverty, their illiteracy, their hopelessness, achieved some economic dignity and freedom. You didn't get it for nothing, you had to pay a price in tears, in suffering, but why not? And some even became artists.

Not even my gift for retrospective falsification can make my eighteenth to twenty-first years seem like a happy time. I hated my life. I was being dragged into the trap I feared and had foreseen even as a child. It was all there, the steady job, the nice girl who would eventually get knocked up, and then the marriage and fighting over counting pennies to make ends meet. I noticed myself acting more unheroic all the time. I had to tell lies in pure self-defense; I did not forgive so easily.

But I was delivered. When World War II broke out I was delighted. There is no other word, terrible as it may sound. My country called. I was delivered from my mother, my family, the girl I was loving passionately but did not love. And delivered WITHOUT GUILT. Heroically. My country called, ordered me to defend it. I must have been one of millions, sons, husbands, fathers, lovers, making their innocent getaway from baffled loved ones. And what an escape it was. The war made all my dreams come true. I drove a jeep, toured Europe, had love affairs, found a wife, and lived the material for my first novel. But of course that was a just war as Vietnam is not, and so today it is perhaps for

the best that the revolutionary young make their escape by attacking their own rulers.

Then why five years later did I walk back into the trap with a wife and child and a civil service job I was glad to get? After five years of the life I had dreamed about, plenty of women, plenty of booze, plenty of money, hardly any work, interesting companions, travel, etc., why did I walk back into that cage of family and duty and a steady job?

For the simple reason, of course, that I had never really escaped, not my mother, not my family, not the moral pressures of our society. Time again had done its work. I was back in my cage and I was, I think, happy. In the next twenty years I wrote three novels. Two of them were critical successes but I didn't make much money. The third novel, not as good as the others, made me rich. And free at last. Or so I thought.

Then why do I dream of those immigrant Italian peasants as having been happy? I remember how they spoke of their forebears, who spent all their lives farming the arid mountain slopes of Southern Italy. "He died in that house in which he was born," they say enviously. "He was never more than an hour from his village, not in all his life," they sigh. And what would they make of a phrase like "retrospective falsification"?

No, really, we are all happier now. It is a better life. And after all, as my mother always said, "Never mind about being happy. Be glad you're alive."

When I came to my "autobiographical novel," the one every writer does about himself, I planned to make myself the sensitive, misunderstood hero, much put upon by his mother and family. To my astonishment my mother took over the book and instead of my revenge I got another comeuppance. But it is, I think, my best book. And all those old-style grim conservative Italians whom I hated, then pitied so patronizingly, they also turned out to be heroes. Through no desire of mine. I was surprised. The thing that amazed me most was their courage. Where were their Congressional Medals of Honor? Their Distinguished Service Crosses? How did they ever have the balls to get married, have kids, go out to earn a living in a strange land, with no skills, not even knowing the language? They made it without tranquilizers, without sleeping pills, without psy-

chiatrists, without even a dream. Heroes. Heroes all around me. I never saw them.

But how could I? They wore lumpy work clothes and handlebar moustaches, they blew their noses on their fingers and they were so short that their high-school children towered over them. They spoke a laughable broken English and the furthest limit of their horizon was their daily bread. Brave men, brave women, they fought to live their lives without dreams. Bent on survival they narrowed their minds to the thinnest line of existence.

It is no wonder that in my youth I found them contemptible. And yet they had left Italy and sailed the ocean to come to a new land and leave their sweated bones in America. Illiterate Colombos, they dared to seek the promised land. And so they, too, dreamed a dream.

Forty years ago, in 1930, when I was ten, I remember gas light, spooky, making the tenement halls and rooms alive with ghosts.

We had the best apartment on Tenth Avenue, a whole top floor of six rooms, with the hall as our storage cellar and the roof as our patio. Two views, one of the railroad yards backed by the Jersey shore, the other of a backyard teeming with tomcats everybody shot at with BB guns. In between these two rooms with a view were three bedrooms without windows—the classic railroad flat pattern. The kitchen had a fire escape that I used to sneak out at night. I liked that apartment though it had no central heating, only a coal stove at one end and an oil stove at the other. I remember it as comfortable, slum or not.

My older brothers listened to a crystal radio on homemade headsets. I hitched a ride on the backs of horses and wagons, my elders daringly rode the trolley cars. Only forty years ago in calendar time, it is really a thousand years in terms of change in our physical world. There are the jets, TV, penicillin for syphilis, cobalt for cancer, equal sex for single girls; yet still always the contempt of the young for their elders.

But maybe the young are on the right track this time. Maybe they know that the dreams of our fathers were malignant. Perhaps it is true that the only real escape is in the blood magic of drugs. All the Italians I knew and grew up with have escaped, have made their

success. We are all Americans now, we are all successes now. And yet the most successful Italian man I know admits that though the one human act he never could understand was suicide, he understood it when he became a success. Not that he ever would do such a thing; no man with Italian blood ever commits suicide or becomes a homosexual in his belief. But suicide has crossed his mind. And so to what avail the finding of the dream? He went back to Italy and tried to live like a peasant again. But he can never again be unaware of more subtle traps than poverty and hunger.

There is a difference between having a good time in life and being happy. My mother's life was a terrible struggle and yet I think it was a happy life. One tentative proof is that at the age of eighty-two she is positively indignant at the thought that death dares approach her. But it's not for everybody that kind of life.

Thinking back I wonder why I became a writer. Was it the poverty or the books I read? Who traumatized me, my mother or the Brothers Karamazov? Being Italian? Or the girl sitting with me on the bridge as the engine steam deliciously made us vanish? Did it make any difference that I grew up Italian rather than Irish or black?

No matter. The good times are beginning, I am another Italian success story. Not as great as DiMaggio or Sinatra but quite enough. It will serve. Yet I can escape again. I have my retrospective falsification (how I love that phrase). I can dream now about how happy I was in my childhood, in my tenement, playing in those dirty but magical streets—living in the poverty that made my mother weep. True, I was a deposed dictator at fifteen but they never hanged me. And now I remember, all those impossible dreams strung out before me, waiting for me to choose, not knowing that the life I was living then, as a child, would become my final dream.

interfere with fundamental doctrines. It takes almost as much work and bother to unmake a saint as to make one. Only two lost their rank recently, after years of priestly research and deliberation. One was the old and glorious Saint George, protector, among many things and places, of the Republic of Genoa and of the Kingdom of England, the saint whose image is on every golden sovereign. The other was Saint Philomena, an erudite mistake of the early nineteenth century, born of the misreading of an old inscription.

Foreigners come to Rome to taste *la dolce vita* in Via Veneto, in night clubs, in villas on the Via Appia, in film studios, or artists' ateliers in Via Margutta. Some play nymph and faun on solitary beaches, in secluded caves and woods, where they can bathe in the nude, drink the wine, eat simple food with their hands, consort with *contadini* and fishermen, living close to nature and in harmony with the vagaries and caprices of human instincts. For these people, Italy is the world's earthly paradise, where sin is unknown, man is still a divine animal and all loves are pure; the right milieu for legal, illegal, natural, seminatural, unnatural or merely bizarre honeymoons, affairs, liaisons, and escapades.

To Italy come the mature ladies who still feel young inside and long to renew the thrills of their adolescence, and mature gentlemen who pine for the love of uncomfortably young girls. To Italy flock ladies or gentlemen in pairs of the same sex, middle-aged couples who settle down somewhere to the regular routine of bourgeois housekeeping: one shops, the other cooks, one washes, the other mends the socks or stockings, and they both shine the silverware. Or the lone men on the prowl who find it easier and safer to seduce penniless peasant boys, sailors or firemen in Italy than elsewhere.

Others are longing for things that have kept their natural flavour, those simple flavours which industrial civilization is now supplanting with conventional ones. They like the guileless wines, the local cheeses which are unknown a few miles away, the freshly-picked fruit warmed by the sun; the sea urchins, split in half with a rusty knife when still dripping salt water, and eaten with a few drops of lemon juice; the *pane casareccio*, or home-baked bread; the passion of the hairy peasant girls smelling of healthy sweat. These people above all relish what they believe are the simple and genuine emotions of the

Italians who are apparently unashamed of them and hide them. There is a tense, dramatic quality, a shamel about the Italians which is refreshing to foreigners. Nordic self-control, to feigned or real frigidity. The seek, like Stendhal, 'that combination of love, sensu cency' which apparently still characterizes the race. H plays a rôle is as rare . . . as a natural and simple man one might add, anywhere else in the northern hemispl believe with Stendhal that 'music lives only in Italy'. other sensual arts, and that 'in this beautiful country make love; other pleasures of the soul are cramped her delicious. Anywhere else it is only a bad copy.'

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Italy is today again the teacher of many arts. Italians ha have newly invented, a variety of crafts and skills one and precious in the contemporary world. Forei art of carving marble, training show horses to jump out cars, making pitiless films about sex-mad ar characters in the slums, designing special bodies fo models, designing shirts, clothes, shoes, and all sorts c objects, designing modern buildings in the *bravo* Luigi Nervi, the great master of concrete structures. from all over the world, severely selected, study free Michelangeli, the mysterious Italian maestro, in a near Turin. Young opera singers, composers conductors work hard in winter as apprentices at ti put on their graduation shows in the main theat end of the year, when Gian Carlo Menotti is r students live and work in the ancient and glorious A foreign nations keep for the purpose. Some a West: the American Academy on the Janicular Medici in Trinità dei Monti, the Belgian, Spanish, and Danish Academies, here and there in still surprisingly kept by Marxist popular democ committed nations: the Hungarian, Polish, Italian Academies.

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There are the mature ladies who still feel young inside, who relish the thrills of their adolescence, and mature gentlemen who love the love of uncomfortably young girls. To Italy, the young men in pairs of the same sex, middle-aged couples who have grown somewhere to the regular routine of bourgeois life, one shops, the other cooks, one washes, the other mends socks or stockings, and they both shine the silverware. There are the boys, sailors or firemen in Italy than elsewhere, who are longing for things that have kept their natural flavour, the flavours which industrial civilization is now supplanting with artificial ones. They like the guileless wines, the local ones, unknown a few miles away, the freshly-picked fruit, the sun; the sea urchins, split in half with a rusty knife, dipping salt water, and eaten with a few drops of lemon juice; the *casareccio*, or home-baked bread; the passion of the young girls smelling of healthy sweat. These people above all others believe are the simple and genuine emotions of the

Italians who are apparently unashamed of them and seldom try to hide them. There is a tense, dramatic quality, a shameless directness, about the Italians which is refreshing to foreigners accustomed to the stoic self-control, to feigned or real frigidity. These people still lack, like Stendhal, 'that combination of love, sensuality, and sincerity' which apparently still characterizes the race. Here 'a man who plays a rôle is as rare . . . as a natural and simple man in Paris', and, as we might add, anywhere else in the northern hemisphere. They also believe with Stendhal that 'music lives only in Italy', together with other sensual arts, and that 'in this beautiful country one must only make love; other pleasures of the soul are cramped here. Love here is delicious. Anywhere else it is only a bad copy.'

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Italy is today again the teacher of many arts. Italians have maintained, or have newly invented, a variety of crafts and skills which are still rare and precious in the contemporary world. Foreigners learn the art of carving marble, training show horses to jump, racing Grand Prix cars, making pitiless films about sex-mad and disinherited characters in the slums, designing special bodies for elegant automobiles, designing shirts, clothes, shoes, and all sorts of contemporary gadgets, designing modern buildings in the *bravura* style of Pier Luigi Nervi, the great master of concrete structures. Young pianists from all over the world, severely selected, study free with Benedetto Michelangeli, the mysterious Italian maestro, in a castle which he keeps near Turin. Young opera singers, composers, directors, and conductors work hard in winter as apprentices at the Rome Opera and put on their graduation shows in the main theatre at Spoleto, at the end of the year, when Gian Carlo Menotti is not using it. Art students live and work in the ancient and glorious Academies which many foreign nations keep for the purpose. Some are supported by the West: the American Academy on the Janicular Hill, the French Villa Medici in Trinità dei Monti, the Belgian, West German, Spanish, and Danish Academies, here and there in the city. Others are still surprisingly kept by Marxist popular democracies and by the non-committed nations: the Hungarian, Polish, Rumanian and Egyptian Academies.

braver, more polite, and carried themselves with greater dignity; the liberal patriots of the nineteenth century often loved their country, encouraged industry and trade, and tried at times to do something to better the people's living conditions; today's leaders are more intelligent, efficient and have studied more. But such differences are as unimportant as the fashions of the clothes they wore.

When one forgets superficial variations, one can see that the Italian leaders of today behave more or less as their predecessors have always behaved. They manage Italy as if it were *cosa nostra*; carry out vast, ambitious, impressive political designs, which are described as essential to the welfare of the country but are brutally and transparently conceived mainly to reinforce their own power. They use the people as if they were extras on a Graeco-Roman film set, to be moved by remote control, to whom nobody explains the plot. Anything else would be unthinkable. To persuade their countrymen to cultivate the arts of reading and writing, to allow them to gain and enjoy a moderate prosperity, to encourage as many as possible to become soberly responsible would endanger the hold of the élite, or, as the élite prefers to say, weaken the social structure. There is, however, this to be said in the leaders' defence. They are the product of their society. The *grands seigneurs* of old as well as the contemporary cabinet ministers or controllers of State monopolies share the qualities and defects of the people, nourish the same ideals. They are, in fact, what the Italians make them.

It was always obvious to clear-thinking Italians that their country was the unfortunate victim of a vicious circle: the national character fatally generated tyrannies, tyrannies strengthened and exasperated the defects of the national character and inevitably led the country to catastrophe. If Italy was to be saved one day from her disgraceful destiny, the vicious circle had to be smashed. Patriots agreed from the earliest times that only the conquest of independence, the establishment of a national unified state (or a close confederation of Italian states), and the acceptance by the people of their civic and military duties would in the end regenerate the country. All this, however, could not be gained by luck or imposed by external agents, with little Italian collaboration, otherwise its results would be ephemeral at best, the usual dazzling show, one more spectacle behind

which the old reality would have persisted practically unchanged. All this had to be done the hard way. It had to be a spontaneous process of Italian history, provoked by a tide of popular indignation, and was to be pursued through victorious wars or revolts. Italian political thinkers have seen that successful revolutions and victorious wars are the result of a *per se*. They were merely the ultimate proofs of the existence of a hearty solidarity, of their belief in their common destiny, of their acceptance of a common law and common duty. It is a sign that the individual Italian had abandoned his own private welfare and had begun to think in terms of the nation. How could the Italians be brought to fight and die for their country? Clearly, if they could be persuaded to do that, there would be no need for them to do so, as they would already be doing it. They hoped they would become.

This, it must be pointed out with solemnity, is still today the crux of the Italian problem, of the heart of the matter, the only significance of the meaningless and disorderly intricacies of Italian history. The only explanation of many otherwise puzzling aspects of Italian behaviour, the question people debated passionately for centuries and are still debating today in cafés and in the hearts of all good Italians of all ages. Why are we, notoriously teeming with vigorous, wide-awake people, always behave so feebly? Why was she sacked, humiliated in every century, and yet failed to do the things necessary to defend herself?

The hope of achieving national unity and of independence seemed to thinking Italians a dear but unattainable goal. It began with the people never seriously felt the need for a nation. After a survey of his country's history, a writer admitted: 'This was never an easy country to rule. Even in the days of Imperial Rome, in fact, she was being blanketed by uniform laws. When Gaul, Spain, and Britain were, administratively speaking, considered as provinces, she managed somehow to remain united. Cities, partially autonomous regions, rebellious

, and carried themselves with greater dignity; the nineteenth century often loved their country and trade, and tried at times to do something to improve living conditions; today's leaders are more intelligent and have studied more. But such differences are as unimportant as the variations of the clothes they wore.

Superficial variations, one can see that the Italian leaders have more or less as their predecessors have always done: they regard Italy as if it were *cosa nostra*; carry out vast and diverse political designs, which are described as being for the welfare of the country but are brutally and transparently designed mainly to reinforce their own power. They use the same tricks as extras on a Graeco-Roman film set, to be controlled, to whom nobody explains the plot. Any suggestion is unthinkable. To persuade their countrymen to give up their reading and writing, to allow them to gain and prosper, to encourage as many as possible to do anything that would endanger the hold of the élite, or to do anything, say, weaken the social structure. There is, however, no doubt in the leaders' defence. They are the product of the same conditions as the *seigneurs* of old as well as the contemporary controllers of State monopolies share the qualities of the people, nourish the same ideals. They are, in fact, the same as those who make them.

It is curious to clear-thinking Italians that their country has become a victim of a vicious circle: the national character of the Italian annies, tyrannies strengthened and exasperated the national character and inevitably led the country to a state which was to be saved one day from her disgraceful condition. The circle had to be smashed. Patriots agreed from the beginning not only the conquest of independence, the establishment of a unified state (or a close confederation of Italian states) but also the assistance by the people of their civic and military virtues to regenerate the country. All this, however, was achieved by luck or imposed by external agents, with the result that, otherwise its results would be ephemeral. It was a dazzling show, one more spectacle behind

which the old reality would have persisted practically unchanged.

All this had to be done the hard way. It had to come about through a spontaneous process of Italian history, provoked by a slow rising tide of popular indignation, and was to be purchased by blood, in victorious wars or revolts. Italian political thinkers, of course, knew that successful revolutions and victorious wars were not desirable *per se*. They were merely the ultimate proofs of the people's wholehearted solidarity, of their belief in their common destiny, of their acceptance of a common law and common duties. They were the signs that the individual Italian had abandoned the struggle for his own private welfare and had begun to think in collective terms. But how could the Italians be brought to fight and die for their country? Clearly, if they could be persuaded to do that, there was, after all, no need for them to do so, as they would already be what the best of them hoped they would become.

This, it must be pointed out with solemnity, was in the past and still is today the crux of the Italian problem, of *all* Italian problems, the heart of the matter, the only significance in many apparently meaningless and disorderly intricacies of Italian history. It is the only explanation of many otherwise puzzling aspects of the national behaviour, the question people debated passionately down the centuries and are still debating today in cafés and Parliament, the thorn in the heart of all good Italians of all ages. Why did Italy, a land notoriously teeming with vigorous, wide-awake and intelligent people, always behave so feebly? Why was she invaded, ravaged, sacked, humiliated in every century, and yet failed to do the simple things necessary to defend herself?

The hope of achieving national unity and of conquering independence seemed to thinking Italians a dear but unattainable dream. To begin with the people never seriously felt the need to become one nation. After a survey of his country's history, Guicciardini bitterly admitted: 'This was never an easy country to reduce under one rule.' Even in the days of Imperial Rome, in fact, she successfully resisted being blanketed by uniform laws. When Gaul, Spain, Germany and Britain were, administratively speaking, compact and orderly provinces, she managed somehow to remain a vast mosaic of free cities, partially autonomous regions, rebellious mountain tribes,

ere corruptible, which soon transformed the liberal ruler into a corrupt one; the certainty ble government could, in the long run, be side. Most of the national governments we r another were therefore feeble, arbitrary, and ur late totalitarian dictatorship, which was empered by the complete disobedience of all late in developing modern industries and free we set about conquering colonies when all vere on the point of losing theirs?

fects which made us what we are fascinated some of our characteristic habits were far lers did not hide their contempt for us, since cento, to be exact. Yet they never stopped egin to admire us today, listen to us, imitate Why? We are, of course, still great in the e easy to us. We have improved, to be sure, rceptibly in those which made us the object e past. We are not more honest, reliable, e were, we are badly organized and badly s still highly uncontrolled. Could it be that certain that their virtues are best? Or could urned out to be desirable advantages in the essential for survival? Did we or did the And what exactly are the Italians' virtues

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o ascertain the Italian national character. res for the dead. There are no authors to alian habits and customs by Italian writers plicit. Few of them are trustworthy. Each grind, thesis to prove, course of action to Each wrote from his particular vantage his century, class, province, education, life. e or four small exceptions. There is an

essay by Giacomo Leopardi, the nineteenth-century poet, a remarkable man who managed to be objective in spite of the fact that he was an aristocrat, a man of genius, and a hunchback, and lived in a dreary provincial town; there are also revealing passages in Nicolò Machiavelli and Francesco Guicciardini; a few essays on Italian literature as a key to national character by Francesco de Sanctis, a professor at the Zurich Polytechnic one hundred years ago, and little more. Leopardi himself had to admit: 'Italians do not write or think about their customs, as if they thought such studies were not useful to them.' There are, of course, thousands of books by foreigners, but, among them, there is only one real authority, Stendhal. John Addington Symonds is, in my opinion, the next best, although blinded at times by his stern moral views and his hatred for Popery. All others, for some reason, either love us or hate us too much. Their best books on Italy often contain brilliant flashes of intuition and some revealing truths, in a clutter of clichés, superficial appraisals, supine acceptance of preconceived notions, wrong information, and misspelled Italian words.

I have been helped, however, by the fact that, though Italians do not write about their national virtues and vices, they talk about them incessantly. The debate goes on in railway compartments, sidewalk cafés and newspaper offices, on the most fascinating subject of all, why are we the way we are? I have participated in such endless discussions all my life. I heard infinite theories and no conclusive answers. I discovered, however, that we all instinctively agree that some habits, traits, tendencies, and practices are unmistakably our own. We call them *cose all'italiana*. The words are sometimes pronounced proudly, sometimes with affection, irony, compassion, amusement, or resignation, very often with rage and contempt, but always with underlying sadness.

What exactly are these *cose all'italiana*? They are things in which we reflect ourselves as if in mirrors: a gratuitous *beau geste*, a shabby subterfuge, an ingenious deception, a brilliant improvisation, an intricate stratagem, a particular act of bravery or villainy, a spectacular performance. . . . Such *cose* may not be statistically prominent, but they can happen only in Italy. They should not be taken lightly. They are clues. By looking for them, following them, adding them together carefully, the good and the bad, I slowly began to see a

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary

For Immediate Release

October 5, 1991

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT
AT ITALIAN AMERICAN NATIONAL FUNDRAISER DINNER

Washington Hilton Hotel
Washington, D.C.

10:00 P.M. EDT

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, very much. (Applause.) Thank you, Frank. Thank all of you, and Frank Stella, thank you for those kind words -- and thanks to all of you for this warm welcome for Barbara and for me. May I salute the Most Reverend Pro Nuncio, thank him for the blessing. And Nancy, congratulations to you on this dinner -- chairing it -- this highly successful dinner and that lovely introduction of Barbara. Thank you very, very much. (Applause.)

And may I also salute Jack Valenti and the leadership of the foundation, Frank Stella, Jeno Paulucci and Arthur Gajarsa. It's great to see members here from all three branches of the federal government. And of course, a special welcome to our distinguished guests who came from Italy to join us this evening, and to the members of Congress, Pete Domenici from the Senate and so many members of the House with us tonight.

Let me single out one of the many, a man that I've worked with over the last few years, a man I respect and that is the Foreign Minister Mr. de Michelis. He's honored here tonight for his strong leadership in Italy, his support of common objectives with the United States. And I think you've chosen very, very well indeed. (Applause.) And I think of Italy's strong support for our nuclear arms reduction proposal. And incidentally, today may be a day that lives in history. We had a very positive response from President Gorbachev on reducing nuclear weapons -- (applause) -- and we have a National Italian American Dinner that might be over before midnight. So -- (applause) -- it's one hell of a day. And if I don't stay on time, he's going to kill me.

But let me just say to the Foreign Minister and to Pete Secchia, who I might proudly say is doing his part for our country in Italy. In my view, I would say that relations between the U.S. and Italy have never been better. (Applause.) And I would pledge to Italy's new Ambassador, Ambassador Biancheri, that we welcome you, sir. He presented his credentials at the White House just a few days ago. And let me give you a solemn pledge from all in our administration to work closely with you to keep this great relationship on track. And it's good and it's strong and we all take great delight in that. (Applause.)

May I also salute Paul Tagliabue, the honoree -- Bar's cohonoree -- the man who helps give us so many memorable Sunday afternoons in front of the TV when we should be out cutting the grass. (Laughter.) And also we share the spotlight tonight with celebrities like the guy right over my shoulder here, Ernest Borgnine, Oscar winner, -- (applause) -- and with two fellows who give Michelangelo's David a run for his money: Sly Stallone and Joe Piscopo. (Applause.) And, of course, that monument to Mom's cooking that swept through the White House the other evening at a state dinner, Dom DeLuise. Things haven't been the same since. (Laughter

MORE

and applause.) Can you imagine all the people at a stuffy state dinner dealing with that guy. (Laughter.)

And let me also salute a guy who wants to trade a star on Hollywood Boulevard for a seat in the Senate, Mayor of Palm Springs, my friend, Sonny Bono. (Applause.) I've got one question for him: What makes Sonny think that someone from the California entertainment industry can succeed in national politics? (Laughter and applause.) And Sonny, a little advice for you, if you want to practice debating, skip over Connie Morella, who's sitting next to you and go a couple of seats down with Geraldine Ferraro, and be ready. It's tough; I've been there, I know. (Laughter and applause.)

Just a word about your wonderful organization. Every member here knows what it means to trace your roots to Italy -- to feel that special pride in your heritage mixed with profound compassion for all of us who can never be Italian. (Laughter and applause.) I do think it says something special about our nation that we can combine such reverence for the land of our ancestors with this unshakable patriotism for this country we call home. Our America is confident, openhearted, a place where our differences don't detract, but make us all richer.

And we can all feel the special bond that links so many millions of Americans to the "Old Country." If America is, as I believe, and I think Sly Stallone believes from those beautiful remarks he made -- the most fortunate country on Earth, we owe it to the values that your community -- the Italian American community -- calls its own -- values of family, and faith and freedom.

We must strengthen those living values in everything we do. Think of your parents and their parents -- the people whose hands and hearts, sweat and sacrifice made this country what it is today. We must seek a society worthy of them -- a place where our sons and daughters can raise a family, build a future -- better, brighter than the one before.

And tonight's gathering is special. You kick off a year of celebration marking the 500th anniversary of Columbus's famous voyage. (Applause.) I want to mention this foundation's special role as coordinator of this celebration under the able leadership of our friend, Frank Donatelli. (Applause.)

Nineteen-ninety-two gives us a chance to reach back into history, to make this celebration a time of renewal. From Columbus's voyage to the settlers at Plymouth Rock to pilgrims bearing steamer trunks and filing through the portals at Ellis Island, America has always been the new world.

Luigi Barzini, the Italian-born author whose family came to this country when he was a boy, wrote that immigrants from Italy and from all lands came to America because it was -- and here's the quote -- "nothing more than the sum of all their different and sometimes impossible hopes."

What a wonderful definition of America: a land of impossible hopes made real -- a country where one generation's dreams become the next generation's destiny.

So as we celebrate five centuries since Columbus's epic voyage, let us also celebrate the many contributions Americans of Italian heritage have made -- and will make -- to this proud country we share.

Once again, thank you for your hospitality to Barbara and me. And may God bless the United States and may God Bless the Republic of Italy. Thank you very much. (Applause.)

DOUG GAMBLE

Oct. 2/91

424 - 36th Place
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(213) 548-6409

TO: CHRISTINA MARTIN

MORE ITALIAN-AMERICAN DINNER (Dan McGroarty)

IT'S INTERESTING TO SEE SONY BOND RUNNING FOR THE SENATE, BUT I HAVE ONE
QUESTION. WHAT MAKES HIM THINK SOMEONE FROM THE CALIFORNIA ENTERTAINMENT
INDUSTRY CAN HAVE A FUTURE IN NATIONAL POLITICS?

DOUG GAMBLE

Oct. 7/91

424 - 36th Place
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(213) 546-6409

TO: CHRISTINA MARTIN
2 Pages

COLUMBUS (Curt Smith)

I ADMIT TO FEELING A CERTAIN KINSHIP WITH CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, A MAN GIVEN MORE CREDIT FOR HIS FOREIGN ACHIEVEMENTS THAN DOMESTIC.

I THINK I HEARD A COMPELLING ARGUMENT RECENTLY FOR KIDS ~~NOT~~ SPENDING LESS TIME WATCHING TV. SOMEONE TOLD ME HE OVERHEARD ONE OF HIS YOUNGSTERS TELLING A PLAYMATE THAT COLUMBUS CAME TO AMERICA IN THREE SHIPS: THE NINA, THE PINTA AND THE LOVE BOAT.

I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE SOME IN CONGRESS WHO THINK COLUMBUS SHOULD NOT ONLY BE HONORED AS THE DISCOVERER OF AMERICA, BUT AS THE INVENTOR OF THE JUNKET.

AMONG THE FOODSTUFFS INTRODUCED TO EUROPE AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD WERE POTATOES, PEPPERS, CORN AND TOMATOES. APPARENTLY COLUMBUS HAD SENSE ENOUGH NOT TO TAKE BACK ANY BROCCOLI.

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