

Letter from Professor Giuseppe Cocchiara thanking me for his appointment as Professor of Social Anthropology in the University. I believe that he is going to make a very good job of this chair, and Palermo is in a fair way, with him, of becoming a centre for anthropological studies.

He wants to translate some of the standard English works on ethnology and anthropology into Italian, and it is a project which should be supported—Italy has recently derived far too much both in science and law from Germany—and it is a malign influence.

Some of the greybeards here are rather shocked at the appointments which we have made, because there are so many like Catinella, Cocchiara, Titone, Montalbano, and Restivo, all of whom are young—not over forty in the main. They believe that these youngsters ought not to be holding such important positions, but I have told them I believe in catching them young—and in any case, I do not want *pasts*, I want *futures*, if we are to see a rebirth of Italian culture and letters; as I am certain we will under the vigorous leadership of these young men.

The prestige of Military Government is not being helped by the antics of some of the new arrivals. They have very much of the 'get together' spirit and so have started dances to which they take questionable women. Recently at one of these affairs a British senior officer took off his tunic in the middle of the floor to an American over one of the women. Now it is all round the town.

*Monday, 29th November 1943*

Two more officers (Major G. R. Koopman and Captain G. Geyer) have arrived to-day. I have now seven officers and this additional help is of great assistance, although as there is so much work to do, I find it does not lessen the amount each of us has to do, as every new arrival breaks new ground. For example, T. V. Smith now acts as our liaison officer with the Italian Government at Brindisi, Vesselo has gone to Calabria, and is now at Matera with McCaffrey, and one of these new arrivals I shall send to Naples where our work is already behind-hand, although thanks to the Fine Arts officer (Major Paul Gardner) there, I have been kept informed of the position.

*Tuesday, 30th November 1943*

To-day received another letter which has promoted me to the peerage—this time from Professor Emanuele Oliveri, complaining that his branch of the Faculty of Science is being neglected. There is every reason to believe that this university is restored to a natural and healthy condition when we get the reappearance of these rivalries between the various sciences. He claims that six chairs belong to naturalistic and biological subjects, six to mathematical, and only one to Physics and another to Chemistry. I shall have to give this some attention and see if we can restore the balance.

*Wednesday, 1st December 1943*

To-day, with Sherwood and Signora Varisco, on the invitation of the priest, I went over the old Norman church in the square to the east of the Quattro Canti, in which there is the Municipio. This is the second time I have been there, the first being with Catinella who insisted that I must see it. And it is well worth a visit. Although it has suffered some slight damage by bombing it is mainly intact—the worst damage being on the priest's house in the courtyard. There are some old mosaics of the Monreale type. The church is the centre of the Greek rite and the priest was surprised (and delighted) when at the lectern, opening the Bible, I read him from Saint John's Gospel:

*'Εν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος,  
καὶ ὁ Λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν,  
καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ Λόγος*

[In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God, etc.]

*Thursday, 2nd December 1943*

It is curious the type of people who get into trouble with the Military Government. In a near-by country town we have had to put a priest in jail and there he will probably stay the whole length of his sentence of six months. Not content with hiding German arms (which he no doubt intended to sell later, having picked them up after the tide of battle rolled over his town) but he must defraud the agricultural agency (Consorzio Agrario)

which buys all the farm produce. He put oil on top of water, and sold it as 'pure olive oil'.

Now, because one of my employees comes from that town the poor woman is besieged day and night by all the relatives of this worthless fellow, who ask her to intercede with me so that I may exert my influence to get a remission of the sentence.

Meanwhile the priest's father is threatening to kill his daughter as he alleges she prompted her brother to the crime. I suspect this last point is brought in to invoke my compassion. I am certain that no-one in that town considers it a disgrace to defraud the Consorzio Agrario or to hide weapons against a future chance of making some trade out of them. The disgrace is in being caught.

Friday, 3rd December 1943

To the list of titles which I have had conferred upon me ranging from 'Professore', 'Eccellenza' to 'Il Ministro', I have had once again that of 'Lord'. A recent communication came in addressed 'Il Signore Colonello Professore Lord Gayre'.

Warnings have been received that there is going to be a disturbance in the university on Sunday (5th) and that the *Corda Fratres* are the ringleaders. Have sent for them to parade tomorrow morning at 9 a.m.

(Captain G. H.) Geyer has opened up Naples and district (Region III) as from to-day, taking over the preliminary work done for us by Major Paul Gardner, who is the Fine Arts and Monuments Officer there, and who has looked after educational interests in much the same way that Mason Hammond did in Sicily before we were established. The military 'planners' have completely neglected and understaffed the Educational Division and it is only now, late in the day, that we are beginning to get officers.

Saturday, 4th December 1943

There is going to be trouble at the opening ceremony of the university to-morrow. I have been in consultation with Aldo Raffa and told him to inform the provincial security authorities—but they are incredulous that students can make trouble. Perhaps they do not in America, but they certainly do in Europe. Many a

revolution has started in the universities. At the end of the last war the students of this place barricaded themselves in the university and police and tanks had to lay siege to it before they surrendered—but not till several days later, and after deaths on each side. We have exactly the same conditions here to-day, but in a more aggravated condition. Then Italy was a conquering not a conquered country. Then there was no disorganization and poverty comparable with the present. Then the students had not been imbued with fascism. But now they have been—and what is more, as an outcome, they have not the vaguest notion of how to settle anything by vote or agreement: violence is the only method they understand.

As a result there have been troubles all the week in the university over the examinations. Professor Guarneri, the Dean of Law, was assaulted by students who actually believed that owing to the exceptional circumstances there should be no examinations at all, and that they should be given their degrees automatically! Professor Baviera, the Rector, was publicly spat upon this week, also by disorderly agitators—and this is really serious when we realize in what honour the head of the university, who is addressed as 'Magnificent', is held.

I ordered the Committee of the Students Society (*Corda Fratres*) to parade at my office this morning and I have had to spend the whole day interviewing and interrogating them, Aldo Raffa and Sherwood helping me.

I found out that they genuinely think that this disorder into which they and others have plunged the university is really what we came here to bring—they call it 'liberty'. I have had to explain to them in detail, and argue with them, to show them that there can be no liberty and no democracy without self-discipline, and although we do not demand discipline as the fascists did, we will have self-discipline.

They are now convinced, and anxious to co-operate, but I fear this ferment of unrest has so corrupted the student body that we cannot avoid trouble. Anyway, the *Corda Fratres* is going to post its officials at the gates from 6 a.m. onwards to-morrow and warn its members that they are not to take part in any unseemly behaviour against the Senate and the Rector. The ex-N.C.O. element among the students is one of the worst, as they organize

unrest and are restless under civilian conditions after they have been used to the licence of war.

*Sunday, 5th December 1943*

What a day!

Despite my warnings and the Rector's own forebodings, the seating arrangements in the Aula Magna got out of hand, so to start the proceedings, there were three times more people in the hall than there should have been. As a consequence the university ushers could not move, let alone keep discipline—and so there was the most disorderly affair I have yet seen. I was pleased to see that the principal members of the *Corda Fratres* were doing their best to achieve order—so our work of yesterday was not entirely in vain.

The worst noise seemed to be while the Rector was reading his speech. Professor Guarneri made a very laudable effort at reading my speech. General Patton and General McSherry were both very calm and collected, as was also the Cardinal; Lord Stansgate and Colonel Spofford seemed to disappear altogether in the medley of struggling bodies.

However, all that was not the worst. On the way out there was a scene and Baviera was apparently hustled off in his magnificent ermine robe and gilt chain, but I did not see the incident.

Later, struggling out with General Patton and Colonel Campanole, of whom I took leave at the gate, I went back to the office which is only a little way down the road. Tired out and very depressed when one thought of what a long way the political education of these people had yet to go, I decided to finish work for the day and seek repose after a glass of vermouth if we could find it. So, Sherwood, Raffa, and I set off, down the steps of the Palazzo to be met by the incredible sight of the Rector Magnus, hat bashed over his head, umbrella clutched by the middle in his right hand, coming through the gates at the double, to the astonishment of our carabinieri, with a howling mob at his heels. At the sight of us, the mob melted away, leaving the Rector with us alone.

The secret military police had arrested a fascist student in the university—even the fascists had never dared to do that—and

what was I going to do about it! The result was we got no vermouth and had a late and cold lunch.

*Monday, 6th December 1943*

Took the Rector of the University to General McSherry to present him with a volume (similar to the one he gave me) on the Universities of Italy. The General repeated his intention to send for me to come to London, to start planning work for German education.

We dined General McSherry out to-night at the Excelsior Hotel, Palermo. He leaves for England to-morrow: and we are very sorry to lose him. The going of Rennell was the beginning and this now is the end of the old AMGOT administration—much maligned and misunderstood by those who know nothing of the facts.

To-day we have begun getting the affairs of the Royal Academy of Palermo to rights. The first job is to remove the fascists—and here, there is the difficulty that the president, who is a Senator, will certainly have to go, as security will not permit him to continue in office, and yet he has not resigned, and I dislike telling a very old man that he must go. I have told him that I am entrusting the reforms to the Academy itself, as we have been doing in the affairs of the universities. That is the real basis of a democracy. We are not imposing our ideas upon them. As a result a commission of distinguished Academicians met to-day in our Palace under the chairmanship of Professor Mineo, to get the defascistization carried out and other necessary reforms which they may want arranged.

*Tuesday, 7th December 1943*

To-day I gave a reception to the Rector, Dean of Faculty, and many of the professors of the university, according to custom on receiving a Degree, in my Palazzo Constantini in the Via Maqueda near the beautiful Quattro Canti. Signora Varisco and the avvocato very kindly did all the arranging, and Signora Catinella assisted. It was amazing to see the kinds of cakes which could be produced. The Palazzo is the right place for such an occasion, with its painted ceilings, red and purple silk walls, Venetian chandeliers, with candles burning, and mirrors. Unlike

a similar occasion in England, there is no ridiculous holding back and being pressed to eat. Everyone eats without hesitation and it is only when the tables are getting empty that talk really begins. There is little doubt that Italian opinion respects our work, including, as it does, the establishment of a new Faculty of Letters and Philosophy at Messina, a new Chair of Greek and two new Chairs of Medicine there, and here at Palermo a new Chair of Medicine, and with, furthermore, an Institute of Social Anthropology and Chairs in Psychology and Albanian—all in the Faculty of Letters and Philosophy in this university. In fact, I think that we have done more good to these universities than has been done under any régime for many years.

The speeches of the professors at this reception proved very embarrassing. Aldo Raffa also spoke. Koopman who is now in Washburne's place as Director for Education for Sicily, and Sherwood, Barone, and the others were all there. Professors Mineo and Sellerio spoke to me afterwards, the latter about the needs of the Faculty of Engineering of which he is dean. I agree with him, the whole Faculty needs rebuilding, and it would be better instead of just repairing the bomb damage, to rebuild the Faculty completely. But whether I can persuade the new régime here (now that Rennell and McSherry are gone) that such generous treatment should be given the university, I very much doubt—and I am even more doubtful of the Italian Government's wish to spend so much money on Palermo University. But it ought to be done.

Took the Rector this morning to the Palazzo Reale to present General Patton with a volume on the Italian Universities similar to that which he gave General McSherry and me. The General was able to boast as many scholars in his New England ancestry as soldiers. This brought to mind T. V. Smith's story. Soon after T. V. joined me here, in view of his great reputation in Congress and as a broadcasting philosopher, Colonel Campanole came on behalf of General Patton to ask him to dinner. During dinner it came out that Patton had said to T. V. that he had written a many-volume military history. Smith was astounded, and said: 'But, General, I thought you could not sign your own name!'

Baviera had the best of Patton, because the General had no sooner been got into an expansive mood than he was asked to

give up one of the university hospitals he had requisitioned. Campanole and I grinned. A Sicilian cannot avoid making an opportunity of an occasion!

*Wednesday, 8th December 1943*

To dinner with Professor and Mrs. Catinella, and I was surprised and touched to find that Mrs. Catinella and her mother-in-law had made a tea-set for Nina. They had intended to give it to me on Sunday in commemoration of the fact that I had become a Doctor of their university. Any excuse is a good one with these generous Sicilians!

To-day it has been raining and the weather is quite English.

How I would like one of my pewter tankards filled with the best ale now. It is strange how one misses beer with all this poor and heavy wine the only liquor to be got—except when the Variscos give us some of their fine wine or when Toby Moore visits the Duke of Salaparuta and brings back some from him.

I hear that Moroccan troops are unpopular in eastern Sicily. It is alleged that their behaviour to women during the advance was very bad. One more instance of the folly of bringing coloured troops to a European theatre of war.

*Thursday, 9th December 1943*

Had a meeting of a special Italian Commission to examine the affairs of the Royal Academy of Palermo. It is necessary to start these organizations on a basis of self-government such as existed before fascism came to power as soon as possible, and I do not wish to exercise arbitrary powers, for that will continue the bad old fascist régime in a new guise. I carefully explained all this to them at the beginning of the session, and then left them to conduct their business under the chairmanship of Professor Mineo. As usual they could do nothing—all fighting among themselves—and even Rosetta, one of my typists, or rather Major Sherwood's, joined the excited conversation whenever she had to come into the room to see him. The noise of 'battle' was frightful on occasions. There is a complete lack of inhibitions here, so a typist does not hesitate to put in her oar at a wordy and quarrelsome council of great greybeards, professors, and doctors of renown. What is more, it is not resented. The Sicilians live as

there are all the relatives and connections of the dismissed fascists who will try to undo what we have done. As intrigue in this country is common, other interested people, connected with future officials of the Italian Government, will hope to overset what has been done in order to get these plums of office for themselves. Besides that, if the democracy is weak, it will tend to keep in existence the fascist codes which make the Minister a complete dictator—whereas we have tended to give power back to the local authorities. If my pessimistic forecast is true, there will therefore be a struggle in the future between democracy on the part of the universities, and the central bureaucrats ruling by fascist decrees. I hope I am wrong. It is something which ought to be watched carefully by the Allies if the fruits of victory are not to be lost.

The Labour Front here are talking of a revolution once we hand back territory to this so-called legal government. Major Raffa is much in touch with them and they are very angry that we should ever have treated with it. The Church is, of course, favourable to the House of Savoy as it feels it is a stabilizing influence. On the other hand, that is not really true for Sicily, as everyone talks against *Casa Savoia* here, even churchmen themselves. I think the Separatists have made a great mistake in taking an anti-clerical line—as they and the Church together have a common enemy in revolutionary social changes on the mainland.

The arrival of the Russian representative of the Armistice Control Commission, Vishinsky, has created considerable interest and speculation, so I am told, among the Labour Front, and they had, according to my informant, a secret meeting with him. I was informed that he did not wish it to be known that he was meeting them. It is all politics here the whole time nowadays.

Recently a German propaganda broadcast to Sicily in Italian stated that the Allied authorities were rounding up children of poor parents on the plea that they would care for them, and these, at the demand of the Soviet Government, were being sent by ship to Russia from Catania. Ridiculous as this story is, it has caused widespread consternation and the Germans can congratulate themselves on the success of their propaganda. Two reasons can be given for this success; apart from the fact that there is no

freedom of movement and press and postal services, there is the general and genuine dislike of Communism and the great love of children among the Sicilians. It is inordinate. Children dictate the lives of their parents among these people, and by English standards, are over-indulged. Consequently any enormity practised against the child touches a much more responsive chord than it would with us.

*Sunday, 12th December 1943*

I recently heard an interesting side-light on how some of the smaller fry among the American officers were recruited for Civil Affairs work in Italy. Perhaps this explains some of the types who have done infinite harm to our prestige of late, despite the first-class team of higher ranking American and British officers in our headquarters, who, under Rennell and McSherry, have done much to establish Military Government in general respect.

Major Raffa, proud of having been selected as a Military Government officer for service in Sicily, was surprised to be accosted on board, on the first day out from U.S.A., by a perpetually jaw-moving, black-jowled rat of a captain in somewhat the following terms:

'How'ya, Maj!'

'Pleased to meet you, Captain,' said Raffa politely in reply, in the American form of greeting.

'What you here for, Maj?'

'Military Government,' replied Raffa.

'Geez, I know that,' said the Captain, spitting over the side; 'we're all on this ship for that. But, I wanno know what yer done.'

The Major was nonplussed. He thought the reference must have been to his qualifications—and so replied:

'Well, you see I am a Professor of Georgetown University and I have always been interested in governmental administration and Italy in particular.'

'Geez, Maj!' was the disgusted reply, accompanied by more spitting over the side. 'I guess you know what I mean, all right. Everyone here has done somethin'.'

'Well then, why are you here?' demanded Raffa.

'Geez, Maj, it was like this. I was a quartermaster. Well,

Maj, you know how it is. The boys just got around and found a ready market, and we went shares. But then they caught up with me and put the squeeze on. They said: "We're going to give you a break. Court-martial or Civil Affairs." Well, you know how it is, Maj. A guy has no choice—and so that's why I am here! Now, Maj, come clean! What did they get on you?"

Monday, 13th December 1943

Recently I left my car outside the Variscos' house one evening with Colontoni waiting for me at the wheel. I had scarcely entered their flat before Colontoni and a police officer arrived to say that they had discovered thieves in the great shuttered multiple shop near by and an armed police cordon had been thrown around it, and they hoped this time to capture some important black market crooks, and would I lend them my car so that a carabinieri could go with Colontoni to Mondello, find the owner, and return with him and the keys. Inconvenient as this was, for it meant I was stranded at the Variscos' for an hour, I agreed—and off they went. It was late by the time they got there—getting on to ten o'clock, and they had to wake the shop-keeper. All was excitement: he retailed what the loss would mean to him: he rushed on clothing, and dashed into the car, and Colontoni drove like a maniac. I was in the street waiting and then what an unloading of busy ostentation, policemen, the police officer, and Colontoni, and quite a crowd of idlers all interested in the police armed with carbines—when lo and behold the *padrone* had forgotten to bring the keys! Heavens above—it was the last straw, the cordon melted away in the excitement, and the thieves escaped.

War breaks down all natural inhibitions—and troops of all nations get the idea that they can do abroad what they would object to seeing done at home. I saw the same thing in France in 1939 and 1940, but in a smaller way than in Italy. A case of this sort came to my notice recently. I was informed that in a certain town the military commander took over the local police barracks complete with all its furnishings and turned it into a brothel. The unfortunate result of this, apart from any other, was that the door into this establishment was next to the church door—and there two queues formed—God on the left, Sex on the right. The

Bishop complained to General Patton who put a stop to the whole business.

Tuesday, 14th December 1943

I have been visited by Professor Martino, Rector of the University of Messina. I am writing at his instigation a long speech for the opening of the university. On top of long hours in the office, and the constant struggle with ill-health (particularly dysentery) for which one can take no time off, there is so much to do and so little time to do it in; writing to all hours of the night becomes a sore trial.

In the turmoil in which we live there is not much time to think either, and, after all, the opening speech for a university must go into the *Annuario*, and years afterwards must stand up to the test of scholarly criticism. It will be no excuse then to say that it was written in my tiled bedroom in Nicolo Garzili, at night, wrapped in blankets, with frozen hands, for it is cold, very cold here now in Sicily. Sometimes Aldo, our faithful but irresponsible waiter, manages to break up some furniture which he has 'found' and puts it in a tin and burns that as near me as I can possibly stand—but what with the smoke, the smuts of soot falling over everything, and the fact that there is no chimney and I must open the window and let more cold air in, it is scarcely worth it—but one cannot refuse these ministrations from Aldo, and the boys from the *portiera's* house below and further afield who seem to fill our kitchen. Despite all this, the speech is making progress. Just as when I went to France in 1939, so here I have brought some notes with me on the research I was doing of an evening when stationed at Oxford—this was the elaboration of a new theory of the racial inheritance of blood groups, and the paper I am now engaged upon is based upon that work—although it does not constitute an exposition of the theory—which I hope to put at greater length to some learned society.

Sometimes Sherry, Aldo Raffa, Washburne, and I in our little mess of an evening, ask ourselves why we are pushing ahead so hard with our work here—especially when work has almost stopped in all other government departments. I think the reason is that we feel that our victories have brought to this people a new era in their intellectual life, and that they deserve the very

best that we can give them. That is why, instead of merely repairing the machinery, we have done our best to rebuild the shattered pieces into a better machine than it was at first. It has meant infinite labour, attention to detail, and the hearing of every point of view through interminable interviews and the handling of intrigues and counter-intrigues until we have learnt what is the truth, and then we have had to decide whether we would be going too far outside our mandate to do what had to be done. Often, I fear, we have gone outside of that mandate, but in doing so we have been justified by the support of the people. It is clear that after more than twenty years of fascism many changes are necessary, if we are to get its taint right out of public and intellectual life. That is why the restoration of a Faculty of Letters at Messina, involving as it did the foundation of a Chair of Greek (perhaps the only one founded in the twentieth century!) was absolutely essential. Fascism, in the whole of its spirit, was opposed to liberal scholarship and had taken away the Faculty from the University. It was our duty, therefore, to restore to the university that Faculty, without which a university is no university—but only a collection of technical schools. And when the Italian Government gets some liberal-minded, scholarly, and energetic anti-fascist as Minister of Education, I am certain that he will see to it that the work of Military Government is maintained and strengthened. But Cuomo, the present minister, is a weak man and too old for his work, and there is no doubt that what we have done here in Sicily, and we are now beginning in Italy, is disturbing to him because of its thoroughness.

Martino is the most honest Sicilian I have yet met and certainly the most diligent of Rectors, and this is no reflection upon Baviera and Petroncelli, both of whom are carrying on a difficult task well—I wonder if people ever realize how terribly difficult their tasks are, and whether they and Martino will ever get the credit they deserve from the Italian Government. Martino is the type who should be given high office in the Italian Government and would make a first-class Minister of Education if he would take the office, which I doubt at these times, as he is a Social Democrat and not too strongly in support of the House of Savoy, and furthermore, in common with the greater number of

Sicilians I have met recently (with the exception of Baviera and Petroncelli), leans towards separation from Italy.

Recently I appointed Professor Traina Professor of Genetics here in the university—and there has been a frightful row over it. He was proposed by the Professor of Zoology, and Dean of the Faculty of Science, Professor Andrea Giardina, and the Rector of the University. The other two Rectors (Martino and Petroncelli) who with Baviera headed a commission I set up to consider the appointments, also agreed to the appointment. Then the trouble started. But on reviewing the case, I found that Traina was quite competent in genetics, and in this matter I was in some position to be a judge myself, for it so happened his work had been on bees, upon which I have been working in a dilatory sort of way for some years.

I have been interested to find that the Sicilian bee appears to be the same as the English black bee.

To-day we had a final meeting of the Royal Academy to settle their affairs. I had them locked in our Grand Salon with the tiled floors, like an English jury, and told them that they must finish their deliberations to-day. I do not believe any good purpose is served in letting these matters drag on from week to week. By one o'clock (an hour after most of their dinner times) they had finished and I am to get the *verbale* (minutes) of the meeting tomorrow—so Professor Mineo assures me.

*Wednesday, 15th December 1943*

Mineo to see me with the *verbale* of all the sittings of the Royal Academy. The work is complete, with the names of all those to be shut out from the Academy and those to be suspended for their fascist activities.

This is the result of much hard work, quarrels and banging of the table in the Commission's meeting, and much intrigue—but in the English translation made by the Commission, it makes interesting and amusing reading. I have once more been invested with a series of titles!

*Summary of Reports of the Commission for the Reconstitution of the Royal Academy of Palermo*

*Sitting on 6th December 1943, presided by Lieutenant-Colonel*

Professor Lord Gayre. The Commission was formed of Cipolla M., Coppola, Cavarretta, Ferretti, Giardina, Guarneri, Mignosi, Mineo, Oliveri, Sellerio. Professor Gayre invited the Commission to elect a president, a vice-president, and a secretary. Mineo as president, Ferretti as vice-president, and Coppola as secretary were chosen. Professor Gayre gave some directions to the Commission.

*Sitting on 9th December 1943.* Mineo is in the chair. Cipolla, Coppola, Giardina, Guarneri, Mignosi, Oliveri, Sellerio are present. Cavarretta and Ferretti are missing. The president is authorized by Colonel Gayre to add to the Commission Pottino, Lavagnini, and De Maria, who take part in the labours. Coppola, owing to go to a Faculty sitting, is compelled to keep away. The president prays Pottino to do the office of secretary and invites the Assembly to begin its task. Giardina says that the only task is to send formularies to Major Raffa. The President answers that the chief task is to eliminate fascists and to avoid that fascists may have access to the Academy. Broaching the matter, he remembers the ill-famed academical sitting on the 26th of June 1935 (see *Bollettino* 1934-5) and proposes the elimination of the members Ercole and Di Marzo, on the account of the cringing that they demonstrated upon that occasion. Lavagnini believes that the case in point is not sufficient for an elimination: he suggests to introduce it at the very moment when the Commission will give a complete judgement of those two members. Guarneri is agreed on elimination of Ercole, but not of Di Marzo.

De Maria states that all wore 'distinction' must be looked upon as fascists. He was a fascist, because he believed that fascism would lead our native Land to great things. He disapproves an action against fascists, if it is not against unworthy mens.

Sellerio thinks that the point of view of De Maria is not acceptable simply.

Mineo quietly affirms he always was anti-fascist and anti-nazist, even if he asked, in 1932, for the fascist-card and swore false he does not know how many times! And he thinks that fascism, unhappily not yet died, must be fought and for once and all eliminated from Italian public life.

Sellerio asserts that, in deep changes of government, the task of citizens is to maintain equilibrium, abstaining from vengeance and hate. This Commission is too near to the past, also unable to purify, if purification is requested. To decline this purification is convenient.

De Maria disapproves such a refusal of contribution. He would rather wish that all the Assembly of Academicians might have the task of purification, so that the guilty, if there are any, might defend themselves.

The president, taking account of the absence of some members of the Commission, considering that not all the opinions are represented, decides to suspend the sitting. The Commission will be convoked as soon as possible.

*Sitting of 14th December 1943.* Mineo presides. Are present: Cipolla, Coppola, Ferretti, Giardina, Guarneri, Mignosi, Oliveri, Sellerio, Pottino, Lavagnini, De Maria, Chiazzese. Are missing: Cavarretta, Baviera.

Mineo reads a letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Professor Lord Gayre, communicating that two new members, Baviera and Chiazzese, form a part of the Commission, and giving some directions about the works of the Commission itself.

Ferretti and Sellerio remark that the task of judging our Fellows is difficult and recommend ponderation. The Commission agrees. Nobody thinks, says the President, to change the executioner into his victim.

The Commission, after a long examination, makes the following proposals:

Etc.

*Thursday, 16th December 1943*

This afternoon I had a pleasant day in a bee-garden at Santa Flavia, near Palermo, owned by Cavalier Ciauri, and to which I was taken by Professor Traina—whom we have recently appointed Professor of Genetics. The Cavalier Ciauri is of medium height, thin, intelligent face, mobile, quick, and sharp eyes—aged perhaps about sixty with the constitution of thirty-five. A man who is a merry companion, a sportsman, and one of the most generous and hospitable that I have met. There were about fifty hives under orange trees laden with fruit. Avvocato and

Signora Varisco were also there, the latter as my interpreter—she got a sting for her pains. I received four stings, but mainly due to the rough and noisy way the Italians handled the bees—as in everything always being excitable. The hives, by our standards, were in a bad condition, but the best I have seen out here. These bees do not lie up in the winter, but work all the time. They were a very quiet type of bees—and very like our English black bee—if not the same breed. I hope that the Italian (yellow) does not oust them as is happening in England. It is quite clear that the yellow is a Mendelian *dominant* in breeding and its mastery over the black is more apparent than real. Professor Traina stated that the crosses were worse-tempered than the pure bred, which supports our English experience. Santa Flavia is a beautiful place by the sea—a bay of blue sea, a castle on a headland, and gardens of lemons and oranges. The castle is owned by a princess who has a monopoly of the tunny fishing in these parts dating from Bourbonist times. £6,000 or £7,000, so I am told, is made from the fishing here which takes place in one or two months of the year when the castle becomes a fish factory.

To-night I had dinner with Tasca, Mayor of Palermo, his wife, son, and son-in-law, Signore and Signora Du Crot and Professor and Signora Catinella. The talk was mainly upon separatism. We had good food and drink. Major Sherwood and I left after midnight. There was much concern about the rumour that we were going to increase the value of the lira as many people had been buying sterling and dollars illegally.

*Friday, 17th December 1943*

To-day is wet and rather miserable, and in my very fine room in our palace I sit and shiver—for we have no glass in the windows owing to the bombing, and, as usual in this country, there are no fireplaces. I would give the red silk walls, the painted ceiling, and Venetian glass chandeliers for a decent log fire now.

The Rector of Messina University tells me that for some time he was excluded from his office, which had been taken over by the troops. When at last, after much difficulty, he got access to it to remove his papers, he found drawers ransacked, and the MS. of a book on physiology on which he had been working for some

time, trampled into the floor with other papers and documents. Things like this do us no good.

*Saturday, 18th December 1943*

There has been a great scandal here over an alleged incident in which it is said that General Patton struck an American soldier. There is no doubt that the incident has been magnified out of all proportion and recognition. I am told that what is behind the whole thing is a vendetta on the part of certain sections of the American Press against the General. This is said to have arisen from an incident earlier on in the Sicilian campaign when he was being harassed by press reporters for interviews and facilities, and on one occasion, when he had not a vehicle to spare, the Press asked for transport to go up forward, and one of the chief staff officers came out from the General and said they 'could bloody well walk'. Besides that, Patton keeps his own press group, and that is not likely to endear him to pressmen generally.

*Sunday, 19th December 1943*

To-day we went a-hunting with Cavaliere Ciauri, who has the beautiful bee-garden under the lemon-trees at Santa Flavia. He took us to a royal forest, the first forest land I have seen in this country, in the direction of Marineo—about twenty miles south of Palermo. Being royal forest it is carefully preserved, and he was only able to shoot over it because of our presence—but despite that, there was no game worth talking about and I only fired off the barrels of my gun at a few hopeless targets in order to keep up the pretence that we were on a shooting party, and not on a most difficult march through forest and over mountain. For seven guns and four dogs, we saw six partridges and got two of them.

Because of its being preserved there is good reason why every Sicilian poacher should pay it his attention—and in these times particularly, when food is so scarce.

We had a terrible scene at lunch-time. Coming down exhausted from the crest of the mountain along a narrow woodland path we came upon a dell, free from trees towards which the surrounding heights dipped. There was a spring and a watering tank for cattle—and on the slopes of our dell browsed the cattle, their

cow-bells tinkling with every move, and awaiting us with the luncheon baskets was a goatherd. He was a placid, witless kind of man, with the grey blanket lying over his shoulders such as all the countrymen wear.

The Cavaliere lamented a magnificent pie he had supervised with his own hands and eyes in the making, and which had been left behind. But nevertheless, there were Sicilian cheese and bread and wine, and mandarin oranges with which to finish the repast. In my exhausted condition, lying beside the water trough this sounded all too good, when the storm broke.

The worthy cavalier unpacked the baskets while the keepers with their dogs sat a little way off, watching him with the more interest since the old knight, not having had time for breakfast, had eaten their supply of bread during the morning while on the march, and had promised to make this good at lunch-time.

The first thing that struck my ears—for my thoughts were far away all this time—was the shrieking of the word: Pane! Pane! The goatherd had left the precious bread behind in the wood-cutter's hut from which he had set out.

The knight stormed and swore—the goatherd gibbered, threw his hands out in explanation, and clasped them in supplication, gesticulated, and withal—to my interested wonder, still kept the folded blanket in position across his shoulders without any apparent effort.

The Cavaliere, in despair, fell upon his knees and crossed himself, and called upon God to witness this knock-out blow. Then springing to his feet, so soundly rated the goatherd (in what Sherwood tells me was the choicest Sicilian, and which even improved the vocabulary of the keepers) that it set him off at a trot across the fells for bread.

Later that day, in coming down a beautiful vale with wet slippery paths on which Sherwood and I slipped more than once, we came upon Avvocato Varisco with some of his men from Baucina, who had come to meet us, and what was equally of interest, a good flask of his Baucina wine. That wine should be put on the market.

*Monday, 20th December 1943*

Bill Hare and I missed the 'plane to Catania this morning

owing to a mistake on the part of the transport people over timing. Consequently, we waited on the airfield, as one can usually get anywhere these days if one watches one's chance. And eventually that opportunity arose. An American flying ambulance arrived bound for a military airport about twelve miles from Catania—so we got our passages. Flying eastwards along the coast we passed Termini, Cefalù and on to somewhere towards S. Stefano di Camastra, where we crossed the coast and flew inland, gaining height all the time, and sometimes, so it seemed, only just clearing the mountain crests—for here they must be over 4,000 feet—until towards Bronte, we came upon Mount Etna, and we flew level with the cone at about 9,000 feet.

The cone was snow-covered and arising from the snows came wisps of smoke. Below it there were runlets formed by the lava flows and cinders. Lower still, the lava had weathered somewhat and gave the appearance of a dead and lifeless world. And yet it is the very soil formed from that arid rock which accounts for the thickly clustered vineyards on the slopes below this desert of rock.

We arrived, thanks to our American allies who gave us a jeep to traverse one of the most shell-torn roads I have been over, at Catania, where we found accommodation of sorts in the British Officers' Transport Hotel. The American driver took us by mistake to the American one at first—but we realized his mistake on entering—it was too good for British officers!

*Wednesday, 22nd December 1943*

Spent the day with Petroncelli, the Rector, and his wife, and presided at a meeting of the Senatus Academicus, and generally pushed ahead the affairs of the University. Hare is with me to carry out the completion of the dismissals and suspensions of the fascist professors. We are having much trouble with one professor here, Zingali by name, not to be confused with Padre Zingali, the charming and modest head of the Dom Bosco School in Palermo. Zingali was a deputy in parliament and undoubtedly of great power under the fascists. We took a merciful and, I think on reflection, a weak course of action, by suspending him for six months only. Since when he has not merely appealed against this light sentence, but created pandemonium in Catania,

having raised a party from among the enemies of the rector and accused him of being a fascist. To support this he produced a series of documents, purporting to be speeches by Petroncelli, which if they were true would put the latter in a very black light, and for himself, he has brought forward speeches of his in parliament in which he opposed the party line of action and for which he was placed under party discipline. The last seems to me to show only that he was merely an unsatisfactory member of the party but not anti-fascist at all.

Raffa is certainly disturbed by his accusations against Petroncelli, but Hare feels that a thorough investigation will put the Rector in a much better light. For my part, I feel that if Petroncelli held so high a position in Catholic Action as he did and still does, the charges cannot be entirely true, and so, until Hare has finished his investigations, Petroncelli will be presumed innocent. If the charges are found to be well founded, then he will be dismissed.

But this intrigue, this charge and counter-charge, this raising of parties and turning a town upside down with conflicts, is a commonplace in Sicilian life. We have the same thing happening at Santa Agatha de Militello over the Liparis—another job for Bill Hare to look into carefully. To be an office-holder here means you become an object of attack by all your enemies, and they are everyone who does not hold office, or who has no expectations from you. There is no conception of the common good.

I was pleased to be able to investigate the affairs of the observatory and to promise to reinstate the Jewish professor who, like Ascoli in Palermo, had been dismissed by the fascists.

We are getting very great help from Bateman, (Colonel) French's staff captain here at provincial headquarters. He swears by Petroncelli, and believes there is nothing in the accusations of Zingali.

The weather is getting steadily colder—and the only form of heating, when one can get the charcoal, which is not often, is a brass pan, set in a wooden frame, which is brought into the room holding the dying embers of the fire. The labour of all this, the fanning of the flames, and the carrying from room to room, is considerable: but it is all taken for granted.

*Thursday, 23rd December 1943*

Yesterday I returned by air from Catania having travelled there by air on Monday (December 20th). I was severely bitten all Monday night by mosquitoes. I hope that it does not lead to malaria. In the morning I killed several dozen on the walls of the bedroom—and they burst with blood—my face is a terrible sight. And this is our officers' transit hotel!

Hare dealt with an informer who travelled first to Palermo to see Mario Brod and Raffa and then was sent on by Raffa to us in Catania. He will not inform again in a hurry. Captain Bateman, of the A.M.G. headquarters, has been most helpful both in dealing with the informer and in clearing up the Zingali and Petroncelli business.

The University in Catania is more beautiful than that of Palermo. It is a pity it has been turned into a Naafi when it is badly needed for its proper purpose. Fortunately it is being kept very well, unlike Palermo University, which has tended to disintegrate under military occupation. I thought that Catania had gone even further than Palermo in tidying itself up from the effects of bombardment.

To-day I spent in my office dealing mainly with petitioners and intriguers wishing to persuade me not to carry out certain dismissals.

This evening I dined with a Signore and Signora Du Crot, Signore and Signora Tasca (the Mayor or Sindaco) of Palermo, and his wife, and Professor Catinella. There was there an Englishman, wearing a mixture between Army and R.A.F. uniform—without badges of rank—who made a great mystery of his work. Major Sherwood spent much Irish wit upon him to good effect. The whole affair cast a gloom over the evening, and I think these people will not be anxious to bring us together again. It is a pity!

*Friday, 24th December 1943*

Christmas Eve. My Sicilian staff (and Sherwood and Raffa) have fled this afternoon, refusing to work any longer because of the holiday season and I and John Nester worked on alone in the office. In the evening the Americans had a carol-singing to which I went, ending up in a sing-song led mainly by British officers,

the songs being neither Christmas carols nor altogether of a drawing-room nature.

Padre Gliozzo has sent to the office a box of mandarins and two bottles of wine—the mess will soon make short work of these Christmas provisions! Another professor has sent a bunch of flowers, and Professor Abardi, one of our staff who was engaged by Washburne, has sent in his card, with his good wishes!

*Saturday, 25th December 1943*

Christmas Day. Had lunch with the Catinellas. Received a surprise Christmas present (a book on Venetian paintings) from Professor Catinella. We had supper with Avvocato and Signora Varisco, and her children made an exhibition of themselves and Major Sherwood and I left early. The Sicilians are too indulgent to their children but I suppose they think us too cruel.

To-day, using several MSS. which I have already written, I have started writing a new book. To-morrow (being Sunday) I hope to make further progress with it.

*Sunday, 26th December 1943*

Went up on to Mount Pellegrino, overlooking Palermo, and visited the grotto of St. Rosalia—disbursing twenty lire in the begging box at the door. Major Sherwood offered to hear our confessions in a vacant confessional box, but he found no one willing to accept his kind offices.

Why must the American military police be so rude and rough? Their attitude to British officers is sometimes tantamount to insolent. Recently a British officer, a judge in a military court, was ordered by the American military police to roll his sleeves down (the British wear shorts and rolled sleeves) because the American commander had been issuing strict orders on dress to his troops—and when he refused to do so they nearly came to blows with him. I believe their police have power of arrest over officers—which seems to me to be too great a measure of authority. I had a recent case in which I came into conflict with them. I ordered Colontoni to halt my car in the Via Maqueda and wait for me. This apparently contravened one of the police regulations. When I came back Colontoni and the car had gone.

It was nearly an hour before he returned, with a ticket ordering him to appear before the Military Court. I found that they had man-handled him for trying to tell them that he was a colonel's driver and had orders to be there—and when they saw my rations on the back seat of the car, they tried to take them. Anyway, I appeared in the court, and the American president of the court dismissed the case—while these precious police never turned up. They probably had heard that I had written to their commander to say I would appear for the defence. I noticed the satisfaction on the faces of the Italian advocates in court when the verdict was pronounced. I really think their training must be at the bottom of it—there is too much of the 'tough guy' in the whole of their attitude. One day something went wrong in the café opposite the Palazzo, and screams came from it—it sounded like murder, but turned out to be a fight between a waiter and a cook. The American police arrived in a jeep—and I have never seen such quick work. They stormed the restaurant, and in a few minutes appeared tossing between them, with their truncheons working, a miserable Sicilian. I am certain he needed arrest—but I wondered if the methods were not too brutal altogether. Yet Americans simply ooze sentimentalism and righteous indignation about our treatment of native peoples!

*Monday, 27th December 1943*

To my surprise, received a *verbale* of the newly reformed Royal Academy of Palermo, over the reform of which I have had so much trouble this month, in which it says that I have been made an honorary member to-day with Alexis Carrel, Sir Percy Loraine, Professor Gilbert Murray, Sir Alfred Zimmern, Colonel Charles Spofford, Major Raffa, Major Washburne, and Captain Mason Hammond. Hammond certainly deserves this recognition for the early work he did in Education in Sicily and especially for the fine work he has done in the preservation of antiquities and works of art.

Recently a copy of a dismissal issued against an educational official on the mainland by his newly appointed superior was brought to me by Washburne from George Geyer. Here it is:

Dated 16th December 1943

Copies to: A.M.G.  
National Educational Minister  
H.E. The Prefect

For your history as a fascist spy, lying, and calumny  
For your daily exultation at German victories  
For your subsequent servile attitude towards the Anglo-American authorities

For the internal dissension you have caused in this office  
For your misrepresentations on political matters  
For the fact that your presence here is obnoxious and your work incompetent

For your lack of dignity as an educational official  
For the harm you have done to the school system——  
You are suspended from your position

Effective to-morrow, December 17th, you will not be allowed in this office. I am applying, as a precautionary measure, for now; the decrees of the Badoglio Government regarding fascists and members of the fascist hierarchy and their personal liberties.

Through pity alone; you will continue to receive, temporarily, the corresponding allowances of pension; excluding indemnity for active service.

At an opportune time, and with formal documents, I will apply such laws as are possible in your case, from competent authority, toward a complete removal.

Until such time as these laws arrive, you are granted the liberty of speech, in your defence which you fascists have so long kept from us Italians.

This eloquent dismissal could not be allowed to settle the question, as there were certain irregularities about the whole business. As an outcome Geyer made further inquiries and demanded copies of letters which had passed among the various people in the case.

This correspondence begins with a long reproachful letter (2,000 words in length) to an official whom the writer considers has done him an injustice in not supporting him before a higher official. The rhetorical style is made the more difficult to follow by the eccentricities of the translations supplied, involving fre-

quent references to the original documents, in order to follow the sense of the argument.

After you have waded through this letter and the many more that follow, you are not surprised to be told that the man is a poet—but so are they all, these southern Italians and Sicilians, and so this correspondence is only a little more flowery than usual.

They are not concerned with facts, facts are awkward hard things the English and Americans are interested in. They are interested in rhetoric, a good flowing style and much imagery. I wonder what Whitehall would think if they had to put up with long letters like these. Yet this is what we have to wade through every day of our lives—in the original or in hasty translations by our overworked staffs or worse ones prepared by the Italians themselves. In the end we disinter the facts, and reach decisions which we hope are fair and honest. But the brutality of our methods, no embraces, no tears, no allegory, no poetry, shocks the delicate souls of our Italians. Sometimes I think they would rather have injustice with the flow of words, and tardiness of action which must accompany it, than brevity, justice, and speed. It is a question of a point of view and goes back to fundamental differences of racial temperament.

Tuesday, 28th December 1943

To-day Major Sherwood and I with Signora Varisco went to Piano dei Greci, an old settlement of Albanians, sometimes called P. dei Albanese, south-west of Palermo, on the invitation of Professor Petrotta, whom we have appointed Professor of Albanian in the University, and of the Bishop of the Greek Rite, to witness a 'Greek' wedding—the women being in the Albanian costume. It was most interesting. We were met by a priest at the door, and on being taken in, we were stood with the clergy—and we even had to parade the church in some of the processions in the course of the service. The childlike offhandedness of it all was very amusing: people walked about as they pleased during the service, and Professor Petrotta (himself a priest) remarked to me it was cold and that snow was just beginning to fall, all the while the officiating priest was reading the service in Greek, Albanian, and Italian. Occasionally this priest when pro-

voked by the way boys got between himself and the bride and bridegroom, without breaking his intonation, would give an urchin a push in the neck because he approached too near; and once, passing the service book to an assistant priest, who took up the chant without a break in the service, he seized a boy and ran him out of the Cathedral. The Bishop slipped into the cathedral and we were beckoned up inside the altar rails to be introduced, thereby breaking right into the middle of the service! Later we went to the bride's house with—I should think—every relative and all the priests and the two local civil affairs officers, to have a glass of wine.

It was very cold up there in the hills and snow was falling as we left—yet they have no fireplaces!

Letter from Lord de Saumarez to say that there are two articles on AMGOT in *The Times*—but we never see any of these accounts, and whether they are good or bad I do not know. The letter is very amusing and it has been passed around the office, the Italo-Americans and the Sicilian professors being as amused as we were. After saying how helpful the Italian prisoners of war, mainly Sicilians, have been to the farmers near Garthyngared (Dolgelly, Merioneth) and how cheerful they are, he goes on to say that he has just finished Arthur Bryant's book *The Years of Endurance*, and 'was much interested to find' (on page 265) 'how Nelson sent an S.O.S. to General Charles Stuart (who was at Minorca) to bring 1,000 British infantry to save Sicily from invasion. He duly arrived at Palermo in March 1799 with the 30th and 89th Regiments; and within five hours of landing was on the road to Messina. Having drafted a masterly plan of defence, he armed the inhabitants as a kind of Home Guard—which must have in later years been a great help to all forms of banditry, Mafia, vendettas, and the like! The Sicilian patent of fitting a tommy-gun into a fiddle case was a brilliant idea.'

The quantity of ammunition, guns, grenades, allied, and particularly German, in the hands of Sicilians to-day makes one shudder for the future. It is even said that some of them have field-guns stowed away for future use. I wonder!

Wednesday, 29th December 1943

Monsignore Ballo (the Bishop of Mazara del Vallo) to see

me, and he is much concerned over his schools. These schools have given me more trouble than probably any other problem in Italian education. First of all, at the very beginning of the Allied occupation, the Church in this diocese opened schools to the extent of fourteen or thereabouts as they argued (and I think with some justice) that, as we had come to destroy fascism, therefore the restrictions placed upon them by fascism would go—and this view they say was confirmed by the supreme Allied authority at the time. Anyway, being a believer in liberty and freedom which I hold to intensely, their position seems a logical one—and it is no good arguing, as some of my staff argue, that if they had the power they would not permit liberty to others, as in the case of Spain. Two blacks do not make a white. Furthermore, in my relations with Mazara and with Cardinal Lavitrano I have always been left with the feeling that the impact of recent years upon them makes them more genuine believers in liberty than their opponents would credit. In discussing this matter some time ago with the Bishop of Mazara and Padre Gliozzo the Jesuit I told them that the liberty which they claimed from the state was not their exclusive right alone—but would apply equally to private schools and to the Waldensian Protestant schools, and at this they never demurred.

Apart from the fact that I believe that they have a strong point when they say we came to sweep away fascism and as fascism banned church schools, so free church schools should be allowed to reopen, there are also two other facts we should bear in mind. The church schools of the 'parified' type (such as Padre Gliozzo's and Padre Zingali's Dom Bosco School here) are much ahead of the ordinary state school despite the fact that they were fettered by state influence. (I am also told by Lieutenant Barone and many others that the 'parified' private schools are also good.) Furthermore it is clear that in these 'parified' schools, private and church, there was always an undercurrent (and the only undercurrent) of resistance to our enemy—fascism. Therefore my mental processes operate very simply in this matter—'If they are not against us they are for us'.

Under Lord Rennell and General McSherry, with Spofford as Chief of Staff, this view which I took was very simple as it reflected their own. But now the position is becoming much

more difficult. In the first place Lord Stansgate is here, and although I find him a charming person, and very cordial in his relations with one, he is not likely to agree with me—and, indeed, he (perhaps humorously) calls the Church of England schools 'fascist'.

However, more serious than the fact that Lord Stansgate is not in sympathy with church education, because of his whole political background, is the attitude of the American members of my staff. Unlike us in England, where we are used to Church and Catholic and Methodist schools which even receive state support, they cannot get used to such an idea at all. They want one simple straightforward educational system of state education. As a result they have never liked my allowing the Bishop to maintain the schools he has already opened (as long as he does not ask for state subsidies) and, as the Bishop is having trouble with the Provveditore of the Province, who resents any new schools as a limitation to his powers as the State's Educational Director, they support the latter. They are quite right in that it simplifies our administration to abolish these schools, but I believe that in diversity there is freedom, whereas there is less in a state operated with uniformity. I thought, however, that I had solved the whole question by saying that the free church schools would not be closed by us, as they were opened in the early stage of the invasion, but no more would be opened without reference to my office, and meanwhile their courses and examinations would be controlled by a special commission set up by the Bishop and the Provveditore. I think now that this arrangement is far too English—it involves the principle of compromise—as the Provveditore would appear (from what the Bishop has just told me) to be pressing still for the suppression of these free schools.

I have told the Bishop that this arrangement must stand subject to some final solution by the Italian Government, and that as long as I am here I will see that this compromise is maintained. But he is very uneasy as he feels that the moment my back is turned the arrangement will be sabotaged.

At the moment the whole tendency is towards anti-clericalism and there is much bitter thinking among certain intellectual circles against the Church and for that reason alone this question is fraught with terrible difficulties, and to support a proposition

such as this on the sheer merits of the case alone, without taking sides, lays one open to the charge of favouring one side. That it is at the moment the weaker side pleases me, as if there is any exercise of discretion it ought to be on that side rather than the other.

The Bishop is a merry fellow with whom one can joke freely—he is a Knight of Malta, of which he is very proud, and he is a friend of the Grand Master, a certain prince [Ludovico Prince Chigi-Albani della Rovere] in Rome. He was able to tell me something of the history of the order which interested me very much. Our own Order of Saint John was really once a branch of it—and then was suppressed, and in the last century was restored to existence in a somewhat different form, and as a Protestant order not owing allegiance to the Grand Master.

*Thursday, 30th December 1943*

The Bishop of Mazara back again this morning. Catinella and Giardina are both in despair as they think that I give too much time to the callers and as a result the decrees and many letters which they draft do not get as much attention as they should. Indeed, what the Military Government Educational Division would do without the pair of them I do not know. There is not a thing about the law, and about procedure, which they do not find out for me—as a result, from the beginning we have never acted here contrary to the law of the land. Military necessity and the power vested in the Military Government would have been sufficient to justify necessary acts, but we have always linked them up with the Italian laws on the matter, so that as a result what we have done will last, provided fascist methods are not perpetuated by the present Italian Government. Every appointment has been made that way, and it is no use any future Italian Government, because of its political views, wishing to remove the anti-fascists we have appointed by suggesting that they have been appointed illegally. This is particularly important as it is known that some of the lesser people around the present Italian Government are saying that they are going to make a clean sweep of the new men as 'collaborationists'. If this is done with educational officials it will be contrary to the law. Catinella has been in prison once for his love of the Allies, and he has exerted himself to the utmost in

these times to see that no pretext of disloyalty to Italy can be brought legally against those who have assisted us in getting rid of the fascists. Yet these men who have been our helpers, Catinella, Martino, Baviera, Petroncelli, Crosti, Guarneri, Ascoli, Ferretti, Sellerio, Giardina, father and son, and all of them, have remained throughout strong and patriotic Sicilians and Italians. We have not found it necessary to use turncoats.

Recently I have had much trouble with a religious problem which comes down to the fundamental difference of point of view between most of my officers, on the one hand, and Sherwood and myself on the other. Washburne, who is the most indefatigable worker I have ever seen, with a tremendous grasp of the problems of school organization and education has been responsible for fine work in the revision of text-books. The fascist books were absolutely impossible—even arithmetic and grammar were polluted by the most insidious propaganda. During the course of the meetings of the revision committee, Professor Ferretti, Professor of Education in the University, proposed a reform of part of the syllabus, and this met with the approval of Washburne who holds much the same views. As this was resented by the other members of the committee, who did not wish to see any lowering of the prestige of Latin, Greek, and religion by 'modernism', it was decided by Washburne to issue Ferretti's proposals as a separate document which would not be obligatory upon the teachers, but would be a guide for new methods and new ideas if they wished to accept them.

The result has been the breaking of a most unholy storm. To-day the Cardinal's representatives flocked down to my office with Padre Gliozzo. Then started a series of meetings which about consumed the day. First I saw them, heard their views, and then had conferences with Washburne and Koopman, and studied the passages of which they had complained, and which I had not seen before. But what a battle. The Church would not yield a point, and neither would Washburne. Then I put them into committee to decide what were the points exactly upon which they disagreed, and at the end of a long day got agreement. Some passages which the Church considered disagreeable to them in the Programme of Studies will stand, as long as a proper definition is given of the word *Facoltativa*, which Carlton

(Washburne) used in the American educational sense of 'elective', and which is somewhat different to its meaning in Italian. On the other hand I have undertaken to scrap the document with the so-called 'progressive' notions of education which it contains. Italy is not ready for such ideas—and in any case, by the time she is, they will be out of date. Furthermore, the idea of minority reports has not yet occurred to them. I have told Sherry to cable Vesselo to tell him not to print this document on the mainland, and also to send a similar letter to George Geyer, our education officer in Region III (Naples). Carlton nearly wept when this decision had to be taken—as he has done a great deal of work on this question. Ferretti, his fellow-educational collaborator, will do more than weep—he will dance with rage when he hears of the decision I have had to take.

Anyway, for my part I hope that is the end of the long quarrel between the clericals and anti-clericals over the reform of the curricula and text-books. It has been a good thing to have it—because both sides have been well represented, and just because we have arrived at a solution which nobody considers ideal—I believe it is ideal, as it is a fair compromise between the many violent points of view which are sweeping this country at the present time.

Linked with all this business is the question of the Cardinal's degree, *honoris causa*. The Cardinal stuck to his post in the days of the invasion, and that is why he was the first principal dignitary, or one of the first at any rate, with whom General Alexander conferred on our arrival—so I am told. He has been a stabilizing factor, whatever one's views about religion may be. Therefore it would not have been surprising if he had been granted an honorary degree at the opening of the university in recognition of his services at the time when some of us were equally honoured. But I am told there was a scene when the matter was raised in the Senate—one member of extreme anti-clerical views is reported (it is probably an exaggeration) to have jumped on the table and shouted 'To Hell with the Cardinal and to Hell with the Pope!' The Rector wisely decided not to allow the question of the Cardinal's degree to go forward at that time lest the Allied authorities got involved in what was a domestic, even if acute, quarrel.

Now the matter has been raised again, and I have been asked to use my good offices. As a result I have had several conferences with the Rector and also with the anti-clericals and I have struck a bargain with the latter. Professors Ferretti and Sellerio will stay away from the next meeting of the *Senatus Academicus* which will meet to-morrow to confer the degree upon the Cardinal *in absentia*, and certain accusations being made against Professor Ferretti, who is Dean of the Faculty of Letters, about his interpretation (and consequent administration) of certain *verbali* of the Faculty have to stop.

By this means I believe both sides have been done a service by my intervention—and I have at any rate avoided a series of ugly scenes which could have done no good to the university and would have reflected upon us as the Government. But this everlasting negotiating, this mixture of cajolery and firmness, wears one out.

Friday, 31st December 1948

The last day of the year. I have had a final conference with the Cardinal's representatives and settled to their satisfaction the vexed directive to schools in its final form. (The exact text was not settled yesterday although the principle was achieved then.) I have gotten the Cardinal's degree settled too—Professors Ferretti and Sellerio having gone to the country, the meeting conferred it *in absentia* with unanimity. Thus we close the year with Palermo University in an entirely different position to what it was when it began. Gone is the Colonel of the Fascist Militia (Leotta) who was the Rector and who made anti-British speeches. Then it was whole and now it has suffered bombing and destruction. But now that it has been partly repaired and reopened, its classes and examinations are taking place, and what is more important, it has new chairs founded, in Albanian especially for that community, in Psychology and Social Anthropology (with a new Institute of Anthropology created out of the Folk Museum at the Casa Cinese), and a scandalous quarrel between the clericals and anti-clericals at least resolved (if not healed). At Messina we have restored the Faculty of Letters—democracy has replaced what fascism took away. The text-books for the schools and the programmes of studies are finished, and fascism is being

wiped out in the schools. I feel very tired but satisfied—and glad that I did not go forward to Naples with the main body of this headquarters, for we could not have finished all this work which started and had to be finished, here. Furthermore, we have got Palermo University on its feet and in a healthy condition again, and in the next few days I hope to finish my work for Messina and Catania.

I have received a kindly thought from the Jesuit college in the form of their dedication mass for the New Year, which may symbolize the state of peace which has arisen. I hope, as a Protestant, that it will do me good, and no harm to those so kindly intentioned towards us. The Bishop of Mazara del Vallo called to express his kind thoughts for the season, and reminded me more and more of one of those pictures one sometimes sees of the jolly bishop or mitred abbot of olden times.

My crowning pleasure, at the end of a satisfactory day, was my last act of the year, when I signed, in my large palatial office in the growing twilight, the authority approving the articles for the Anthropological Society of Sicily, the foundation of which I have sponsored, and the idea of which has been taken up with the greatest keenness by all to whom I talked about the need for it. The Society added to the Institute, which is now legally authorized as part of the university, means that I have been able not merely to help Sicilian scholarship to develop badly needed institutions, but I have been able to help my own subject.

[August 1944. According to the latest information from Palermo it is quite clear that the Anthropological Society of Sicily, and the Anthropological Institute of the University, have been highly successful. The Institute alone enrolled over 700 students in this, its first year. This must be the biggest teaching Institute of Anthropology in the world! It is larger than many faculties. Another instance of the amazing rebirth of academic life in Sicily is provided by the rapid growth of the Faculty of Arts of Messina University, which was suppressed by the fascists and now has 580 students in its first year.

[Later: August 1945. I hear that the Rome Government has suppressed the highly successful Institute of Social Anthropology. This cannot have been for financial reasons as the number of students assured its success—and it can only be taken as

another instance of Roman opposition to Sicilian (and local democratic) development which must always be resented by a highly organized central bureaucracy, whether it is fascist or so-called 'democratic' or 'socialist'. Local democracy consorts ill with bureaucratic dictatorship.

[*Later still: January 1946.* A recent report from Sicily states that there are now altogether 2,800 students of the Institute of Social Anthropology. But since the Institute has been virtually suppressed it is not surprising to learn that the students are at a loss what to do. It is such arbitrary and hostile acts of the centralized government which must feed the flames of separatist feeling.]

*Saturday, 1st January 1944*

Received orders to proceed immediately to Naples. I am trying to avoid going till after the opening of the Messina University on the 3rd, as there is still so much work to do; and in any case Carlton is on his way there now to carry on for me till I arrive.

The Provveditore agli Studi (Dr. Albergiani) with the most considerable members of the educational world of the province arrived to-day in formal state, and took me by surprise by reading to me a New Year address, to which I had to reply—Bob Koopman, Sherry, and Catinella being present. The charming good manners and friendly forethought of these high officials takes one so often unawares.

I have heard an account to-day which illustrates once again the danger involved in bringing certain types of Italo-American officers to Italy; and rather gives point to Raffa's story of the Captain-Quartermaster who was sent to Italy as an alternative to standing a trial by court-martial.

I have received information from Sta. Agatha that a Sicilian-American officer went about Christmas to stay with his grandmother not far from that town. On arrival he found the old peasant in tears—her two grandsons (and cousins of the young officer) had just been put in jail by the local *maresciallo* on criminal charges. Upon hearing which, our bold lieutenant, full of righteous indignation that the kin of any American officer should be so incommoded for highway robbery by a 'Wop'

policeman, gave his gun belt a hitch, drew his revolver, advanced on the jail, and by the power vested in him by the President's Commission, and the fact of our conquest, restored the pair to the grand-maternal bosom. Meanwhile the marshal of the police is afraid to complain lest the officer should do him a mischief if he did so.

This emphasizes once again that men of great character and not 'throw outs' are what are wanted here in military government—and language qualifications are the least in the balance when weighed against character.

*Sunday, 2nd January 1944*

Sherry and I to Messina in a jeep, our own car being unable to travel because its tyres are not good enough, and we cannot get new ones. The weather is now very cold and we did not look forward to this journey. However the weather was fine. It is one of the best journeys in the world. The lavender grows along the roadside in some places like bushes, and the geraniums are so big that they often form hedges. On the left is the blue sea of the Mediterranean, with jutting headlands, sometimes with castles and towers upon them, and on the right beyond the orange and lemon groves rise the mountains of Sicily. For part of the way the road is straight, which is unusual in this country. Every mile or so the road crosses a wide valley mouth down which torrents dash at times from the mountains to the sea. For much of the year they are just dry valley bottoms of rock, although now, at the deepest part of the wide river bed, a torrent flows strongly, for we are in the rainy season. It is a pity to see this water, so badly needed for power and irrigation, running to waste in this way—but then Sicily is a neglected and backward country. Normally these valley mouths are spanned by long bridges both for the road and the railway, but they have all gone now—the Germans having been very thorough in their demolitions. Our sappers have laid concrete roadways through the river beds so that going slowly and with care we can pass through the torrent bed—but here and there trucks lie below this concrete ford-way where, through less careful driving, they have been swept over the edge.

Termini is a quaint old-fashioned town where at one place the