



Dall'Italia

All'Australia

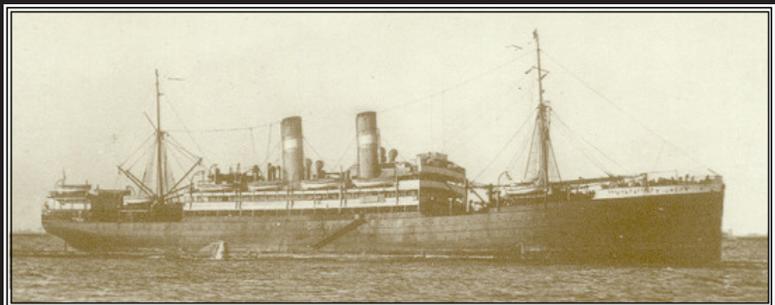
From Italy To Australia

Impressions of the voyage of the *SS Regina d'Italia* towards the mysterious Orient & the fascinating Far South, August-October 1924.

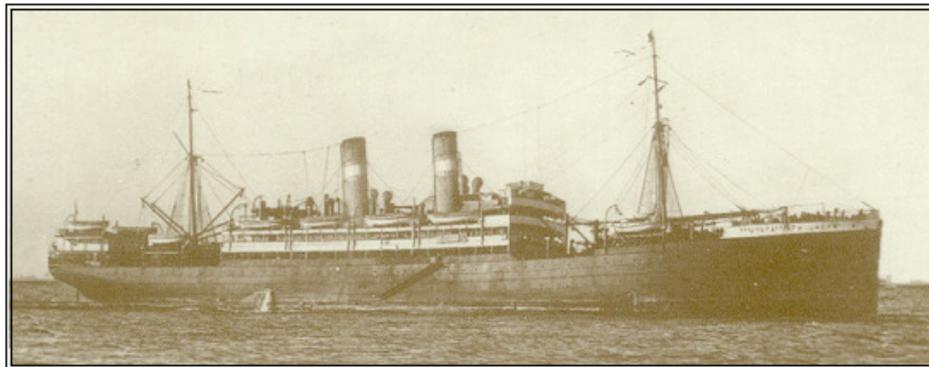
A silent film by **Angelo Drovetti**.

Live music by **i Viaggiatori** and presented by **Tony De Bolfo**.

By arrangement with **Fondazione Cineteca Italiana, Milan**



After eighty years, the Queen of Italy again sets sail



In 1924, the acclaimed Italian film producer Stefano Pittaluga commissioned director Angelo Drovetti to embark on an epic voyage of some 8000 nautical miles, armed with his trusted movie camera.

The end result is the film *Dall'Italia All'Australia* (From Italy to Australia), regarded by Melbourne's Italian Historical Society as "the most comprehensive film of the migrant voyage known to be in existence".

Dall'Italia All'Australia, a black and white silent film of 60 minutes duration, first screened in Italy in May 1925. Eighty years later, to the glorious accompaniment of the Melbourne Town Hall's grand pipe organ, *Dall'Italia All'Australia* premiered on the Australian screen.

Dall'Italia All'Australia chronicles the voyage of the *Regina d'Italia* (Queen of Italy) - one of three passenger ships first built for the Lloyd Sabaudo Line at the turn of last century.

The film showcases the panoramic views witnessed by Italian, Yugoslav, Greek, Arabic and Jewish migrants as they stood atop the deck of the old steamer during their seven-week world odyssey from Genoa to Australia, by way of Egypt and Sri Lanka, arriving in September 1924.

Drovetti went ashore at Colombo to film the place and its people, and later Fremantle, Port Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane. As a result, some remarkable footage appears in this film, including Flinders Street Station, Sydney Harbor (before the bridge) and Tooronga Park Zoo.

While almost one-third of *Dall'Italia All'Australia* comprises footage of this nation in the 1920s it had never before been seen by an Australian audience. This was because Drovetti remained aboard the

Regina d'Italia at its final port of Brisbane, returning to Italy with his precious film.

Melbourne Journalist and author Tony De Bolfo stumbled onto the existence of *Dall'Italia All'Australia* through his research for a book entitled *In Search of Kings* (Harper Collins Publishers) - dealing with what became of 108 passengers including his grandfather Silvio De Bolfo and his brothers Francesco and Igino - who disembarked the steamship *Re d'Italia* (*King of Italy*) in Melbourne in November 1927. The *Re d'Italia* was the flagship of the Lloyd Sabaudo Line, which included the vessels *Principe di Piemonte* and *Regina d'Italia* (featuring in this film).

Tony discovered the existence of *Dall'Italia All'Australia* after scouring a website for the Bologna Silent Film Festival where the film was screened in 2003. He subsequently contacted festival organisers about *Dall'Italia All'Australia* and was referred to the Fondazione Cineteca Italiana in Milan, the film's custodians. The foundation kindly made the film available - perhaps reflecting the spirit of goodwill that now exists after Milan and Melbourne recently struck a three-year sister city agreement.

Tony's determination to deliver *Dall'Italia All'Australia* quite literally from Italy to Australia was based on a belief that the film not only commanded enormous Australian historical value, but would also resonate with the many Australians who have an empathy for the courage of the migrant and who share his excitement in being part of a most unique event - the Australian screening of this film on the 80th anniversary of its Italian release to the redolent accompaniment of "La Voce Della Luna".

In Search Of Kings

What became of the passengers of the Re d'Italia

In 1994, Melbourne journalist and author Tony De Bolfo developed a burning desire to discover what prompted his grandfather and two brothers to leave their homeland in Italy for a new life in Australia.

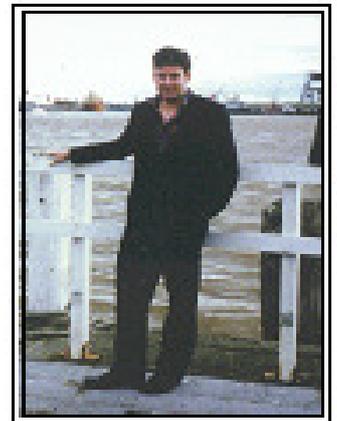
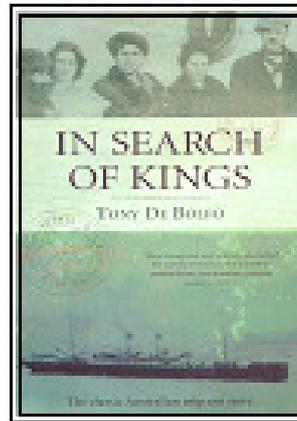
He turned to his great uncle, Igino De Bolfo – the only surviving member of the original trio who undertook that arduous forty-six day voyage aboard the steamship Re d'Italia (King of Italy) in 1927.

Over an eight-year period, the author uncovered extraordinary tales of love and friendship, suicide and murder, tragedy and success.

“In these pages dripping sweat, blood, guts and tears, there are great subjects for a score of novels.”

- Nino Randazzo, Italian Senator, former editor Il Globo

In Search Of Kings is available through HarperCollinsPublishers



“The traces of the past agony and the signs of the new life” and of the relevant scene showing some ruined houses.

The film was first released at the beginning of May 1925. One review in the Corriere Cinema-tografico of Turin No. 19 of May 8, 1925, penned by a so-called Caronte, states:

“A significant example of what might be, in more favourable times, cinematographic journalism, this film is well suited to the purpose, whilst in other Italian cities and in Turin the building workers¹ have at last become persuaded of the utility of using the screen as a magic board for educational purposes.

“Dall'Italia . . . is praiseworthy also for its exquisitely newspaper style. The intertitles are pleasantly and fluently written, in a Barzini-like² style. The scenes are well designed and follow each other naturally, without making any part of the film dull. The target of creating an impressionistic style is fully attained. I consider it to be one of the best documentary films, which may serve as a model.”

¹Reference to the building workers is surely linked to some political issue.

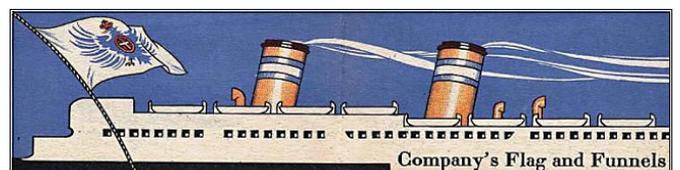
²The term “Barzini-like” refers to the writing style of Luigi Barzini, an excellent journalist of the day.

Italian cinema historian Vittorio Martinelli appraises Dall'Italia All'Australia

The policy of the Turin-based Pittaluga Fert house at the time was to match its own regular production and distribution of foreign films with documentaries.

Between 1924 and 1926, Pittaluga launched on the Italian market no less than 30 ‘travelogues’ of different lengths as for instance Dall'Italia all'Equatore, Crociera italiana alle terre dei fiordi e dei ghiacci, Dal golfo del Leone allo Stretto di Gibilterra and Crociera artica de Neptunia. Dall'Italia all'Australia was one of its major productions.

The 1600-metre film obtained censorship visa no. 20538 in April 1925. Permission was granted subject to the cancellation of the intertitle stating





TIMELINE 1924

January

Vladimir Lenin dies, with Josef Stalin ultimately assuming control as Soviet dictator. First Cabinet meeting held in Canberra, with ministers lodged at Yarralumla House.

February

First state execution using gas takes place in Nevada. King Tutankhamen's tomb opened. George Gershwin premieres Rhapsody in Blue at New York City's Aeolian Hall.

March

Caliph Abdul Mejid II of the Ottoman Empire deposed. Greece proclaims it is a republic.

April

Adolf Hitler jailed for his participation in the Beer Hall Putsch. Fascists win elections in Italy. HMAS Australia scuttled off Sydney Heads.

May

J. Edgar Hoover named head of the FBI. The first transmission of pictures over telephone wires is publicly demonstrated by Bell System engineers.

June

Fascists kidnap and kill Italian socialist leader Giacomo Matteotti. US Congress declares American Indians to be US citizens. George Mallory and Andrew Irvine last seen "going strong for the top" of Everest.

July

Summer Olympics staged in Paris, with American swimmer Johnny Weissmuller winning two gold medals.

August

France begins withdrawing troops from Germany.

September

Belgium eight-hour workday begins. Geelong's Edward "Carji" Greeves wins the VFL's first Brownlow Medal for the competition's fairest and best.

October

Commonwealth Electoral Act enacted, making voting in federal elections compulsory. Paramount Pictures release Rudolph Valentino's Monsieur Beaucaire.

November

Grand Opera composer Giacomo Puccini dies. American Federation of Labor convention adopts resolution describing Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti as "victims of race and national prejudice and class hatred".

December

Attempted communist takeover attempt fails in Estonia.



Dall'Italia All'Australia *Parte Prima*

La linea dall'Italia all'Australia, inizio che ha permesso un inestimabile incremento nei nostri scambi commerciali in quel Continente, iniziata nel 1919 dal Lloyd Sabaudò, viene, fino dall'anno 1923 disimpegnata, in accordo delle nostre due maggiori Società Marittime, il Lloyd Sabaudò e la Navigazione Generale Italiana.

La nostra esportazione ha risentito vantaggi incalcolabili: la sola industria automobilistica ha esportato in un anno circa 2000 macchine.

Caricamento delle automobili nel porto di Genova.

L'agevole maneggio e stivaggio a bordo dei pesanti cassoni che contengono in media due chassis.

L'imbarco dei passeggeri.

Un urlo di sirena rompe la quiete rosea dell'alba. Dal ponte del "Regina d'Italia" che da oggi sarà tutta la nostra Patria, salutiamo Genova che si allontana. Si parte.

Incomincia così per noi questo viaggio verso l'Oriente misterioso e verso l'estremo sud, pieno di fascino.

Livorno, vecchia rocca medicea, oggi primo porto della Toscana, ci accoglie con una delle sue consuete mareggiate.

Dall'Italia All'Australia *Part One*

The route from Italy to Australia, a beginning that allowed an incredible growth in commercial exchange with that Continent, started in 1919 by the Lloyd Sabaudò, and from 1923, taken over by the two main Maritime Societies, Lloyd Sabaudò and Navigazione Generale Italiana.

Our export has greatly benefitted: the motor car industry alone has exported about 2000 cars in one year.

Loading of the cars in Genoa.

The easy handling and stowing of the heavy containers which hold an average of two chassis each.

Passengers boarding.

The sound of the siren breaks the stillness of dawn. From the bridge of the "Regina d'Italia" that from today will be our country, we farewell Genoa which is disappearing from our view. We are leaving.

So starts for us this voyage towards the mysterious Orient and the fascinating far south.

Livorno, old Medicean rock, today's first port of Tuscany, greets us with her usual heavy seas.

Ancora al largo assistiamo alla lotta
fra le onde rotte dal libeccio e il
motoscafo del pilota che finalmente ci
raggiunge e ci abborda.

La vecchia fortezza di Lorenzo il
Magnifico conserva ancora, se non la
forza, l'imponenza del vecchio tempo.

Facciamo scalo per poche ore, il
tempo d'imbarcare un importante
carico di marmi diretti in Australia.

Si procede il viaggio con mare calmo,
ma cielo livido e coperto.

Navighiamo attraverso lo stretto di
Piombino, eternamente inquieto,
sfiorando a destra l'isola d'Elba,
ferrigna. L'ombra del grande Corso
sembra ergersi ancora là dove,
meditando la rivincita, preparò i
Cento Giorni.

Dopo una notte nel Tirreno calmo,
raggiungiamo Napoli ancora
addormentata nell'incanto del suo
Golfo.

Alla partenza Napoli, sotto la pioggia,
non sembra quella delle sue canzoni.

Lasciamo a destra l'isola di Capri.
Nella mattinata grigia affiora il ricordo
della sua prodigiosa Grotta Azzurra.

Doppiamo la Punta Campanella che
divide il Golfo di Napoli da quello di
Salerno.

In the open sea we witness the
motorboat struggling with the rough
seas, due to the south-west winds,
finally join us.

The old fortress of Lorenzo the
Magnificent, still has the majesty, if
not the power, of days gone by.

We dock for a few hours, enough time
to load an important cargo of marble
bound for Australia.

We continue our voyage with calm
seas, but an overcast and grey sky.

We sail through the Piombino Strait,
rough as ever, with the steel-grey Isle
of Elba on our right. The shadow of
the Great Corsican seems to be still
standing there, where, contemplating
his revenge, he planned his Hundred
Days.

After a calm night on the Tirreanean
we reach Naples, sleeping in its
enchanting Gulf.

Departing, Naples in the rain doesn't
seem the Naples of its songs.

We leave Capri, on the right. In the
grey morning surfaces the memory of
its wonderful Blue Grotto.

We round the Campanella Point
which separates the Gulf of Naples
and the Gulf of Salerno.

Entriamo nello Stretto di Messina.
Scilla e Cariddi, i mitici scogli,
sembrano venirci incontro con le
Sirene che tentarono il buon Ulisse.
Noi, miseri mortali, le abbiamo
cercate invano.

Lontano sorge Messina, bianca e
tranquilla nella sua fiorente rinascita.

La città e il porto, veduti dalle colline.
Fra i monti ed il mare pullulano le
nuove costruzioni che la scienza ha
ormai rese sicure.

Nel Porto il “Regina d’Italia”, la
nostra bella nave, ci attende.

Il Ferry-Boat che fa servizio
attraverso lo Stretto.

Con un po’ di malinconia nell’anima.
Lasciamo Messina, ultimo porto
italiano.

Contro il cielo, ultimo lembo e ultimo
saluto italico, sorge Aspromonte. La
nostra fantasia fa rosseggiare ancora
per un attimo, sulla storica rupe, le
falangi degli Eroi Garibaldini.

Dopo quattro giorni di tranquilla
navigazione, l’incontro con alcune
barche da pesca, annuncia la vicinanza
dell’Egitto. Siamo alle foci del Nilo.

E in un tardo pomeriggio salutiamo
Port Said.

Il monumento a Ferdinando Lesseps,
ideatore e costruttore del Canale di
Suez.

We enter the Strait of Messina. Scylla
and Caryodis, the mythical rocks,
seem to come to greet us, together
with the Mermaids that tempted the
good Ulysses. We, mere mortals, look
for them in vain.

In the distance Messina rises, white
and peaceful in its flourishing rebirth.

The city and port from the hills.
Between the mountains and the sea
new buildings, now safer due to
technology, are springing up
everywhere.

In the port the “Regina d’Italia”, our
beautiful ship, awaits us.

The Ferry which services the Strait.

With a heavy heart, we leave Messina.
Italy’s last port.

Against the sky rises Aspromonte, last
italic link and last italic goodbye. Our
imagination allows us to see for a
moment, on the famous rock,
Garibaldi’s heroes in their red shirts.

After four days of calm seas, the sight
of fishing boats heralds the proximity
of Egypt. We are at the mouth of the
Nile.

And late one afternoon, we greet Port
Said.

The monument to Ferdinand Lesseps,
engineer and builder of the Suez
Canal.

Passiamo accanto al grandioso Palazzo dalle eleganti linee moresche sede della Società del Canale, una delle più potenti del mondo.

Il Canale di Suez, inaugurato nel 1869, ha una lunghezza di 169 kilometres, una larghezza di circa 100 metres, e una profondità media di 10 metres. Cinquemila piroscafi lo solcano ogni anno.

A chi viaggia, il poderoso taglio appare come una profonda, immensa ferita, aperta dalle mani di un Dio, nel vivo seno della terra.

Lungo il canale s'incontrano piccole oasi di vita, pittoresche stazioni di segnalazione.

L'incontro di due navi richiede un complesso di operazioni che, in termine marinaresco si chiama "garaggio".

Incontriamo un trasporto petroliero. Questi piroscafi godono, nel canale, di uno strano privilegio: ogni altra nave deve cedere loro il passo. Ci sottomettiamo di buon grado.

Incontriamo sottili velieri Egiziani, le cui linee snelle ci ricordano le antiche imbarcazioni Assire . . .

. . . e per contrasto grandi draghe rumorose, impegnate nel loro continuo lavoro di allargamento e manutenzione del fondo.

Un campo militare Inglesi presso Kantara.

We pass near the imposing Moresque Palace, seat of the Canal Society, one of the most powerful in the world.

The Suez Canal, opened in 1869, is 169 kilometres long, about 100 metres wide and 10 metres deep. Five thousand ships sail through it every year.

To those crossing it, the mighty cut appears like a deep, enormous wound inflicted by the hands of a God, to the womb of the earth.

Along the canal one can see small picturesque oases of life, signal stations.

The encounter of two ships requires an elaborate procedure which, in nautical terminology is called "garaggio".

We encounter another tanker. These cargo-steamers, on the canal, enjoy a peculiar privilege: all other ships must give way to them. We oblige readily.

We encounter slender Egyptian sailing ships, whose narrow lines remind us of the ancient Assyrian boats . . .

. . . and, in contrast, big, noisy dredgers, engaged in their endless work of widening the canal and the maintenance of its bed.

An English army camp near Kantara.

Nella prima metà del Canale, i due mezzi più potenti di comunicazione che l'uomo ha creato, corrono paralleli; il treno sembra gareggiare in velocità col piroscofo. È la ferrovia che conduce a Port Said.

A metà percorso troviamo la cittadina di Ismailia, sulle rive del lago omonimo.

Poi, per un lungo tratto, sulle due rive, l'arsura del deserto . . .

. . . sulla sabbia bianca come neve e ardente come lava, un gruppo di cammelli che attende il traghetto.

Parte Seconda

Siamo in pieni Mar Rosso: 42 centigradi sopra coperta. I Faraoni . . . Mosè . . . il passaggio famoso degli Ebrei . . . Tutto si perde nell'afa di questo torrido meriggio . . .

Tramonti di fuoco.

. . . poi la calma della notte affascinante. Il vento ci porta i caldi profumi d'Oriente.

Unica distrazione: il passaggio di piroscafi che vanno verso l'Europa . . .

E dopo sette giorni di navigazione fra cielo e mare, Colombo, la capitale dell'Isola di Ceylon. È l'India che ci accoglie.

In the first part of the Canal, the two more powerful means of communication created by man, speed parallel to each other; the train and the ship in competition. This is the train that goes to Port Said.

Halfway we see the town of Ismailia, on the banks of the lake by the same name.

Then, for a long tract, on the two banks, the dryness of the desert . . .

. . . on the sand, white as snow and blazing like lava, a herd of camels waiting for the ferry.

Part Two

We are in the middle of the Red Sea: 42 degrees on deck . . . The Pharaohs . . . Moses . . . the flight into Egypt . . . Everything vanishes in the suffocating heat of this sweltering afternoon . . .

Sunset.

. . . then the calm of the enchanting night. The wind brings us the fragrance of the Orient.

The only entertainment: the passing of ships heading for Europe . . .

And after seven days navigation, here is Colombo, capital of Ceylon. It is India greeting us.

Il porto artificiale di Colombo è
proporzionato all'immenso traffico
della città cosmopolita.

Il rifornimento di carbone è qui fatto
con un metodo tutto particolare, da
torme urlanti di Negri . . . più negri
del carbone.

Uno dei pontili coperti del porto.

La città ha un ricco quartiere
prettamente Europeo.

Una curiosità di Colombo è il Faro
che, a differenza di ogni altro, si
innalza nel centro della città.

I "rickshas", una delle più spiccate
caratteristiche di tutto l'Estremo
Oriente. Questi carrozzini, trainati a
mano, fanno le veci delle vetture
pubbliche.

L'Ospedale Regina Vittoria

Tutte le civiltà, tutte le religioni,
contrastano in questa "Culla del
Mondo". Ecco un tempio israelitico . .

. . . una Chiesa Anglicana . . .

. . . nel quartiere indiano, un tempio
Buddista

. . . e le Pagode pesanti, sontuose,
stracariche di ornamenti e di sculture,
innalzate da una civiltà perduta, alle
selvagge deità Indiane.

Tipi caratteristici.

The man-made port of Colombo is in
proportion to the heavy traffic in this
cosmopolitan city.

Restocking of the coal is performed
in a very peculiar manner, by a
screaming swarm of Negroes . . .
blacker than the coal itself.

A covered loading wharf.

The city has a wealthy district,
typically European.

An oddity in Colombo is the light-
house that, unlike any other, sits in the
centre of the city.

The rickshaws, one of the most
remarkable features of the entire Far
East. These buggies, pulled by hand,
replace the public vehicles.

The Queen Victoria Hospital.

Every civilization, every religion,
contrasts in this "Cradle of the
World". Here a Jewish Temple . . .

. . . an Anglican Church . . .

. . . an Indian District, a Buddhist
Temple . .

. . . and the luxurious and ornate
Pagodas heavily decorated with
sculptures, erected by a lost
civilization to honour their primitive
Indian gods.

Locals.

Venditrici ambulanti.

Botteghe di barbiere.

Vegetazione tropicale.

Un bungalow, l'abitazione tipica dell'inglese facoltoso in India, contrasta stranamente col ricco stile del paese.

Indigene Cingalesi.

La caserma della Polizia.

Sotto il sole assiduo di un'estate senza fine, la vita vegetale, invano contenuta, sboccia quasi con violenza nell'intenso rigoglio delle forze esuberanti. Il Parco Regina Vittoria.

Le donne indiane hanno una speciale predilizione per gli orecchini . . . al naso.

Facciamo una corsa a Mount Lavinia, la spiaggia meravigliosa nei dintorni di Colombo.

Al largo vediamo bordeggiare i sambuchi delle Maldive. Tornano alla nostra mente le vecchie storie dei pirati che, su queste imbarcazioni, fino a pochi anni orsono correvano il mare senza meta e senza paura.

Su queste minuscole imbarcazioni, gli Indiani sfidano audacemente le insidie del loro Oceano.

Constatiamo che, non a torto, la zona equatoriale è rinomata per i suoi "piovaschi".

Street vendors.

Barber shops.

Tropical vegetation.

A bungalow, typical residence of a wealthy English gentleman in India, oddly contrasting against the country's wealthy lifestyle.

Native Sri Lankan women.

Police barracks.

Under the constant sun of a never ending summer, the vegetation blooms, almost with force, into an intense lushness. The Queen Victoria Park.

The Indian women are particularly fond of earrings . . . on the nose.

A brief visit to Mount Lavinia, the marvellous beach on the outskirts of Colombo.

In the distance we see some sambuks from the Maldives. They remind us of the old tales of pirates who, until a few years ago, sailed on those ships, without destination or fear.

On these small ships, the Indians daringly brave the perils of the Ocean.

We notice that, rightly, the equatorial zone is renowned for its "showers".

Parte Terza

Facciamo rotta per “Fremantle”,
nostro primo scalo Australiano. Con i
consueti battesimi e la solita visita di
Nettuno, passiamo la linea.

E, in un tramonto di fuoco,
rosseggiante di bagliori equatoriali,
entriamo nell’emisfero boreale. Da
stasera, la “Croce del sud” sarà la
nostra guida.

Per dieci lunghi giorni un solo
panorama: cielo e mare. E sentiamo lo
sciacquio delle onde davanti alla prora
e il russare monotono dei motori . . .

. . . mare morto . . .

. . . e mare vivo.

Ma l’Australia non è lontana, ormai: il
mare è più frequentato, incontriamo
piroscafi di ogni nazionalità, molti dei
quali sono passati in corsa dal nostro
veloce “Regina” . . .

. . . e finalmente arriviamo a
Fremantle: la porta dell’ Australia.

Si approda.

La piccola Fremantle è il porto e lo
sbarco commerciale della città di
Perth da cui dista circa 20 kilometres.

Facciamo una puntata nell’interno.

Perth, capitale dell’Australia
Occidentale, è città sommamente
pittorresca.

La città possiede un magnifico parco...

Part Three

We sail for Fremantle, first Australian
port. With the customary baptism and
Neptune’s visit, we are crossing the
Equator.

And, with a glowing sunset, red with
equatorial colours, we enter the
southern hemisphere. From tonight,
the Southern Cross will be our guide.

For ten long days we see only sky and
sea. And hear the lapping of the water
at the front of the ship and the
monotonous purring of the engines . . .

. . . calm seas . . .

. . . and rough seas.

But Australia is not far now: the sea is
busier, we encounter ships of every
nationality, many overtaken by our
faster “Regina” . . .

. . . and finally we reach Fremantle,
the gateway to Australia.

We land.

The small city of Fremantle is 20
kilometres from Perth and is its
passenger commercial port.

A brief visit inland. Perth, capital city
of Western Australia, is an extremely
picturesque city.

The city has a magnificent park . . .

... un belvedere originale.

Due industrie, quella dei bovini e quella della lana, rappresentano la quasi totalità della produzione Australiana.

Si parte da Fremantle. In cinque giorni si raggiunge Adelaide attraverso la Gran Baia Australe, quasi sempre tempestosa.

Giganteschi "albatros", uccelli dal volo perfetto, propri di questi mari, seguono la rotta del nostro piroscafo.

Questi uccelli, i più formidabili volatori del mondo, raggiungono, talvolta, fin cinque metri d'apertura d'ali.

Volano per intere giornate, senza apparente sbattere d'ali.

I marinai danno loro la caccia, riuscendo spesso a catturarli vivi.

Seguiamo le curve del tortuoso canale che, dal mare, conduce a Porto Adelaide.

Adelaide, come Perth, dista dal suo porto circa 20 kilometres. Superando la cerchia delle alture circostanti, si raggiunge la città che ci appare nella consueta bruma mattutina.

La capitale dell'Australia Meridionale è costruita con criteri eminentemente moderni. Ha vie eleganti, regolari, animatissime ...

... un'artistica Cattedrale di stile gotico, dedicata a San Pietro, immersa nel verde di un parco sontuoso.

... a unique lookout.

Two industries, cattle and wool, represent almost all of Australia's entire produce.

Leaving Fremantle. In five days we reach Adelaide through the Great Australian Bight, always stormy.

Gigantic "albatrosses", typical birds of this sea, with their faultless flight, follow our boat.

These birds, the most impressive flyers in the world, have wings with a span of five metres.

They can fly for days with no visible flapping of their wings.

The sailors hunt them, sometimes catching them alive.

We follow the curves of this winding canal, which takes us from the sea to Port Adelaide.

Adelaide, like Perth, is about 20 kilometres from its port. Passing the surrounding hills, we reach the city which rises from the ever present morning haze.

The capital of South Australia is built following very modern principles. It has elegant, straight, very busy streets

... an artistic Cathedral in gothic style, dedicated to St. Peter, hidden among the green of a magnificent park.

Alla nostra partenza da Adelaide, uno stormo bianco di gabbiani ci accompagna, attratti, come sempre, dalla speranza di un pasto abbondante.

Lasciando alle spalle l'Isola dei Canguri, in poco più di 24 ore, attraverso un grandioso canale, raggiungiamo Melbourne.

I grandiosi pontili di attracco.

Melbourne è l'attuale residenza del Governo Federale Australiano. La città offre tutte le caratteristiche delle grandi metropoli.

La nervatura elettrica della grande città, è completamente sotterranea; anche i tram corrono in modo misterioso per i nostri occhi europei

L'imponente Stazione Centrale.

Un'applicazione utile e pratica: orologi che sulla porta centrale indicano l'orario di ogni primo treno in partenza.

Parte Quarta

Riprendiamo il mare verso Sidney per l'ultima tappa di questo nostro viaggio attraverso lo Stretto di Bass, lasciando a sud l'Isola di Tasmania. In poco più di 30 ore raggiungiamo la capitale della Nuova Galles del Sud.

Sostiamo all'entrata della Baia in attesa del pilota.

Leaving Adelaide, a flight of white seagulls follows the ship, hoping, as usual, to catch a good feed.

Leaving behind Kangaroo Island, in just over 24 hours, through a splendid canal, we reach Melbourne.

The imposing docking wharves.

Melbourne is today the residence of the Australian Federal Government. The city presents all the traits of a great metropolis.

The electrical network of this large city, is completely underground, with the trams running, to our European eyes, in mysterious ways.

The imposing main station.

A practical and helpful idea: clocks that, on the main door, indicate the departure time of the next train.

Part Four

At sea again towards Sydney, last stop of this voyage through Bass Strait, leaving behind, to the south, the island of Tasmania. In just over 30 hours we reach New South Wales and its capital city, Sydney.

At the entrance of the Bay we wait for the pilot.

Entrati nella baia, la città si presenta ai nostri occhi quasi adagiata su di un grandioso anfiteatro naturale.

Sidney raggiunge quasi il milione di abitanti. Il centro della città è di tipo prettamente Americano.

I sobborghi disposti su ridenti colline che s'infiltrano come tentacoli nella baia, si presentano come una serie ininterrotta di incantevoli quadri.

Come nella nostra Laguna Veneziana, veloci vaporetta fanno servizio di tram fra un sobborgo e l'altro, incrociandosi pittorescamente nella baia.

La stazione ferroviaria principale.

Il Palazzo delle Poste.

Il Municipio.

La Cattedrale Cattolica.

Uno strano monumento nazionale: l'ancora della prima nave che approdò sulla costa Australiana.

Se Melbourne è la più vasta e la più movimentata, Sidney è, senza dubbio, la più pittoresca città dell'Australia.

Anche il Giardino Zoologico gode di una rinomanza mondiale . . .

. . . occupa un'intera collina.

Dick, l'enorme elefante, delizia dei bambini.

Entering the bay, the city appears to our eyes as almost resting in its magnificent natural amphitheatre.

Sydney has almost one million inhabitants. The city centre is typically American.

The surrounding suburbs, laying on charming hills, work their way into the bay like tentacles, forming a continuous series of enchanting paintings.

As in our Venetian Laguna, fast water-boats ferry people from one suburb to another, crossing the bay.

The main train station.

The Post Office.

The Town Hall.

The Catholic Cathedral.

A strange national monument: the anchor of the first ship that landed on the Australian coast.

If Melbourne is the largest and busiest, Sydney is without a doubt the most picturesque city in Australia.

Even the Zoological Gardens are famous all over the world . . .

. . . they occupy an entire hill.

Dick, the enormous elephant, entertains the children.

Antilopi e zebre.

Il canguro è l'animale nazionale.

Un rosicante indigeno.

Le scimmie vivono la loro vita selvaggia, quasi ignorando la prigionia, in paesaggi artificiali, costruiti appositamente per loro.

Orsi bianchi dal pelo rasato.

Struzzi.

L'Australia è veramente il paese dei contrasti: in tutto il mondo i cigni sono bianchi, qui sono neri.

Anitre e gallinelle.

L'Australia è la "Terra Promessa" per gli asini; ce ne sono così pochi che vivono, come rarità, nei giardini zoologici.

Leoni e tigri di importazione Africana.

Foche australi.

Sidney - Brisbane, ultima tappa. Trentasei ore d'Oceano Pacifico, che però non è sempre tale!

Anche Brisbane è collegata al mare per mezzo di un lungo e meraviglioso canale.

Il porto di Brisbane è nel cuore della città. Si approda dopo averla quasi passata tutta in rivisita.

Brisbane, la capitale del Queensland, è città elegante e nuovissima.

Antelopes and zebras.

The kangaroo is the national animal.

An indigenous rodent.

The monkeys live their primitive life almost unaware of their captivity, in man-made surroundings, built for them.

White bears with short coats.

Ostriches.

Australia is really the land of contrast: all over the world the swans are white, here they are black.

Ducks and water hens.

Australia is the "Promised Land" for donkeys; they are so few that they live in the zoological gardens.

Lions and tigers imported from Africa.

Seals of the southern hemisphere.

Sydney - Brisbane, last leg of the voyage. Thirty-six hours in the Pacific, which is not always pacific!

Brisbane is also linked to the sea by a long and marvellous canal.

The port in Brisbane is in the heart of the city. We dock after having sailed past the whole city.

Brisbane, the capital city of Queensland, is a very elegant and very new city.

Dopo tre mesi di lontananza riprendiamo
il mare verso l'Italia. Come d'uso, una
gentile consuetudine allieta i nostri ultimi
momenti in terra Australiana.

Stelle filanti, sottili nastri di carta,
prolungano le strette di mano, gli
abbracci, i baci . . .

Il piroscafo si stacca lentamente. Uno
ad uno si strappano i fragili legami che
simbolizzano i vincoli di cordialità che
ci uniscono nel ricordo a questa terra
ospitale.

E ancora fra cielo e mare verso la
Patria. Addio Australia! Good by!

After three months away we sail again
towards Italy. As is customary, a very
nice tradition brightens our last
moments in Australia.

Streamers, slender paper ribbons, are
an extension of handshakes, hugs,
kisses . . .

The ship leaves the pier slowly. One
by one, the fragile links that symbolise
the friendship which ties us to this
hospitable land, tear off.

And again sea and sky, towards our
fatherland. Farewell Australia!
Goodbye!

- translation courtesy **Mrs Beatrice Zito**

Brief history of SS Regina d'Italia and Lloyd Sabaudo line

Originally laid down as the Sardinian Prince, the Regina d'Italia was one of three steamships built by Sunderland Shipbuilder James Laing for the Lloyd Sabaudo Line in 1906, along with the Principe di Piemonte and the flagship, Re d'Italia.

With a tonnage of 6149 grt, length of 430 ft, beam of 52ft 8in and service speed of 14 knots, the Regina d'Italia was launched on January 20, 1907. On May 15 of that year, the Regina d'Italia commenced her maiden voyage from Genoa to New York. The following October, she inaugurated the company's Genoa-South America service as the steamship Tomaso di Savoia was not ready.

When a massive earthquake rocked Messina in December 1908, the Regina d'Italia, together with the Re d'Italia, was used as a hospital ship. Three years later, she served as a floating hospital during the Italo-Turkish war between Benghazi and Derna.

In 1920, the Regina d'Italia's accommodation was reduced to first and third class only. Two years later she was transferred to the South American service and in the final years of her life completed a handful of voyages to Australia.

The Regina d'Italia was broken up for scrap at Genoa in October 1928, a year before the Re d'Italia. The Principe di Piemonte was sold to the Cunard Line in 1916 and renamed Folia. On March 11, 1917, the Folia was torpedoed by a German submarine off the coast of Youghal, Eire, resulting in the loss of seven lives.

While the Fondazione Cineteca Italiana in Milan confirmed ownership of the copyright of Dall'Italia All'Australia, the organisation was able to provide few, if any, details regarding the

film's history, other than its year of production, 1925.

However, the National Archives of Australia's Melbourne office yielded valuable information relating to the voyages the Regina d'Italia made to Australia pre-1925.

The Regina d'Italia, under the command of Master Ettore Zitelli, sailed into Fremantle on September 14, 1924. The relevant passenger list, kept on microfilm at the Melbourne archive, also carried the name of the film's director, Angelo Drovetti, amongst the hundreds of disembarkees. Drovetti was listed as a single man of 38 years of age, whose forwarding address was "aboard the Regina d'Italia".



Dall'Italia All'Australia premieres as precious memories are fondly rekindled

On Sunday, May 29, 2005 the film *Dall'Italia All'Australia* premiered in this country, almost 80 years to the day since its Italian release.

More than 1500 people filed into the Melbourne Town Hall for the historic screening, to the accompaniment of the selected works of Mascagni, Rossini and Verdi as performed by master organist Thomas Heywood on the world famous grand concert organ.

Amongst those in the audience were music aficionados, film historians and members of the Italian community, including GABRIELLA COSLOVICH, a correspondent for *The Age* newspaper who migrated to Australia from Italy 38 years ago.

On June 2, four days after the premiere, Gabriella's story, as follows, appeared under the headline *Benedetta l'Australia*, which declared that the real spirit of Italian National Day was with the ocean-going migrants of the 1920s.

It's funny how Australians celebrate Italian National Day with more relish than Italians do in Italy. In the old country, Italian National Day, which falls today, is mired in politics. The day commemorates the dumping of the monarchy following a referendum in 1946. But Italians, whose sympathies have always been more regional than national, don't fuss about the anniversary of the republic's founding.

In Australia, the day is a merry excuse to celebrate the contribution of Italian migrants, and if that can sometimes seem a little superficial, with an emphasis on free pizza and pasta, I'm willing to swallow that.

No one pays much notice to the day's political connotations, not even a staunch monarchist such as our own Prime Minister, John Howard, who, on Sunday, paid tribute to Italian migrants for their massive contribution to modern Australia in his speech celebrating Italian National Day at Wharf 8 in Sydney.

In Melbourne, we made do with Lord Mayor John So, who launched Italian Republic Day at Federation Square, where the usual bunch of tired old entertainers were passed off as Italian favourites and the public invited to partake in coffee-drinking and chestnut-eating. Whatever.

The really important stuff was going on

elsewhere, beyond the official program, as confirmed by the queues from the Melbourne Town Hall all the way up Collins Street. People were patiently lining up to see an 81 year-old silent film about an extraordinary voyage, a film never before shown in Australia.

Shot in 1924, by Italian director Angelo Drovetti, the film *Dall'Italia All'Australia* documented the seven-week journey from Genoa to Australia made by Italian, Yugoslav, Greek, Arab and Jewish migrant passengers on the steamship *Regina d'Italia*. Giacomo Silvagni – the father and grandfather of Carlton footballers Sergio and Stephen – was among them.

With recent Immigration Department bungles, and the revolt on the Liberal backbenches regarding the issue of mandatory detention, it would have been easy to make a political statement of the screening. But its organiser, Melbourne journalist and author, Tony De Bolfo, refrained from doing so.

Even so, the event took on a symbolism of its own. The 1500 or so people who turned up stood to sing the national anthem before the screening, to the accompaniment of exuberant maestro Thomas Heywood on the Town Hall's grand pipe organ.

We had the words, so we could sing, and for someone with a deep-seated suspicion of any sort of nationalistic fervour, it was surprisingly moving. "For those who've come across the seas we've boundless plains to share".

Then we watched as the *Regina d'Italia* set off on its journey, along the Italian peninsula, on to Port Said and into the Suez Canal, which the effusive yet somehow entirely appropriate Italian intertitles likened to a deep, enormous wound inflicted by the hands of a god.

I had made the same journey through the Suez Canal in 1967, as a three year-old, with my parents. As I watched the *Regina* pass that unbelievably long canal, past camels and white desert sands, all I could think of was the wound in my parents' hearts as they left their country for another. I wasn't the only person whose face grew shiny at the sight of the Suez, the Red Sea and the vast Indian Ocean beyond.

"Che rischio per sta gente far sto lungo viaggio," a woman near me said, marveling at the risk these people took in the 1920s.

"They were the first to come, they gave courage to other people," her friend responded.

There was joy too, as the ship reached Australian shores and we saw footage of our cities as they were in 1924 – Sydney sans Opera House or Harbour Bridge, and a bustling Melbourne, then the seat of the Australian Government. Drovetti marvelled at the city's trams with underground cables and its "Stazione Centrale" with clocks on the

entrance, which he praised as a practical and helpful idea.

One of the oldest people at the Town Hall on Sunday was Maria Cera, whose brother, Guerino, was on the *Regina d'Italia*. Maria, who turns 95 in July, followed him two years later. I rang her later to ask what she thought of the film.

"Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful. Proprio speciale."

What was it like in Australia in 1926? Was it hard? "Oh yes! We had to speak very quietly in Italian. You know how Italians are – we love to shout, but the Australians didn't like that."

As we finished our chat, Maria Cera profusely blessed the country that had accepted her.

"Benedetta l'Australia!"

May the children of Villawood one day say the same.

Tony De Bolfo

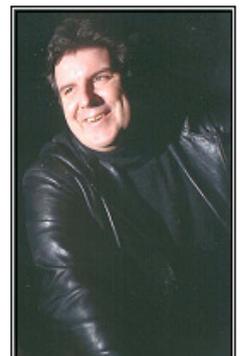
A journalist and author by profession, Tony De Bolfo has contributed articles to newspapers almost from the time he left school in 1980.

For two decades he was employed as a sportswriter for major metropolitan dailies including *The Australian* and *The Herald Sun*. A lifelong supporter of the Carlton Football Club, Tony has also penned the biographies of former club champions Stephen Kernahan and Stephen Silvagni. He is now researching the families of League footballers of Italian origin for his next book.

In 1994, after an enriching conversation with his late great uncle Igino De Bolfo about the latter's migration to Australia in November 1927, Tony resolved to find out what became of the 105 others who disembarked the *SS Re d'Italia* with Igino and his two brothers. Eight years later, *In Search Of Kings* was published.

This experience, coupled with two pilgrimages to his grandfather's Northern Italian hometown of Campitello, San Nicolò in 1988 and 1999, had a profound effect upon Tony, awakening an interest in his Italian heritage. In the years since he has contributed to the Italian Historical Society's newsletter and to the magazine, *Italy Down Under* and in 2004 discovered the silent film, *Dall'Italia All'Australia*.

Tony lives in Preston with his wife Kate and children Carlo, Sofia and Estella.



Biscotti Regina

This easy Sicilian recipe for Queen's Cookies was kindly made available by local Melbourne freelance writer Karen Sparnon, author of the wonderfully-evocative novel, *Madonna of the Eucalypts* (Text Publishing).

ingredients, makes about 24

2 cups plain flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup caster sugar,
1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt,
4 ounces (125grams) butter, 2 large eggs,
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon anise powder, 1 teaspoon
grated lemon zest, 1 egg white,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sesame seeds

Method

Preheat the oven to 350°F (180°C). Butter a large baking tray. Sift the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into a large mixing bowl. Cut in the butter and stir the mixture into a crumbly consistency.

In a small bowl, beat the eggs with the anise powder and lemon zest, then combine with the flour mixture. Gently stir the mixture for a few moments until it forms dough and is easy to handle. All this can be achieved using a food processor.

Roll the dough into thumb-sized logs about 1 inch in diameter. Lightly beat the egg whites with a tablespoon of water, brush the logs with egg white then dredge and gently embed the sesame seeds onto the pieces and thoroughly cover them.

Cut the logs into two-inch intervals, space *biscotti* on the buttered tray and bake in the preheated oven for about 30 minutes, or until the seeds are toasted.

The Melbourne Passengers, Regina d'Italia

The following is a list of Italian, Greek, Albanian, Polish, Yugoslav, Palestinian, Arabic and Indian passengers who disembarked the Regina d'Italia in Melbourne on the voyage filmed by Angelo Drovetti for Dall'Italia All'Australia in late 1924. Amongst the Melbourne passengers there was Giacomo Silvagni, the father and grandfather of legendary Carlton footballers Sergio and Stephen Silvagni respectively. As most of the passengers' names were written in freehand rather than typed onto the manifest, spelling inaccuracies are likely.

Vastis Aksarlis
Athanassios Arvanitis
Angelo Bandiera
Attilio Battilana
Domenico Benetti
Ciro Benvenuto
Antonio Bertonello
Francesco Borello
Rodolfo L. Cantatore
Guarino Cera
George Cerdirakis
Giuseppe Cessari
Costantino Consoupis
Stavros N. Costantiniou
Domenico Crea
Fortunato Crea
Angelo De Losa
Carmelo De Losa
Panayoti Demetriades
Antonion Demetrio
Manes N. Demetrious
Spiros Elefterion
Antonio Fabbris
Giuseppe Fabbris
Luigi Fabbris
Luigi Fabbris
Abraham Feter
Carmine Francione
Leandro Gatto

Giuseppe Ganesini
Yekezkeil Goldstein
Pietro Grotto
Matteo Guglielmi
Nicolas Hagiapetron
Margarony Jean
Lorenzo Leonardi
Gieseppe Local
Gaetano Louva
Michel Marioditis
Luigi Martello
Soeratis Maxkovas
Concetto Mezio
Felice Mondini
Czanetos Moraitis
Giovanni Moro
Marino Nardi
Maria G. Pertile
L.G. Pesakkion
Francesco Pezzimenti
Vittorio Piastri
Homere P. Piknis
Rajola Rammoni
Abiamo Ricci
Filiberto Rigoni
Giuseppe Ristuccia
Dante Rossi
Rocco Rugari
Domenico Sartori

Lodovico Sartori
Domenico Sgro
Giacomo Silvagni
Giovanni Siviglia
Antonio Slaviero
Emanuel Soteraki
Costantin Sotirakis
Benedetto Stefani
Fortunato Stefani
Fortunato Stefani
Antonio Stella
Fortunato Stella
Giacomo Stella
Nicola Stella
Bartolo Taranto
Giuseppe Taranto
Giuseppe Taranto
Sergio Ugo
Manuel N. Valcondis
Apostolo Vavatos
Cesare Velluti
Ch. K. Violaris
Christos Y. Yoanis
Panayoti Zadele
Gerassimo Zaliatsato
Santo Zantelli
Mores Zeisiman
Antonio Zotti
Giovanni Zotti

i Viaggiatori

When ARIA award winners Kavisha Mazzella and Irine Vela team up with Wollongong's own David De Santi and Mark Holder-Keeping from the legendary Zumpa band they become "I Viaggiatori" - The Voyagers.

I Viaggiatori play lively, old time Italian folk music from the 19th century and beyond. It's romantic, poignant, frenzied, sweet and earthy. It's a place where memory sits down with imagination to share a good coffee and a glass of grappa then have a good yarn.

It's also a place where accordions, clarinets, bouzoukis, mandolins and tambourines dance with sensual, earthy vocals.

Drawn from over 400 years of storytelling, these songs from Italy and Greece tell of harvests, war and revolution, factory protests, seductions, weddings, funerals and the brave act of migration. The rich melodies make your feet dance and heart sway with abandon.

i Viaggiatori would like to thank our friends, family and the people that passed on the traditions and songs.

The Musicians

Kavisha Mazzella Vocals, tambourine, Accordion, guitar

Irine Vela Bouzouki, mandolin, guitar tracks

Mark Holder-Keeping Bass clarinet, clarinet, saxophone, cajon

David De Santi Accordion

Background

Many millions of people from around the world have made the journey from foreign shores to call Australia home. Italians have been part of that voyage bringing with them their food, culture and of course music.

Australia has been heavily influenced by its many Italian immigrants and Australians of Italian descents. Italians are the third largest ethnic group in the country and Italian is the third most commonly spoken language. Since Italian immigration began in the 1850's, there have been many successful Italian-Australians in all areas of life.

They arrived most prominently in the decades immediately following the World



War II, and they and their children have had an impact on the cultural, social and economic life of Australia. Over 800,000 Australians identify themselves as having Italian ancestry.

This recording presents a collection of songs and tunes from the old country and newly composed ones inspired by the new life in Australia.

I Viaggiatori was formed by Kavisha Mazzella to perform a live Italian folk music score for a silent documentary film 'Dall' Italia All' Australia' for the 2006 National Folk Festival in Canberra.

Melbourne journalist and author Tony De Bolfo stumbled on Dall' Italia All' Australia's existence through his research for his book entitled In Search of Kings (Harper Collins Publisher).

Since that time the band has performed the music to the film at festivals and cinemas around Australia.

Suitcase Serenata

The band has recorded the music used for the film. The tracks are:

- 1 Angellare
- 2 Wedding Sheets
- 3 Reginella Campagnola
- 4 Mamma Mia Dammi Cento Lire
- 5 Canzone della Lega
- 6 Funiculi Funicula
- 7 Ciucciu Bellu
- 8 Bella Ciao
- 9 La Mazurka di Carolina
- 10 Tzivaeri
- 11 Tammuriata Nera
- 12 Valzer di Mezzanotte
- 13 Valzer della Fisarmonica
- 14 Santa Lucia
- 15 Tarantellas
- 16 Madonna Del Mare
- 17 Waltzing Matilda

Contact details:

Tony De Bolfo adebolfo@bigpond.net.au

Kavisha Mazzella kavisha@kavisha.com
www.kavisha.com

David De Santi info@viaggiatori.com.au

Myspace www.myspace.com/viaggiatori
(sound samples, gig details and photos)

**Further information
future gig details and to
purchase the CD go to:
www.viaggiatori.com.au**