Zeitschrift:	The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK
Herausgeber:	Federation of Swiss Societies in the United Kingdom
Band:	- (1934)
Heft:	661

Rubrik: Eglise suisse = Schweizerkirche

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and lakes, and brooks, and swings, and lawns, and little hot-houses, a castle in medieval style, with signs of a simulated siege around it; a stalactite grotto, where we went underground in a rowing boat; some temples, houses and pavi-lions in every possible style; a pagoda, a mos-que — everything, as to say, in miniature. On the whole, a funny, higgledy-piggledy, but pic-turesque and unique of its kind.

One day Miss M. took me to the famous har-bour. It is said to be an international example and is also the greatest seaport of the Mediter-ranean, 2.8 million square meters. All the great transatlantic vessels come to Genoa. The Rex and the Conte di Savoia are the two greatest ships, the former having gained the "blue rib-bon." She is the fastest transatlantic!

You see, dear readers in England, there is need for further amusement. Miss M. and her friends take care and look for entertainment.

We live in a comfortable flat with cosy rooms We live in a comfortable flat with cosy rooms and high windows — everybody lives in flats. The houses are high — six floors, as a rule — with roof gardens like Selfridge's almost, and lifts. We eat spaghetti and Risotto and Mine-stra, and heavenly ice creams — adorable. We listen to operas from Verdi and Puccini on the wireless, and hear the "Giovinezza" sung in the etreats streets.

And now, after all that sunshine, there is also something else, between ourselves :--Campo Santo.

There is one street I don't like. It is a very There is one street I don't like. It is a very dirty and narrow lane, hardly three yards wide. It leads in a zigzag line up to a girls' college. The houses are filthy. From one side to the other there are ropes full of grey linen and torn pieces of some material hanging out to dry. By the way, you see these "exhibitions" every-where in Italy; also in nice quarters and good-locking streats looking streets.

Well, then, that little lane (and many others, too, as it is quite natural in a seaport like Genoa) is simply repulsive. The women at the windows in dirty clothes and with uncombed hair; the men lounging about in torn trousers and without socks and ties; the children playing in the mud with black hands and unwashed faces, bare feet and talking the most dreadful lan-guage. The cats are very fat — because they find their food in all the waste thrown out of the windows. And, not enough yet — here, like everywhere else, beggars not just begging with their eyes, but telling you the most awful stories, and asking you sometimes very insolently for "soldi." There is a bakery and next door a coal shop, but I believe the baker is also selling coal, and over there is a dark and disgusting public-house, and further up a fountain where neglected, dirty women wash their even dirtiter clothes. It is a perfect relief to come soon to the college. There is a charming park, where at night you see thousands of those lovely fire-flies. Well, then, that little lane (and many others,

Miss M. has not taken me yet to the Righi. But if I am always nice and good, she will take me up there some day. She told me it is quite a nice place, with a splendid view over sea and town, and on the other side to the famous Campo Sante.

And now we are going down to the beach every day. We stay there all day long. We have hired a very sweet cottage-cabin, with flowered wallpaper and chintz curtains. She is swimming or diving or doing gymnastics, and I — being too delicate for any sport — just re-main in a deck chair comfortably stretched out. Even if it is raining she goes bathing — often alone — because the Italians are somewhat hydrophobic. hydrophobic.

hydrophobic. Miss M. and the family she is living with, talk "Toscano" together, which is the best Italian, and much nicer than the "dialetto Geno-vese." The people here are said to be avaricious. It might be so. I don't know, but Miss M. told me that it is true. The men are quick and black-haired and are always gesticulating. It would not be possible here, like in a London tube car-riage, to see two men sitting side by side, staring in front of them, and discussing some more or less interesting matters. The women : some quite nice, others stout and "grossières," made up and painted. Nearly all have ugly legs. Now. dear friends. I must ston. We are

Now, dear friends, I must stop. We are going to the "Villaggio Balneare." That is a very great village of pleasures, because there is the "Giugno Genovese," with 70 per cent. re-duction on railway fares, and many festivals and competitions. At the "Villaggio Balneare" are many shops, bars, restaurants, a swimming pool with diving boards, fountains, bands and orchestras, dancing and singing, exhibitions and demonstratons, merry-go-rounds, and "Buden" of all kinds. Great Inn !

Perhaps Miss M. leaves me at home to day, because she has got a "Daily Mail" and a "Sie und Er."



Printed for the Proprietors, by THE FREDERICK PRINTING Co., LTD., at 23, Leonard Street, London, E.C.2.