

# Spring book signing and talk by Daniel P Quinn on 3/20/24

*Daniel P Quinn is also available for more Book signings in 2024/25.*

ESSEX COUNTY, NEW JERSEY, UNITED STATES, March 2, 2024  
/EINPresswire.com/ -- Engaging opportunities in 2024.

Queen of Peace Knights of Columbus Council #3428 will be sponsoring a book signing and talk by [Daniel P Quinn](#).

March 20, 2024 at 7:30pm.

KOC/Columbian Club Hall  
194 River Road  
North Arlington, NJ 07031

Exits and Entrances  
Daniel P. Quinn

Organized labor  
Daniel P. Quinn

Italy, Newark and me (Lulu.com)

DPQuinn | New Jersey

Having produced and seen opera since I was in high school EVERY performance that goes well is a miracle. There have been disasters at The Met, NY City Opera between management and singers; directors and designers; stagehands and stage managers and Off-Broadway. Don't break a leg is often in play on or off-stage. My book: Exits and Entrances (Author House) chronicles 30 years of some of these. Break a leg but look 3 times in all directions, believe me.



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A Section of the Italian Tribune News Dedicated to Italian History, Culture and Art

## Italian Heritage

### Returning to The Source: Castelluccio Valmaggiore



**THE BASSO FAMILY** headed by Giuseppe Antonio Basso and his wife Josephine Caruso Basso, included their four daughters, Rose Basso Quinn, left; Josephine Basso, second with parents, Minnie Basso Pasquariello, in back, and Elizabeth Basso Costello, right.

**FOUR SISTERS.** The daughters of Giuseppe Antonio Basso today, from left are Josephine Basso, Minnie Pasquariello, Elizabeth Costello and Rose Quinn.

Giuseppe Antonio Basso was born in 1882. He was an engineer; a visionary who came to America at 14 so he could, he worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, but not for long. My grandfather settled in Newark and learned the barber's trade. His first store was on 7th Street, and later he moved to 302 Summer Ave., where he worked most of his life — 12 Brothers of Newark. He loved the opera, music. I never met him, but knew him from photographs and stories about his life. He returned to Italy once in the 1920s and helped bring over the other sisters and brothers. Only one sister remained behind in Castelluccio Valmaggiore.

Several years ago, I had the opportunity to make my first trip to Italy, via my professional interest in music and theater and was able, with the help of friends, to spend my way from Milano via train to Fermo, and later by car from Chivetti to Castelluccio Valmaggiore. It was quite something to reach this village in the province of Foggia with a welcome sign in English, Italian and several other languages. I got out of the car and asked the first person I met about my Great Aunt who I met, and had dinner with some of her relatives. They did not expect me. But I was thrilled to be there and the first person from my family to return since my grandfather had been there in the 1920s. Somewhat isolated, you really needed a car to get there, but it was the thrill of my lifetime to reconnect with my Grandfather's village.

My grandfather died at age 86 on July 22, 1962. I was born 10 years later, so we didn't meet in person, but at the center of his world in Italy that he left behind.

While I still plan to return to Castelluccio Valmaggiore, I thought it might be interesting to note that my second trip to Italy was centered in Rome, where I met friends from the Italian presence of The Gigli Concert. This was a profound moment, not least of which, my grandmother was a Canon, while my grandfather was a Basso, and I was directing a play about Gigli Caruso's successor in Rome.

In some ways, one can only imagine the pull between Italy and Ireland, as along trying to explain to the Romans the Irish, and vice versa, when one is Irish-Italian is a feat not to be forgotten. But there was a prelude to this when asked at La

Scale if we Irish had no one could possibly thank me as Irish, but the question was asked and the explanations began now.

In a way, one hasn't lived unless you've tried to survive with the Irish. To direct a play while cross-translating my English and Italian scripts was an enormous challenge. It was a three hour script in the author came from Dublin and drank from the moment he arrived by the moment he left. Then the arguments started. Day after day. And the rehearsal, and the

rights with the actor and manager. And me. Trying to master the situation at hand. And the night when the author's son came away, walking through the streets of Rome searching for a temperamental soloist. And I mean mortified at all this, as Italy was not enough of a challenge on its own terms.

Years before my grandmother told me that the old her cousin. While they were both from the Naples area, they may have been a relationship but it was in the past.

And the present. Now Gigi et al.



The beautiful panoramic view of Castelluccio Valmaggiore in the Province of Foggia, Italy, was where Daniel Basso Quinn's grandfather, Giuseppe Antonio Basso, was born.

## Archive

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 N. J. ARTS  
 A home-grown poet and laborer, E - 8

## ENTERTAINMENT

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 2004

### A salute to the American worker, in verse

Herman Melville worked at a custom house. Walt Whitman was an army man. It fit into a book that...

And Fox will pose, after all those jobs. In his latest book, Quinn takes a look at the American worker — in verse.

**JIM BECKHMAN**  
 HERE AND NOW  
 NEW JERSEY ARTS

Organized Labor (Author House, a publisher-on-demand company) contains 28 poems on subjects ranging from Elmer Alan Poe to sexuality, love, and loss. But the volume's centerpiece is several long pieces about blue-collar America.

"American Events on the 1013 derby created when packing mill workers, karkinks for by a number in Paterson on the Sabbath, and every Yankee for a month in Dutch House in Hudson."

"New York Times" is more personal. The poem deals with three generations of Quinn's family in America — starting with his great-grandfather Bernard O'Neill, who came from Ireland's County Clare in 1885, and managed a midtown tavern that still survives.

A faded photo shows him at the still extant Landmark Tavern on 46th Street and 11th Ave, posed with a group of friends and the bartender next to a wooden ladder and an Irish cop off his beat in tall hat in a group pose at the front door. Looking at us, a century later.

"In the 1960s, I used to have lunch at the Landmark Tavern, but about every nine because I worked at the Irish Arts Center on 14th Street," Quinn recalls. "I found my great-grandfather had worked there." I thought of the wonderful that was there originally, because 12th Avenue is all landfill. The Landmark Tavern was originally right on the water. That made me think about how [my great-grandfather] came to America."

The photo Quinn describes, which he first saw in his early 20s, inspired him to trace the history of his family in five verse — extending to his grandmother and grandfather, who worked for the telephone company, and his father, who was a vice president of a union.

"It's important to remember how your family worked for a living," Quinn says.

Labor has always been a fraught subject for American artists.

Though poets like Whitman celebrated the working man and playwrights like Eugene O'Neill (a distant Quinn relative) saluted sailors, farmers, and black stove-pipe hats of U.S. poets and playwrights have shed away from the grimier realities of working-class life.

Quinn can cite some recent eye verse about the Triangle Shirtwaist Fire ("Fragments From the Fire" by Chris Lewellyn) and American blue-collar martyrs ("Sacco and Vanzetti" by Daniel Gabriele). But he believes the poets of the last 20 years have mostly ignored the labor question. A pity, he says.

"Our problem is memory," Quinn says. "Our memory in America is so brief, we forget what happened yesterday, the struggle of labor for rights, good pay, health insurance, benefits that we didn't have in America in the early 20th century. And now they're being lost again. It's important to respect working people. There's a need to reflect on the gap between the upper and lower classes, which is getting wider and wider. For more information, visit authorhouse.com or call (888) 280-7715. E-mail: beckman@protonmail.com



Daniel P. Quinn has written poems about blue-collar America.

AP24

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