ANTONIO TABUCCHI

Two Stories

THE SHORT STORIES "The Cheshire Cat" ("*Il gatto dello Cheshire*"), "Wanderlust" ("*Vagabondaggio*"), and "A Day in Olympia" ("*Una giornata a Olimpia*") by Antonio Tabucchi are found in the collection *Il gioco del rovescio*, published in a second edition by Feltrinelli Editore in 1988 (reprinted in 1991). Newly added to the Feltrinelli edition, these three *racconti* were not part of an earlier edition of the volume published by Il Saggiatore. Since the English translation of *Il gioco del rovescio*, entitled *Letter from Casablanca: Stories* (New Directions, trans. Janice M. Thresher), was based on the Il Saggiatore edition, it does not include these three stories. As far as I can determine, the two translations published here mark their first appearance in English. Both stories will also apppear in a collection published by Archipelago Books. "A Day in Olympia" remains unpublished at this time.

A certain kindred spirit attends each of these, a nameless protagonist, musings on Time, a tendency to leave the reader hanging, wanting to know more, and a sense of equivocal uncertainty. The theme of Time, which the author once described as "our existential roommate," occurs frequently in Tabucchi's works. In "The Cheshire Cat," the protagonist comes face-to-face with Time when confronted with the prospect of meeting, after many years, a woman he once loved. And the vagabond hero of "Wanderlust" is driven by a sense of Time evaporating, a limited Time ticking away, restricting what can be experienced in life. In each story there is a feeling of impotence before Time's inexorable march as well as an aura of nostalgia, longing, and regret.

A sense of enigma also shapes these stories; their cryptic, inscrutable quality entices and beguiles. Stephen Koch once described Tabucchi's voice as having "this trait above all: it would rather die than tell us what it is saying." Ever elusive, Time is a mystery, a constant companion whose face we cannot see or know. As Saint Augustine observed, "the present, should it always be present, and never pass into time past, verily it should not be time, but eternity" (*Confessions*, XIV, trans. Edward B. Pusey).

—*Anne Milano Appel*

The Cheshire Cat

Translated from Italian by Anne Milano Appel

1.

In the first place, it wasn't true. Let's just say palpitations instead, even though palpitations are merely a symptom, and so. But not fear, no, he told himself, how stupid, it's simply excitement, that's all. He opened the window and looked out. The train was slowing down. The overhanging roof of the station platform quivered in the torrid air. A scorching heat, but if it's not hot in July, when will it be? He read the sign for Civitavecchia, lowered the window shade, heard voices, then the stationmaster's whistle and doors slamming shut. He thought that if he pretended he was asleep, no one would enter the compartment. He closed his eyes and said: I don't want to think about it. And then he said: I have to think about it, this thing doesn't make sense. But why, do things ever make sense? Maybe they do, but an undisclosed sense, that you understand later on, much later, or that you don't understand, but they have to make sense: a sense of their own, of course, that at times has nothing to do with us, even if it seems to. For example, the phone call. "Hello Cat, it's Alice, I'm back, I can't explain now, I have only a couple of minutes to leave you a message." (A few seconds of silence.) ". . . I have to see you, I absolutely must see you, it's what I want most now, I've thought about it constantly these past years." (A few seconds of silence.) "How are you, Cat, do you still laugh that way? Sorry, that's a stupid question, but it's so hard to talk and know that your voice is being recorded, I must see you, it's very important, please." (A few seconds of silence.) "The day after tomorrow, July 15, at 15:00 hours, Grosseto station, I'll be waiting for you on the platform, there's a train that leaves Rome around 13:00." Click.

You come home and you find a message like that on the answering machine. After all that time. All swallowed up by the years: that period, that city, friends, everything. And the name "Cat" as well, that too swallowed up by the years, it floats up in your memory along with the smile that was worn by that cat, because it was the smile of the Cheshire cat. *Alice in Wonderland*. It was a wonderland time. But was it? She was Alice, and he was the Cheshire cat: all in jest, like an amusing story.

But in the meantime the cat had disappeared, just as in the book. Who knows, maybe the smile has remained, but only the smile, without the face that owned that smile. Because time passes and devours things; perhaps only the idea remains. He stood up and looked at himself in the small mirror hanging above the center seat. He smiled. The mirror reflected back the image of a forty-year-old man, with a thin face, blond mustache, and a strained, embarrassed smile, like all smiles in front of a mirror: no longer arch, no longer roguish, no longer the knowing smile of one who ridicules life. Cheshire cat, my foot!

The woman entered the compartment with a timid air. Is that seat free? Of course it was, they were all vacant. She was an elderly lady with a hint of blue in her white hair. She pulled out her knitting and began clicking away. She wore a pair of crescent spectacles on a chain, and looked as if she'd stepped out of a TV commercial. Are you also going to Turin? she asked at once. Train questions. He said no, that he was getting off sooner, but he did not say which station. Grosseto. What sense did it make? And why Grosseto, what was Alice doing in Grosseto, why had she summoned him there? He felt his heart beating rapidly and thought again about fear. But fear of what? It's excitement, he told himself. Fear of what, go on, fear of what? Of time, Cheshire cat, time that has made everything evaporate, including your superb little smile, like that of the *Alice in Wonderland* cat. And now here she was again, his Alice of Wonderland, July 15, at 1500 hours, the numbers typical of her, since she loved numerical games and mentally collected incongruous dates. Such as: *Forgive me, Cat, it's no longer possible. I will write to you to explain everything. 10 of 10 of 10 (two days before the discovery of America). Alice*. It was her farewell message, she had left it tucked in the bathroom mirror. The letter had arrived almost a year later: it explained everything down to the last detail, but in reality it didn't explain a thing. It only described how things go, their superficial mechanisms. For that reason he had thrown it away. The note, however, he still kept in his wallet. He took it out and looked at it. It had yellowed along the folds and had split open in the middle.

2.

He would have liked to open the window, but maybe the woman would be bothered by it. Then too a metal plate asked that it not be opened so as not to defeat the effect of the air conditioning. He got

up and stepped into the corridor. He was just in time to see the sunlit cluster of houses in Tarquinia, before the train slowly entered a curve. Whenever he passed Tarquinia, Cardarelli came to mind. And then the fact that Cardarelli was the son of a railwayman. And after that the poem "Liguria." Certain memories of school days die hard. He noticed that he was perspiring. He went back into the compartment and got his small travel bag. In the lavatory, he sprayed some deodorant under his arms and changed his shirt. Maybe he could even shave, for no reason, just to pass the time. There really wasn't much need to, but maybe it would freshen him up. He had brought his toiletry kit and electric razor; he hadn't dared admit it to himself, but it was in case he were to spend the night away. He shaved solely against the grain, taking great care, and patted his face with aftershave. Then he brushed his teeth and combed his hair. While he was combing his hair, he tried smiling, and it seemed to go a little better, it wasn't the slightly idiotic smile that he'd produced before. He said to himself: You have to come up with some hypotheses. But he didn't feel up to doing it in his head, the theories crossed over one another, the words getting tangled and confused; it was impossible.

He returned to the compartment where his traveling companion had fallen asleep with her knitting on her lap. He sat down and took out a notebook. If he wanted to, he could imitate Alice's handwriting with a certain approximation. He thought of writing a note as she might have written it, composed around his absurd hypotheses. He wrote: *Stephen and our child died in a car accident in Minnesota. I can't live in America anymore. Please, Cat, comfort me at this terrible moment of my life.* A tragic hypothesis, with a grief-stricken Alice who has understood the meaning of life, thanks to a terrible fate. Or a breezy, self-assured Alice, with a hint of cynicism: *That life had become hell, an unbearable prison, let that big baby Stephen take care of the kid, they're two of a kind, so long, America.* Or a note somewhere between maudlin and sentimental, in romance novel style: *Despite all the time that has passed, you never left my heart. I can't live without you anymore. Believe me, your Alice, a slave to love.*

He tore the note out of the notebook, crumpled it into a ball, and stuck it in the ashtray. He looked out the window and saw a flock of birds flying over a stretch of water. They had already passed Orbetello, so that was Alberese. For Grosseto it would only be about ten minutes more. His heart raced again and he felt a kind of anxiety, like when you realize you're late. But the train was right on time, and he was on

it, so he was on time too. Only he hadn't expected to be arriving so soon, he was late with himself. In his bag he had a linen jacket and a tie, but it seemed ridiculous to get off the train looking all spruced up, he was fine in shirtsleeves. With that heat besides. The train swerved brusquely at a switch point and the car swayed. The last car always sways more, it's always a little annoying, but at Termini station he hadn't felt like going all the way to the front of the platform and had slipped into the last car, partly hoping that there would be fewer people in it. His traveling companion's head bobbed affirmatively, as if nodding her approval, but it was only the rocking effect, because she went on sleeping peacefully.

He put the notebook away, straightened his slightly rumpled shirt, ran a comb through his hair again, and zippered up the bag. Through the window in the corridor he could see the first buildings of Grosseto and the train began to slow down. He tried to imagine how Alice would look, but by then there was no time left for such hypotheses; he should have considered them before, maybe it would have passed the time more enjoyably. Her hair, he thought, how will she be wearing her hair? She used to wear it long, but maybe she cut it, yes, she definitely must have cut it, long hair is no longer in style now. He imagined her dress would be white, for some reason.

3 ·

The train entered the station and stopped. He stood up and lowered the window shade. He peeked out through the crack, but he was too far from the station building, he couldn't see anything. He got his tie and took his time knotting it, then put on his jacket. He looked at himself in the mirror and smiled slowly. That was better. He heard the stationmaster's whistle and the shutting of the doors. Then he raised the shade, lowered the window and stood there. As the platform began to slide slowly alongside the moving train, he leaned out to see who was there. The passengers who had gotten off were filing into the underpass; under the projecting roof of the station platform were an old woman dressed in black, holding a child by the hand, a porter sitting on his baggage cart, and an ice-cream vendor in a white jacket, the ice-cream chest slung over his shoulder. He thought: it's not possible. It's not possible that she wouldn't be there, under the platform canopy, with short hair and a white dress. He rushed out into the corridor to

lean out the other window, but by then the train had left the station behind and was on its way again; he only had time to glimpse the sign GROSSETO as it was moving away. It's not possible, he thought again, she must have been in the café-bar. She couldn't stand this heat and she went into the café-bar, so sure was she that I'd come. Or else she was in the underpass, propped against the wall, with her absent yet astonished gaze of an eternal Alice in Wonderland, her hair still long and slightly ruffled, wearing the same blue sandals that he had given her one time at the shore, and she would tell him: I dressed like this, like old times, to please you.

He walked down the corridor in search of the conductor. He found him in the first compartment, sorting some papers: evidently the man had come on board with the new shift and hadn't yet begun his round to check tickets. Looking in, he inquired when there would be a train going back. The conductor looked at him with a slightly puzzled expression and asked: back where? In the opposite direction, he said, back to Rome. The conductor began leafing through the timetables. There would be one in Campiglia, but I don't know if you'd make it in time to catch it, or . . . He studied the schedule more carefully and asked: do you want an express or would a local be all right? He thought about it and didn't answer immediately. It doesn't matter, he said then, you can tell me later, there's plenty of time.

Wanderlust

Translated from Italian by Anne Milano Appel

to Sergio Vecchio, vecchio amico

I.

It sometimes began like that, with an imperceptible sound, like a faint music; and with a color as well, a fleck that started in the eyes and swept over the landscape, then flooded the eyes again and from there went on to the soul: indigo, for example. Indigo conveyed the sound of an oboe, sometimes of a clarinet, on better days. Yellow instead summoned the sound of an organ.

He watched the rows of poplars emerge from the blanket of fog like the pipes of an organ, and on them he saw the yellow music of sunset, with a few golden notes. The train streaked through the countryside, the horizon an uncertain filament that appeared and disappeared among the waves of mist. He pressed his nose against the window, then with his finger wrote on the vapor condensed on the glass: *indigo, in the violet of the night*. Someone tapped him on the shoulder and he started.

"Did I scare you?" a man asked. He was an elderly, corpulent gentleman, with a gold chain on his vest. He looked surprised and annoyed at the same time. "Sorry, I didn't think . . ." "Oh, not at all," he said, hurriedly erasing the words on the pane with his hand.

The man introduced himself, stating his last name first. He was a livestock broker from Borgo Panigale. "I'm on my way to the cattle fair in Modena," he said. "And you, are you traveling far?"

"I don't know," he replied, "I have no idea where this train is going."

"Then why did you take it," the man asked logically, "if you don't even know where it's going?"

"To travel," he said, "because trains travel."

The broker laughed and pulled out a cigar. He lit it and puffed out the smoke. "Of course trains travel, and we travel in them. What's your name?"

"Dino."

"A fine name. And?"

"And what?"

"And what's your last name?"

"Artista."

"That's your last name?"

"Yes, it's Artista. Mr. Dino Artista."

"It's a curious name. I'd never heard of it before."

"I made it up, it's a nom de plume."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it's a pen name. And since it's a pen name, I chose Artista."

"So you're an artist?"

"That's exactly right," he said. And he wrote on the steamed-up window glass: Dino Artista.

"And what type of artist, a variety artist?"

"Anything and everything. A juggler, mainly, and also an acrobat. Just now I've thought of an acrobatic feat that someday I'll perform. Sooner or later, I'll go to America."

"To perform as an acrobat?"

"No, I'll go there by tram, and that's the acrobatic feat."

"By tram! You can't go to America by tram, there's an ocean."

"You can, you can," he said, "it's tricky, but it's possible."

"Oh, really," the cattle broker said, "and how is it done?"

"Magic," he said, "the magic of art." Then he abruptly changed the subject and looked around warily. "The conductor hasn't come by yet, has he?"

The broker shook his head no and immediately understood. "You don't have a ticket, young man, do you?"

He nodded in admission, and lowered his eyes as if he were ashamed. "I'll have to lock myself in the lavatory, at least until he's passed by."

The broker laughed. "We're approaching Modena," he said, "if you want to get off with me I'll treat you to lunch at Molinari Brothers."

2.

The cattleman did not stop talking. He was a jovial man, and he liked sitting in the carriage, giving orders to the driver, assuming the hospitable tone of a generous person. You could see it gave him satisfaction. He told the coachman to go through the old center, because he wanted to show his guest the Ghirlandina: you can't come to Modena without seeing the cathedral and the bell tower. And with a gloved hand he pointed out the city's splendors through the window, illustrating them with the plain words of a man who is not very cultured

but whose warmth displays a love for people and things to see.

"This is Piazza Reale," he said, "and now we're going around Piazza Grande. Look up, lean out the window."

Then the carriage turned onto a very long street flanked by buildings. "This is the Corso of the Via Emilia," the broker said. "It's called that because it follows the route outside the walls, on one side toward Bologna and on the other toward Reggio. Our restaurant is over there, on the corner of Strada San Carlo."

Molinari Brothers was a large, crowded brasserie, with marble tables and large coat stands on which the diners' cloaks were hung. The cattle broker was well known, and many people greeted him. There was a flurry of commotion, because of the following day's fair. They chose a corner table, and the host arrived with a carafe of wine on the house. It was customary in that establishment. The young man looked around wide-eyed. All that bustle cheered him. The place was warm and smoke-filled, and through the windows you could see a wall with sprigs of capers in the cracks between the stones. The fog had lowered even further, making outlines seem unreal.

With the food and wine, the broker's cheeks had turned red and his eyes shone. "My son was a young man like you, his name was Pietro," he said, clearly moved. "He died of fever in 1902, it's been four years now." Then he blew his nose with his napkin and said, "He too had a mustache."

By the time they left, evening was falling and the lamplighters were lighting the first streetlamps. Some shops had lit torches near their signs and there were laurel branches on the doorposts of some of the taverns. A little boy with a cardboard mask passed under the arcades holding a woman's hand. It was February.

"It's the last day of Mardi Gras," the broker said, "stay and keep me company. I have a room at the Hotel Italia, and you can be my guest. Let's go have some fun together."

The young man followed him silently through the already deserted streets. Their steps resounded on the pavement and neither one spoke. They walked through some porticos and came to a gray stone building with an imposing entrance. The broker pulled a bell handle and a smaller door opened in the bigger one. They went up a long flight of stairs and entered a vestibule with a colorful stained-glass window. An improbably blond lady, wearing a flowered dress, received them, and led them to a seat in a small parlor. There were pictures of beautiful girls on

the walls and the young man began studying them with interest.

"Now it's not like it used to be," the broker whispered, "when Anna Ferrarina was the madam. She was a true connoisseur, she always had top-quality girls. But she married an old fool from Rome, a professor, and she's become a respectable lady. Now we have to settle for whatever is available." He laughed briefly and began looking at the picture of a brunette photographed with her hands over her heart. "I choose this one," he said, "I like her eyes. Which one do you choose?"

The young man looked at him goggle-eyed. "Why do I have to choose?" he stammered.

"What do you mean, why?"

"I mean why, what for?"

"What for! What do you mean, what for?"

"To do what?"

The broker slapped a hand to his forehead and said, "Oh, dear God!" Then he asked: "Is this the first time?"

"Yes," the young man murmured.

"But how old are you, my boy?"

"Twenty-one."

"And you've never done it?"

"No."

"Well, look, it doesn't matter, they'll teach you themselves, you'll see, it's the easiest thing in the world."

He shook the little bell that was on the table and sounds and giggles could be heard in the corridor. "We're coming, we're coming, have a little patience," a woman's voice called out.

3 ·

THE FAIR WAS CLOSING down. The ground was littered with trash, and the stands were clearing out. A child passed by with a paper trumpet that unrolled as he blew it. Waiting near the Post house were carriages and carts full of wares ready to leave for Bologna or Reggio. A peddler stood at the door of the post house. He was a skinny drifter, with a small concertina and a parrot in a little cage. He wore a cheap wool jacket and carried a case slung over his shoulder.

"This is Regolo," the broker said, introducing him to the young man. "He's going to Reggio and even further. He makes the rounds of all the fairs. He'll keep you company."

The young man and the peddler shook hands.

"I leave him in your hands," the broker whispered to the peddler, "look after him for a while. He reminds me of my son. He's an artist, his name is Dino."

The wagon driver cracked the whip, and the draft horse slowly started shuffling forward. The two men sat on the cart, with their backs to the driver and their legs dangling.

"Bye-bye," the cattleman called, "have a good trip."

Just then the young man leapt down and ran toward him. "I forgot to give you this," he said hurriedly, "it's a sketch of the woman I met last night. I'm giving it to you as a souvenir." And he went chasing after the cart that was already turning onto Via Emilia.

The broker unfolded the sheet of paper. It was a crumpled scrap of wrapping paper. On it was written: "Prostitute . . . Who beckoned you to life? Where do you come from? From the rank Tyrrhenian ports, from the singing fairs of Tuscany, or was your mother rolled over in burning sands under siroccos? Immensity impressed stupor on your feral, Sphinx-like face. The teeming breath of life tragically shakes your black mane as if you were a lioness. And you watch the sacrilegious blond angel who does not love you and you do not love and who suffers for you and wearily kisses you.

4·

Regolo sold *arruffi* of all colors, which were skeins of thread for mending; along with serialized novels in monthly installments and "fortune planets." The "planets" were yellow, pink, and green slips of paper that bore the lunar phases and the fortune, which the parrot Anacletus, the fisherman of destiny, chose at random and handed to the buyer with his beak. Anacletus was very old and had a bad leg. Regolo treated him with a Chinese ointment bought at the Sottoripa arcade, in Genoa, where the Chinese sometimes set up a market and sold odds and ends as well as remedies for arthritis, aging virility, and sores. But Anacletus was willful and protested the medications, squawking furiously. Then he fell asleep on his perch, with his head tucked under his wing, and every now and then he shuddered in his sleep and puffed up his feathers, as if he were dreaming.

Maybe even parrots dream of indigo, Dino thought. The wagon moved along slowly, jolting and swaying, the sound of its rimmed

wheels monotonous. The countryside was beguiling and boundless, always the same, with rows of fruit trees and cultivated fields. Dino thought of indigo, and the music of indigo replaced the rhythmic creaking of the wheels. And when he woke up, Regolo was shaking him by the shoulder, because they had arrived in Reggio Emilia.

They continued down to Porta Santa Croce. It was a clear afternoon. The wagon driver barked "Giddy-up!" and cracked the whip, and the horse plodded on slowly. Regolo had to pick up some items from a dealer behind the public baths, so they agreed to meet at Caffe Vittorio in Piazza Cavour, and Dino roamed around the city by himself, because he wanted to see the house where Ariosto was born. He brought along Anacletus, sitting on his perch, because the bird was a hindrance to Regolo, whereas he kept Dino company. He felt happy to be walking through the streets of that unfamiliar city accompanied by a parrot. And so, as he strolled along, he began to match his steps in time to a little tune he made up on the spot, which went: "I go walking through the streets mysterious dark and narrow: behind the windowpanes I see Gemmas and Rosas looking out . . ."

5·

When Regolo arrived at Caffe Vittorio, Dino had just completed what he was working on. Arranged on the table were three stacks of fortune planets, sorted by color.

"I want to tell you something," Dino said. "If I stay with you a few days, I want to make my contribution to the business. So I've put the finishing touches to the planets: for each planet I have created a verse."

Regolo sat down and Dino explained to him what his contribution consisted of. It consisted of embellishing each sheet with an artistic phrase, because that's how art should come to people, carried in the beak of a parrot who randomly selects among destiny's slips of paper. And that was the strange function of art: to fortuitously touch people by chance, because everything is random in the world, and art reminds us of that. And for that reason it both saddens us and comforts us. It doesn't explain anything, just as the wind does not explain: it blows in and stirs the leaves, then it sweeps through the trees and sails away.

"Read me a few verses," Regolo asked.

Dino chose a pink planet and read: "And I kept on wandering without love, leaving my heart from door to door." Then he picked up

a yellow planet and read: "Gold, golden dusty butterfly, why have the flowers of the thistle bloomed?" Finally he selected a green planet and read: "You brought me a little bit of seaweed in your hair, and a smell of wind." And he explained: "These words are dedicated to a woman whom I will someday find in a port, but she doesn't yet know that we will meet."

"And how do you know that you will meet?" Regolo asked.

"Because I'm sometimes a little clairvoyant. Well, that's not really how it is."

"So how then?"

"I imagine something so vividly that afterwards it actually happens."

"So then, read another verse," Regolo said.

"What color do you want?"

"Yellow."

"It's the color of organ music. Violet, on the other hand, evokes the music of an oboe, sometimes of a clarinet."

"I'd like to hear a yellow one."

Dino picked a yellow planet and read: "Because a face appears, there is, like an unknown weight on the flowing water, the chirring cicada."

6.

They went from house to house, selling skeins and handing out planets. They crossed the Crostolo valley and took the road to Mucciatella and Pecorile.

At night they slept in farmers' barns and talked about many things, especially the celestial vault, because Regolo could identify all the stars and knew their names.

Regolo had a sweetheart in Casola who put them up for five days. Her name was Alba. She was an unmarried woman with an ailing, elderly father, and Regolo was a husband to her once a year.

During those days, Dino worked in the stable to repay Alba's hospitality. It was a paltry stable, with a pig and two goats.

On the sixth day they left and followed the bed of the Campola river to reach Canossa.

There were scattered farmhouses around, but they skipped them to go see the ruins of the castle. From that elevation the view was magnificent, with the broad Po valley spread out below them.

Down there, on that plain, ran Via Emilia, stretched out like a ribbon

of promises, headed north toward Milan; after that came Europe, modern metropolises alive with electricity and factories where life throbbed like a fever. Dino, too, had a fever; it was once again pounding in his temples, as it had the day he'd boarded the train at the station in Bologna, driven by a restlessness to travel. The sky was yellow, with violet smudges. Dino heard the music of an oboe and told that to Regolo. The music was that distant road calling to him from afar. He set Anacletus's perch down on the ground and gripped Regolo in a hearty embrace. He left him sitting on a castle stone and ran hurriedly toward the plain, toward the road.

The road, and its alluring siren's call. He thought: "Harsh prelude of a muted symphony, quivering violin with electrified strings, trolley running in a line across an iron sky of curved wires . . ." And he said to himself: "Go, Dino, walk faster, run far, life is restricted, and too boundless is the soul."

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This story is entirely imaginary. Although the figure of Regolo Orlandini is recalled in the accounts recorded by Dr. Pariani, here it is used in a completely arbitrary manner. The only nonimaginary things are the verses of Dino Campana; and then the cities, the places, Via Emilia.

A.T.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

The English translations of Dino Campana's verses are taken from *Canti Orfici / Orphic Songs* (Bordighera Press, 2003), translation, introduction, and notes by Luigi Bonaffini. The specific lines quoted are from "Prison Dream" (167), "To a Whore with Steel-Gray Eyes" (277), "La petite promenade du poète" (97), "Carnival Night" (95), "Arabesco Olimpia" (245), "Genoese Woman" (277), and "A Trolley Ride to America and Back" (195).

Dr. Carlo Pariani was the psychiatrist who treated the poet at the hospital in Castel Pulci, Florence, where he was admitted in 1918 and where he remained until his death in 1932.