

# The Space of Memory



The Space of Memory:  
Language and Culture of Portocannone,  
a Small Albanian Village in Italy.  
Gjaku Jonë i Shëprishur  
(The Albanian Diaspora)

By

Elsa Musacchio and Barbara Gabriella Renzi

Edited by Giada Mangiardi

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**P U B L I S H I N G**

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Language and Culture of Portocannone, a Small Albanian Village in Italy.  
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*A Sirio, Giulio, Stefano e Davide*



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Acknowledgements .....	xi
Practical Orthography .....	xiii
Introduction .....	1
Why this Publication after 40 Years? .....	3
Some Notes on the Lullabies .....	9
The Albanians in Molise and Southern Italy .....	13
Origin and Growth of Portocannone .....	15
Traditions .....	17
Sex of unborn child	
Engagement	
Marriage	
Funeral (burial ceremony)	
Religious and profane celebrations	
Girls' games	
Boys' games	
Games for boys and girls	
Lullabies, Courtship/Love Rhymes and Songs of Despair .....	27
Lullabies	
1 Nin e nin	
2 Nin e nin	
3 Djalë e eju djalë	
4 Krëstënelja rakamoji	
5 Një bij që kishi mëma	
6 Nin e orë	
7 Nin e nin	
8 Nin e nin	
9 Djalë e oj djalë	

## Courtship Rhymes

- 1 Vinjë të këndonj vashu tija
- 2 Ti që je e bardhur qaru veja
- 3 Bijë shi e piklon
- 4 U kam di vjet që jam e bënë amor
- 5 Ti tarandishe që shkon e që përshkon

## Songs of despair

- 1 Dish e dija si bëhshi amori
- 2 Bijë shi e më rrjedën rëkat
- 3 Dish e bëja një varket rami
- 4 Mbë një mot që u isha gjalet
- 5 Dish e dija që kishe e që ke
- 6 Nat e mire im kushërirë
- 7 Ishi një ditë të muoj majit
- 8 Sa fletë ka gjërshija
- 9 Ti që je e bukur gjat drita
- 10 Sa bukura kapile ne Qeuti janë
- 11 Ti që je e lart sa një vucë
- 12 O Bijë shi e më rrjedën rëkat

## Various types of rhymes

- 1 Shihni që më bën Sepi Gruosi
- 2 U shkoita te kjo udhë e ngusht
- 3 Sa isht i bukur Xhuani
- 4 Cimbi, cimbi gjeli
- 5 Bijë shi e bijë borë
- 6 Doli djelli te Palata
- 7 Qifti, qifti, paparuni
- 8 Këto kapile që janë nani
- 9 Ti tarandishe që shkon e që përshkon
- 10 Nat e mire im Kushërirë
- 11 Lisi i that nëng bën hje
- 12 Mëma që ka që aqë më gjuston
- 13 Vete te kisha një mënat
- 14 Ni ni na
- 15 Toa, toa djali jon vete te shkolla
- 16 Cë bukur djali kam u
- 17 Sa fletë ka gjërshija
- 18 Ndëng oj dëng
- 19 Të kore, të kor
- 20 Isht një bukur gjalet
- 21 Dishe, dishe, dishe



22 Ni oj ni	
23 Nin nin nin	
Fairytales	
1 Ishi një mama e një papa	
2 Malpenzhi	
3 Ishi një mëm me një bir	
The Albanian Variant of Portocannone .....	99
Wordstress	
Quantity of vowels	
Nasal accent	
Turbate (front rounded vowels)	
Diphthong	
Consonants	
Fricative	
Plosive Velar	
Nasals	
The Lateral Consonant	
Consonant Group	
Phonetic Phenomena	
Metathesis	
Epenthesis	
Elision	
Conclusion	
Appendix .....	129
Family Album	
References .....	135



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# PRACTICAL ORTHOGRAPHY

In our transcriptions, symbols have their approximate IPA (International Phonetic Alphabet) values, except for the following, which are pronounced as in the bolded letters of the Italian, Albanian and English keywords provided:

## VOWELS

Our symbol	IPA	As in	Italian	Albanian	English
e	[ <b>ɛ</b> ]		geniale	emir	elm
o	[ <b>ɔ</b> ]		ottuso	opera	off
i	[ <b>ɪ</b> ]		Italia	dît	in
u	[ <b>ʊ</b> ]		urto	zogu	put
ë	[ <b>ə</b> ]		--	mëm	about

## CONSONANTS

Our symbol	IPA	As in	Italian	Albanian	English
c	[ts]		pazzo	ca	hats
x	[dz]		zio	lexoni	adze
ç	[tʃ]		centro	biçikleta	church
xh	[ʒ]		giornale	xhaket	azure
th	[θ]		--	thikë	think
dh	[ð]		--	dhoma	that
sh	[ʃ]		scena	shpejt	she
r	[ɾ]		torcia	ruaj	red
rr	[r]		correre	rrush	--
ll	[j]		--	mollë	yes
(cf. Spanish <b>lleno</b> )					
zh	[dʒ]		--	zhurmë	judge
q	[c]		chiasso	qen	keep
gj	[tʃ]		--	gjakë	geese
ng	[ŋ]		--	ngritur	sing



# INTRODUCTION

Writing and researching this book was a journey through a collective past. The result is an exploration of memory and of a culture that survived centuries. We explore the culture of a small Albanian (Arbëreshë) village in Italy, surrounded by Latin villages. If you wish to take this journey with us our book equips you with linguistic and anthropological tools which will render your travelling easier and more interesting.

This book encourages you to step into the past and discover a language and culture that for the most part is lost and continues to lose its cohesion and uniqueness. This work takes as its premise that language is not just a technical element helping us to communicate. Rather, we believe that languages should not just be studied and commented on by linguists alone. They are in fact much more than purely a means of communication. Language shapes who we are; it gives form to our mind and, consequently, to our actions. We believe that when we lose a language we lose our identity and our ability to imagine and envision the present world, and a possible future. We lose ourselves and everything we interact with daily. The rediscovery of a language that belongs to our culture is the rediscovery of us. It is a rediscovery of the way in which we think and shape the world, it is a rediscovery of possible futures and possible courses of actions. For those reasons this book, although composed of various sections, including some which are very technical, is reaching into our deep soul, is getting in touch with our roots and trying to imagine a possible future.





## WHY THIS PUBLICATION AFTER 40 YEARS?

Memories and emotions keep emerging...

A bundle of emotions and memories is difficult to transform into simple words... one after the other the words lie here in my mind, but although they express clear concepts they don't tell the truth of this book.

First, I (Elsa) want to start by saying that this book is the story of my people. Second I want to share with you my memories.

Portocannone is the place where I was born, grew up and had fun. Yes, I had a lot of fun when I was a little girl, together with my friends, playing all around the village, which seemed to be a magic place.

There weren't any amusement arcades or playgrounds as in big towns, but only countryside, courtyards and paths where we girls could run free following our imagination and find ourselves in "dangerous" adventures.

We were tomboys who used to imitate our brothers in mad races to the river, or hide behind the gravestones in the cemetery. When we played hide-and-seek I liked to hide behind the gravestones because nobody could find me there. I remember my friend Luna, who never entered a cemetery as she was afraid of death and Nina, who used to walk only along the cemetery central road in order to see the gate, in case she had to run away. I loved to sit near the gravestones because they gave me a sense of safety and reminded me of all the stories that my father used to tell me when I was a little girl. My dad had a field just behind the walls of the cemetery and he often worked there till late in the evening. After supper, sitting in front of the fireplace, he used to tell us about the suffused lights which seeped through the bars of the heavy graveyard gate, and of the flickering light of the will o' the wisps. He also talked about the presence of angels near the tombstones of good people and that of demons near bad ones.

Well, after a long period away I went back to my native village and my first visit was to that cemetery; my parents rest there and I wanted to bring them some flowers. As was my habit in childhood, I brought a flower to every person with whom I was close as a little girl. The people who helped

me remember these stories and songs are there and I love them very much. These are ancient stories and, it seems, only remembered now by an aging generation, but they are the history of a people.

Reading the lullabies and the fairytales again is a jump back in the past, to 50 years ago, when there was no radio nor TV. We spent evenings by the fire and our parents used to tell us old stories that helped us to keep connected to our roots. I grew up with the myth that we belong to an important Albanian family, the Musaka.

I remember... it was nice listening to the old, ancient stories and I remember every word my father used to say was a piece of gold to us. Everything he said was important, he used to compare our families with the others belonging to the same community. Often I heard him say that not all the Musacchio came from the same root.

Papa was our storyteller and he handed down the stories of the community as if they were important secrets to treasure, to enshrine. Every family was compared to the others of the village and every family has its old and interesting story. We knew all the surnames of the families in the village and we also knew their roots (mythical or real). My father and my mother, those evenings, were transmitting an ancient language and the customs and traditions of a country, like their fathers and their mothers did before them, from one generation to the next for hundreds of years.

I remember my father telling me why the great Albanian families arrived in Italy and established themselves in those territories. They arrived with their servants, as well, who later took their surnames.

It seems unreal to think of those times, now that I am typing on my PC... it seems I am living an old dream, I am entering the world of my childhood, a world where myth and history belonged to the storyteller,.

In 20xx, I surprised myself when I embraced my first? grandson and some near forgotten words sprang to my mind and issued from my lips. They formed a song to lull him to sleep. Those words and their accompanying tune opened the floodgate of memories which flowed and formed an imaginary circle around him and me and united us as grandmother and grandson.

The variant of Albanian used in the lullabies is ancient and, seeing them now in print, I nervously touch the printed pages, as if they might dissolve

in front of my eyes and take my past, the past of a people, with them forever.

Seeing the songs, memories flowed... I remember my mum who used to lull me and my brothers to sleep with the very same lullabies and I imagine her grandmothers and their mothers before them doing the same: every woman united by the notes of an ancient music.

I remember stories or fairytales as we called them, which are very old. They seemed to us to belong to an old book, to a forgotten world. Nobody now goes to work in the countryside as in the past and there is no longer the habit of walking to the crossroads of the village with friends.

This almost forgotten world sometimes seems so near, ever present, for the people who lived it, for me.

Social education was passed down by those short stories, which were whispered in the night near the fireplace and then repeated by the other members of the family and by the neighbours. Those stories made us who we were, they prepared us for life. They made us strong, they directed our paths. We looked to them when life was letting us down, to find a reason to be what we were.

Belonging to a community that had a different language and traditions from the villages around us was part of who we were and in order not to lose ourselves we kept preserving a world that otherwise might have disappeared centuries ago.

Houses in Portocannone are now modern and they are not anymore the old storage places (“fossette”) where for centuries the grain was kept safe.

New heating systems have replaced the old fireplaces and the TV has killed the old stories.

Maybe nowadays storytellers have no importance at all, and telling and listening to ancient stories has lost its appeal for many. However, not telling those stories anymore will mean rubbing out an ancient world, losing a piece of history and our identity... so here I am...

I remember we moved to Rome when I was 11 years old. I spoke only Albanian. I attended the primary schools in my village, where my teacher used to speak our language. She was nice and helped us to overcome the difficulties we had when we used the new foreign language.

I remember... I never committed the mistake of not stressing the third person singular of the verb “to be ” in Italian to differentiate it from the conjunction “e” and I never got it wrong because I had clear in my mind the explanation of my old teacher in Portocannone who helped us to compare the Italian “è” with the Albanian “isht”. Sometimes I have still in my mind that difference and when I use “is” in Italian I think of “isht” and I don’t make the mistake.

I found one major obstacle in the first years of school was to interact with my classmates. I felt we were very different because we spoke two different languages. And by this I mean we spoke literally two different languages but we also didn’t share the same values. We belonged to different worlds.

The first months in school were terrible. My schools results were bad but that was not what hurt most and probably was not what I often suffered over; it was the interactions with my classmates... human relationships... that all went wrong.

Nothing of me was accepted, I felt a foreigner in my own country (at that time my father was a soldier). I remember that when I became good at schoolwork students found excuses to denigrate me in other little things, like the food I took with me in school. “Come i paesani” (“like country folk”) – they used to say to me in a derogatory tone.

Then time passed and things changed. I became important for my classmates since I was good and the others often needed my help in order not to get punished for their inability to finish their exercises.

At that young age I had the feeling I could make myself indispensable without losing my roots and my self.

Summer was the most beautiful period. I used to leave Rome and go back to Portocannone. I felt I returned to my real essence, I felt complete again.

How I understand the immigrants who come to live in Italy; when I taught I tried to be in their shoes... I remembered how difficult it was. I remembered the sensation of non-belonging, of being excluded and of being “the other”.

This book, although highly technical in some parts, is coming from my inner self. It is an important expression of my inner self.

For the linguist interested in the preservation of the variants of Toskë outside Albania this book could be essential. The language used is close to the ancient Toskë, it preserves many of its defining characteristics and it is similar but different from the other variants used in other arbëresh villages of Molise.

I remember, twenty years ago, when I was coming back from a trip to Albania, I met a family from Macedonia, who were coming back to Italy where they had moved years before. I was ready to make every effort to be understood and I was prepared to face the difficult task of communicating by using my (by that time) weak Albanian to make myself understood. I was prepared to use the most common Albanian sentences, which I used most frequently in Albania. However, I was surprised to find they understood my dialect. This family came from a Southern region of Macedonia and they did not have the nasalization of many sounds and many words were of Greek origin. At the time I thought to take a trip to that area in order to see if my family originated from there, from the city museum of Berat in Myzeqeja.



## SOME NOTES ON THE LULLABIES

In lullaby number 7 there is a very unusual expression, quite rude to be honest, that highlights the difficulties that the arbëresh had in the relationships with the nearby villages, who used an Italian dialect and had different customs.

The expression used is “derk lëti”. We used to refer to the non-Albanians, in general, with the word “lëti”. However, this word was often utilised in reference to the Latin Italian. It often means “Latin” in contraposition to “Albanian”. “Derk” (“pig” in English) is used to show contempt, defiance, and scorn.

Even today, we use the word “pig” when we talk of a person to be avoided. At the time “lëti” referred to someone to keep outside the door, not only of a house but of a village, because a “lëti” would come to steal the animals and to annoy the women.

Men used ride on horseback with rifles in their hands to protect the village against robberies and other criminal activities. Mostly, they were afraid of the violence that could be directed at our community.

The “Latini” (the Italians) had their own view on our relationships; I remember the expression “meglio avere fuori della porta di casa un lupo che un albanese”, “më mirë një ujk prapa derës ke një arbëresh” (better to have outside the house a wolf than an Albanian) or the stronger one, “se incontri un albanese e un lupo, uccidi prima l’albanese e poi il lupo” “si sheh një arbëresh e një ujk vri më i parë arbëreshin e pas ujkun”(if you meet an Albanian and a wolf kill first the Albanian and then the wolf).

The lullabies themselves are the transmission of a strong and conservative culture in which physical strength, intelligence and astuteness are rewarded. They are sung to ward off the possibility of a miserable, squalid and ominous future. They used to sing “kush hipi e kush kaloj” (who goes up and who goes down) but “djali im kumandoj” (my son used to be in command). Although the son in these lullaby is living with strong and smart people, the son managed to be the smartest and the strongest in every situation, more intelligent than the other family members. They used

to sing: “djali na vete ne shkolla” (our son is going to school for us) or, “kat e ver me librat skrit” (he must be where there are written books).

School was seen as freedom and wealth in our village. I remember my mother, who only had a primary school education, used to say that studying makes people free and she used to say that working makes people independent.

The relationship with the land was strong in our village and, as the land produce fruits and plants people had to produce sons and daughters for the continuation of life, as remembered in the popular piece of poetry:

Bukur sparënj që nzhjerr sparanzheja

Bukura rrush që më nzhjerr drija

Kur ecën ti më ecën qarë vareja.

*L'asparago begli asparagi,  
la vite una bella uva  
e tu cammini come il vento.*

The asparagus give us beautiful asparagus  
The grapes beautiful grapes  
And you walk like the wind.

There is the pride of being young, strong and beautiful in our songs “të ka midje gjith gjitanija” every neighbour looks at your beauty and in Italian “tutto il vicinato invidia la tua bellezza”.

People used to identify themselves with the animals that helped them in their daily work “ti je pel e u jam kal” (you are a mare and I am a stallion) or in Italian “tu sei una cavalla ed io un cavallo”.

The stories and the poetry written in this book will help to comprehend the story of my people and the culture of a small Albanian village in the middle of Italy.

The arbëresh of this small village are still connected to their roots, although less and less and they speak a language so ancient that every day it is losing its internal coherence. In this world where everything lasts a day and where only the “important” (strategic or politically powerful)



languages are studied in school, this book might appear out of context. But is it?

We believe it is helping to find the old spirit of things; it helps us to live in this ever changing world, one that it is turning itself into a waste land, one where the poetry of small but important human are lost in a flurry of news and novelties. The memories that each of us has help us all to feel less isolated, less lost and they help us to analyse and cope with this new reality. I share my memories with you and I share the spirit of my people with you.

The core of the book deals with the oral traditions of short stories and lullabies. In short, the international reader will be offered an overview of the development of this village. He/she will be able to learn about its history, culture and the particular variant of Albanian spoken and will become familiar with colourful and intriguing short stories.

We also provide a CD with recordings to supplement the various chapters. Elsa Musacchio agreed to record the pronunciation of many words and the lullabies and the short stories. We believe that a CD is a more effective way to preserve a disappearing variant of a language.



## THE ALBANIANS IN MOLISE AND SOUTHERN ITALY: HISTORY OR MYTH?

The Albanian communities in Molise developed through the family units who migrated with Skanderbeg in 1461. In 1458 Alphonso of Aragon died and his illegitimate son Ferdinand inherited the kingdom of Naples. However, the rural feudal barons rebelled against Ferdinand. The Albanians were asked to help Alphonso of Aragon's illegitimate son, King Ferdinand, inherit the throne. In fact many of the Southern barons had abandoned Ferdinand and sided with his enemy the Anjous. Giacomo Piccinino and Jean D'Anjou, the duke of Calabria, managed to defeat Ferdinand the first time round, but with the help of Skanderbeg, in 1462, Piccinino e D'Anjou were defeated by a Neapolitan-Albanian army at the battle of Ursula. And so, "Skanderbeg was given many territories in Puglia and in Molise. The Arbërësh settled there and formed the municipalities of Portocannone, Campomarino, Ururi, Montecilfone in Molise; Greci in Campania which is the only village of Albanian origin and Chieuti in Puglia"<sup>1</sup>. After the death of Skanderbeg other immigrants migrated from Albania. They settled in those territories which were destroyed by the terrible earthquake of the 5th December in 1456.<sup>2</sup>

"Ururi was uninhabited; later on it was settled by foreign people. Many families from Albania and Epirus, impatient of the savagery of the Turks, left their country and were welcomed in this diocese such as Campomarino, Portocannone [...] and were called Albanians, Epirothes, or

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<sup>1</sup> De Rosa, L. (1967), p.249.

<sup>2</sup> "Rimasto Ururi disabitato, non molto dopo fu riabitato da gente straniera. Ciò con l'occasione che molte famiglie dell'Albania e dell'Epiro non soffrendo le barbarie del turco [...] furono accolte in questa diocesi, come in Campomarino, Portocannone [...] e furono appellati albanesi, epiroti, detti in latino dai più eruditi, Italo Greci; nominati italo dalla regione, nella quale sono stati ricevuti che è l'Italia, e greci dal rito che in origine osservavano" Mon. TRIA (1774 ) Roma, p.308.

by the scholars Italian-Greeks: Italians by the region in which they settled, and Greeks by the rite they complied with”.

The Albanians who settled in Molise found themselves in a complete feudal system, oppressed by barons and their laws. This kind of submissiveness ended in 1812 when the municipalities were granted land and all the ancient privileges fell into disuse. The villages of Albanian origin had to submit to the new rules, losing their rights as Greek Officers<sup>3</sup>.

The Albanian villages became wealthy communities little by little through the hard work of their inhabitants and also through the good relationship they eventually established with the nearby Latin villages. They came to an agreement with them, becoming sheep farmers, and made the abandoned land fertile by working hard. They were forced to live in the countryside without waging war because the viceroy hadn't allowed them to carry weapons, to ride their horse with bridles, spurs or saddle nor to enter the town wearing their hats.<sup>4</sup>

In the years 1482-1534 Albanians asked for the approval of charters which could be useful for their colonies.

The charters pertained to the following points: the obligation to build houses within a certain time; the moderate census and a tax of one tenth of production to be paid for land and animals stock; the obligation to cultivate and improve their land; taxes on every family; feudal harassment, such as a prohibition on independent building of mills, olive-presses and other facilities, forcing them to use those of the baron; all the personal services which the new inhabitants were obliged to observe, such as a permit to leave the colony freely.

With the introduction of the census in 1508, they were finally counted. They paid taxes equal to those of every family and acquired “Italian” citizenship.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> La Mantia, G. (1904).

<sup>4</sup> De Grazia, D. (1889).

<sup>5</sup> De Grazia, D. mentioned work.

## ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF PORTOCANNONE ACCORDING TO THE VILLAGERS

Portocannone is a municipality (*comune*) in the Province of Campobasso in the Italian region Molise, located about 50 km northeast of Campobasso.

The name “Portocannone” is found in Papal bulls emanating from Pope Lucius III and Pope Innocent IV and Cardinal Lombardi and from a certain chronicle of Isernia (a town in upper Molise). Here the city called “Cliternia”, considered apocryphal by the author, is called Portocandora, which later will become Portocannone.

The name “Portocandunum” is found in the registers of the barons during the reign of William II, named “il buono”, “the good”. Carlo Borello published some paragraphs with a list of the town names in the pages of the feudal barons of “Capitanata”<sup>1</sup>. The village was built where the ancient Cliternia stood. It was destroyed by natural disasters such as earthquakes, wars and plague. It was important in the war between Federico II, emperor and king of the “Two Sicilies” and Venice in 1240. In the year 1456 a terrible earthquake devastated the area and the village remained uninhabited until the arrival of the Albanians or Epirothes. It was the same period of migration to Ururi, another Albanian village. In the census of the year 1601 reported by Mazzella the name “Portocannone” isn't found because in those periods the Albanians and Illyrics didn't follow the Latin census. It is found only in the census of 1671 reported by De Bonis. The village was described as formed by 20 “fuochi” an old Italian word to say “families”. Before the arrival of the Albanians, it was a baronial land of the family Brittolata<sup>2</sup>. Then it passed under the rule of Celenza in Caraccioli family. Then it became the land of the prince of Avalos because of the marriage between Cosima Caracciolo and Andrea of Avalos. Some years later it belonged to Sig. Carlo Cini of Guglionesi.”<sup>3</sup> The inhabitants of the

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<sup>1</sup> Capitanata, geographically and culturally, was an administrative region of the Kingdom of Naples. In charge of this territory was a captain.

<sup>2</sup> “Filii de brittolo tenent portocandunum; quod est feudum unius militis” MONS. TRIA mentioned work. Chapter III pp. 347-350.

<sup>3</sup> MONS. TRIA mentioned work. Chapter III pp. 347-350.

small village were Albanians and kept their traditional costume and their language, but they abandoned Greek rites in church. They continued to preserve various Albanian mores, especially their particular way of mourning somebody's death; this was done by women, called "prefiche". This kind of particular rite was suspended by law later.<sup>4</sup>

The priest was obliged to follow the law ("excommunicatio") and force the people to abandon it on pain of suspension *a divinis*.

The first Albanian Inhabitants of Portocannone followed the Greek rite and the church of St. Peter and Paul was built according to this rite. In the first years of the eighteenth century it was suppressed and the church was reformed in accordance with the Latin rite.

The Albanians of Portocannone, forced to observe the new rite, were subject to continuous duties that didn't fit with their traditions.

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<sup>4</sup> MONS. TRIA mentioned work. Chapter III pp. 347-350 part.3, chapter.IV .n.11.