

all over the world an aura of refinement, much like products stamped *denominazione di origine controllata* (DOC), the government certification of local food and alcohol production.

—PAOLO PRATO
LUISS Creative Business Center

Works Cited

- Patriarca, Silvana. 2010. *Italianità: La costruzione del carattere nazionale*. Rome: Laterza.
 Perniola, Mario. 1976. "La differenza italiana." *L'erba voglio* 27 (September-October): 10–15.
 Rosselli, John. 1991. *Music & Musicians in Nineteenth-Century Italy*. Portland: Amadeus Press.

Made of Limestone.

By Andrea and Marco Nasuto.

Self-produced, 2013.

63 minutes. Streaming format, color.

Made of Limestone is the debut film by two brothers, Andrea and Marco Nasuto, who have utilized a shoestring budget and the power of new technologies to create and distribute a documentary on the hemorrhage of young people emigrating from contemporary Southern Italy. Starting from their own personal dilemmas—"to stay or to run away?"—the Nasuto brothers put together a provocative and thoughtful portrait of their hometown of Manfredonia (Foggia province, Apulia) and the wider area of the Gargano peninsula, a spur on the Italian boot along Apulia's Adriatic coast. At the same time, the film equally describes much of Italy's south today. The film presents the ambiguities and tensions facing youth in Manfredonia through a series of interviews with young adults, asking them to reflect on the positive and negative things about their hometown and whether they themselves intend to stay or leave. These interviews are interwoven with some statistical information and other factual data about the area, dreamy long shots of a Mediterranean seaside town, and the directors' personal commentaries. The portrait that emerges from the interviewees' descriptions and comments is reminiscent of the well-known "paradise inhabited by devils" motif of past descriptions of the Mezzogiorno: postcard-like landscapes, but at the same time, practically all of the themes described in the classic social science literature, from envy to fatalism, from sexism to low political participation, and from poor urban planning to environmental disaster. At the same time, the various interviewees cite the food, the warmth of human relationships, hospitality, and *l'arte dell'arrangiarsi* (the "art of making do") as if taking a cue from Franco Cassano's *Pensiero meridiano* (1996). One barber interviewed even proudly claims that the locals have an ethos of laziness with regard to work.

Here as elsewhere throughout the Meridione (Southern Italy), many of those young people who seek work are currently leaving the area in droves. Compared to the

great historic waves of the past, this phenomenon of the contemporary south has been characterized as an intellectual migration, due to the fact that it is a significant proportion of the most highly educated that is emigrating. (This is exemplified by the Nasuto brothers themselves: Andrea holds a degree in international finance from Milan's Bocconi University, while Marco graduated in aerospace engineering from Rome's La Sapienza.) Moreover, we are told, Italy is lagging behind other higher-income countries in attracting highly educated immigrants. Although the film does not dwell on the point, unemployment continues to be a problem for the less educated, too, but the present-day southern "brain drain" (*fuga dei cervelli*) appears to be particularly poignant.

It is no surprise, then, that family histories of migration are repeating. Through the Nasutos' Uncle Andrea, we learn that their grandfather had immigrated to Venezuela. Compared with the emigrants of yesteryear, however, today's youth are facilitated to some extent by being socialized more extensively into globalization. We see this reflected in the film by the expressive forms to which the directors relentlessly draw our attention: graffiti, break dancing, rap and electronic music, clothing. In this sense, the medium is also the message, because by being made available at no charge through the Internet, the documentary has struck a strong chord among members of the new Italian diaspora, who have commented on it extensively on YouTube, Twitter, and other social networks. In fact, the film is very appealing in its efficacious evocations of multisensorial elements: visuals, yes, but also sounds (wooden sandals, the sea), tastes, smells, the scorching summer heat, the texture of the omnipresent Gargano limestone. The editing is lively, and there is a good dose of humor.

Despite its appeal, however, I suggest that the film runs the risk of presenting contemporary southern emigration in terms that excessively individualize the question. If it was said of earlier Italian emigrants that they "voted with their feet"—rejecting conditions at home by moving abroad—here there is a striking lack of attention to the political and structural conditions that inhibit change or that might instead make it possible, for example, the availability of bank credit, infrastructures, or alternative economic models. In considering the individual choice of staying or going, we must also keep in mind the traditional role of the Italian family as a welfare buffer, which has steadily eroded since the early 1990s. Instead of rooting the portrait of emigration in such broader developments, the film seems to point to the usual suspects to be blamed within the local community: social envy and a certain "mentality," as interviewees put it, to describe widespread attitudes that inhibit collaboration and initiatives. The directors take pains to show us the dramatic conditions of Manfredonia—which are also true for much of the south—caused by the failure of the industrial *cattedrali nel deserto* (cathedrals in the desert) of the economic boom, the devastating legacy of an illegal toxic landfill, and irresponsible urban development. But they wholly neglect to explore the macro forces at work that produce such tragedies. If, on the other hand, they celebrate the Gargano as an up-and-coming tourist destination, they fail to show us who is benefitting from this development or how tourism might be translated into a benefit that would permit more young people to stay. The film does offer some suggestion of collective response in Manfredonia with the mention of the *Sottosopra* women's movement; as in the case of the antinuclear waste revolt of 2003 in Scanzano Jonico (Matera province, Basilicata), we are reminded that the south is not wholly passive or incapable of collective action. However, this aspect of collective agency is left relatively

underanalyzed in the film; toward the end it receives a brief poetic homage in the context of the patron saint's festival, where the townspeople's subjectivity as "us" in relation to an outside "them" seems to emerge most concretely.

Like a thread woven through the footage, we see the Nasuto brothers jogging across the Manfredonian landscape. The running becomes an ambiguous metaphor: of running in place but also the possibility of running away. On a \$26 budget, using a borrowed camcorder, and apparently with no prior training, they have succeeded in producing a stimulating and pleasurable documentary that offers an insider's view, something akin to an autoethnography of the emigration dilemma. In Italian and in English (alternating subtitles between the two languages), the film could easily be used to accompany class readings and lessons on conditions in the Mezzogiorno, on the condition that it be balanced with works that instead draw attention to the historical and structural factors that play into what here appears to be simply a matter of individual choice.

—DOROTHY LOUISE ZINN
Free University of Bozen-Bolzano

Works Cited

Cassano, Frank. 1996. *Pensiero meridione*. Rome: Laterza.

Sinatra: All or Nothing at All.

By Alex Gibney.

Jigsaw Productions, 2015.

240 minutes. Streaming format, color.

I have a few bones to pick with Frank Sinatra Enterprises, particularly about its tolerance of bad digital remastering, but Alex Gibney's recent biopic, *All or Nothing at All*, broadcast on HBO, is not one of my issues. Using performance footage from the 1971 L.A. "Retirement Concert" as a self-reflexive frame, the documentary represents Sinatra's life and career in their well-known yet still engaging, near-mythic trajectory, with a significant degree of grounded detail. There are no claims to radical innovation, to new psycho-social or musical-theatrical insight; and if its semiofficial sponsorship from Sinatra's family and friends courts the charge of hagiography (a word that both academics and journalists use with contempt), its celebrations are not the kind that white-wash the nastiness and its damages. Indeed, part of the biographical power comes from forthrightness regarding the flip sides (his horrific oversensitivity, preemptive condescension, and callous self-indulgence) of Sinatra's massive temperamental strengths (including genre-transformative confidence, generosity of mind and wallet, and fierce discipline to musical craft), while the movement of Sinatra's eyes in interviews (especially with Walter Cronkite) marks continuing evasions and disarming admissions. Several dozen voices—all of the family, especially first wife Nancy and