



la Bussola

GIUSEPPE FORNASARIG

THE HOPE IN POETRY

TOWARDS A NEW HUMANISM

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to Matteo

PREFACE

by NICOLA CECCONI⁽¹⁾

Giuseppe Fornasarig's poems, always born from the emotion and an effusive need, are also the testimony of a subjective evolution, stimulated by a long experience of analysis.

The poetry seems to arise from an encounter between the daily ego and the dreamlike psyche, where the inner figures merge, with their symbolic implications and the making of the conscience. The dream is in fact the translation made understandable, in which Nature speaks and manifests itself. The discovery of a common language, developing from the merging of poetic images with the dreamlike ones: «Only the song that takes its shape / gives back the life to the symbol, sound of the night / subtracts time to the emptiness of death». (*The future of poetry*, from *Metapoetry*, p. 128).

A path that takes its cue from the intimacy and subjectivism of the dream, and regenerates them recovering the ritual and collective meaning. A conscious perception of the dreamlike

(1) Literary critic.

language goes along, and sustains this experience. A coherent language able to meet the *Logos*, the Reason, while staying on the side of Nature. According to the author, the dream invades us, and psychoanalysis opened a path that allows the dreamlike message to be comprehended with the daily mind. From this regenerating encounter poetry arises, the language of the dream is used in the verse to repeat and expand sharing to others: «Only knows to incarnate, / at least partly, / that obscure language / and its poetic art». (*Metapoetry II*, from *Metapoetry*, p. 26). In order to do that, it's necessary to have an intuition of the laws harmonically regulating the dreamlike images in a circular-natural temporality that is also the place where inorganic, organic, and human unify.

There is in fact continuity among matter, intelligence, and spirit. In the passage from the dreamlike language to the verbal language, the path is made with science and culture. Arising simultaneously, the hypothesis of a potential interaction between this dimension of the mind and its laws, hypothetically universal, and the constituting of emotions and passions in their barging into collective history.

From here Fornasarig develops the perception of a compressed time (or circular), where the myth and the art can witness impressive analogies between past and present. The dreamlike language, as part of the Nature language, is almost the completion of a mysterious project that leads in continuity from the inorganic, to the organic, to the psychic life that manifests in the dreams.

The dream is not intended as a projection of inner evolutions, but as a door that enables communication between the Whole, and us. The connection between the dreamlike psyche, and the poetry, is deep; in literary tradition, many tried to develop this dialectic, not last being surrealism. The author

takes up a new path. Convinced that Jung and Freud opened an original path to the encounter with the dreamlike language, he follows this path with poetic intuition hoping to get to a new *koinè*.

Back to the creative act: it's like an organ producing writing, pushing heterogeneous elements through emotion, where the form of the verse and the rhyme scheme become the unifying moment. Truth, established even in the more theoretical and conceptual poems.

Fornasarig doesn't think of words as merely evocative; but by unravelling their intrinsic allusive features, he restores their ability to share, to the dialogue.

The path of research

In childhood there is a more instinctive interpenetration between the outside world and our inner activity. Fantasy can modify reality, perception is less defined, letting that inner reality bend objectivity. This ability, typical of the first years of life is never completely lost, however often forgotten and polluted by cultural superstructures. By overturning the rationalist illusion, Fornasarig indicates an intimate interaction between the experience of the dream and the daily mind. It is indeed the dream that lets the emotions spring, while freeing us from the time «of the short hourglass» (The empty time and its will, p. 41). People always tried to reduce the world to a revelatory ideology, or a scientific mechanic. Alternatively, one or the other illusion didn't allow a bigger comprehension; able to embrace the "Atman", word that in the East indicates the individual Self, separate, or inseparable from the universal Self (the "Brahman").

The time of history

These poems derive from the particular vision of man as a complex subject, and of his extraordinary destiny in nature that sees him on the top of creation. While history seems to decay and empty itself because it rejects this perception: «There is no moral in the short time / if the still unknown hourglass of time / consumes itself at the edge of a life» (*There is no moral in short time...* p. 57). What poetry asks to the social conscience, is to recover history in the value of the unknown dimensions, never surfaced, but that greatly determine it. Fornasari suggests that the way to do this is by retrieving the individual past. Just like collective memories create history, individual memories create the memory. Finding in them, between the individual memory, and the collective one, means finding one's place in history according to the man-poet, and comprehending the dramas of the past. Poems like *Commandant of Auschwitz* (pp. 78-81) shine a light to recent historical dramas like Nazism, and ask an echo of individual conscience here, today, to recognize oneself in them. Because the dark part in us, today like before, contains the secret of evil in the centuries. Evil may be "reparable", the author thinks, if the unconscious surfacing in the light (like it happens in the dream) revealed, at least partly, the enigma of history.

The time of nature

In its shapes, with its transformations, Nature brings to life the alchemy of the dream, celebrating in it the ancient pact with the Source. Pantheism invests the minimum matter, it elevates toward higher forms of intelligence up to incarnating in the dream, the intermediate form of conscience between Nature and culture.

«Or maybe it was in that ten to the power of negative six / of emptiness and distance / that the first song is born», we read in *Schrodinger's curve* (p. 95), where the harmonic dance of the moving matter in space indicates, for the poet, the presence of cosmic pantheism.

The time of the night

These poems faithfully show the dreams of the author, trying to convey the message that comes from them. The wonder, for the coherence of this unknown language that speaks of the night, arises. This wonder becomes emotion looking to speak. The dream is full of questions, not only asked but in need of an answer, a poetic passage that goes over the Orphic proposition: symbolic consideration follows the vision, the image. Not simple translation, as the ordinary dream interpretation dictates. Behind the sleeping eyelids a symbolic mystery occurs, neither mystical nor aesthetic, but truth and substance that recovers the myth. This intermediate place between art and history seems to witness the writing styles of the collective subconscious coagulated in symbols. They are then acquired by culture, almost reflecting the universal language carried by the individual subconscious. Many are the reminders suggested by the myth of Androgenous and the reconstruction, in psychological terms, of a lost harmony between male and female. Taking as examples, poems like *Zeus's hate* (p. 136) or the ones about Eurydice (*Michelangelo's dream*, p. 109; *Orpheus's temptation*, p. 111; *Lost Eurydice*, p. 113; *Eurydice's reincarnation*, p. 115)

Love poems

With traits like a modern “*dolce stilnovismo*” (sweet new style) Fornasarig develops the theme of love, asking how much our mys-

terious inner depths really make the object of love an odd miracle. Where uniqueness and solitude open themselves to the encounter, and to that mysterious fusion that the relationship implies.

And this, for the author, is the place where the divine reveals itself. Not through the transcendence of the body like in literary tradition, but through an epiphany of all realities toward Pantheism: «... What happened that lead us to think / that death itself and the void of Isis / are the price to love her?» (*To Francis Petrarch*, p. 184).

Religious

These verses attempt a movement towards the divine that pours from new statuses of conscience, derived from the subconscious and its harmonies. They imply the belief that the dreamlike language, part of Nature, that guides us, and the language of reason and culture, could meet and signify a new “humanism” for the West. They are implied by a pantheistic faith, and by the yearning to a religiousness that invokes the encounter of religions in their deep essence: «Too many languages / spoke with Your voice: / they revealed themselves / as altered forms, scattered / of Your unity» (*The resurrection of the flesh*, p. 218). Fornasarig develops a new syncretism, a religious panic that leads to earthly salvation, shielded from the *Logos*, that didn't exclude the flesh, Nature. The mind is in fact «the last shore / of a project that everything contains» (*Everything ages, decays...*, p. 223).

Toward the East

It's a movement to meet the East, more hoped than fulfilled. With conviction, many times falsified but always resurfacing, that their millennial path toward introspection must meet ours,

uncertain and new. And that we and them have a common voice, deep down, of a universal Mind-Soul-Matter. A voice repressed here in the West, because of a different evolution of the mind-body relationship from Plato on. To the point that this voice needs to protect itself with the silence of the night to emerge, and surface in the dream, when our codes and our western cult of the omnipotent *Logos* are silent. In fact the *Logos* is a divine gift, but it lost its roots. Maybe, as with the East, there will be a moment, a space of silence, where the loud voices of competing religions will attenuate and the Divine, in that silence, would reveal itself.