

### 1: Modern Italian Poets by W. D. Howells - Full Text Free Book (Part 6/6)

*In , the poet Eugenio Montale published his Quaderno di traduzioni and created an entirely new Italian literary genre, the "translation notebook." The quaderni were the work of some of Italy's foremost poets, and their translation anthologies proved fundamental for their aesthetic and cultural development.*

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fast latest novel. But in he married Mlle. Louisa Henriette Blondel, the daughter of a banker of Geneva, who, having herself been converted from Protestantism to the Catholic faith on coming to Milan, converted her husband in turn, and thereafter there was no question concerning his religion. She was long remembered in her second country "for her fresh blond head, and her blue eyes, her lovely eyes", and she made her husband very happy while she lived. The young poet signalized his devotion to his young bride, and the faith to which she restored him, in his Sacred Hymns, published in this devout and joyous time. But Manzoni was never a Catholic of those Catholics who believed in the temporal power of the Pope. The Roman people are right in asking their freedom--there are hours for nations, as for governments, in which they must occupy themselves, not with what is convenient, but with what is just. Let us lay hands boldly upon the temporal power, but let us not touch the doctrine of the Church. The one is as distinct from the other as the immortal soul from the frail and mortal body. To believe that the Church is attacked in taking away its earthly possessions is a real heresy to every true Christian. He dispensed with these hitherto indispensable conditions of dramatic composition among the Italians eight years before Victor Hugo braved their tyranny in his Cromwell; and in an introduction to his tragedy he gave his reasons for this audacious innovation. In the mean time he had written his magnificent ode on the Death of Napoleon, "Il Cinque Maggio", which was at once translated by Goethe, and recognized by the French themselves as the last word on the subject. It placed him at the head of the whole continental Romantic School. In he published his romance, "I Promessi Sposi", known to every one knowing anything of Italian, and translated into all modern languages. Besides these works, and some earlier poems, Manzoni wrote only a few essays upon historical and literary subjects, and he always led a very quiet and uneventful life. He was very fond of the country; early every spring he left the city for his farm, whose labors he directed and shared. His life was so quiet, indeed, and his fate so happy, in contrast with that of Pellico and other literary contemporaries at Milan, that he was accused of indifference in political matters by those who could not see the subtler tendency of his whole life and works. Marc Monnier says, "There are countries where it is a shame not to be persecuted," and this is the only disgrace which has ever fallen upon Manzoni. When the Austrians took possession of Milan, after the retirement of the French, they invited the patricians to inscribe themselves in a book of n. He constantly refused honors offered him by the Government, and he sent back the ribbon of a knightly order with the answer that he had made a vow never to wear any decoration. When Victor Emanuel in turn wished to do him a like honor, he held himself bound by his excuse to the Austrians, but accepted the honorary presidency of the Lombard Inst. In he was elected a Senator of the realm; he appeared in order to take the oath and then he retired to a privacy never afterwards broken. As to the religious lyrics, the manner of their treatment was fresh and individual although the matter and the significance were not new; and the poet was "a Christian without fanaticism, a Roman Catholic without bigotry, a zealot without hardness. The Carmagnola was given in Florence in , but in spite of the favor of the court, and the open rancor of the friends of the Cla. The time of the Carmagnola is the fifteenth century; that of the Adelchi the eighth century; and however strongly marked are the characters,--and they are very strongly marked, and differ widely from most persons of Italian cla. In the Carmagnola the pathos is chiefly in the feeling embodied by the magnificent chorus lamenting the slaughter of Italians by Italians at the battle of Maclodio; in the Adelchi we are conscious of no emotion so strong as that we experience when we hear the wail of the Italian people, to whom the overthrow of their Longobard oppressors by the Franks is but the signal of a new enslavement. This chorus is almost as fine as the more famous one in the Carmagnola; both are incomparably finer than anything else in the tragedies and are much more dramatic than the dialogue. It is

in the emotion of a spectator belonging to our own time rather than in that of an actor of those past times that the poet shows his dramatic strength; and whenever he speaks abstractly for country and humanity he moves us in a way that permits no doubt of his greatness. After all, there is but one Shakespeare, and in the drama below him Manzoni holds a high place. The faults of his tragedies are those of most plays which are not acting plays, and their merits are much greater than the great number of such plays can boast. I have not meant to imply that you want sympathy with the persons of the drama, but only less sympathy than with the ideas embodied in them. There are many affecting scenes, and the whole of each tragedy is conceived in the highest and best ideal. V In the Carmagnola, the action extends from the moment when the Venetian Senate, at war with the Duke of Milan, places its armies under the command of the count, who is a soldier of fortune and has formerly been in the service of the Duke. The Senate sends two commissioners into his camp to represent the state there, and to be spies upon his conduct. This was a somewhat clumsy contrivance of the Republic to give a patriotic character to its armies, which were often recruited from mercenaries and generated by them; and, of course, the hireling leaders must always have chafed under the surveillance. After the battle of Maclodio, in which the Venetian mercenaries defeated the Milanese, the victors, according to the custom of their trade, began to free their comrades of the other side whom they had taken prisoners. The commissioners protested against this waste of results, but Carmagnola answered that it was the usage of his soldiers, and he could not forbid it; he went further, and himself liberated some remaining prisoners. His action was duly reported to the Senate, and as he had formerly been in the service of the Duke of Milan, whose kinswoman he had married, he was suspected of treason. He was invited to Venice, and received with great honor, and conducted with every flattering ceremony to the hall of the Grand Council. From this tragedy I give first a translation of that famous chorus of which I have already spoken; I have kept the measure and the movement of the original at some loss of literality. On the right hand a trumpet is sounding, On the left hand a trumpet replying, The field upon all sides resounding With the trampling of foot and of horse. Yonder flashes a flag; yonder flying Through the still air a bannerol glances; Here a squadron embattled advances, There another that threatens its course. To our fair fields what bringeth To make war upon us, this stranger? Which is he that hath sworn to avenge her, The land of his birth, on her foes? They are all of one land and one nation, One speech; and the foreigner names them All brothers, of one generation; In each visage their kindred is seen; This land is the mother that claims them, This land that their life blood is steeping, That G. Ah, which drew the first blade among them To strike at the heart of his brother? What wrong, or what insult hath stung them To wipe out what stain, or to die? They know not; to slay one another They come in a cause none hath told them; A chief that was purchased hath sold them; They combat for him, nor ask why. Ah, woe for the mothers that bare them, For the wives of these warriors maddened! Why come not their loved ones to tear them Away from the infamous field? Their sires, whom long years have saddened, And thoughts of the sepulcher chastened, In warning why have they not hastened To bid them to hold and to yield? As under the vine that embowers His own happy threshold, the smiling Clown watches the tempest that lowers On the furrows his plow has not turned, So each waits in safety, beguiling The time with his count of those falling Afar in the fight, and the appalling Flames of towns and of villages burned. There, intent on the lips of their mothers, Thou shalt hear little children with scorning Learn to follow and flout at the brothers Whose blood they shall go forth to shed; Thou shalt see wives and maidens adorning Their bosoms and hair with the splendor Of gems but now torn from the tender, Hapless daughters and wives of the dead. Oh, disaster, disaster, disaster! But along the ranks, rent and unsteady, Many waver--they yield, they are flying! With the last hope of victory dying The love of life rises again. As out of the fan, when it tosses The grain in its breath, the grain flashes, So over the field of their losses Fly the vanquished. At the feet of the foe they fall trembling, And yield life and sword to his keeping; In the shouts of the victors a. To the saddle a courier leaping, Takes a missive, and through all resistance, Spurs, lashes, devours the distance; Every hamlet awakes at the sound. Ah, why from their rest and their labor To the hoof-beaten road do they gather? Why turns every one to his neighbor The jubilant tidings to hear? In fight brother fell upon brother! All around I hear cries of rejoicing; The temples are decked; the song swelleth From the hearts of the fratricides, voicing Praise and thanks that are hateful to G. Meantime from the Alps where he dwelleth The Stranger turns. Leave your games, leave your songs and exulting; Fill again your

battalions and rally Again to your banners! Insulting The stranger descends, he is come! Are ye feeble and few in your sally, Ye victors? For this he descendeth! A foe unprovoked to offend them At thy board sitteth down, and derideth, The spoil of thy foolish divideth, Strips the sword from the hand of thy kings. What people was ever For bloodshedding blest, or oppression? Here is the whole political history of Italy. I do not know just how to express my sense of near approach through that last stanza to the heart of a very great and good man, but I am certain that I have such a feeling. I think it quite unsurpa. It is humanity in either case that inspires him--a humanity characteristic of many Italians of this century, who have studied so long in the school of suffering that they know how to abhor a system of wrong, and yet excuse its agents. Carmagnola is speaking with one of the Commissioners of the Venetian Republic, when the other suddenly enters:

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*translated by Linh Dinh: working + bgmole (12 paragraphs for Vivalibri, 18/06/) In the middle of a scene from which he could see the end, kinch went to work, collaborating with the construction of the present and of autumn mornings.*

Boetius, a 6th-century Christian philosopher, helped keep alive the classic tradition in post-Roman Italy. The liberal arts flourished at Ravenna under Theodoric, and the Gothic kings surrounded themselves with masters of rhetoric and of grammar. Italians who were interested in theology gravitated towards Paris. Those who remained were typically attracted by the study of Roman law. This furthered the later establishment of the medieval universities of Bologna, Padua, Vicenza, Naples, Salerno, Modena and Parma. These helped to spread culture, and prepared the ground in which the new vernacular literature developed. Classical traditions did not disappear, and affection for the memory of Rome, a preoccupation with politics, and a preference for practice over theory combined to influence the development of Italian literature. High medieval literature[ edit ]

Trovatori[ edit ] The earliest vernacular literary tradition in Italy was in Occitan, a language spoken in parts of northwest Italy. A tradition of vernacular lyric poetry arose in Poitou in the early 12th century and spread south and east, eventually reaching Italy by the end of the 12th century. The first troubadours trovatori in Italian, as these Occitan lyric poets were called, to practise in Italy were from elsewhere, but the high aristocracy of Lombardy was ready to patronise them. The influence of these poets on the native Italians got the attention of Aimeric de Peguilhan in Aimeric apparently feared the rise of native competitors. Peire de la Mula stayed at the Montferrat court around and Raimbaut de Vaqueiras spent most of his career as court poet and close friend of Boniface I. Raimbaut, along with several other troubadours, including Elias Cairel, followed Boniface on the Fourth Crusade and established, however briefly, Italo-Occitan literature in Thessalonica. The Occitan tradition in Italy was more broad than simply Genoa or even Lombardy. Bertolome Zorzi was from Venice. Girardo Cavallazzi was a Ghibelline from Novara. Nicoletto da Torino was probably from Turin. In Ferrara the Duecento was represented by Ferrari Trogni. Terramagnino da Pisa, from Pisa, wrote the *Doctrina de cort* as a manual of courtly love. He was one of the late 13th-century figures who wrote in both Occitan and Italian. Paolo Lanfranchi da Pistoia, from Pistoia, was another. Both wrote sonnets, but while Terramagnino was a critic of the Tuscan school, Paolo has been alleged as a member. On the other hand, he has much in common with the Sicilians and the *Dolce Stil Novo*. Perhaps the most important aspect of the Italian troubadour phenomenon was the production of *chansonniers* and the composition of *vidas* and *razos*. Uc de Saint Circ, who was associated with the Da Romano and Malaspina families, spent the last forty years of his life in Italy. He undertook to author the entire *razo* corpus and a great many of the *vidas*. The most famous and influential Italian troubadour, however, was from the small town of Goito near Mantua. He was the inventor of the hybrid genre of the *sirventes-planh* in The troubadours had a connexion with the rise of a school of poetry in the Kingdom of Sicily. Both had fled the Albigensian Crusade, like Aimeric de Peguilhan. The Crusade had devastated Languedoc and forced many troubadours of the area, whose poetry had not always been kind to the Church hierarchy, to flee to Italy, where an Italian tradition of papal criticism was begun. Protected by the emperor and the Ghibelline faction criticism of the Church establishment flourished. Chivalric romance[ edit ]

The *Historia de excidio Trojae*, attributed to Dares Phrygius, claimed to be an eyewitness account of the Trojan war. Herbot and Konrad used a French source to make an almost original work in their own language. Guido delle Colonne of Messina, one of the vernacular poets of the Sicilian school, composed the *Historia destructionis Troiae*. Much the same thing occurred with other great legends. Qualichino of Arezzo wrote couplets about the legend of Alexander the Great. Europe was full of the legend of King Arthur, but the Italians contented themselves with translating and abridging French romances. Jacobus de Voragine, while collecting his *Golden Legend*, remained a historian. He seemed doubtful of the truthfulness of the stories he told. The intellectual life of Italy showed itself in an altogether special, positive, almost scientific form in the study of Roman law. Farfa, Marsicano, and other scholars translated Aristotle, the precepts of the school of Salerno, and the travels of Marco Polo, linking the classics and the Renaissance. At the same time, epic poetry was written in a mixed language, a dialect of Italian based on French: In short,

the language of the epic poetry belonged to both tongues. Examples include the chansons de geste , Macaire , the *Entre en Espagne* written by Niccola of Padua , the *Prise de Pampelune* , and others. All this preceded the appearance of a purely Italian literature. The emergence of native vernacular literature[ edit ] The French and Occitan languages gradually gave way to the native Italian. Hybridism recurred, but it no longer predominated. These writings, which Graziadio Isaia Ascoli has called *miste mixed* , immediately preceded the appearance of purely Italian works. There is evidence that a kind of literature already existed before the 13th century: However, as he points out, such early literature does not yet present any uniform stylistic or linguistic traits. This early development, however, was simultaneous in the whole peninsula, varying only in the subject matter of the art. In the north, the poems of Giacomino da Verona and Bonvicino da Riva were specially religious, and were intended to be recited to the people. They were written in a dialect of Milanese and Venetian; their style bore the influence of French narrative poetry. They may be considered as belonging to the "popular" kind of poetry, taking the word, however, in a broad sense. This sort of composition may have been encouraged by the old custom in the north of Italy of listening in the piazzas and on the highways to the songs of the jongleurs. The crowds were delighted with the stories of romances, the wickedness of Macaire , and the misfortunes of Blanziflor , the terrors of the *Babilonia Infernale* and the blessedness of the *Gerusalemme celeste*, and the singers of religious poetry vied with those of the chansons de geste. Sicilian School The year marked the beginning of the Sicilian School and of a literature showing more uniform traits. This poetry differs from the French equivalent in its treatment of the woman, less erotic and more platonic , a vein further developed by *Dolce Stil Novo* in later 13th-century Bologna and Florence. The customary repertoire of chivalry terms is adapted to Italian phonotactics , creating new Italian vocabulary. These were adopted by Dante and his contemporaries, and handed on to future generations of Italian writers. Giacomo da Lentini is also credited with inventing the sonnet , a form later perfected by Dante and Petrarch. The censorship imposed by Frederick meant that no political matter entered literary debate. In this respect, the poetry of the north, still divided into communes or city-states with relatively democratic governments, provided new ideas. This *Contrasto* dispute between two lovers in the Sicilian language is not the most ancient or the only southern poem of a popular kind. It belongs without doubt to the time of the emperor Frederick II no later than , and is important as proof that there existed a popular, independent of literary, poetry. The *Contrasto* is probably a scholarly re-elaboration of a lost popular rhyme and is the closest to a kind of poetry that perished or was smothered by the ancient Sicilian literature. It is vigorous in the expression of feelings. The conceits , sometimes bold and very coarse, show that its subject matter is popular. Everything about the *Contrasto* is original. The poems of the Sicilian school were written in the first known standard Italian. This was elaborated by these poets under the direction of Frederick II and combines many traits typical of the Sicilian, and to a lesser, but not negligible extent, Apulian dialects and other southern dialects, with many words of Latin and French origin. The standard changed slightly in Tuscany, because Tuscan scribes perceived the five-vowel system used by southern Italian as a seven-vowel one. As a consequence, the texts that Italian students read in their anthology contain lines that do not rhyme with each other sometimes Sic. Religious literature[ edit ] In the 13th century a religious movement took place in Italy, with the rise of the Dominican and Franciscan Orders. The earliest preserved sermons in an Italian language are from Jordan of Pisa , a Dominican. According to legend, Francis dictated the hymn *Cantico del Sole* in the eighteenth year of his penance, almost rapt in ecstasy; doubts remain about its authenticity. It was the first great poetical work of Northern Italy, written in a kind of verse marked by assonance , a poetic device more widespread in Northern Europe. Other poems previously attributed to Francis are now generally recognized as lacking in authenticity. Jacopone da Todi was a poet who represented the religious feeling that had made special progress in Umbria. Jacopone was possessed by St. Jacopone covered himself with rags, joined St. He went on raving for years, subjecting himself to the severest sufferings, and giving vent to his religious intoxication in his poems. The religious movement in Umbria was followed by another literary phenomenon, the religious drama. In a hermit, Raniero Fasani , left the cavern where he had lived for many years and suddenly appeared at Perugia. Fasani represented himself as sent by God to disclose mysterious visions, and to announce to the world terrible visitations. This was a turbulent period of political faction the Guelphs and Ghibellines , interdicts and

excommunications issued by the popes, and reprisals of the imperial party. These laudi, closely connected with the liturgy, were the first example of the drama in the vernacular tongue of Italy. As early as the end of the 13th century the *Devozioni del Giovedì e Venerdì Santo* appeared, mixing liturgy and drama. Later, *di un Monaco che andò al servizio di Dio* "of a monk who entered the service of God" approached the definite form the religious drama would assume in the following centuries. First Tuscan literature[ edit ] 13th-century Tuscany was in a unique situation. The Tuscans spoke a dialect that closely resembled Latin and afterward became, almost exclusively, the language of literature, and which was already regarded at the end of the 13th century as surpassing other dialects. *Lingua Tusca magis apta est ad litteram sive literaturam* "The Tuscan tongue is better suited to the letter or literature" wrote Antonio da Tempo of Padua, born about 1250. After the fall of the Hohenstaufen at the Battle of Benevento in 1268, it was the first province of Italy. From 1282, Florence began a political reform movement that led, in 1292, to the appointment of the *Priori delle Arti*, and establishment of the *Arti Minori*. This was later copied by Siena with the *Magistrato dei Nove*, by Lucca, by Pistoia, and by other Guelph cities in Tuscany with similar popular institutions. The guilds took the government into their hands, and it was a time of social and political prosperity. In Tuscany, too, popular love poetry existed.

**3: Various Authors (â€™) - Five Italian Poets: Selected Italian Poems of the early 20th Century**

*The Project Gutenberg EBook of Modern Italian Poets, by William Dean Howells This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever.*

Saturday 9 October October 1, In this overview of modern Italian poetry, Franco Buffoni distinguishes six major different directions: During the s many critics manifested the growing tendency, already present in the previous decade, to overturn the idea that the hermetic-avant-gardist line was at the centre of 20th century Italian poetry, with the absolute aesthetic pre-eminence of Giuseppe Ungaretti and Eugenio Montale. Umberto Saba is now unanimously considered to be on the same level as Montale and to some critics he is even superior. Poets like Camillo Sbarbaro, Delio Tessa, and Clemente Rebora are being re-evaluated more and more, naturally to the detriment of Montale. In the meantime, Ungaretti is discussed less and less, while critics prefer to keep silent on Quasimodo, despite his Nobel prize. The unequivocal affirmations of critics like Luigi Baldacci and Cesare Garboli â€™ who respectively depict Carlo Betocchi and Sandro Penna as the greatest Italian poets of the 20th century always naturally to the detriment of Montale â€™ allow us to close the dispute between Novecento and Anti-Novecento. This controversy pitted the group of major poets with Ungaretti, Montale, the hermetics, and Luzi against the ex-minor group of the Anti-Novecento tradition with Palazzeschi, Govoni, Saba, Diego Valeri, Penna, and Caproni. The two groups are at this point considered to be equally important. A critical reassessment of such magnitude could not help but be reflected in the stylistic choices of younger poets and of those well-known poets who have published successfully in the past two or three decades. As a matter of fact, it should be noted that the age gap between poets currently working has widened significantly in recent years. On the other hand, in addition to Caproni, Bigongiari and Fortini, during this decade we have also lost younger and splendidly active poets such as Margherita Guidacci, whose work is characterized by a delicately mystic vein, Amelia Rosselli, a multilingual and extremely sensitive interpreter of the music of poetry, and Dario Bellezza, heir to the tradition of "poet maudit" crossed with Catholic issues, a tendency that had a valid interpreter in Giovanni Testori. In order to propose an outline of the major schools or tendencies in Italian poetry of the last few decades, one could empirically indicate six different spheres: The writers who created the "Gruppo 63" â€™ with the exception of Antonio Porta who died prematurely â€™ are all still active: The critics who supported the movement, from Alfredo Giuliani to Renato Barilli, are also still active. They, in fact, actively favoured the birth of the so-called Gruppo 93, to whom many experimental poets of the nineties turned to either directly or indirectly: These poets had the external support of Giancarlo Majorino, a poet who was rather eccentric with respect to this tendency, and who managed to involve even younger authors such as Andrea Raos, Andrea Inglese and Flavio Santi in a hypothesis of experimentalism. The aim of these poets â€™ more or less directly â€™ remains that of protesting against ideological conditionings of the word with the subsequent decision to use it only in transgressive terms. Trust in the evocative capacity of the word was fundamental for Campana and also for the Neo-Orphics: The Neo-Orphic and Neo-Hermetic experience, which developed in Italy during the past thirty years, also gave rise to the Mytho-modernist movement among younger poets in the nineties. For these poets "myth is the language that transcends the personal and the temporal, with which the universe speaks to itself. It is not the past, but the future, the cosmic conscience of humanity. Among the youngest poets we find the Bolognese author Maria Luisa Vezzali. Pier Paolo Pasolini was a master of civil poetry from the early sixties after a stupendous phase in Friulano dialect until his premature death in the mid-seventies. This writer and intellectual is still at the centre of furious ideological as well as aesthetic and poetic disputes. The poet born in explicitly or implicitly refers to other authors of the civil tradition, from Franco Fortini who in published his latest book with Einaudi, *Composita solvantur* to Roberto Roversi. Among the youngest poets we can mention the Tuscan Guido Mazzoni, who nonetheless can also be placed among the heirs of the Lombard line obviously understood stylistically and as a category of the spirit rather than a mere geographical coordinate. The first â€™ which could be defined as a return to of closed metric forms â€™ already manifested itself fully in the eighties with authors like Alda Merini, Patrizia Valduga and Antonello Satta Centanin. This last decade has been

characterized by the reclaiming of the sonnet with a rigid rhyme scheme, as well as of traditional Italian metres such as the septenary and the octosyllabic verse. Curiously, this return to traditional metrical forms has interested authors who are already established in other traditions like Giovanni Raboni, as well as young poets like Federico Condello. The goal of this movement seems to be to put post-Neoavant-garde, Neo-Orphism and other closed metrical forms in dialectic perspective. Another type of poetry that can be placed within the sphere of mannerism to a certain degree can be linked to the ex-minor group of the Italian Novecento of Betocchi, Saba and Penna. It has roots in Rome " in the so-called Roman school of poetry, and particularly in the experience of magazines such as *Prato pagano* and *Braci* " as well as in Milan where the outcomes of this tendency are most recognizable in the work of the poet Vivian Lamarque. Its objective seems to be to cancel the distance between word and object, so as to make the literary, on-paper aspect of poetry disappear, so as to substitute it with a singsong or nursery rhyme. The poetic quest of Roman poet Valerio Magrelli, born in , is completely different. It can be said that his work is inspired by a post-Montalian line of clarity and tied to the tradition of Leopardi, both in the reflective prose as well as the unfolding of lyric, which often alternates hendecasyllable and septenary. Magrelli gathered together all his poetry in a single, significant volume published by Einaudi in . The undisputed leader of the movement was Vittorio Sereni , who has inspired numerous poets throughout the years, from the already mentioned Giancarlo Majorino and Giovanni Raboni to Giampiero Neri, Maurizio Cucchi and Tiziano Rossi. Aspects of the poetics identified by Anceschi remain, though they are closely linked to a profound transformation of ethical and linguistic codes " in authors of the latest generations such as Franco Buffoni *Il profilo del Rosa*, Mondadori , Fabio Pusterla *Le cose senza storia*, Marcos y Marcos , Antonio Riccardi *Il profitto domestico*, Mondadori , Massimo Bocchiola, and Guido Mazzoni. Precisely because dialects are growing weaker and weaker as privileged instruments of oral communication, poets seem to want to leave written traces for the future. There is a surprising recourse to dialect in the written verses of cultured and cosmopolitan authors in their thirties who sometimes are not even oral dialectophones. Among these are the English literature scholar Edoardo Zuccato, who in published a collection in high-Milanese *Tropicu da Vissevar*, Crocetti , the Germanist Giovanni Nadiani who publishes in Romagnolo dialect , the humanistic philologist Flavio Santi already mentioned among the experimental writers and the Italianist Gian Mario Villalta who publishes in Friulano. Literary and poetic interest in dialects, which was marginalized during the fascist period, was revived during the s thanks to the intellectual farsightedness of Pasolini, who dedicated a famous anthology to dialects. In the s and s interest in dialects increased thanks to the work of several great poets: This is exactly what the Italian language has difficulty offering, since it is becoming, after all, more and more cumbersome and polysyllabic. Translated by Berenice Cocciolillo.

### 4: An Anthology of Modern Italian Poetry | Modern Language Association

*Italian greatness and unity on the banks of Tiber and of Arno, but finds it by the Po, where the war of is beginning; in the latter, three maidens recount to the poet stories of the oppression which has.*

These poets are among the most prominent in their field, and information about each well-known poet from Italy is included when available. This historic poets from Italy list can help answer the questions "Who are some Italian poets of note? He founded the Accademia dei Floridi in Bologna. He is famous for the novel *The Betrothed*, generally ranked among the masterpieces of world literature. The novel is also a Along with Giuseppe Ungaretti and Eugenio Montale, he is one of the foremost Italian poets of the 20th century and a major exponent of hermetic poetry. It is not known when or where he was born. He became the official He was born in Molina di Ledro, Trentino. A follower of Vincenzo Monti, he formed part of the 19th century Italian classicist He is considered among the greatest poets who wrote in Sicilian, which include Giovanni Meli, Domenico Tempio and Nino He is father to film directors Bernardo and Giuseppe Bertolucci. He belongs to the tradition of the language innovators, writers that played with the somewhat stiff standard pre-war Italian language, and He was appointed to the Royal Academy of Italy in Pascarella was born in Rome and initially was a painter. He is widely considered among the major authors of the 20th century in his home country. He was born in Viserba, near Rimini. Pagliarani graduated in Politics Science at He is widely considered the greatest Italian lyric poet since His contribution to poetry began with his development of Imagism, a Romani was considered the finest Italian Acciaiuoli spent much of his youth and early adulthood traveling throughout Europe, the His career spanned over twenty years working Rasi was born in Arezzo. He studied at the University of Pisa and in he was studying with Giulio Caccini. He occupied a prominent place in He is best known for writing music based around only one pitch, altered in all manners through microtonal Although he lived in a secluded town in the ultra-conservative Papal He was very influential and was regarded as the official national poet of modern Italy. In he became the first Boccaccio wrote a number of notable works, including *The Decameron* and *On Famous* He is best known as a prolific librettist. He was born in the town of Nola, Italy. He was a founding member of the Accademia dei Sereni in , where he

**5: Modern Italian Poets**

*Italian literature has always been written and cultivated in a larger historical, linguistic, and cultural milieu. The first movement of Italian poetry, La scuola siciliana (The Sicilian school), which grew up around the emperor (and poet) Frederick II in the first half of the 13th century, was born from.*

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â€” fast â€” latest novel. Part 9 Thou mirror of veracious speech sublime, What I am like in soul and body, show: Achilles now, Thersites in his turn: Man, art thou great or vile? The transformation of national character by war is never, perhaps, so immediate or entire as we are apt to expect. When our own war broke out, those who believed that we were to be purged and enn. This, indeed, seemed to take place, but there was afterward the inevitable reaction, and it appears that there are still some small blemishes upon our political and social state. Yet, for all this, each of us is conscious of some vast and inestimable difference in the nation. It is instructive, if it is not enn. It shed their blood, and wasted their treasure, and stole their statues and pictures, but it bade them believe themselves men; it forced them to think of Italy as a nation, and the very tyranny in which it ended was a realization of unity, and more to be desired a thousand times than the shameless tranquillity in which it had found them. By these terrible means the old forces of society were destroyed, not quickly, but irreparably. The cavaliere servente was extinct early in this century; and men and women opened their eyes upon an era of work, the most industrious age that the world has ever seen. The change took place slowly; much of the material was old and hopelessly rotten; but in the new generation the growth towards better and greater things was more rapid. Yet it would not be well to conjure up too heroic an image of Italian revolutionary society: Intellectually, men are active, but the great poems are not written in war-time, nor the highest effects of civilization produced. There is a taint of insanity and of instability in everything, a mark of feverishness and haste and transition. The revolution gave Italy a chance for new life, but this was the most the revolution could do. It was a great gift, not a perfect one; and as it remained for the Italians to improve the opportunity, they did it partially, fitfully, as men do everything. These men were long the most conspicuous literati in the capital of Lombardy, but neither was Lombard. Monti was educated in the folds of Arcadia at Rome; Foscolo was a native of one of the Greek islands dependent on Venice, and pa. The accident of residence at Milan brought the two men together, and made friends of those who had naturally very little in common. They can only be considered together as part of the literary history of the time in which they both happened to be born, and as one of its most striking contrasts. In , Napoleon bestowed a republican const. Thither at once turned all that was patriotic, hopeful, and ambitious in Italian life; and though one must not judge this phase of Italian civilization from Vincenzo Monti, it is an interesting comment on its effervescent, unstable, fict. He was born near Ferrara in ; and having early distinguished himself in poetry, he was conducted to Rome by the Cardinal-Legate Borghesi. At Rome he entered the Arcadian fold of course, and piped by rule there with extraordinary acceptance, and might have died a Shepherd but for the French Revolution, which broke out and gave him a chance to be a Man. The secretary of the French Legation at Naples, appearing in Rome with the tri-color of the Republic, was attacked by the foolish populace, and killed; and Monti, the petted and caressed of priests, the elegant and tuneful young poet in the train of Cardinal Borghesi, seized the event of Ugo Ba. In the moment of dissolution, Ba. The bad people of the poem are naturally the French Revolutionists; the good people, those who hate them. The most admired episode is that descriptive of poor Louis XVI. After a while the Romans wearied of their idol, and began to attack him in politics and literature; and in Monti, after a sojourn of twenty years in the Papal capital, fled from Rome to Milan. Here he was a. Bonaparte was exalted, and poor Louis XVI. Monti was amazed that all this did not suffice "to overcome that fatal combination of circ. But this scourge of honest men clings to my flesh, and I cannot hope to escape it, except I turn scoundrel to become fortunate! After Bonaparte was made First Consul, Monti invoked his might against the Germans in Italy, and carried his own injured virtue back to Milan in the train of the conqueror. Monti accepted the honors and emoluments due to long-suffering integrity and

inalterable virtue, and continued in the enjoyment of them till the Austrians came back to Milan a second time, in , when his chaste muse was stirred to a new pa. Stung by such ingrat. He died in , having probably endured more pain and run greater peril in his desire to avoid danger and suffering than the bravest and truest man in a time when courage and truth seldom went in company. It is not probable that he thought himself despicable or other than unjustly wretched. Perhaps, after all, he was not so greatly to blame. As De Sanctis subtly observes: And in that name he glorified all governments And it was not with hypocrisy He was a man who would have liked to reconcile the old and the new ideas, all opinions, yet, being forced to choose, he clung to the majority, with no desire to play the martyr. So he became the secretary of the dominant feeling, the poet of success. Kindly, tolerant, sincere, a good friend, a courtier more from necessity and weakness than perversity or wickedness; if he could have retired into his own heart, he might have come out a poet. He applied his poetic faculty to their celebration with marvelous facility, and, doubtless, regarded the results as rhetorical feats. His poetry was an art, not a principle; and perhaps he was really surprised when people thought him in earnest, and held him personally to account for what he wrote. He poured out melodies, colors, and chaff in the service of all causes; he was the poet-advocate, the Siren of the Italian Parna. He believed that poetry meant feigning, not making; and he declared that "the hard truth was the grave of the beautiful. But Monti could scarcely help any cause which he espoused; and it seems to me that he was as well employed in disputing the claims of the Tuscan dialect to be considered the Italian language as he would have been in any other way. The wonderful facility, no less than the unreality, of the man appears in many things, but in none more remarkably than his translation of Homer, which is the translation universally accepted and approved in Italy. He knew little more than the Greek alphabet, and produced his translation from the preceding versions in Latin and Italian, submitting the work to the correction of eminent scholars before he printed it. His poems fill many volumes; and all display the ease, perspicuity, and obvious beauty of the improvvisatore. From a fathomless memory, he drew felicities which had clung to it in his vast reading, and gave them a new excellence by the art with which he presented them as new. The commonplace Italians long continued to speak awfully of Monti as a great poet, because the commonplace mind regards everything established as great. He is a cla. There is something of his curious verbal beauty in it, and his singular good luck of phrase, with his fortunate reminiscences of other poets; the collocation of the different parts is very comical, and the application of it all to Louis XVI. But one must remember that the poor king was merely a subject, a theme, with the poet. As when the sun uprears himself among The lesser dazzling substances, and drives His eager steeds along the fervid curve,-- When in one only hue is painted all The heavenly vault, and every other star Is touched with pallor and doth veil its front, So with sidereal splendor all aflame Amid a thousand glad souls following, High into heaven arose that beauteous soul. Smiled, as he pa. And then were heard consonances and notes Of an ineffable sweetness, and the orbs Began again to move their starry wheels. More swiftly yet the steeds that bore the day Exulting flew, and with their mighty tread, Did beat the circuit of their airy way. In this there are three really beautiful lines; namely, those which describe the arrival of the spirit in the presence of G. There his flight ceases, there the heart, become Aim of the threefold gaze divine, is stilled, And all the urgency of desire is lost; Or, as it stands in the Italian: It was the fortune of Monti, as I have said, to sing all round and upon every side of every subject, and he was governed only by knowledge of which side was for the moment uppermost. If a poem attacked the French when their triumph seemed doubtful, the offending verses were erased as soon as the French conquered, and the same poem unblus. We have seen with how much ceremony the poet ushered that unhappy prince into eternal bliss, and in Mr. Then from their houses, like a billowy tide, Men rush enfrenzied, and, from every breast Banished shrinks Pity, weeping, terrified. Through the dark crowds that round the scaffold flock The monarch see with look and gait appear That might to soft compa. It seems scarcely possible that a personage so flatteringly attended from the scaffold to the very presence of the Trinity, could afterward have been used with disrespect by the same master of ceremonies; yet in his Ode on Superst. The tyrant has fallen. Ye peoples Oppressed, rise! Proud kings, bow before them and tremble; Yonder crumbles the greatest of thrones! There was stricken the vile perjurer Capet, He will only give Louis his family name! Who had worn out the patience of G. In that pitiless blood dip thy fingers, France, delivered from fetters unworthy! This, every one must allow, was a very unhandsome way of treating an ex-martyr, but at the

time Monti wrote he was in Milan, in the midst of most revolutionary spirits, and he felt obliged to be rude to the memory of the unhappy king. After all, probably it did not hurt the king so much as the poet.

Read "Modern Italian Poets, Essays and Versions" by William Dean Howells with Rakuten Kobo. Collection of essays. According to Wikipedia: "William Dean Howells (March 1, May 11, ) was an American realist.

How many were the peoples? Where the trace Of their lost steps? Where the funereal fields In which they sleep? Go, ask the clouds of heaven How many bolts are hidden in their breasts, And when they shall be launched; and ask the path That they shall keep in the unfurrowed air. And with them passed their guardian household gods, And faithful wisdom of their ancestors, And the seed sown in mother fields, and gathered, A fruitful harvest in their happier years. And sometimes in the lonely darkneses Upon the ambiguous way they found a light,— The deathless lamp of some great truth, that Heaven Sent in compassionate answer to their prayers. But not to all was given it to endure That ceaseless pilgrimage, and not on all Did the heavens smile perennity of life Revirginate with never-ceasing change; And when it had completed the great work Which God had destined for its race to do, Sometimes a weary people laid them down To rest them, like a weary man, and left Their nude bones in a vale of expiation, And passed away as utterly forever As mist that snows itself into the sea. The poet views this growth of nations from youth to decrepitude, and, coming back at last to himself and to his own laud and time, breaks forth into a lament of grave and touching beauty: Muse of an aged people, in the eve Of fading civilization, I was born Of kindred that have greatly expiated And greatly wept. For me the ambrosial fingers Of Graces never wove the laurel crown, But the Fates shadowed, from my youngest days, My brow with passion-flowers, and I have lived Unknown to my dear land. Oh, fortunate My sisters that in the heroic dawn Of races sung! To me, the hopes Turbid with hate; to me, the senile rage; To me, the painted fancies clothed by art Degenerate; to me, the desperate wish, Not in my soul to nurse ungenerous dreams, But to contend, and with the sword of song To fight my battles too. Such is the spirit, such is the manner, of the Prime Storie of Aleardi. The merits of the poem are so obvious, that it seems scarcely profitable to comment upon its picturesqueness, upon the clearness and ease of its style, upon the art which quickens its frequent descriptions of nature with a human interest. The defects of the poem are quite as plain, and I have again to acknowledge the critical acuteness of Arnaud, who says of Aleardi: From this results poetry of beautiful arabesques and exquisite fragments, of harmonious verse and brilliant diction. Like Primal Histories, the Hour of my Youth is a contemplative poem, to which frequency of episode gives life and movement; but its scope is less grand, and the poet, recalling his early days, remembers chiefly the events of defeated revolution which give such heroic sadness and splendor to the history of the first third of this century. The work is characterized by the same opulence of diction, and the same luxury of epithet and imagery, as the Primal Histories, but it somehow fails to win our interest in equal degree: It is certain that art ceases to be less, and country more, in the poetry of Aleardi from this time. It could scarcely be otherwise; and had it been otherwise, the poet would have become despicable, not great, in the eyes of his countrymen. The Hour of my Youth opens with a picture, where, for once at least, all the brilliant effects are synthetized; the poet has ordered here the whole Northern world, and you can dream of nothing grand or beautiful in those lonely regions which you do not behold in it. In the distances The shock of warring Cyclades of ice Makes music as of wild and strange lament; And up in heaven now tardily are lit The solitary polar star and seven Lamps of the Bear. And now the warlike race Of swans gather their hosts upon the breast Of some far gulf, and, bidding their farewell To the white cliffs, and slender junipers, And sea-weed bridal-beds, intone the song Of parting, and a sad metallic clang Send through the mists. Upon their southward way They greet the beryl-tinted icebergs; greet Flamy volcanoes, and the seething founts Of Geysers, and the melancholy yellow Of the Icelandic fields; and, wearying, Their lily wings amid the boreal lights, Journey away unto the joyous shores Of morning. In a strain of equal nobility, but of more personal and subjective effect, the thought is completed: So likewise, my own soul, from these obscure Days without glory, wings its flight afar Backward, and journeys to the years of youth And morning. Oh, give me back once more, Oh, give me, Lord, one hour of youth again! For in that time I was serene and bold, And uncontaminate, and enraptured with The universe. I did not know the pangs Of the proud mind, nor the sweet miseries Of love; and I had never gathered yet, After

those fires so sweet in burning, bitter Handfuls of ashes, that, with tardy tears Sprinkled, at last have nourished into bloom The solitary flower of penitence. There is a description of a battle, in the Hour of my Youth, which. I cannot help quoting before I leave the poem. The battle took place between the Austrians and the French on the 14th of January, , in the Chiusa, a narrow valley near Verona, and the fiercest part of the fight was for the possession of the hill of Rivoli. Clouds of smoke Floated along the heights; and, with her wild, Incessant echo, Chiusa still repeated The harmony of the muskets. Rival hosts Contended for the poverty of a hill That scarce could give their number sepulcher; But from that hill-crest waved the glorious locks Of Victory. And round its bloody spurs, Taken and lost with fierce vicissitude, Serried and splendid, swept and tempested Long-haired dragoons, together with the might Of the Homeric foot, delirious With fury; and the horses with their teeth Tore one another, or, tossing wild their manes, Fled with their helpless riders up the crags, By strait and imminent paths of rock, till down, Like angels thunder-smitten, to the depths Of that abyss the riders fell. With slain Was heaped the dreadful amphitheater; The rocks dropped blood; and if with gasping breath Some wounded swimmer beat away the waves Weakly between him and the other shore, The merciless riflemen from the cliffs above, With their inexorable aim, beneath The waters sunk him. The Monte Circellio is part of a poem in four cantos, dispersed, it is said, to avoid the researches of the police, in which the poet recounts in picturesque verse the glories and events of the Italian land and history through which he passes. A slender but potent cord of common feeling unites the episodes, and the lament for the present fate of Italy rises into hope for her future. More than half of the poem is given to a description of the geological growth of the earth, in which the imagination of the poet has unbridled range, and in which there is a success unknown to most other attempts to poetize the facts of science. The epochs of darkness and inundation, of the monstrous races of bats and lizards, of the mammoths and the gigantic vegetation, pass, and, after thousands of years, the earth is tempered and purified to the use of man by fire; and that Paradise of land and sea, forever Stirred by great hopes and by volcanic fires, Called Italy, takes shape: But first of all, the hills of Rome lifted themselves from the waters, that day when the spirit of God dwelling upon their face Saw a fierce group of seven enkindled hills, In number like the mystic candles lighted Within his future temple. Then he bent Upon that mystic pleiades of flame His luminous regard, and spoke to it: The heavenly orbs resumed Their daily dance and their unending journey; A mighty rush of plumes disturbed the rest Of the vast silence; here and there like stars About the sky, flashed the immortal eyes Of choral angels following after him. The fact that every summer the Roman hospitals are filled with the unhappy peasants who descend from the hills of the Abruzzi to snatch its harvests from the feverish Campagna will help us to understand all the meaning of the following passage, though nothing could add to its pathos, unless, perhaps, the story given by Aleardi in a note at the foot of his page: The Abruzzese answered, "Signor, we die. Here never note of amorous bird consoles Their drooping hearts; here never the gay songs Of their Abruzzi sound to gladden these Pathetic hands. But taciturn they toil, Reaping the harvest for their unknown lords; And when the weary tabor is performed, Taciturn they retire; and not till then Their bagpipes crown the joys of the return, Swelling the heart with their familiar strain. And dying, Deserted and alone, far off he hears His comrades going, with their pipes in time Joyfully measuring their homeward steps. And when in after years an orphan comes To reap the harvest here, and feels his blade Go quivering through the swaths of falling grain, He weeps and thinks: In the poem called The Marine and Commercial Cities of Italy *Le Citta Italiane Marinare e Commercianti* , Aleardi recounts the glorious rise, the jealousies, the fratricidal wars, and the ignoble fall of Venice, Florence, Pisa, and Genoa, in strains of grandeur and pathos; he has pride in the wealth and freedom of those old queens of traffic, and scorn and lamentation for the blind selfishness that kept them Venetian, Florentine, Pisan, and Genoese, and never suffered them to be Italian. I take from this poem the prophetic vision of the greatness of Venice, which, according to the patriotic tradition of Sabellico, Saint Mark beheld five hundred years before the foundation of the city, when one day, journeying toward Aquileja, his ship lost her course among the islands of the lagoons. The saint looked out over those melancholy swamps, and saw the phantom of a Byzantine cathedral rest upon the reeds, while a multitudinous voice broke the silence with the Venetian battle-cry, "Viva San Marco! There thou shalt lie, O Saint! Mark repose in his church at Venice. The late poems of Aleardi are nearly all in this lyrical form, in which the thought drops and rises with ceaseless change of music, and which wins the reader

of many empty Italian canzoni by the mere delight of its movement. It is well adapted to the subjects for which Alardi has used it; it has a stateliness and strength of its own, and its alternate lapse and ascent give animation to the ever-blending story and aspiration, appeal or reflection. The latter is a poem of some length, in which the poet, figuring himself upon a battle-field on the morrow after a combat between Italians and Austrians, "wanders among the wounded in search of expiated sins and of unknown heroism. A minister of God, praying beside the corpses of two friends, Pole and Hungarian, hails the dawn of the Magyar resurrection. The poem closes with a prophecy concerning the destinies of Austria and Italy. A very little book holds all the poems which Alardi has written, and I have named them nearly all. He has in greater degree than any other Italian poet of this age, or perhaps of any age, those qualities which English taste of this time demands--quickness of feeling and brilliancy of expression. He lacks simplicity of idea, and his style is an opal which takes all lights and hues, rather than the crystal which lets the daylight colorlessly through. He is distinguished no less by the themes he selects than by the expression he gives them. In his poetry there is passion, but his subjects are usually those to which love is accessory rather than essential; and he cares better to sing of universal and national destinies as they concern individuals, than the raptures and anguishes of youthful individuals as they concern mankind. The poet may be wrong in this, but he achieves an undeniable novelty in it, and I confess that I read him willingly on account of it. In taking leave of him, I feel that I ought to let him have the last word, which is one of self-criticism, and, I think, singularly just. He refers to the fact of his early life, that his father forbade him to be a painter, and says: And precisely on this account my pen resembles too much a pencil; precisely on this account I am too much of a naturalist, and am too fond of losing myself in minute details. I am as one, who, in walking, goes leisurely along, and stops every moment to observe the dash of light that breaks through the trees of the woods, the insect that alights on his hand, the leaf that falls on his head, a cloud, a wave, a streak of smoke; in fine, the thousand accidents that make creation so rich, so various, so poetical, and beyond which we evermore catch glimpses of that grand, mysterious something, eternal, immense, benignant, and never inhuman or cruel, as some would have us believe, which is called God. In the former there is something to remind us of Milton, of Ossian, who is still believed a poet in Latin countries, and of Byron; and in the latter, Arnaud notes very obvious resemblances to Gray, Crabbe, and Wordsworth in the simplicity or the proud humility of the theme, and the courage of its treatment. But his finest poems are those which celebrate the affections of the household, and poetize the pathetic beauty of toil and poverty in city and country. Mother is near thee. Dream, baby, of angels in the skies! But when I look upon thy sleep, And hear thy breathing soft and deep, My soul turns with a faith serene To days of sorrow that have been, And I feel that of love and happiness Heaven has given my life excess; The Lord in his mercy gave me thee, And thou in truth art part of me! Thou knowest not, as I bend above thee, How much I love thee, how much I love thee; Thou art the very life of my heart, Thou art my joy, thou art my smart! Thy day begins uncertain, child: Thou art a blossom in the wild; But over thee, with his wings abroad, Blossom, watches the angel of God. In thy little bed he kissed thee now, And dropped a tear upon thy brow. Lord, to this mute and pensive soul Temper the sharpness of his dole: Give him peace whose love my life hath kept: He too has hoped, though he has wept. And over thee, my own delight, Watch that sweet Mother, day and night, To whom the exiles consecrate Altar and heart in every fate. II Arnaldo Fusinato of Padua has written for the most part comic poetry, his principal piece of this sort being one in which he celebrates and satirizes the student-life at the University of Padua. He had afterward to make a formal reparation to the students, which he did in a poem singing their many virtues. Later, they advanced to the dignity of breaking street-lamps and of being arrested by the Austrian garrison, for in Padua the students were under a kind of martial law. Sometimes they were expelled; they lost money at play, and wrote deceitful letters to their parents for more; they shunned labor, and failed to take degrees. But we cannot be interested in traits so foreign to what I understand is our own student-life. Generally, the comic as well as the sentimental poetry of Fusinato deals with incidents of popular life; and, of course, it has hits at the fleeting fashions and passing sensations: The poem which I translate, however, is in a different strain from any of these. It will be remembered that when the Austrians returned to take Venice in , after they had been driven out for eighteen months, the city stood a bombardment of many weeks, contesting every inch of the approach with the invaders. But the Venetians were very few in

number, and poorly equipped; a famine prevailed among them; the cholera broke out, and raged furiously; the bombs began to drop into the square of St. Mark, and then the Venetians yielded, and ran up the white flag on the dearly contested lagoon bridge, by which the railway traveler enters the city. The poet is imagined in one of the little towns on the nearest main-land. The twilight is deepening, still is the wave; I sit by the window, mute as by a grave; Silent, companionless, secret I pine; Through tears where thou liest I look, Venice mine. On the clouds brokenly strewn through the west Dies the last ray of the sun sunk to rest; And a sad sibilance under the moon Sighs from the broken heart of the lagoon. Out of the city a boat draweth near: Undaunted she fell; Bravely she fought for her banner and well; But bread lacks; the cholera deadlier grows; From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows. And now be shivered upon the stone here Till thou be free again, O lyre I bear. Unto thee, Venice, shall be my last song, To thee the last kiss and the last tear belong.

**7: Modern Italian Poets | Open Library**

*The unequivocal affirmations of critics like Luigi Baldacci and Cesare Garboli - who respectively depict Carlo Betocchi and Sandro Penna as the greatest Italian poets of the 20th century (always naturally to the detriment of Montale) - allow us to close the dispute between Novecento and Anti-Novecento.*

This book has grown out of studies begun twenty years ago in Italy, and continued fitfully, as I found the mood and time for them, long after their original circumstance had become a pleasant memory. If any one were to say that it did not fully represent the Italian poetry of the period which it covers chronologically, I should applaud his discernment; and perhaps I should not contend that it did much more than indicate the general character of that poetry. At the same time, I think that it does not ignore any principal name among the Italian poets of the great movement which resulted in the national freedom and unity, and it does form a sketch, however slight and desultory, of the history of Italian poetry during the hundred years ending in 1871. Since that time, literature has found in Italy the scientific and realistic development which has marked it in all other countries. The romantic school came distinctly to a close there with the close of the long period of patriotic aspiration and endeavor; but I do not know the more recent work, except in some of the novels, and I have not attempted to speak of the newer poetry represented by Carducci. The translations here are my own; I have tried to make them faithful; I am sure they are careful. Possibly I should not offer my book to the public at all if I knew of another work in English studying even with my incoherence the Italian poetry of the time mentioned, or giving a due impression of its extraordinary solidarity. It forms part of the great intellectual movement of which the most unmistakable signs were the French revolution, and its numerous brood of revolutions, of the first, second, and third generations, throughout Europe; but this poetry is unique in the history of literature for the unswerving singleness of its tendency. The boundaries of epochs are very obscure, and of course the poetry of the century closing in has much in common with earlier Italian poetry. Parini did not begin it, nor Alfieri; it began them, and its spirit must have been felt in the perfumed air of the soft Lorraine despotism at Florence when Filicaja breathed over his native land the sigh which makes him immortal. Yet finally, every age is individual; it has a moment of its own when its character has ceased to be general, and has not yet begun to be general, and it is one of these moments which is eternized in the poetry before us. It was, perhaps, more than any other poetry in the world, an incident and an instrument of the political redemption of the people among whom it arose. Before all, here in Italy we must be men. When we have not the sword, we must take the pen. We heap together materials for building batteries and fortresses, and it is our misfortune if these structures are not works of art. When I compose a book, I think only of freeing my soul, of imparting my idea or my belief. As vehicle, I choose the form of romance, since it is popular and best liked at this day; my picture is my thoughts, my doubts, or my dreams. I begin a story to draw the crowd; when I feel that I have caught its ear, I say what I have to say; when I think the lesson is growing tiresome, I take up the anecdote again; and whenever I can leave it, I go back to my moralizing. When Alfieri, for example, began to write, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, there was no reason to suppose that the future of Italy was ever to differ very much from its past. Italian civilization had long worn a fixed character, and Italian literature had reflected its traits; it was soft, unambitious, elegant, and trivial. At that time Piedmont had a king whom she loved, but not that free constitution which she has since shared with the whole peninsula. Lombardy had lapsed from Spanish to Austrian despotism; the Republic of Venice still retained a feeble hold upon her wide territories of the main-land, and had little trouble in drugging any intellectual aspiration among her subjects with the sensual pleasures of her capital. Tuscany was quiet under the Lorraine dukes who had succeeded the Medici; the little states of Modena and Parma enjoyed each its little court and its little Bourbon prince, apparently without a dream of liberty; the Holy Father ruled over Bologna, Ferrara, Ancona, and all the great cities and towns of the Romagna; and Naples was equally divided between the Bourbons and the bandits. There seemed no reason, for anything that priests or princes of that day could foresee, why this state of things should not continue indefinitely; and it would be a long story to say just why it did not continue. What every one knows is that the French revolution took place, that armies of French

democrats overran all these languid lordships and drowsy despotisms, and awakened their subjects, more or less willingly or unwillingly, to a sense of the rights of man, as Frenchmen understood them, and to the approach of the nineteenth century. The whole of Italy fell, directly or indirectly, under French sway; the Piedmontese and Neapolitan kings were driven away, as were the smaller princes of the other states; the Republic of Venice ceased to be, and the Pope became very much less a prince, if not more a priest, than he had been for a great many ages. In due time French democracy passed into French imperialism, and then French imperialism passed altogether away; and so after came the Holy Alliance with its consecrated contrivances for fettering mankind. Lombardy, with all Venetia, was given to Austria; the dukes of Parma, of Modena, and Tuscany were brought back and propped up on their thrones again. This condition of affairs endured, with more or less disturbance from the plots of the Carbonari and many other ineffectual aspirants and conspirators, until, when, as we know, the Austrians were driven out, as well as the Pope and the various princes small and great, except the King of Sardinia, who not only gave a constitution to his people, but singularly kept the oath he swore to support it. The Pope and the other princes, even the Austrians, had given constitutions and sworn oaths, but their memories were bad, and their repute for veracity was so poor that they were not believed or trusted. The Italians had then the idea of freedom and independence, but not of unity, and their enemies easily broke, one at a time, the power of states which, even if bound together, could hardly have resisted their attack. In a little while the Austrians were once more in Milan and Venice, the dukes and grand-dukes in their different places, the Pope in Rome, the Bourbons in Naples, and all was as if nothing had been, or worse than nothing, except in Sardinia, where the constitution was still maintained, and the foundations of the present kingdom of Italy were laid. Carlo Alberto had abdicated on that battle-field where an Austrian victory over the Sardinians sealed the fate of the Italian states allied with him, and his son, Victor Emmanuel, succeeded him. In this way the governments of Italy had been four times wholly changed, and each of these changes was attended by the most marked variations in the intellectual life of the people; yet its general tendency always continued the same. III The longing for freedom is the instinct of self-preservation in literature; and, consciously or unconsciously, the Italian poets of the last hundred years constantly inspired the Italian people with ideas of liberty and independence. Of course the popular movements affected literature in turn; and I should by no means attempt to say which had been the greater agency of progress. It is not to be supposed that a man like Alfieri, with all his tragical eloquence against tyrants, arose singly out of a perfectly servile society. His time was, no doubt, ready for him, though it did not seem so; but, on the other hand, there is no doubt that he gave not only an utterance but a mighty impulse to contemporary thought and feeling. He was in literature what the revolution was in politics, and if hardly any principle that either sought immediately to establish now stands, it is none the less certain that the time had come to destroy what they overthrew, and that what they overthrew was hopelessly vicious. In Alfieri the great literary movement came from the north, and by far the larger number of the writers of whom I shall have to speak were northern Italians. Alfieri may represent for us the period of time covered by the French democratic conquests. The principal poets under the Italian governments of Napoleon during the first twelve years of this century were Vincenzo Monti and Ugo Foscolo--the former a Ferrarese by birth and the latter a Greco-Venetian. The literary as well as the political center was then Milan, and it continued to be so for many years after the return of the Austrians, when the so-called School of Resignation nourished there. This epoch may be most intelligibly represented by the names of Manzoni, Silvio Pellico, and Tommaso Grossi--all Lombards. About a new literary life began to be felt in Florence under the indifferentism or toleration of the grand-dukes. The chiefs of this school were Giacomo Leopardi; Giambattista Niccolini, the author of certain famous tragedies of political complexion; Guerrazzi, the writer of a great number of revolutionary romances; and Giuseppe Giusti, a poet of very marked and peculiar powers, and perhaps the greatest political satirist of the century. I shall mention all these and others particularly hereafter, and I have now only named them to show how almost entirely the literary life of militant Italy sprang from the north. There were one or two Neapolitan poets of less note, among whom was Gabriele Rossetti, the father of the English Rossettis, now so well known in art and literature. IV In dealing with this poetry, I naturally seek to give its universal and aesthetic flavor wherever it is separable from its political quality; for I should not hope to interest any one else in what I had myself often found very tiresome.

I suspect, indeed, that political satire and invective are not relished best in free countries. No danger attends their exercise; there is none of the charm of secrecy or the pleasure of transgression in their production; there is no special poignancy to free administrations in any one of ten thousand assaults upon them; the poets leave this sort of thing mostly to the newspapers. Besides, we have not, so to speak, the grounds that such a long-struggling people as the Italians had for the enjoyment of patriotic poetry. As an average American, I have found myself very greatly embarrassed when required, by Count Alfieri, for example, to hate tyrants. Of course I do hate them in a general sort of way; but having never seen one, how is it possible for me to feel any personal fury toward them? When the later Italian poets ask me to loathe spies and priests I am equally at a loss. I can hardly form the idea of a spy, of an agent of the police, paid to haunt the steps of honest men, to overhear their speech, and, if possible, entrap them into a political offense. As to priests--well, yes, I suppose they are bad, though I do not know this from experience; and I find them generally upon acquaintance very amiable. But all this was different with the Italians: It is no wonder that the literature of these people should have been so filled with the patriotic passion of their life; and I am not sure that literature is not as nobly employed in exciting men to heroism and martyrdom for a great cause as in the purveyance of mere intellectual delights. What it was in Italy when it made this its chief business we may best learn from an inquiry that I have at last found somewhat amusing. It will lead us over vast meadows of green baize enameled with artificial flowers, among streams that do nothing but purl. In this region the shadows are mostly brown, and the mountains are invariably horrid; there are tumbling floods and sighing groves; there are naturally nymphs and swains; and the chief business of life is to be in love and not to be in love; to burn and to freeze without regard to the mercury. Need I say that this region is Arcady? As they lounged upon the grass, in attitudes as graceful and picturesque as they could contrive, and listened to a sonnet or an ode with the sweet patience of their race,--for they were all Italians,--it occurred to the most conscious man among them that here was something uncommonly like the Golden Age, unless that epoch had been flattered. There had been reading and praising of odes and sonnets the whole blessed afternoon, and now he cried out to the complaisant, canorous company, "Behold Arcadia revived in us! It struck, most of all, a certain Giovan Maria Crescimbeni, honored in his day and despised in ours as a poet and critic. He was of a cold, dull temperament; "a mind half lead, half wood", as one Italian writer calls him; but he was an inveterate maker of verses, and he was wise in his own generation. Literary academies were then the fashion in Italy, and every part of the peninsula abounded in them. It is prodigious to think of the incessant wash of slip-slop which they poured out in verse; of the grave disputations they held upon the most trivial questions; of the inane formalities of their sessions. Other academies in other cities had other follies; but whatever the absurdity, it was encouraged alike by Church and State, and honored by all the great world. The governments of Italy in that day, whether lay or clerical, liked nothing so well as to have the intellectual life of the nation squandered in the trivialities of the academies--in their debates about nothing, their odes and madrigals and masks and sonnets; and the greatest politeness you could show a stranger was to invite him to a sitting of your academy; to be furnished with a letter to the academy in the next city was the highest favor you could ask for yourself. In literature, the humorous Bernesque school had passed; Tasso had long been dead; and the Neapolitan Marini, called the Corrupter of Italian poetry, ruled from his grave the taste of the time. This taste was so bad as to require a very desperate remedy, and it was professedly to counteract it that the Academy of the Arcadians had arisen. The epoch was favorable, and, as Emiliani-Giudici whom we shall follow for the present teaches, in his History of Italian Literature, the idea of Crescimbeni spread electrically throughout Italy. In all the chief cities Arcadian colonies were formed, "dependent upon the Roman Arcadia, as upon the supreme Arch-Flock", and in three years the Academy numbered thirteen hundred members, every one of whom had first been obliged to give proof that he was a good poet. They prettily called themselves by the names of shepherds and shepherdesses out of Theocritus, and, being a republic, they refused to own any earthly prince or ruler, but declared the Baby Jesus to be the Protector of Arcadia. Their code of laws was written in elegant Latin by a grave and learned man, and inscribed upon tablets of marble. According to one of the articles, the Academicians must study to reproduce the customs of the ancient Arcadians and the character of their poetry; and straightway "Italy was filled on every hand with Thyrsides, Menalcases, and Meliboeuses, who made their harmonious songs resound

the names of their Chlorises, their Phyllises, their Niceas; and there was poured out a deluge of pastoral compositions", some of them by "earnest thinkers and philosophical writers, who were not ashamed to assist in sustaining that miserable literary vanity which, in the history of human thought, will remain a lamentable witness to the moral depression of the Italian nation. They collected his verse, and printed it at the expense of the Academy; and it was established without dissent that each Arcadian in turn, at the hut of some conspicuous shepherd, in the presence of the keeper such was the jargon of those most amusing unrealities, should deliver a commentary upon some sonnet of Constanzo. Happily, the fire of Arcadian verse did not really burn! The institution was at first derided, then it triumphed and prevailed in such fame and greatness that, shining forth like a new sun, it consumed the splendor of the lesser lights of heaven, eclipsing the glitter of all those academies--the Thunderstruck, the Extravagant, the Humid, the Topsy, the Imbeciles, and the like--which had hitherto formed the glory of the Peninsula. The patriotic Italian critics and historians are apt to give at least a full share of blame to foreign rulers for the corruption of their nation, and Signor Torelli finds the Spanish domination over a vast part of Italy responsible for the degradation of Italian mind and manners in the seventeenth century. He declares that, because of the Spaniards, the Italian theater was then silent, "or filled with the noise of insipid allegories"; there was little or no education among the common people; the slender literature that survived existed solely for the amusement and distinction of the great; the army and the Church were the only avenues of escape from obscurity and poverty; all classes were sunk in indolence. The *preziose* held weekly receptions at their houses, and assembled poets and cavaliers from all quarters, who entertained the ladies with their lampoons and gallantries, their madrigals and gossip, their sonnets and their repartees. These were read here and repeated there, declaimed in the public resorts and on the promenades", and gravely studied and commented on. A strange and surprising jargon arose, the utterance of the feeblest and emptiest affectation. It was the golden age of pretty words; and as to the sense of a composition, good society troubled itself very little about that. Good society expressed itself in a sort of poetical gibberish, "and whoever had said, for example, Muses instead of Castalian Divinities, would have passed for a lowbred person dropped from some mountain village. Men of fine mind, rich gentlemen of leisure, brilliant and accomplished ladies, had resolved that the time was come to lose their wits academically. He was the younger son of a noble family of Genoa, and in youth was sent into a cloister as a genteel means of existence rather than from regard to his own wishes or fitness. He was, in fact, of a very gay and mundane temper, and escaped from his monastery as soon as ever he could, and spent his long life thereafter at the comfortable court of Parma, where he sang with great constancy the fortunes of varying dynasties and celebrated in his verse all the polite events of society. Of course, even a life so pleasant as this had its little pains and mortifications; and it is history that when, in , the last duke of the Farnese family died, leaving a widow, "Frugoni predicted and maintained in twenty-five sonnets that she would yet give an heir to the duke; but in spite of the twenty-five sonnets the affair turned out otherwise, and the extinction of the house of Farnese was written. Not long before his death he was addressed by one that wished to write his life. He made answer that he had been a versifier and nothing more, epigrammatically recounted the chief facts of his career, and ended by saying, "of what I have written it is not worth while to speak"; and posterity has upon the whole agreed with him, though, of course, no edition of the Italian classics would be perfect without him. We know this from the classics of our own tongue, which abound in marvels of insipidity and emptiness. The marble nymphs and naiads inhabiting the shrubbery and the water are already somewhat time-worn, and have here and there a touch of envious mildew; but as yet their noses are unbroken, and they have all the legs and arms that the sculptor designed them with; and the fountain, which after disasters must choke, plays prettily enough over their nude loveliness; for it is now the first half of the eighteenth century, and Casa Landi is the uninvaded sanctuary of *Illustrissimi* and *Illustrissime*. They, too, have their idleness and their intrigues and their life of pleasure; but, poor souls! What coats of silk and waistcoats of satin, what trig rapiers and flowing wigs and laces and ruffles; and, ah me! Behind the chair of every lady stands her cavaliere servente, or bows before her with a cup of chocolate, or, sweet abasement!

**8: Modern Italian Poets by W. D. Howells - Full Text Free Book (Part 1/6)**

*List of Italian-language poets. Jump to navigation Jump to search List of poets who wrote in Italian (or Italian).*

In the middle of a scene from which he could see the end, kinch went to work, collaborating with the construction of the present and of autumn mornings. In the glimpses of shop windows, of crosswalks, of apartment buildings, he lost track of small, lazy trains of thoughts, irrelevant analogies, superfluous opinions no one bothered to register. We look on with sympathy our natural propensity to live. Successive evenings in time during which, erratically, definite decisions were made, and always in regard to the same torment or point: The flow of our wasted days dragged along empty detergent boxes, phone calls in the office, insignificant particulars of evenings spent with friends. Arriving at the question of truth, or of goodness, we preferred to change the subject or to turn to an expert. The afternoon silence had vast limits. It insisted on an indistinct roar, a memory of first love, a profoundly wrong notion of the world. During mid-week evenings, we approached the conditions of real people, of normal folks who unravel themselves by shopping, go out to diner, take brief trips to Florence. Digressing from his lofty thoughts, bgmole was animated by the particulars of his rooms, moving along baseboards, edges of shelves, in search of certain phrases mumbled in a low voice, of certain comforting analogies between his conditions and, for example, the passing wind. He often pitched his tent near memories that a glimpse of the kitchen, like a dimensional trap, had retained. In the half light of October mornings, eve began to doubt the existence of her similars. The traffic noises sounded more like nature, the roar or howl of a civilization in progress. On the margins of the suburb, bgmole completed the cycles of seasonal progress, made up of acquisitions and plans for integrating small daily problems migraines, a loan, withdrawal of surplus value. On the crest of progress, strengthened by our hot water, by antibiotics, by wideband internet, we drove in traffic towards the future and our transitory occupations. Impressions of errors made and of messy apartments. From the heights of our experience as consumers, we listened to wireless music in supermarkets. During arguments, we referred to past events as if to our own lives and cited, with a certain precision, old television shows and second rate international pop authors. Made to recall the evidences of a season from our past, of a mild youth, solitary and squalid, we came to a discovery and admitted to have failed in everything: We remained on the verge of another sad conclusion, touching a postcard found in a drawer, a Morrissey T-shirt, and thought, involuntarily, of another. Conditioned, from old marketing strategies, to prefer the easy version of things, we discovered with abstract astonishment deft consumptions, premature deaths. While billboard models introduced esoteric arguments into the down times of our urban rides, we turned to the future and waited for the dream to be interrupted. Sitting among premises that deceived him, and among his own wrong ideas about the politics of the Middle East, bgmole asked himself to which future scenario should he entrust his resources of hope and imagination. Opinions also well articulated, of no influence on the state of things and without relevance to actual course of events. Watching television news, we nourished the conviction of knowing how things went down and, because of this, changed the channel in search of a certain resolute phrase. Surrendering himself to a present of half-solutions, of generic phrases, of low keyed projects, kinch spent the hours after dinner watching television. From the images on the screen, in the dark, he could read the horoscope for his working weeks, for mornings spent on the beltway. During voyages through the apartment, he would rest near the details of secondary furnishings, on a peaceful plain at the foot of the baseboard where a lozenge of light, from the road, composed itself on the dust. From the outskirts of well-being, where we were quartered during the days of our youth, we directed our gaze beyond the holidays, Saturday acquisitions, Sunday afternoons, and saw nothing. The hollowness of things was so vast that it gathered, in time, barbs and cumulonimbi. In spite of contradictions, we live somewhat comfortably on the margins of capitalistic modes of production, betting on their promotions and summer sales to stay in touch with fashionable merchandises, with our similars. Evenings became moments to take stocks of situations and things that were, in some ways, not quite in order. Thanks to a simple problem of illumination, perhaps, our rooms became sad, and strange, and we crossed them filled with suspicions. While old acquaintances became lost in cycles of acquisitions, of musical fashions, we decided to spend our vacations in third-world countries

free of labor unions. On the beltway, our prospects became cluttered with occasions for waste, virtual regrets, superficial thoughts on the state of things. We resumed the discourse nearly each evening, after turning off the television. In spite of the fact that much of politics was delegated to transnational organizations, not democratically elected, bgmole equipped himself with opinions on the war, on the debts of developing countries, on illegal immigration. Remaining open many issues regarding our attachment to ideals of fame, wealth and a refusal to work we had intuited during the long afternoons of our youth. Later, in the evening, travelling to a shopping center, we considered with detachment our position, as we stayed there, trapped inside the symptom of something. Through the email, I interviewed Gherardo Bortolotti. I asked the questions in English, he answered in Italian, which I then translated into English: Italy is country of vast regional differences, with many distinctive urban centers. Is the poetry scene reflective of this fact? Are poets in Naples much different than the ones in Milan? This issue was much debated, from Dante until the last century. The question of language was tied to the political fragmentation of the Italian peninsula. This situation has produced two phenomena that are opposite yet complimentary, recurring over and over in the history of our literature. In the last fifty years, however, after a century and a half of unification, with the spreading tentacles of television and its homogenizing influence, not just on language but also on local cultures and characteristics, regional norms, traditions and matters related to language have been much weakened. Although dialects are still employed for everyday use, are still vibrant, the language issue is less felt nowadays or rather: As for the regional or provincial aspect of our culture, what remains is an extreme fragmentation of the literary scene, especially with poetry, which is dispersed to the tiniest provincial towns. Nevertheless, the problem is that the various centers have almost nothing to do with each other, but consider themselves self-sufficient. Notice, above all, that this self-sufficiency implies, in general, an indifference to the international scene and results in a tendency to confront questions of theories, forms and poetics in strictly personal terms, of affiliation to this or that author or circle. To sum up, I want to point out that the web, with the birth of the collective blogs such as *Nazione Indiana* or *Absolute Poetry*, above all, seems to have created a sort of national arena for exchange and debate that will rapidly transform the situation, I believe. *GAMMM*, the webzine you co-edit, also prints American poetry frequently, sometimes just in the English originals, without Italian translations. I remember seeing many Charles Bukowski books in Italian bookstores, but which American poets are considered important over there? Which are important to those in your circle? As far as the influence of American culture on poetry or, rather, on Italian literature, I must say that, as you can imagine, the issue is truly very complex also because it is taking place within the global context of Anglo-Saxon cultural assertion, with its victory in World War II, the fall of the Soviet Union, and globalism, etc. To understand this somewhat schizophrenic situation you must keep a few points in mind. First of, you must consider that, for various segments of Italian society, and especially with immigration starting in the late 19th century, America was the land of wealth and a freedom from a real, extreme poverty. At the same time, however, you must always keep in mind the diffidence of a basically idealistic and conservative culture like Italy when confronted with American pragmatism, whether cultural or social. And, also, the ideological aversion from either the left or right, even if for different reasons and in different ways. Notice, for example, the Fascist ban on a famous anthology of American authors, edited by Elio Vittorini and Cesare Pavese who chose Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, etc. Likewise, the very strong Italian Communist Party obviously mistrusted American culture, especially American pop culture, with its emphasis on consumerism and its blindness to questions of class and yet, the most important translators of American literature were all associated with the Communists, such as the aforementioned Vittorini, for example. All of this brings us to the present situation, which is really paradoxical: To cite one example, I can tell you that even a movement as important as *Language Poetry* is practically unknown in Italy, even among specialists. American poetry is only beginning to be published in a systematic way with the appearance of two very recent anthologies, edited by Luigi Ballerini and Paul Vangelisti and published by Mondadori one of the most important Italian publishers. Otherwise, the initiative is left to a few well-intentioned individuals Damiano Abeni, above all. One reason why we launched *GAMMM* was to make available in Italian at least a fraction of the vast American literature we were discovering on the web. In our case, perhaps more than being influenced one

must talk about parallels, that is, these authors had an impact on us because they dealt with, on a formal level poetic correspondences are always tricky to establish problems we were already posing to ourselves. Nazione Indiana, for example, is called that because it evokes in some way the myth of the native American, transmitted in turn through the myth of the western which, as you know, in Italy was stolen from Hollywood and reinvented as the so-called spaghetti-western of Sergio Leone. Regarding this issue, there is another factor which is derived from the contemporary situation, the globalized context in which we produce our texts. In such a context, English does not come across as a national language but as the language of a globalized space, the language for a kind of weltliteratur or a transnational literature. More and more, a transnational platform is being developed where writers can measure themselves directly against each other, without the mediation of the cultural industry, of canons or translators. Now, the language of this forum is, in effect, English and one has to deal with it somehow. But there are so many linguistic communities on the web, as you well know. Italian, for example, is one of the most-used on the blogosphere. It should be noted that, when I started this project, I was aiming not for an American or English audience to whom these expressions must come off as awkward yet still meaningful within their national contexts but for transnationals: As I indicated above, one may even say that this is a structural dimension of our literature. Your work addresses the personal isolation, the ennui and meaninglessness of contemporary life, conditions that I know only too well, living in the USA. It seems to me that Italy is still saner than most developed countries, however, because it retains habits that predate the television, the automobile and the computer. Please discuss the evolution of your work, how you arrived at your themes, and how they relate to your working and living situation in Brescia? The fact that I was born in Brescia, a small city once heavily industrial but now geared towards finance and the service industry, in line with all-too-familiar social and economic patterns, is a determinant factor. In short, one of those places where one is framed and rooted within a globalized culture, within a new transnational dimension of experience. You must also take into account the fact that I work as a cataloger and information consultant, with a temporary contract that grants me neither vacations nor sick pay, with a rather low salary. I am, so to speak, in constant touch with the accelerated production of information as well as the liberalization of the labor market. You must understand, also, that the themes I touch upon the market, work, the media and their rapport with our lives, perceptions and experience are ordinary issues I live with daily. I mean the mass of micro sensations, tiniest arguments and sublimated emotions that we continue to produce and live through during our waking and sleeping hours, as well as the ideological schemes, cognitive grids and implicit narrations to which we entrust ourselves each moment, if nearly always unconsciously. This interest has a direct effect on the kind of texts I produce, texts that are always minimal, modular, prone to a kind of list making and accumulation and that, in fact, reflect characteristics of the other theme I see flowing into the infraordinary, that of merchandises, which is truly a kind of silent testimony to our lives. Gherardo Bortolotti was born in in Brescia, where he still lives. He is author of blogs in Italian canopo. He is among the founders and curators of GAMMM , a journal of translations and experimental literature. Posted by Linh Dinh at.

### 9: Modern Italian Poets; Essays And Versions Part 8 Online | [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)

*List of notable or famous poets from Italy, with bios and photos, including the top poets born in Italy and even some popular poets who immigrated to Italy. If you're trying to find out the names of famous Italian poets then this list is the perfect resource for you.*

*Policy and the polytechnics Christian worldview and health care Susan R. Jacob World silver and monetary history in the 16th and 17th centuries Grammar for 6th grade Trade unions and politics in Guinea since independence Mohamed Saliou Camara Ing from email on iphone Trumans Speech to the NAACP at the Lincoln Memorial: Wood and How to Dry It (Fine Woodworking) Models in Our Midst Family law book india Cold war arms race worksheet Working Out Your Childs Design Honda rune service manual Early Childhood Education: Good Practice in Achieving Universal Primary Education Math in focus student edition g4 Communication and noncommunication by cephalopods Complications in Arterial Surgery Honda annual report 2016 Women and International Peacekeeping (The Cass Series on Peacekeeping, 10) An exorcist explains the demonic Careers in Education (Latinos at Work) Toward reading comprehension The master of the inn Why is water important? Treatise of health and long life with the future means of attaining it The Mystery of Harry Potter The dance of the red swan. Theres a ghost in the coatroom COBOL 85 example book Algorithms in c parts 1-4 3e Start up business plan for 100 dairy cows Ap history bits in telugu No. 1. Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, ltd. Airframes and engines. The geographical system of Herodotus Donnes tropic awareness: metaphor, metonymy, and devotions upon emergent occasions Folk revival connection : the musicians Americas Top Jobs for College Graduates (Americas Top Jobs for College Graduates, 4th ed) The Theory of Curriculum Content in the USSR Pediatric surgery Michael J. Morowitz and Michael L. Nance Memoirs of Aaron Burr*