

WRITING POETRY. NOTES ON INFINITY

At first a beating, a pulsing expansion and contraction.
A verse, dense and imperfect, the start of a new poet.

Verse was my re/birth.

A dense matter, intensely expressed, musical and intelligible
my object in poetry.

I imagine this kind of writing in the form of a *black hole*,
its density measurable from the Edge of events.

I write little.

A few pages, a few lines, a few verses, a few notes and words.
Few books.

FORMS OF ENERGY. WRITING TIMES

The presence of a space filled with energy/light impels
my matter towards this activity. A thought, a plan, a feeling. An issue of mine.

The material side must be ready.

Energy absorbed /re-emitted and form, in proportion to the nature,
the condition and the degree of maturation of the matter.

Verse is re-emitted energy
(analogously to Bohr's theory). 1)

If the impulse isn't profound or long-lasting,
the occasion doesn't arise,
it remains imperfect.

GOOD TO HIDE
Dickinson, 842

Poetry lays bare experience and thought, a veil of some kind is welcome.
Like writing in a language not your known, a simple device.
Once I used to write in English.

Or using symbols, natural, mythical, archetypal.
An ancient and contemporary symbol, new.
Symbolic writing is like writing in code.
From the Greek *symbolon*:
symbole, I pack it together: the code must be shared.
The reader must apply it to the text. The “unit”, the live text, emerges from the confluence.

Visualization can serve as another type of veil: it intensifies the writing
and makes it harder to decipher in a “linear” manner.

The expressivity/legibility ratio can so favor the first term
that the meaning is lost.

Usually I honor the ratio – a fully meaningful text –
or I alternate decipherable pages with full-page images – mental photographic visions
or symbolic textures – or with illegible symbolic ciphers,
like in *L’Immateriale* (Lucini Libri, 2013).

Verbovisuality I practise as a form of intensification
and forms the glue and the context of poetic writing.

AUTOGRAPHY AND VERBOVISUALITY

The text as a score is the ancestor of verbovisual poetry and sound
with the performing arts.
Forms of intensification of poetry.
Their notations are autographic.

My historical reference in terms of
autography’s intimate relationship with the word,

is to concrete poetry,
as explained in the '60s by Max Bense. 2)

The exploration is extended to the characters
the spaces of the text
(the unit, the double page of a book),
the materials (paper, styrofoam veils, etc.)
and color.

In books it's always the text, front and center,
that dictates the visual form.

It recurs to the artifice of iteration/echo,
to "mirror" writing.
It introduces pauses: for reflection, lyrical, obsessive:
the abstract symbolic figurations of the tables
and of the verb to weave.
It contracts and expands.

Single words
or segments of verse
are magnified or miniaturized,
veiled by the tenuousness of color.

The reader's eye perceives
in a brief and musical form.
Rhythmic.

A synthetic score, or the refrains, flow.

The visual lexicon tries to express
the symbolic context
of the entire corpus of verse,

the thought underlying the text.

To translate conceptual entities like full/empty,
darkness/light, silence/sound,
finite/infinite.

A versatile entity is born,: the verbovisual poem.

Analogously to the theories in *Liliana ou la poésie* by Ferruccio Cajani.

Insofar as the pieces, in the last ones
the autography is “by subtraction”.

Concentrated on a few effects,
A few tempera strokes of a reinterpreted
and individual alphabet.

On a single word or a brief sequence with a meaning,
the synthesis of an exploration of a topic or a text.

LOVE, DON'T LOVE

I love sound, I don't love rhyme
(unless veiled, not obvious: mid-verse rhymes or repetition).

But consonance, assonance, alliteration,
sounds that are similar or have a special relationship.

More versatile forms of musicality.

I love rhythm more than sound.
Rhythm is thought.
Of the composition and each single moment.
I love syncopated rhythm.

Repetition and not repetitiveness. Variation and experimentation.

I love to repeat within a text, as an obsessive mode
and a form of intensification of the writing.
Repetition with variations
like the way you develop a motif in a score.

I think of the powerfully dramatic elements we admire
in the first movement
of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*.

I love to repeat a word when it's necessary.

I don't love synonyms.
Each word has a nucleus and an area of meaning,
not shared with those of any other in the same
and in any other language.

Translating is impossible.

With rare exceptions, I don't love baroque writing, or writing weighed down
by an excess of neologisms, linguistic experimentation.
Excess must be calculated and become the measure.

I love concise and exact expression, the exactness of the undefined,
the multiplicity of the senses.

The text does not grant a hypothetical reader or critic
any right to a re-creation of meaning, as many affirmed in the recent past

and still do today, but instead a privilege, that of experiencing an affinity
and sharing of words and thoughts.

Reading or feeling and understanding the meaning that reveals and conceals itself,
conceals itself and wants to be looked for, found: recognized.

I love writing for the symbols, new and ancient, the symbol
being a form of extreme poetic conciseness.

It expresses without defining
suggests
evokes
opens poetic writing
to the infinite universe of the senses and thought.
Beyond its specific topic.

I also love to express myself through images.

In writing I engage in forms of concealment
but in making images I engage in forms of revelation
of the spirituality of matter.

I love to represent
that which has no substance.

Writing and images vast and collected,
undefined.

Mystery, the unknown, a “presence” that threatens
but lures thought
beyond the ephemeral of our experience.

RECOGNIZING YOURSELF

I identified with the words of others
I express myself in my words and ciphers
and images.

They feed off each other.

The images, undefined obscure,
evoke symbolize
allude to a world that reveals itself
and with which I feel in harmony.

Enjoying Writing
(Wisława Szymborska, from *Uno spasso*, 1967)

The slow time of cancellation rules:

With sand covering hands I protect your image

World of events or of memory
Dimension of the soul
Silence and emptiness

GROWTH OF MAN

Dickinson, 750

*You must either make a tool of the creature, or a man of him... Let him but begin to imagine,
to think, to try... Out comes all his...dullness...the whole majesty of him also; and we know the
height of it only when we see the clouds setting upon him.*

John Ruskin, *The Nature of Gothic*

Through pauses and silences for blank pages

for oppositions
for indifference and rejections
with solitary effort
(ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρὴ, Hippocrates)
pursue the sign:
correspondence between meaning and form
the specific weight of writing.

Writing is a talent and an art.

It emerges in a person
when the mind and the soul
are ready
knowledge is accumulated
matter is sublimated

*They told me I have a soul
Then through great pain
I gave birth to it
...*

Full and overflowing, like a wellspring

Those who quench their thirst in those mirrored waters
know.

Writing is not a job.

In the silence it is not silent

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english version by

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Notes

1)

When it receives a “quantum” of energy, the atom momentarily loosens its bonds and the electron is freed, emitting in another form— for example, light – the energy received.

2)

“We can speak of “concrete texts” (or “concrete poetry”) when the visual aspects of the linguistic signs determine their use as esthetic “material” and the linguistic elements are utilized in their triadic function - verbal, visual and vocal – at the same time.”

“Simultaneity of the semantic and esthetic function of the words... Concrete poetry has the capacity to fascinate, and fascination is a form of concentration.”

cfr. Max Bense, quotations from *Stili sperimentali* and *Poesia concreta* in *Poesia concreta*, ed. by Arrigo Lora Totino, 2002