



FIFTY POEMS
BY
LAWRENCE
FERLINGHETTI

FIFTY IMAGES
BY
ARMANDO
MILANI



50 POESIE
DI
LAWRENCE
FERLINGHETTI

50 IMMAGINI
DI
ARMANDO
MILANI

*All I wanted to do was
painting light on the walls of life.*

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

*From the eye to the heart,
to whom loves poetry and image.*

Armando Milani

*Tutto ciò che volevo fare
era dipingere luce sui muri della vita.*

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

*Dall'occhio al cuore,
a chi ama la poesia e l'immagine.*

Armando Milani

Introduction

William S. Burroughs wrote: «Remember that every word is an image.» [...] This phrase seems to mean: «write with consciousness», it seems to say: «make every word you choose, you fix black on white, you paint on the page, a breakthrough to the imagination, a window you throw open on the world and conscience». I believe the opposite is also true and that one could rightly say / advice: «Remember that each image is a word.» Which brings us to age-old controversy over so-called «twin arts», poetry and painting, writing and visual arts. What is better able to give shape to an idea, to tickle the curiosity, to stir the conscience, to reawaken emotions? This book brings up the «need» to find winners and losers, sterile and unfounded, from the moment that images and words are called to share the same space, to transmit, where possible, the same message, to unify in a harmony of purpose.[...]

The most surprising thing is that this harmonic journey in verse and pictures is not the result of «premeditation» of an agreement, of a «made peace» between the twin arts, but it is an unexpected discovery.[...] Here images and words recognize each other, they become friends, they recompose in the transmission of the message. And the message helps us to decipher the connection between Lawrence and Armando, thanks to three key words: commitment, responsibility, light.[...] We could talk at length about some underlying consonance between the two artists, but one summarizes them all: they both state a writing, one poetic, the other figurative, which is condemnation of the distortions of society and, at the same time, means and instrument of change.[...] So, to poetry and art, the task of illuminating dark times, to enlighten consciences, to illuminate human relationships...

The light is the key...

Giada Diano, 2010

Introduzione

William S. Burroughs ha scritto: «Ricordate che ogni parola è un'immagine». [...] Questa frase sembra significare: “scrivete con consapevolezza”; sembra dire: “fate sì che ogni parola che scegliete, che incidete nero su bianco, che dipingete sulla pagina, sia un varco verso l'immaginazione, una finestra che spalancate sul mondo e sulla coscienza”. Credo che valga anche l'esatto contrario e che a buon diritto si potrebbe dire/ammonire: “Ricordate che ogni immagine è una parola”. Il ché ci conduce all'annosa diatriba sulle cosiddette “arti gemelle”, poesia e pittura, scrittura e arti figurative. Cosa riesce meglio a dare forma a un'idea, a solleticare la curiosità, a sollecitare la coscienza, a risvegliare le emozioni? Questo libro fa apparire la “necessità” di trovare vincitori e vinti, sterile e infondata, dal momento che immagini e parole sono chiamate a condividere un medesimo spazio, a veicolare -dove possibile- lo stesso messaggio, a fondersi in un'armonia di intenti.[...] La cosa più sorprendente è che questo armonico viaggio in versi e immagini non è frutto di una “premeditazione, di un accordo, di una “pace fatta” tra le arti gemelle, ma è una scoperta inaspettata.[...] Ed ecco che immagine e parola si riconoscono, si manifestano amicizia, si ricompongono nella trasmissione del messaggio. Ed il messaggio ci aiuta a decifrare la connessione che esiste tra Lawrence e Armando, grazie a tre parole chiave: impegno, responsabilità, luce. [...] Potremmo parlare a lungo di alcune consonanze di fondo tra i due artisti, ma una le riassume tutte: entrambi affermano una scrittura, poetica l'una, figurativa l'altra, che sia condanna delle storture della società e al contempo mezzo e strumento di cambiamento.[...] Alla poesia e all'arte dunque il compito di illuminare i tempi oscuri, di illuminare le coscienze, di illuminare i rapporti umani...

La luce è la chiave.

Giada Diano, 2010

Lawrence Ferlinghetti



*Lawrence Ferlinghetti was born in Yonkers, New York, in 1919 of an Italian father and a French-Portuguese mother. He's a poet, novelist, translator, publisher, painter, playwright and writer of radio dramas. In these last sixty years Ferlinghetti has been the undisputed protagonist of an extraordinary creative activity which has never detached from a deep, ongoing attention on political, social and environmental issues. His *A Coney Island of the Mind* has been translated in many languages and it is one of the poetry best sellers all over the world with more than a million printed copies.*

Armando Milani



Armando was born in Milan where in 1970 he founded his own studio. He is specialized in branding programs, book design, cultural and social posters. He think that the designer can use metaphors, connections, surrealism or subtle irony, refusing the banal and vulgarity; trying to intrigue, excite and inform the viewer. After 30 years of designing logos and corporate identities, he felt the ethic need to dedicate part of his time to denounce some of the biggest problems of humanity that threaten our children's future, such as war, famine, drugs and pollution. Today some of his works are worldwide diffused by the United Nations.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Nato a Yonkers, New York, nel 1919 da padre italiano (originario probabilmente di Chiari in provincia di Brescia) e madre di origini franco-portoghesi, Lawrence Ferlinghetti è poeta, romanziere, traduttore, editore, pittore, autore di teatro e drammi radiofonici. Ferlinghetti è stato protagonista negli ultimi sessant'anni di una straordinaria attività creativa, mai disgiunta da una profonda e continua attenzione a tematiche politiche, sociali ed ecologiche. Il suo "A Coney Island of the Mind", tradotto in diverse lingue, è tra i libri di poesia più letti al mondo con oltre un milione di copie stampate.

Armando Milani

Armando Milani è nato a Milano dove nel 1970 ha aperto il suo studio. Specializzato nel design di marchi, grafica editoriale e manifesti culturali e sociali. Crede che il designer possa usare metafore, connessioni, surrealismo o sottile ironia, sempre evitando banalità e volgarità, cercando di attrarre, eccitare e coinvolgere il lettore. Dopo trent'anni di design di logos e programmi di branding ha avvertito la necessità etica di dedicare parte del suo tempo alla denuncia di alcuni dei grandi problemi dell'umanità che sono un pericolo per il futuro dei figli come la guerra, fame e inquinamento. Alcuni dei suoi lavori sono distribuiti in tutto il mondo dalle Nazioni Unite.

Song of the Third World Birds 1

40

A cock cried out in my sleep
somewhere in Middle America
to awake the Middle Mind
of America

And the cock cried out
to awake me to see
a sea of birds
flying over me
across America

And there were birds of every color
black birds brown birds
& yellow bird & red birds
from the lands of every
Liberation movement

And all these birds circled the earth
and flew over every great nation
and over Fortress America
with its great Eagle
and its thunderbolts



History of the Airplane 1

58

And the Wright brothers said they thought they
had invented
something that could make peace on earth
(if the wrong brothers didn't get hold of it)
when their wonderful flying machine took off at
Kitty Hawk
into the kingdom of birds but the parliament of
birds was freaked out
by this man-made bird and fled to heaven

[...]

And so then clever men built bigger and faster
flying machines and
these great man-made birds with jet plumage
flew higher than any
real birds and seemed about to fly into the sun
and melt their wings and like Icarus crash to
earth

And the Wright brothers were long forgotten
in the high-flying
bombers that now began to visit their blessings
on various Third
Worlds all the while claiming they were
searching for doves of peace

PE CE



W R

History of the Airplane 2

┌60 And they kept flying and flying until they flew
right into the 21st
century and then one fine day a Third World
struck back and
stormed the great planes and flew them straight
into the beating
heart of Skyscraper America where there were no
aviaries and no
parliaments of doves and in a blinding flash
America became a part
of the scorched earth of the world

And a wind of ashes blows across the land
And for one long moment in eternity
There is chaos and despair

And buried loves and voices
Cries and whispers
Fill the air
Everywhere

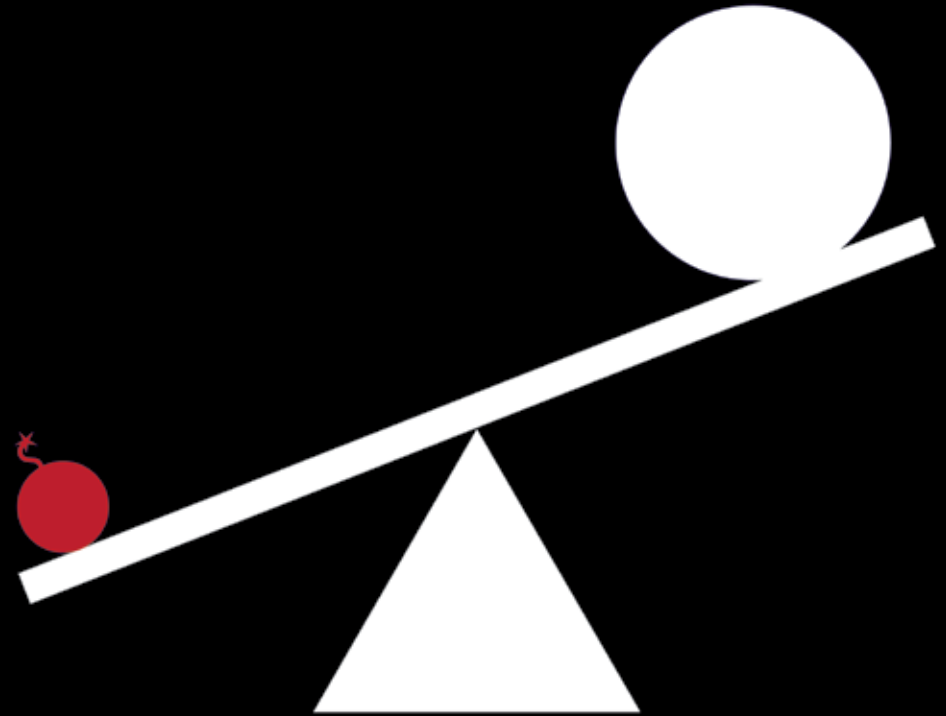


Constantly risking absurdity and death

28

Constantly risking absurdity
and death
whenever he performs
above the heads
of his audience
the poet like an acrobat
climbs on rime
to a high wire of his own making
and balancing on eyebeams
above a sea of faces
paces his way
to the other side of day [...]

For he's the super realist
who must perforce perceive
taut truth
before the taking of each stance or step
in his supposed advance
toward that still higher perch
where Beauty stands and waits
with gravity
to start her death-defying leap
And he
a little charleychaplin man
who may or may not catch
her fair eternal form
spreadeagled in the empty air
of existence



I saw one of them sleeping

50

I saw one of them sleeping
huddled under cardboard
by the Church of Sain Francis

I saw one of them
rousted by the priest

I saw one of them squatting in bushes

I saw another staggering
against the plateglass windows
of a firstclass restaurant

I saw one of them in a phone booth
shaking it

I saw one with burlap feet

I saw one in a grocery store
come out with a pint

I saw another come out
with nothing

I saw another putting a rop
through the loops of his pants

I saw one
with a bird on his shoulder

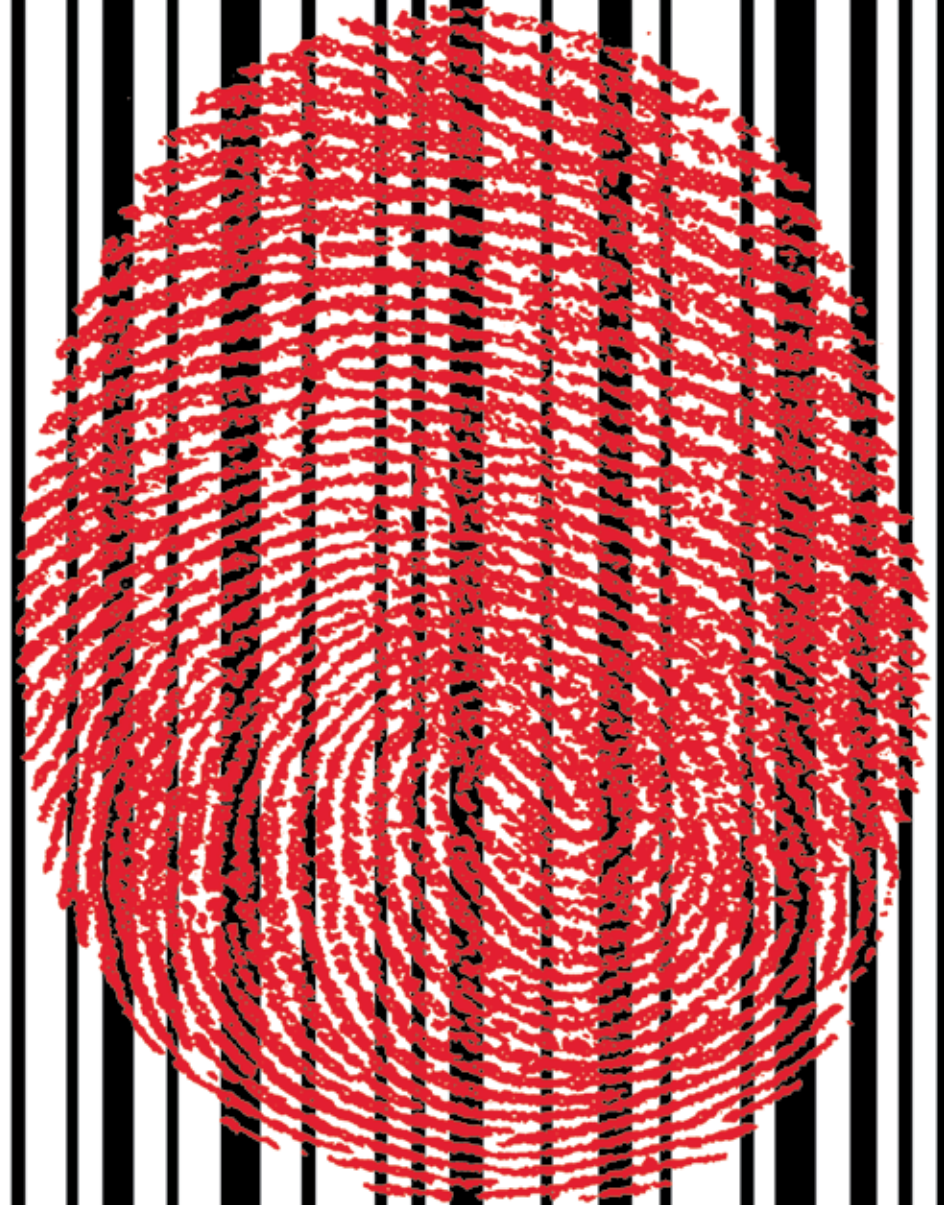
I saw of them singing
on the steps of City Hall
in the so cool city of love

I saw one of them trying to give
a lady cop a hug

I saw another sleeping
by the Brooklyn Bridge

I saw another standing
by the Golden Gate

The view from there was great



I AM NOT A NUMBER

So Show Your Son a Sunset 1

88

So show your son a sunset
before they're all gone
advised an old Lefty
exhibiting the usual paranoia
of the Left
that has now spilled over
on ecologists
and others of their ilk
always ranting about
the ozone hole and
cancer and smoking and
the population of the world
doubling again
by the year two thousand twenty
and about how the earth
is coming to a sudden
bad end

Whereas we all know the media and
the oil combines and
the tobacco companies and
the industry scientists and
the industrial perplex in general
are all telling us the whole bull
and nothing but the bull

So no need to worry
'No problem'
as they say downtown



from Poetry
as insurgent art 3

56 Dare to be a *non-violent* poetic guerrilla,
an anti-hero.

Temper your most intemperate voice with
compassion.

Make new wine out of the grapes of wrath.

Remember that men & women are infinitely
ecstatic, infinitely suffering beings.

Raise the blinds, throw open your shuttered
windows, raise the roof, unscrew the locks from
the doors, but don't throw away the screws.

NELSON
MANDELA



AFRICAN
LEGACY

Song of the third world birds 2

42

And all the birds cried out with one voice
the voice of those who have no voice
the voice of the invisibles of the world
the voice of the dispossessed of the world
the fellaheen peoples of earth
who are now all rising up

and they are singing out their message
that America is on the wrong side
America is on the wrong side
of their democratic revolution

And which side are you on
sang the birds
Oh which side are you on
in the Third World War
the war against the Third World?

Africa:

t he t
forgo en
con inen
t t.

A Vast Confusion

38

Long long I lay in the sands
Sounds of trains in the surf
 in subways of the sea
And an even greater underground
 of a vast confusion in the universe
a rumbling and a roaring
 as of some enormous creature
 turning under sea and earth
a billion sotto voices murmuring
 a vast muttering
 a swelling stuttering
 in ocean's speakers
world's voice-box heard with ear to sand
a shocked echoing
 a shocking shouting
 of all life's voices lost in night
And the tape of it
 somehow running backwards now
through the Moog Synthesizer of time
 Chaos unscrambled
 back to the first
 harmonies
And the first light

S S S S S S
S S S S S S
S S S S S S
S S S S S S
I L E N C E

from I Am Waiting

18

...I am waiting
for the meek to be blessed
and inherit the earth without taxes
and I am waiting
for forests and animals
to reclaim the earth as theirs
and I am waiting
for a way to be devised
to destroy all nationalisms
without killing anybody [...]
and I am waiting
for a reconstructed Mayflower to reach America
with its picture story and tv rights
sold in advance to the natives
and I am waiting
for the lost music to sound again
in the Lost Continent
in a new rebirth of wonder [...]
and I am awaiting retribution
for what America did to Tom Sawyer [...]
and I am waiting
for the American Boy
to take off Beauty's clothes
and get on top of her
and I am waiting
for Alice in Wonderland
o retransmit to me her total dream of innocence [...]
and I am waiting
for Aphrodite to grow live arms
at a final disarmament conference
in a new rebirth of wonder [...]

HATE
HATE
HATE
LOVE
LOVE

A Tourist of Revolutions 1

108

And I was a tourist of revolutions
a dilettante of revolutions
I was Whitey
Without a revolution of my own
(or so I thought)
People are starving & dying
So I had to join Third World revolutions
I was a Fidelista in 1959
I was a Sandinista in 1989
I thought I was one of them
(and perhaps I was)
They called me *campañero*
They published my poems
in their revolutionary papers
In “Lunes de Revolución”
they called me poeta
(which means a lot down there)
On Monday of the Revolution
I was a gringo poet
right in line with their line
People are starving & dying



GENRE: poetry and art

DETAILS: 142 pages, glossy paper with stiffened
and serigraphed cover, illustrated, 24x34 cm

EDITION: 2010

ISBN: 978-88-89044-65-0

CONTACT for delivery in United States of America:
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tel. (585)475-5819 - fax. (585) 475-4090

GENERE: poesia e arte

DETTAGLI: 142 pagine, carta patinata con
copertina cartonata serigrafata, illustrato, 24x34 cm

EDIZIONE: 2010

ISBN: 978-88-89044-65-0

PREZZO: 28.00 euro più 5.00 euro di spedizione