

be able to wade through threatening Scylla and Charybdis of logic and to bring in into our investigations only the pure gold of language facts. The logical thought of man creates diverse categories, but only part of them language owns to its system. A splendid example within the scope of the case category is Hjelmslev's coherence and incoherence.<sup>8</sup> Examining the four fundamental human space orientations: *before* – *behind* – *over* – *under*, Hjelmslev justly says that only *over* shows a differentiation between coherence ('on, upon') and incoherence ('over'), while the other three orientations do not display such bipartition. There is not in human languages a coherent and an incoherent *under*, there is only one common *under* not liable to such a bipartition. Hjelmslev does not answer the question, why matters so stand, but it is to me quite evident. The construction of our world, the Newtonian gravitation, owing to which bodies fall, brings about this phenomenon. Although logical thought suggests to language that a coherent *under* might be created, language refutes it. A coherent *under* is needless, inasmuch as objects mostly fall away from the lower surface and on the contrary they are recumbent on the upper one. We Europeans have made everyone believe that there is a subject or a predicate as a language category, just as we could have made believe that there are coherent *under*, *before* and *behind*, though they really do not exist in human languages. Matters may also stand quite contrariwise, namely language may create superfluous categories, needless to logic. How many such categories there are in language! For instance the Pythagorean ἀριθμός, acknowledged by this philosopher as the main bond of the universe, is in Indo-European and Semitic languages expressed unpractically, because binarily. It is not compatible with reasonable economy that the number is expressed once precisely in the system of numerals and for the second time less strictly and needlessly in the grammatical number: singular, dual, plural. The Ural-Altai idioms do not have such inaccuracy. I think that we should strive to investigate language only in a language mirror and to eliminate every side-reflex, since it might impose on us a false picture, far from the objective truth, being but a mirage of fata Morgana.

<sup>8</sup>Opus citatum, II, pp. 129-130.

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POEMS

By J. AQUILINA

THE VISIT

To our University Chaplain, Fr. M. Jaccarini, S.J.

The Lord knocked on the door of the Beggar,  
 And the Beggar rolled out the red carpet  
 For the Lord to step on, and prepared Him a supper  
 Cooked on the fire of crackling wood  
 And a sheaf of dry thorns gathered from the street;  
 And the Lord and the Beggar sat at the same table  
 Till very late in the night  
 When the stars came out one by one  
 As if by turn to watch the encounter.  
 Then, blessing the bread and the wine,  
 Which they both ate and drank together,  
 The Lord said: 'I must now return to my castle  
 To report to my Father.'  
 And the Beggar knelt down and said:  
 'Lord, Lord, your will be done.  
 I know you have other business elsewhere,  
 Other visits to make.'  
 And as the Lord went out blessing his home,  
 The beggar rolled back the red carpet  
 For the next visit  
 By mutual agreement.  
 The stars twinkled in the sky,  
 Over the beggar's house,  
 Keeping a steady watch throughout the night.

15.iv.72

HE AND SHE

A man and a woman of more or less the same age  
 Sitting on a bench in a public garden  
 Side by side like two lovers holding each other's hand  
 In intimate conversation  
 Compared their temperaments and hobbies.  
 She: My hobby is to collect figurines, antiques and dresses.  
 You, my good friend, what do you do  
 With your free time when you are alone?

Do you collect bunches of flowers or rake up grime?

He: My hobby has always been

To collect a number of strains and stresses  
That fit no less tightly in my mental cupboard  
Than your fashionable dresses in your wardrobe.

She: When I am dead and gone away

(Will my lovers mark the day?)

Write me an epitaph and say this of me:

'A well-dressed lady she was who hurt nobody's feelings

And offended no laws.

She just wanted to be a thing of beauty

And, as Keats would say: "A joy forever"

(If not too subtle, yet feminine and clever).

He: If you survive me, as I think you will,

Write me this epitaph:

'Here lies buried a good-natured fool

Whose hobby it was

To collect catalogues of worries and stresses

Duly numbered under separate headings

For easy reference in self-torture.

He might have lived a few more useful years

If, instead of collecting worries and stresses,

He filled his mental cupboard

With figurines, antiques and dresses.

13.ix.72 - Lugano

#### ON LEAVING LUGANO

Good bye, Lugano! What a sad farewell

To your green mountains huddled on the lake

That breathe the Life Force of tall trees and take

From their green foliage the urge and spell

Which animate your soil, Would I could tell

By what strange, hidden strength you could awake

A resonance of youth in me and shake

My mind out of its torpor like a bell!

Good bye, Lugano! After the dash and roar

Of scowling winds that troubled Parma's sky

Keeping the sun a prisoner behind bars

In Italy of all places, could I deny

Your sun my homage on Mount Salvador?

Next stop, Milan. Lost pleasures leave their scars.

13.ix.72

#### PLANNING

The ideologists of the New Age rack their brains to plan

The life of modern man from the cradle to the grave:

They plan, O how they plan! plan to plan again

Another form of misery, straitjackets for the slave.

25.ix.72

#### FAREWELL PRAYER

Good bye Padua, City of the Bo,

Giotto and Galileo

City of Arcades

City of History and of Saints

Magnificent churches everywhere

The Basilica of Santa Giustina

Where a young Benedictine played the organ alone,

For himself and for God

Who stood by his side

Invisible presence

While votive candles

Burned to their sockets one by one

(O God, let not the last candle go out!)

Overtopping all

The Basilica of the Saint.

Saint Anthony of Padua,

Before I leave the city

That loves you so dearly

I pray you lighten the burden

Of those who pressed their hands

Against the marble altar

Where lie your bones in sacred trust.

Though I am not of Padua

But a friend among foreigners,

Like you a Portuguese by birth,

Remember me,

Remember the Bo

Remember my country

And our Alma Mater.

Padua - 15.x.72

## EPITAPH

Here lies master Pollock, a poetaster, who tried to force the Muse  
 To stand and deliver her golden hoards of Verse and Rhyme;  
 Though she resisted his violence, he never stopped trying.  
 Had it not been for Death, he would still be wasting his time.

Padua – 11.x.72

## THE UNIVERSITY OF PADUA

We gathered to celebrate the 750th anniversary  
 Of the University of Padua, ancient city of Learning.  
 Travelling back in time we met Galileo and bowed to him;  
 But looking ahead, what sight! – The citadels of Knowledge burning!

Venice – 16.x.72

## REMINESCING

*(Thoughts encouraged by a Visit to the Cappella degli Scrovegni)*

As we looked up and down in admiration,  
 We felt what great Art is – Giotto's mind  
 Communicates no less to our generation  
 The Artist's Truth, God's Beauty, unconfined  
 By clique or market, puffed sophistication,  
 Vaporous abstractions that cannot find  
 Response in Feeling or Imagination:  
 The Master's Art is gentle and refined.

Airport of Venice – 16.x.72

## GOODBYE!

Life has its pleasures  
 That are its treasures:  
 The many men and women  
 That we come to know,  
 Talk to, laugh with and love.  
 When the time comes to say good-bye,  
 We all feel what it is like to die.

Fiumicino – 16.x.72

## POEMS

By E. SZIRMAI

## DORMIR

Dormir  
 est notre seconde vie;  
 c'est un voyage  
 avec cent idées et cent tempêtes  
 dans notre lit.  
 C'est partir sans argent  
 et sans valise.  
 C'est voler au-dessus des mers  
 et des continents –  
 vers les étoiles  
 sans avion  
 et sans fusée.  
 C'est visiter et habiter  
 des pays  
 qui n'existent pas;  
 c'est parler soixante langues  
 sans savoir  
 et sans étude  
 dans notre vie normale  
 quotidienne.  
 C'est visiter les parents  
 et les amis morts.  
 Dormir –  
 c'est une vie d'or,  
 un monde de l'imagination,  
 un rêve avec plusieurs professions.  
 Dormir –  
 c'est oublier  
 tous les maux et tous les problèmes.  
 C'est un pays secret  
 où les pauvres  
 deviennent tous riches,  
 où l'on retrouve  
 tous les rêves perdus.  
 C'est un monde de jeu

où règne une égalité exceptionnelle.  
 Dormir –  
 c'est une autre vie des miracles  
 avec cent amis  
 un monde des rêves –  
 Voilà ce que c'est: dormir!

### LICHT UND DUNKELHEIT

Ihr seid beide das Leben,  
 Licht, Du fliegst mit der Flagge der Morgenröte nach oben,  
 dicht in die Höhe des Himmels  
 und wenn der Stoff Deines Kleides  
 schon fast verbrannt ist,  
 da bleibst Du noch hängen, du goldenes Licht,  
 an dem Rande des Horizonts  
 und leuchtest wie ein riesiges Gottes Fenster  
 an dem Gipfel des schneebedeckten Himalajas!  
 Licht, Du bist zum ewigen Leuchten geboren,  
 und Du darfst nicht stehen bleiben  
 an einer Stelle Deines unendlichen Wegs,  
 da es Dein Schicksal ist,  
 in Ellipsenform ewig zu brennen!  
 Du bist in der Hand Gottes  
 nur eine weit vorgeschobene Lampe!  
 Wie viele solche riesigen Lichtquellen  
 schmieden unser Tagesfest  
 und leuchten,  
 o Licht, Mutter des Lebens,  
 das, was die ständig angreifenden Heere der Dunkelheit  
 vertreiben.  
 Er ist unendlich gross, dieser Wert,  
 aber die Dunkelheit wischt ständig die Küsten  
 des unübersehbaren Meeres der Stille  
 und unserer Heimat – der Erde.

### PARTIR

Partir –  
 c'est un petit peu mourir,  
 quelquefois pour toujours.  
 C'est notre seule consolation  
 pour les tristes émotions  
 de ces jours.  
 Une ancienne loi  
 très dure – quelquefois  
 la fin de toutes les belles vacances,  
 de tous les séjours, de toutes les victoires –  
 la fin de notre route, toutes les pertes –  
 le droit des personnes qui meurent.  
 Partir, –  
 c'est le chemin  
 qui nous conduit  
 à la recherche de la beauté, du succès  
 et quelquefois d'un devoir.  
 Partir  
 pour la guerre  
 sans le vouloir,  
 c'est un peu un refuge  
 contre tout le monde,  
 contre toute la tristesse,  
 toutes les défaites –  
 vers la justice –  
 vers les espoirs et les amours –  
 vers le bonheur  
 que l'on espère trouver  
 chaque seconde et chaque jour.  
 Partir –  
 c'est un voyage  
 vers un autre demain,  
 mille fois chaque jour.  
 Partir –  
 c'est un petit peu mourir  
 et pour nous tous, une fois sans retour –  
 pour toujours.

## SOUVENIR D'UNE VISITE A DIJON

Une fois seulement –  
 ou deux fois –  
 c'est tout –  
 ce n'est pas beaucoup –  
 que j'étais chez vous,  
 mon Professeur, notre cher ami,  
 dans votre ville,  
 dans ma vie.  
 Mais je suis toujours là,  
 en pensées,  
 dans votre institut,  
 dans votre monde,  
 dans votre pays –  
 mon ami, à Dijon, chez vous –  
 où il n'y a pas de jalousie,  
 où il n'y a pas d'envie,  
 où il n'y a pas de chagrin,  
 mais seulement la paix  
 et seulement l'amitié,  
 et le travail et la recherche.  
 Je conserve maintenant dans mon coeur  
 ce beau souvenir de la Côte d'Or,  
 de mon arrivée et de mon départ,  
 à Dijon, chez vous –  
 avec tous mes idéals.  
 Je suis quelquefois,  
 chaque jour,  
 presque toujours,  
 chez vous –  
 avec votre science,  
 dans votre université,  
 dans votre monde de beauté,  
 dans votre cathédrale  
 et dans vos châteaux –  
 avec mes rêves perdus,  
 avec votre beauté,  
 dans votre paix.

## BIBLIO – LIBICA 1841-1968

di M.M. BAZAMA

La bibliografia, per gli studiosi, è un sussidio indispensabile per le ricerche di qualsiasi oggetto di studio; in mancanza di essa lo studioso manca del necessario orientamento intorno alle diverse opere che hanno già trattato la materia che lo interessa. Per questo motivo ho pensato di riordinare questo elenco bibliografico sulle bibliografie della Libia.

Come appare dall'elenco, che non è scevro da lacune a causa di qualche opera bibliografica a noi non nota, le pubblicazioni dal 1841 al 1968 ammontano a 87, e si presentano in sei lingue diverse: l'arabo, il francese, l'inglese, l'italiano, il latino e il tedesco. La maggior parte di esse – com'è naturale – è redatta in lingua italiana (57 opere).

Queste bibliografie in parte sono opere separate, in parte articoli apparsi in riviste scientifiche o culturali, in parte come appendice in libri degli stessi autori ed in parte come indici di riviste specializzate in materie libiche o come cataloghi bibliografici regionali. Parte di queste sono di carattere generale, altre di carattere particolare per regioni o per materia, ma nel loro complesso danno un censimento quasi totale di ciò che si è pubblicato sulla Libia in più di un secolo ed in diverse lingue.

Questo elenco è stato compilato in ordine alfabetico di autore per facilitare la consultazione:

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