

# Literary and Linguistic Symbols of the Fatal Signs of Death in the Literature of Dino Buzzati

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**Abstract**—In this paper we will try to identify the literary and linguistic symbols of the fatal signs of death, focusing on the concept of "happy death" as a key concept in the literature of Dino Buzzati. The literature of this author passes from the traditional writing to the narrative forms of magical realism, and unfolds an imagination which shows how the reality of this world cannot be separated from the mystery of our daily existence. Also, we will analyse if there is a connection between Buzzati's literary vision and the metaphysical debate on the existence of God. These research questions, aim to highlight the fact that the most obvious novelty of Dino Buzzati's literature should be summarized in the assessment that all the echoes of Death in his works are described with humor and self-irony, ranging from jokes to punitive and apocalyptic sarcasm. Death is shrouded in the allegory of the "receiving the call"; sooner or later it knocks on the door of every human being. Buzzati's literature is precisely the attainment of such a dimension, where art becomes sublime, and it is very hard to define clear lines, between the human existence and what happens after it.

**Index Terms**—magic realism, happy death, God

## I. INTRODUCTION

Fantastic literature and Buzzati's works

In this theoretical framework of fantastic literature, this paper will focus on what is considered one of the essential themes of Dino Buzzati's literature: the theme of death. There is no doubt that the literary universe of Dino Buzzati offers a mysterious vision of the enigmatic punishment that occurs to random people and describes the surrounding labyrinths of daily life. From the hill of the fantastic, Buzzati tries to go up and down every day - night; he gives people the possibility to reflect about crucial issues. Death is a crucial thematic choice for him. Death has different, multiple echoes and each time it sounds differently. It deals with the nuances of the real and the unreal, it is the starting and the ending point of each character.

Dino Buzzati is one of the most famous representatives of magical realism in the Italian literature. His works are an illustration of the coexistence between the real with the unreal world, an expression of contraposition of life with death, of the concrete with the absurd. This is the background where Dino Buzzati explores the dimension of Death and its multiple faces. The fantastic literature, which became a widely used literary language in different parts of the world during the twentieth century, did not aim to significantly expand the concept of reality in order to include another reality, but rather confirmed the epistemological post-modern state in which it leaves open the hypotheses, the confrontation with doubts. This process helps to recognize that the reasons that came from the irrational, from the inner psychological world, should have a central place in overcoming the possible and the real, through the narration with fantastic tendencies.

During the years when theoretical studies on postmodernism began to emerge, McHale (1987) noted that postmodernist aesthetics concluded in itself fantastic, as it was possible to reflect on ontological issues, which for postmodernism occupied a central place as a distinctive element versus modernism. Calvino (1980) explained the renewed interest in this literary genre, underlining how the fantastic literature was the key to decipher the human anxieties associated with the subconscious. "We feel that the fantastic tells us things that directly concern us, though we are less inclined than the readers of the Eighteenth to be lied to or stunned by the phantasmagoria or unexpected performances; here we can enjoy them in another way, as the colorized elements of an era" (p. 5).

The fantastic literature can be considered as an alternative to the real. This literature becomes a necessity; it radicalizes the need of every man to see things that cannot be grasped by the senses of his body. One of the main characteristics of this literature is hesitation which can appear in two forms: hesitation between reality and illusion (we doubt the interpretation we can give to the events we are convinced of), or between reality and imagination. (we wonder if what we perceive is not the fruit of our imagination as readers).

From this point of view, the "fantastic" way of storytelling focuses on some topics where we have the classification of opposite categories between them. Campra (1981) offers such a list that includes the following contradictory categories: concrete / abstract; alive / inanimate; me / the other; present / past / future; here / there, underlining that at

this level “the nature of fantasy lies in proposing a rational scandal, as long as we do not have a substitution of one order for another, but an overlap between them. Hence the feature of dangerousness, the function of annulling - or weakening - the reader's assurances and convictions” (p. 203).

At the moment of crossing or breaking the boundary between the natural and the supernatural, between real time and space and imagined time and space, the reader is transferred beyond the limit: the territories of fantastic remain defined as transient boundaries, as a place that constantly implies the coexistence of opposite views: reality and unreality: coherence and incoherence: of life and death.

Buzzati began to explore this reality with spiritual compassion from a young age with "Barnabo of the Mountains" (1933), and after that he specified it in the wonderful and ruthless allegory of the "Desert of the Tartars". One of the interrogations that are endlessly repeated in the work of Dino Buzzati, refers to the human being: Is man an unpredictable anomaly verified in the arc of the evolutionary process of life or he is the result where evolution should necessarily lead?

This rebus pushes Dino Buzzati to create a universal image of life surrounded by the mysterious, the invisible signs, that can only be perceived and never described in their totality. For this reason, the literary vision of Buzzati refers to the human being as a weak creature, very intelligent, inevitably unhappy, on the edge of the abyss where seemed to be nothing beyond, except death. The theme of death is inseparable in Buzzati's work at different times. On December 1, 1971, in the last diary, Buzzati noted the desire to greet once again “what had been really good with us, that piece of life even if it is gone forever”. And again: “But it's a wonderful day and shortly after Brescia I suddenly saw the pure, supreme mountains of glass shine far away in the north, where never again; dear mirages of when I was a kid remained intact waiting for me ". “It's cold - he adds, - it's the beginning of December, will I have time to see Christmas? (Buzzati, 1985, p. 76)”

These last words that Buzzati wrote while he was alive, describe the writer's deep connection with the riddle of death and the mystery that envelops human existence which can only be overcome by what nature offers to us in silence: the appearance of mountains, the beauty of the silent mountains in the background.

“I wrote a piece once - explains Buzzati, in an interview with Panafieu (1973) - [...] and it was entitled “On the mountains”. There I tried to explain the reason of my passion for the mountain. And the conclusion came that there was first solitude, then immobility, which is found in deserts [...] And then I ended by saying that immobility represents an extreme state of stillness, because man instinctively tends to a state of maximum calm. He struggles all his life to get rich, to make a family, to make a house, to make a position and then remarry and achieve absolute peace. In a certain sense, man instinctively tends to death (p. 49)”.

## II. ANALYSIS

### A. Travels

The short story “The Seven messengers”, which opens the book “Sixty Stories”, conveys the desire to know and to reveal the mysterious secrets of death. It certainly resembles the Kafkaesque tale “The Emperor's Message”, but this story is something more intense, colourful and immediate.

“Having set out to explore my father's kingdom, day by day I go away from the city and the news that reaches me becomes increasingly rare ...” (Carnazzi, 1998, p. 597) -, this is the introduction part of this story. The main character seems to symbolise every human being, each of us, and is ready to advance in the search for the Truth. His journey begins in his kingdom which is under the orders of God, and the latest doesn't facilitate the way at all. There follows a mystical interrogation while walking through the unknown future and then comes the act of sacrificing one's life, in order to hope, one day, to see the borders of the world.

[...] A new hope will draw me even further tomorrow morning, towards those unexplored mountains that the shadows of the night are concealing. Domenico will disappear on the horizon on the other side, to bring my useless message to the distant city (Carnazzi, 1998, p. 601).

The story seems, in miniature, like an allegory of human life. The heir to the throne who decides to explore the kingdom of his father, until he reaches *the extreme* frontier, a frontier where we will never arrive, or rather, that we will reach only with our personal death: it is me, it is you, it is all the people of this world.

The messengers that we send back and who return, first frequently, then more and more rarely, and then at intervals of years and decades, are our memories. They are the bonds that join us with the mythical time of our childhood or in any case, which connect us to our past life. These are the bonds of every man with the surrounding world, which are inexorably loosen from year to year, to the point that the memories and messages that arrive doesn't have any meaning anymore and can no longer be interpreted even when they arrive at their destination.

In the second story of this book, “The assault on the great convoy” the act of waiting is the most important event for the reader. Waiting means changing, and the brigand Gasparre Planetta is someone who has lost the connection with the reality after spending three years in prison. But the time that passes is the meaning of forgetfulness, and there is nothing worse than the feeling that the world has forgotten you or no longer cares for you; in this case you no longer exist, so even though you breathe, you are dead if others do not remember you anymore. If you wait without being able to do anything, means that your existence is flowing away in the river of time. The protagonist of the story has nothing left. A

forgotten man doesn't need even to have a name, an identity, a life. That's why he is no longer even called Gasparre: "[...] So it was with Planetta, now no longer chief brigand, but only Gaspare Planetta, or rather Severino, aged 48, homeless" (Carnazzi, 1998, p. 606).

What is the reaction in front of the mountain that we cannot climb? What is the reaction in the face of happiness? What is the reaction in the face of the impossibility of shedding light on the darkness in which we are locked up? The protagonist of this story locks himself in his imagination and fantasizes, plans something extraordinary. He dreams of making a brilliant attack, as in his glorious times, but the moment the man understands that life cannot be turned back, he feels that everything is an unattainable illusion. That old man, former brigand, has really a great desire for his great return, but the story is only about him, nobody believes it anymore, and so he is killed, but death in this sense is positive. He becomes light, rejuvenates, finds his old companions, the glory of his best days, and goes away, leaving in the air the traces of a nearly twenty-year-old ghost that doesn't look at all like the body covered in blood, lying on the ground, under the eyes of the world.

On the same wavelength, the hospital in the story "Seven floors" is something attractive, and seen from a distance it makes you want to go inside. Then, when someone pushes himself and crosses the hall, everything changes, the river of events can no longer be stopped, the patient Giuseppe Corte understands that there is no more hope for him, it is late, it is not worth thinking about it. It is difficult to imagine a simpler story than this, a parable about death that takes hold of man through a progression of minimal signs. The so-called "inspiration" came to Buzzati while he was in the waiting room of a doctor's office. Looking at a seven-storey building from the window, he imagined the story of a typical patient: who is hospitalized in a clinic for a trivial matter, and after that he is ordered to move down, from floor to floor, up to the terminally ill ward, on the ground floor. Giuseppe Corte begins his descent to death from the seventh floor, but he is not worried at all that he will die soon; the illusion of life is that death happens to the others, but not to ourselves; That's why he protests at the moment when the doctors order him to move from floor to floor. After some time, he gets used to it, but nevertheless he hopes, prays, wants to leave, but everything is useless. Everything is fatal. It is already decided for your life, dear Giuseppe, when you took the first step, to enter in this hospital with seven floors that reminds the several false hopes of life in daily existence: "... He turned his head away, and saw that the sliding shutters, obedient to a mysterious command, closing the way to the light..." (Carnazzi, 1998, p. 636).

"The capote" is another extraordinary story by Buzzati. The protagonist is destined to die, he is almost dead, he is already dead, but this is his secret, only he knows it. Giovanni, the protagonist, returns home pushed from the feeling to embrace for the last time his mother and his brothers. He is a soldier, he is not alive anymore, he has been killed in the battle and he knows that he has to leave (forever) in a while, so he doesn't show himself happy in front of his family. He feels dazed. He does not feel excited from his mother's joy, he is not ready, no, he has not yet learned how to travel in the eternal cold winter of the Night. His mother tells him to take off the capote, but it covers the wounds that prove his death. Under the capote is hidden the unimaginable, the impossible, the fantastic, and this cannot be said in words, cannot be clearly explained, it doesn't need to be publicly demonstrated. It is no surprise that this dead boy came to visit his mother and brothers for the last time, as fantastic literature acknowledges the possibility that the dead and the living people can coexist together at the same place. What is most important in this context has to do with travel. The journey to another world, mysterious, dark, unknown, must be done, there is no salvation. It is a cruel journey, yes, Buzzati makes us feel how sad may sound certain journeys. When one has to leave, he must never let his guard down, the wait is terrible: Come on, hurry up, what are you doing, why do you slide your gaze out the windows, stare at a man who seems to be a shadow, and feel the heart tearing apart inside your chest?! Leave everything, come on you have to go, you've already made Death wait long enough... "He was already at the door. He came out as if transported by the wind. He crossed the garden, almost running, opened the gate, two horses galloped off, under the grey sky, not towards the town, no, but across the prairies, up to the north, towards the mountains. They galloped, galloped ..." (Carnazzi, 1998, p. 664).

But the journey is not always done in silence or when the shadows fall or when no one sees you anymore and you are ready to jump into a new life. The story "One thing that begins with 'L'" offers another way to tell the journey. Death becomes something that is announced, that everyone should know, that everyone must know.

Buzzati almost forces us to stop reading the story, to close the book, while we see that a strong man, a giant named Christoforo Schroder, after being touch from the announced death, loses everything, his power, his voice, his future, his movements. Everything he can do is to lower his head and to accept the fatality. But is it possible that all men are condemned like him? That we too are forced to carry on a disease, which is life itself? And to be honest, what did the poor merchant do?! A useless sin, a little push without even thinking about the leper patient who attacked him with the disease. His death becomes a spectacle for the readers. "The square was large, long to cross. With a stiff gesture, he was now shaking the bell which gave a clear and festive sound; den, den" (Carnazzi, 1998, p. 691).

This philosophy of life and death seems to offer to the reader a simple but not superficial approach to the small everyday world, where the geography of places and souls interacts with the melancholy of memories, in an ironic and evocative narrative. In all this context, the events and thoughts emerging from Dino Buzzati's narrative appear elusive and tinged with mystery.

### B. God

There is no shortage of writings where Buzzati questions his characters whether God exists or not. The answer is

always painful, everyone who dares to ask about this, sooner or later dies. Everything is absurd, life seems useless and the harder you try to keep your eyes open to see something unusual, the more you don't want to hope to see something again. Everyone surrenders, in front of the Great Gate. If there is a God, he is not necessarily as we have dreamed of Him, He is not as our parents, or the parish priest of the neighbourhood church, or our uncles have described Him time after time.

Otherwise, why so much suffering, why we don't find Our God to help us when we really need Him? One, then, who during all his life is looking for at least one sign and finds nothing beyond the confines of his existence, is angry, raises his tone; it is a similar reality with that described from Buzzati, regarding the situation of a group of German soldiers, trapped during the Second World War in Siberia, destined to die: "There are those who write to their priest, a Protestant pastor, with desperate sarcasm (" God did not show himself when my heart cried out to him. The houses were destroyed, the comrades were as heroic and as cowardly as I am. On earth there was hunger and murder and bombs and fire fell from the sky. Only God was not there. No, father, there is no God. I write it again and I know it is a terrible thing and irreparable for me. And if there really must be a God, he is only with you, in the psalms and in the prayers, in the pious words of priests and shepherds, in the sound of bells and in the perfume of incense. But in Stalingrad, no" (Carnazzi, 1998, p. 1411).

In the same text, we find another sincere testimony of someone dying alone, without God by his side:

I cannot be made to believe that comrades die with the words 'Deutschland!' or 'Heil Hitler!' on their lips.

You die, yes, you can't deny it; but the last word is for your mother, or for the dearest person, or it's just a cry for help (Carnazzi, 1998, p. 1414).

Buzzati tries to make us reflect about this matter, but how did he behave, faced with the same puzzles, which he previously proposed to his characters?

In 1971, at the Circolo della Stampa in Milan, during the presentation of his last collection of short stories "The difficult nights", a priest, Ernesto Pisoni, who was his friend from many years, asked the author, even with imprudence, some final questions. He asked him abruptly if, after the long insistence of his pages around the indecipherable purpose of existence, he suspected a justifying transcendence: did he believe in God and in the hereafter?

With a weak and clear voice, Dino Buzzati denied it. He reaffirmed his agnostic position. The God of believers was an image he had lost from his youth. He rejected the idea of an afterlife that envisaged both the concept of a reward or a punishment.

This answer was given a few months after the fatal conclusion of his illness, of that "subtle, mysterious and rare disease - as Buzzati wrote ironically from the clinic to Gene Pampaloni - whose last case certainly ascertained dates back to the G'rgonid dynasty (Fontanella, 1982, p. 68)". But even earlier, speaking with Panafieu, Buzzati had an unsuspected idea regarding this matter:

"God is an absurd, cruel, unjust thing. It is absurd that someone brings me into the world, creates me and then punishes me, if I behave badly..." (Panafieu, 1973, p. 94).

The author torments himself and trembles as soon as he begins to formulate answers: the anxiety of time, the Gnostic intention to consider the world and reality as a dream of which we are prisoners, a perplexed candour in inserting in the architecture of the visible, in the beloved and tortured appearances that surround us, "tenuous interstices of absurdity", in order to reassure us that everything is over.

However, Dino Buzzati did not hesitate to declare to Panafieu that he considered himself "overall a Christian man": "I believe I am a deeply moral man and I accept the Kantian imperative to behave as if the principle of all our actions can become the general norm" (Panafieu, 1973, p. 95).

The presence of a religious question does not necessarily presuppose a profession of faith: it is sufficient to provoke that deepening of the moral life which gives rise to the compassion for every living creature. Buzzati reconnect the reader with that piety which, imbued with an inseparable metaphysical value, disposes us to a spiritual consonance with everything that surrounds us. And this never extinguished ember of piety and participation is the reason that made him one day affirm that the face of his dog, of his boxer "Napoleone", was for him an irrefutable proof of the existence of God.

Porzio, in the text "Religious question mark in the work of Dino Buzzati", noted:

There is no doubt that Buzzati's narrative literature contains the anxiety of the time, the gnostic purpose of considering the world and reality as a dream where we are imprisoned, while we continue to insert inside the architecture of the obvious, 'constant particles of absurdity' that can comfort us that everything is false (Fontanella, 1982, p. 71).

This feeling and anxiety of the time that seems to engulf everything, both fear and religious belief, the desire to live and the insecurity of life, seems to be characteristic of Dino Buzzati's creative vision. In those occasions where the writer cannot find the image of God, it must be invented or proclaimed. On the other hand, when the pain from heaven injustices is great, unbearable, the monument of God must be questioned, challenged, rejected. This literary process doesn't allow to see the clear image that hides behind the sky, but creates the assumption that there for sure must be something up there.

### C. Death

"But we, who need / so great mysteries, - how many times from mourning / blissful progress blossoms - could we

ever be / we, without the dead?" (Destro, 1978, p.7), asks R.M. Rilke in his poem "The Duino elegy".

There is something in the novel of Dino Buzzati "The Desert of the Tartars", a painful echo, like a consciousness that around us (always and when we are less ready to fight and we want a truce) emerge to the surface holes of an enormous dimension which swallow our desire to live, to fight, to raise our voices, even in the nights of winter when the moon and stars are covered from silence. It seems that we are the characters of the Desert! Death... we always say this word when we finish reading the book. It is all so strange, we repeat it and if we want, we begin to memorize the movements of the haunted shadows.

This novel shows a precise model that marks the obligatory passage of human life. Our dreams, our desire to be, our intrigues and the lies we repeat every morning, help to give us greater importance to the final goal.

Giovanni Drogo's initiation takes place when he takes responsibility for his own existence, and understands that he has passed the border of his naive childhood without realizing it. One understands, then, that there is nothing in the real world that reminds you of the dreams you had as a child.

"Giovanni Drogo noticed - the best time, the early youth, was probably over. Drogo stared into the mirror, he saw a broken smile on his face, which he had tried in vain to love" (Buzzati, 1945, p. 7).

He realizes, before leaving, that it's all over. It seems that Drogo is walking towards his destiny, aware that he has no longer a chance to return. Is it life that shows us the way to death? We may attribute to this initial journey the Drogo's desire to see something unusual. And indeed, the fortress is his grave. He finds himself in this great mausoleum, with soldiers, guards, night shifts inside, and begins to savour the taste of a great event, in a great stronghold, made on purpose to honour his end and his burial. The grave of a great man must be gigantic, and this fascinates Drogo's desire to remain in the fortress for years and years. He wants to have at least a decent ending.

The narration follows a cyclic time that always is oriented through the same path. The act of waiting in this sense is absurd, like death itself. Everyone expects for the arrival of the enemies, for the Tartars who will one day come down from the north. The atmosphere offers an absurd version of the man who, not knowing what awaits him, waits for his end without lifting an eye. But can be considered wasted the life of a man who awaits his glory, for a lifetime, and when it is his turn to die, he does so without whispering a single lament?

The Bastiani fortress is a surreal place where men, aware of their strength, intend to wait for moments of glory. Young Drogo, however, is determined to stay in this isolated place. His desire to continue his duty means that it is impossible for someone already marked by death to be able to do something to change the order of future events.

An itinerary takes place in the Desert that leads to a test and the revelation of a destiny. But the novelty lies in an acquisition of human awareness, in a deepening of existential themes. There is a tragic seriousness that appears dictated by a more mature life experience; it is a content of intimate suffering which, however, is projected into a story of strong symbolic power and universal resonance. The story of Giovanni Drogo is nothing more than the parable of human existence consumed in waiting, dominated by repetitive gestures and daily habits, by a code in which one deludes oneself to find the meaning of one's life. Drogo hears the voice of his companions, but is enchanted by the charm of the mystery that awaits him. He learns by heart the role of dying in everyday life. There is no actor who does not try to play this highly successful "comedy" at least once. We think of great applause, the stage covered with flowers coming from the stands, an immense crowd, enthusiastic about what was shown on stage ... These and others, the signs of ruin...

Metempsychosis or the power to return to a circle where everything can be rearranged to the same order of many years ago, is a risk that makes us try to live the same days, without showing a sign of weakness. Ultimately it is a slow death monitored, step by step, by sudden thoughts. Loneliness or the desert of lost souls:

"What a sad mistake, Drogo thought, perhaps everything is like this, we believe that around there are creatures similar to us and instead there is only frost, stones that speak a foreign language, we are about to greet our friend but the smile goes out, because we realize that we are completely alone" (Buzzati, 1945, p.76).

One who lives in the Bastiani fortress is already dead, he has no possibility of redeeming himself in real life, and he puts everything back in the hands of Time. Through this point of view, everything is about waiting the death. If the Tartars arrive one day, one must die in combat, gritting his teeth and struggling to kill the unknown enemies of the north. Death always should happen with a smile on the lips. The most important fact, then, is that as soon as you see the footprints of death, everyone becomes more courageous and willing to challenge the last hour.

Drogo decides to stay. It no longer makes sense to return to the common world of the living, to the city where people fight for daily bread. Time has already made the necessary path, no one remembers him anymore. A return to his home, in the life he had before, is almost a foregone disappointment:

- Good night, mom, - and he continued almost pacified towards his room, when he realized that she too was speaking. - What have you got mom? - he asked in the vast silence. At the same instant he knew he had mistaken the roll of a distant carriage for her dear voice. In truth, his mother had not answered, his son's nocturnal footsteps could no longer awaken him as they once did, they had become like strangers, as if their sound had changed over time (Buzzati, 1945, p. 107).

The desert highlights the absurd condemnation of a soldier, forced to remain trapped in an uncomfortable place, where death is expected.

You are forced to stay in your footsteps, dear Drogo, the others have gotten away with it, sleep better than you are! See the lies your superiors have told you. Nothing to do, you lower your eyes and try not to feel anything! You don't

move from here.

Who are the Tatars? Will there ever come a day? Nobody believes it anymore. It would be absurd for someone to show up on the pretext of making a war! The absurd journey does not allow the only consolation to an existence wasted in a useless wait. The dream must end before waking up. Man, the sinner, is condemned not to see and not to touch the promised fruits.

### III. DISCUSSION

Dino Buzzati has lived all the time with the mysterious anguish of death. Marked by the loss of his father when he was still a boy, the idea of death grows and consolidates in him. He does nothing but go forward step by step, pushed into the unknown by mysterious energies, trying to counter the silence with the desire to find a precise answer. He follows his destiny, concentrated in a mad struggle, in a battle with unknown forces, supernatural phenomena, among shadows that travel to all corners of the earth, and put an end to human existence, chosen by pure chance. As cited by Fontana, Vigorelli figured out about this issue: "Analysing a writer like Buzzati, a writer made up of problems, obsessions, manias, a writer who talks about God and tries to hide Him, a writer who always comes to terms with a reality that usually Italian writers try to hunt even in an aggressive way - even the vilest people become courageous in chasing death because they are afraid of it - here we found ourselves in front of a writer who, in any case, tells stories to challenge our perception about death. That was his real obsession, the fear of death and not waiting for death ..." (Fontanella, 1982, p. 83).

Death is the birthplace of Buzzati's allegory, of his inner majesty. The dynamism and almost morbid intensity of discovering and unravelling the mystery of death was accentuated in everyday life, in painting, in literature, in his musical texts and in his poems. His literature benefited from this tendency. Buzzati sees Death everywhere. Thus a short story like "Fear at the Scala", stands as an opposing example to the problem of death, where are established two categories of persons and souls: those who do not realize their own impending mortality, and the "others", who foresee the final moment as the end of every pathos, of every worldly laceration.

Death is no longer part of the reality we live in every day; it doesn't characterize only the reality we accept and submit to as if it were merely an essential part of human or human existence. In a perspective where reality is overpassed, Death becomes a place of pilgrimage, it becomes the Meaning of Meanings. The perception about Death is combined with the anguish of time that passes. It is followed from messages arrived from distant borders and its presence underlies the mystery of existence. To those who criticized his anguished way of always saying the same things, Buzzati replied:

[...] But all writers and artists in their lives, however long it may be, say only one thing! Some with great breath, some with thin breath, but they are always identical to themselves. Of course. Otherwise, they would not be sincere. The style, moreover, by which the personality of a writer stands out does not imply a certain uniformity or rather univocity? And then, why these absurd claims against us who write? There are very famous painters whom for their entire existence have done nothing but paint exactly the same landscape, the same identical plain life, the same identical figures. And no one finds nothing to complain about with painters. Why this difference? (Buzzati, 1980, p. 115).

We already underlined that fantastic literature can be defined as literary manner where the fictional world is regulated by laws (that avoid reality) which the reader accepts from the beginning, thus avoiding any kind of internal contradiction. This connection is built on a stable graph where the coordinates are determined by the fantastic, the wonderful and the unreal, which have been and are the necessary elements for the materialization of the creative imagination.

Following these considerations, we can say that Buzzati obsessively treats the theme of death in his creativity, maintaining an escalating tension between false and real world. He chooses the voluntary characters "beyond the waves of time", who slowly encounter the unreal world, the mysterious and tragic side of life where the fantastic world is projected. This world is painted with elements that introduce you to a dark reality, without edge, without shape, without space, without time, without the laws of the everyday life. This frame encourages the reader to enter in a world where it is difficult to distinguish, time and space, but everyone should follow the instinct of the narrator. We have thus a combination of the vision of life with the vision of death, but also an imagination and a transfiguration of situations and characters.

### IV. CONCLUSIONS

This study was focused on the literary work of Dino Buzzati and his narrative journey through allegories and parables from human anxiety in everyday life, to the mystery of death. Buzzati is an extraordinary man that knows how to tell extraordinary stories. Throughout his life, he did not surrender to the challenge of making incredible events "explode" in the pages of his books, with an almost grotesque ease, as if to say: It is not finished, don't worry, now comes the best!

The reader wonders if what is happening in the book can happen or not and in reality. This sort of literature while dealing with the unknown, with death, with the mystery that surrounds it, encourages the reader to reflect on

fundamental issues that have to do with the existence of every human being. These multiple echoes of death give to the literature of Dino Buzzati an international dimension that surpasses the boundaries of the Italian literature. By dealing with incredible themes, he manages to make us take our attention away from the usual question of how is this possible? ..., and makes us feel involved in extraordinary events because in reality, the true miracle, as Buzzati suggests, is life itself. The analogies and allegories bring to the fore his art sophistication. The author strikes reality against traditional symbols and tries to liberate it, to discover what is hidden behind the mystery of things, behind the mystery of life, in the behaviors of people, in the darkness of Death. It seems as if the mission of the writer Dino Buzzati is not to rework the prevailing reality, but to shake that reality.

We have the real, the surreal, the magical realism, the psychological realism in his books, and the author manages the linear time, the cyclic time, the total time inside his texts. We have the connection between life and death, as if the keys of this earthly miracle are not something extraordinary, but are commonly found in the actions and perception of the characters. It seems like this sort of literature should challenge and precede the norms of an ordinary, traditional life. These elements, the perfect artistic and aesthetic essence, make Buzzati's literature a beautiful prose, created through narrative, rhetorical and stylistic techniques, which testifies a high literary level.

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