LEONID DIMOV. AESTHETICISM, ONEIRIC, BAROQUE

A brief examination of Leonid Dimov's poems has to spot the sources of this poetry, its ascendancy. And this is not because the influences would not be sufficiently clarified, sublimated by the filter of an original poetic personality, but because the author does not conceal the poetic *formula*, he faces it lucidly with a calculated ingenuity. In this exposure of the formula, in this display of the procedure originates the parody and self-parody of Leonid Dimov's lyricism, righteously claimed from Ion Barbu (that from the Balkan period of Isarlâk) as well as from Tudor Arghezi, Urmuz and Gellu Naum. If Dimov is Barbian through the Balkan-picturesque notes, through a Parnassian pictoriality and thoroughness of the relief of a world recorded as an amount of areas, through the carnival-like topos and through the formal initiative of his poetry, he is Urmuzian by the unusual associations, by the absurd triggered from the spectacle of an inconsistent universe, in which abolition of rules serves as a norm and the randomness of hierarchies serves as a universe, the syntax of which proves deficient despite the morphological perfection, with an disquieting mix of lives (see especially *Vârcolacul and Clotilda*). Dimov is a poet of manifestation, not of virtual or latency, of the anabasis exacerbations, not of the retreat towards the things' essences; exasperated by the abundance of reality, Leonid Dimov targets its competition through the Verb, in terms of quantity, not as an integration in the verb, qualitative, as in the case of Mallarmé or Valéry. This explains the abundance of words, placed in the poem according to the force lines of a frenetic combining energy, as the pre-eminence of the noun in the prejudice of verbal fluidity, fact which may be the cause of this motion slowdown, of that apparent dumbness of the Dimovian visions and of the expository pathos which is the essence of this poetry through spectacular excellence. Nevertheless, the voluptuousness of the massive, abundant representation, the sense of polychromous and pretentious perception do not rule out an underground flow of restlessness, of the tragic thrill which undermines the Dimovian poetic universe, subtly insinuating into the phreatic layers of the verse.

Leonid Dimov's poetry is undoubtedly one of verbal performances, of metamorphoses of the Logos captured in the most diverse avatars. The

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word Dimovian has carnation and succulence, it is sumptuous and striking, it has exotic or scholar esoteric sonorities, as proven by a brief sequence of words like: harengi, cuve [tubs], procesii [processions], landşafturi, pedunculat [pedunculate], geamparale, duium [host], buluc [heap] etc. In all reason, we could also mention a Dimovian poetic art, not an explicit, but an implicit one, therefore susceptible of being extracted from the poetic substance. What is obvious from the very beginning is the fact that Dimov provides soteriological functions to certain poetry . The poetry has recoverable and transfiguring valences, it can redeem the evil of existence, compensating the ontological deficit, encoding it in the poetic expression. Degraded, common things can acquire by poetic designation a new identity, these can rebirth from their own anonymity, can gain new dimensions, lighted by the logos. (And maybe a hint of functional availability of poetry is also the author's temptation towards the opulent word, with unusual reflections, word meant to take the designated object out of anonymity and to impose it as an unmistakable presence). In terms of formal technique, Dimov is indisputably an impeccable versifier, a *poeta artifex*. His searched, somehow pretentious rhymes are unexpected: for example ienupăr is rhymed with Cooper, vitele with trisfetitele, aer with Biedermayer, Shakespeare with fir etc. The echoing rhymes, in which a word is called to poetic existence by another word, attracted like a magnet by the purely phonetic resemblances with another word show Dimov' s rhyme virtuosity. As seen before, there is a real imaginative appetite of Leonid Dimov, a real cult of facade and object pomposity, created by the agglomeration of details and by mimetic hypertrophy. All these are baroque elements and procedures par excellence. They only translate the structural anxiety of the poet, an ancestral fear of emptiness and absence, an anguish of the decline, basically formed as a defensive manifestation of a human being threatened by the disappearance spectrum. The formal excess, the multiform aspect of the Dimovian poetic visions, the ambition of the dream to rival reality are contradicted by the use of the artifice as reality deformation by a certain manner. The artifice is recommended as fiction, it acknowledges the conventional, illusive character by opposing nature. Among the baroque elements spotted and the use of the artifice (mannerist element) the essence of poetry and of the Dimovian poetics is immobilized just like between the poles of a magnet. This tension between the baroque and mannerism provides the mix of energy and devitalization, illusion and

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disillusion, sublime and buffoonery, seen in Dimov's lyricism: "Am început atunci să mănânc în cascade/ Cataifuri, baclavale, rulade,/ Simţeam în juru-mi umede boturi, /Înghiţeam în neştire bezele, pişcoturi/ Şi creşteam, mă umflam ca un aerostat/ Cu bube dulci şi diabet zaharat,/ Acolo în munţii limpezi în zarea zmeurie/ La masa pătrată din cofetărie". Another baroque element of this poetry is the rhetorical one. It is known that a reality threatened by death saves itself also by an unstoppable verbal overflow. Attribute of a defensive being threatened in its integrity, the rhetoric, in other terms, the word provides stability to the ephemeral state of human beings. Thus the logos saves the ontology, controlling its soteriological qualities that I have just mentioned. On the other hand, Jean Rousset identifies in *La litterature de l'age baroque en France*, as archetypal baroque images, the fire, the water, the wind, the snow, elements which through their own nature are inconsistent and evanescent, able through their material aggregation to provide the suggestion of transience and transitory. Nevertheless, Dimov does not work with this type of symbols, the components of his poetry have, as already seen, weight and strength, they stand out as nearly physical presences, similar to the images in a mirror, obviously changing what needs to be changed. The fluidity lies rather in the atmosphere of his poems, in the sequence of paintings and scenes, in the alert changes of decorations which suggest a universe of illusion and skillfully maintained mirage, of a real poetics of fluidity. Besides the *world as theatre* motif in the Dimovian creation, the *life as a dream* motif is also encountered, with the difference that if for Calderon de la Barca "life is a dream", for Dimov "the dream is the life", giving the impression of wine, living, reality. The space which Dimov pictures in his verses is undoubtedly a labyrinthine one, a labyrinth of vacillating oneiric images, of the shapes which, although articulated flawlessly, constantly change, easily substituting the forms. In this game, among mirages nearly perceptible, plausible up to the temptation of placing them within the reality frames, the Dimovian lyrical "characters" bear the symbol of a mannerist *homo absconditus* lost in an oneiric labyrinth.

The poem *Vis cu bufon* is extremely representative for the Dimovian lyricism. The access to the poetic (oneiric) space requires, in the vision of Leonid Dimov, the removal of corporeal data, placing of the physical dimensions into brackets, cancellation of weight and of everything connecting the poet to the terrestrial condition. In *Vis cu bufon*, the verity

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of physiological details intersects with the filigree drawing of the oneiric condition and the dream's imponderability is conditioned by the loss of corporeal attributes: "În laptele dimineţii aceste/ Din oraşul climateric cu însuşiri alpestre/ Au explodat ciudat prăjiturile din vitrină./ Zic ciudat pentru că doar piereau într-un glob de lumină/ De culoarea lor întunecată/ Pentru prăjiturile de ciocolată,/ Roz, cu scame de tăciuni/ Pentru prăjiturile de căpşuni,/ Verzui şi galben un pic/ Pentru prăjiturile cu fistic/ Şi aşa mai departe". We could consider that, in Dimov's conception, poetry can be assimilated with dreaming and playing, just like the avatars equivalent to the poetic voice are the buffoon, the showman, the illusionist, all these hypostases proving to be illustrations of absolute freedom of the individual exercising the game or the poetry. Willingness and freedom to extract and mix the ultimate truths of the world, the severe senses of things, social and moral assumption, the proper game (as well as the poetic play) also hide a tragic element, they dissimulate a dramatic perception of the world. His dreams, carefully accomplished, staged with a lucid ability, have a clearly rational, "made", somehow conventional touch. The language skills which modulate the words in so many diverse poetic registers are only the sign of an artistic conscience, which declares sensitivity in a state of inflation and severely fines it. His poems with proliferating images, with hypertrophic articulations are clearly stated as exorcisms of some hidden fears. The anguish and a certain pleasure in transposing it to the text indicate two deeply antinomic, opposite plans, which structure the Dimovian lyrical vision: the ontological, terrifying plan and the aesthetic, savior plan, of the writing's jubilation.

Leonid Dimov shows a very special interest for *"bâlci"* [fair] as a convergence space and transition, topos which restores the primary chaos, place of indistinction and carnival, in which hierarchies are abolished and the social and moral conventions lose their consistency and authority. The fair, the market, the borough – variations of the same poetic theme, that of the *world as theatre* (baroque topos by excellence), as a sequence of representations which shape the avatars of the human being – is perceived in all its polychromous, tentacular variety; the poet cannot be blamed for avarice in the distribution of epithets or for the picturesque terms which accurately designate the Balkan color, the luxury of the manifestations of an overflowing reality. In the same topos of the fair, the *buffoon* has a specific aesthetic functionality ("Eu mă gândeam, bineînţeles, la moarte/

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Când a intrat sunând din clopoţei, pe rotile,/ Bufonul unui rege mort cu zile,/ Mort subit/ Pe când plutea de plăcere printr-un veac văruit"). Another thematic recurrence, related to that of the fair, is the *enamel* (from the same semantic – thematic category with the *mask* and the *make-up*, all three subject to the same rigors of disguise and mimicry, so in other words, of the art of seeming), both translating the predilection for the glittering, the kaleidoscopic and the polychromous of the poet, Balkan-Oriental hypostases of the baroque. The fair, the market, as well as the suburban space are pictured through a sensitivity that neutralizes the tragic character of existence, embezzling its dramatic character to the burlesque and ludic. Other times, the verses, enchanting and deliberately naive remind us of the formulas that accompany children's games. "Reading" of the world in a ludic register, decoding its configurations by a burlesque-oneiric frame only constitutes as a product of the need of exorcism by art (game) of the filthy and fluctuant reality which, to gain stability and consistency must be caught in the "letter" of an alphabet of a very particular type, of a ludic alphabet of the exorcism buffoonery. The Dimovian oneiric absurd is set up gradually, as a vertiginous concentration of elements, from those of the insipid daily routine, which are not perceived with anxiety, to the terrifying elements which bring a sort of vacuum of the logic and disappoint the reader. An analogy could be made with rolling a snowball. Just like the snowball when it rolls, it gathers more substance reaching inconceivable sizes, in the same way the rolling of trivial, risible fact causes an absurd growth in size, by accumulation and juxtaposition of things, objects, disparate events.

The fissure through which the marvelous enters the oneiric "reality" may be an extremely usual object. Dimov's poetry is a place where, in fact, nothing happens. His "characters" live their destinies in pure and mere gratuitousness, lacking events. The strings with which the author handles his marionettes are maybe nowhere else better seen than in this poetry. This exhibition of convention is certainly taken from a deliberate "complicity" with the reader. The author, aware that he is only the artisan of an artificial world, of a reality simulation, an artifex of illusion, sends discreet signals to the readers to warn them about the illusive character of the show to which they are invited: "Dar să lăsăm gluma. Era/ Bufonul nostru numai catifea/ Şi pe dinăuntru şi pe dinafară,/ Un vulpoi de cârpă cu coadă uşoară./ Se mişca degeaba, exista fără să fie,/ Era - dacă vreţi – o filosofie./

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Toată lumea se făcea că nu-l ştie,/ Că nu-l vede când se strâmba-n spate/ Şi presăra boare tulbure pe linguriţele plate". The freedom of objects is thus jeopardized by the search of the effect, by the spectacular accomplishment, by the ultimate and sufficient reasoning of all Dimov's poems. The poet has the aspect of an oppressive demiurge, that vigorously controls the freedom of words, constantly maintaining them in absolute dependency which his manner, so often mentioned, repeated with mathematical precision in every poem, makes it even more obvious. The poem *Vis cu bufon* may be seen, on the whole, as a poem which attempts to create the being through language, dream and play, three hypostases of a constant search of the essences, of the noumenal foundations of things, subject to a continuous degradation due to their uninterrupted proliferation. The Dimov poetic visions have, most of the times, the steamy carnation of the dream and the ecstatic reset of a jovial aestheticism. Referring to the poem's mission, Dimov insists upon the shell of utopian momentum and chimerical impetus which poetry lays on things. This mission ''saves the poet, giving him the palliative of an accomplishing imagination, secondly – and this is the most important – it gives the reader the power to cover the «things» degraded by the daily reality into a connective shell aimed to establish relations both on the abscissas axis and on that of the ordinates, on both sides of the zero. Thus, the poetry regains its demiurgic role and possibly, the poet-totality (buffoon-emperor) relation may become mutual". The poem *Joi* is part of the volume *7 poeme*, published in 1968 and renders the same Balkan space, polychromous and variegated , in which objects and creatures have fantasy shades and the world tectonics seems as taken straight from a sumptuous dream, which shows a slight breeze of melancholy. In this poem, we are dealing with the painting of a fair day, pictured in very live colors in exuberant chromatics and in a writing tone in which words seem to call one another, respond to one another like in an echo, they interlink and disconnect and the poetic images melt and disintegrate, acquiring towers and the most unusual aspects.

The poem starts with a visit into the space and time of the poem, an atemporal space and time, of the liberating, ecstatic fiction. The poet sends through some suggestive images of a hard, pompous materiality, the bustle feeling of an agitated life, the intense vibration of the vital: "E zi de târg. Doar varul de pe turle/ S-a scorojit când au pornit să urle/ Felinele din cuşti urlând de doruri/ În forfote de bâlciuri şi oboruri./ Trecut de Cioflinceni, cu

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bicicleta/ Zoream către Fierbinţi să-mi vând egreta,/ Egreta mea patetică, de plaje,/ Nostalgic ciugulind printre miraje./ Aveam şi magicul ţilindru gol/ Cu colibri, cu şerpi, c-un zeu: Eol/ Şi melodii lăsam să înfăşoare/ Palate, eleştee şi ogoare". The second sequence of the poem is an evocation of an inconsistent world, non-homogeneous and unsettled, with the most unusual objects, in which the impression of the carnival, of the fair is dominant. It is interesting to notice the fact that the suggestion of the fluctuant and covering oneiric comes out from this concentration of objects, which all exhibit the appearances of the most vividly and plastically drawn reality. The poetical technique exploited in the most conspicuous way possible is that of exaggeration, amplification to the maximum of contour of things, the relief of which is oversized, by thickening the figures and by stressing upon chromatic shades. In this non-homogeneous and at the same time convergent universe, the poet paints the Divinity creature, consisting of hieratism and a hint of the concrete. A transcendence aura is felt in the entire lyrical picture: „Când am ajuns era zavera-n toi,/ Butii cu nard, canistre cu oloi,/ Ciorchini de papagali cu vorbă nouă,/ Rărunchi de vulpi de mare, munţi de ouă./ M-am înşirat peste tarăbi şi eu/ M-a dat de-o parte însuşi Dumnezeu/ Zâmbind cuminte, ca un pui de ciută,/ Să-mi vânză marfa încă neştiută". The third poetic sequence paints the delusion of an ego, who after the exuberant show of the world's fair is left alone, in a metaphysical solitude in which the transcendence thrill does not have the blissful strength to enlighten things and the poet's conscience: „Ce să vă spun, doar că-nnoptase tare,/ Plecat-au toţi cumetrii la culcare./ Cam ruşinat, Atoatele, şi mut/ Spre ziduri se făcuse nevăzut/ Şi nu vândusem nici de-un crăiţar,/ Ba paserile mele, prin bazar,/ Atât de triste creasta şi-au plecat/ Că le-am lăsat în noapte şi-am plecat". A poem of illusion and disillusion, of the exuberance of knowledge and disabuse, *Joi* is the expression of the Dimov ludic and oneiric spirit, which loves thought's unreachable chimera and the twisted relief of the empirical reality.

Dimov's dreams included in the volume, nearly programmatically, called *Carte de vise* are not part of the monstrous dreams type, of those terratomorph chimerical fantasies, in which deliration intends to articulate images of the world and of the ego of a hallucinating and affecting depth of horror. On the contrary, his dreams, without eluding a certain gravity, without refusing sinking into the deepest layers of an intemperate and restless ego are the product of a day dream, as N. Manolescu noticed:

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"Leonid Dimov's oneiric is a sentimentalism, a day dream; the poet slightly falls into nostalgia and depression; in his «dreams», he finds the childhood feeling where everything seemed possible, where the most unexpected associations can be made. The manner in which «dreaming» transforms the most familiar reality is very striking. Things seem to be formed in a different manner, around a sensation of a particular vision". *Lili şi densitatea*, for example, imagines an oneiric script in which reality's elements with their prompt empirical relief are inserted into the chimerical frame of an extremely moving vision of drawing, but at the same time, these are imponderable and apparent. The poem debuts with a description of the space where the oneiric spectacle unfolds, description made with some words of intense concreteness, assembled in unusual associations. The Dimov oneiric particularity also comes from this uncommon syntax, in which words from the most unusual lexical sphere contaminate each other with new senses and significances "În faţa ferestrei mele e-un zid cu tignafes/ Ţintuit cu crampoane în formă de S,/ cu insuli de iederă, trist, coşcovit/ ca şi zidul ulti al ftizicului Ipolit/ (ştiţi, muribundul Ipolit care ne spunea din Idiotul:/ «Cotul şi pişcotul, labele şi botul!»).// E propria mea gândire ce reverberează/ isprăvindu-se brusc într-o bucată de amiază./ Dr acolo unde-ncetează umbra, pe după spaţii,/ se-ntinde un balcon năpădit de vegetaţii,/ perpendicular cu zidul, ca o garagaţă/ peste acoperişul casei din faţă./ Ca un mal tropical, ca un bumb/ secret, la o mare de miniu de plumb./ E legat balconul (cam pe furiş)/ printr-o scăriţă neagră, de acoperiş".

The second sequence of the poetic text brings the phantom, the unreal and yet so strikingly sketched profile of Lili, chimerical figure which encounters in itself the ideal of a beauty that completely captures the attention of the lyrical self. The epiphany of the lyrical character occurs in a space with no certain signs of dream and in a mythical time, reflected upon itself, in an imponderable manner ("În această clipă cu mirezmă de vanilii/ scăriţa-i suită de Lili:/ corijentă-n ultima clasă, la română,/ cu câte două sifoane-n fiecare mână./ E vineri. Gânduri vinovate nu mă lasă/ s-o văd pe Lili cum dispare-n casă,/ şi rămân holbat, cu mintea golită,/ cu, sub ochi, răcoare caldă de ispită./ Stau aşa, o clipă, două, trei.../ Deodată Lili, cu toată făptura ei,/ se iveşte din nou, coboară/ scăriţa neagră şi stă, ca-ntr-o doară,/ în centrul roşu, pe acoperiş"). The heroine taking off her clothes, may be equivalent to a ritual act which symbolizes a sort of liberation of corporality and at the same time an asceticism of senses, before the

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levitation moment, before elevation: “Într-adevăr (ce gest molatic!), fata se descalţă,/ bate pasul pe loc cu tălpile-n trap,/ îşi trage şorţul negru peste cap/ (o! fâşâitul gulerului scrobit în contact/ cu părul dulce. Îl simt: intact)./ Rămasă-n furou,/ Lili zâmbeşte din nou/ şi, precum un lăstun atinge oglinda apei,/ îşi scoate ciorapii/ mângâindu-şi în treacăt, de plăcere,/ tălpile netede ca o mângâiere./ Apoi îşi împătureşte frumos veşmintele caste/ ca un recrut pe lada de oaste./ Cum zboară cămaşa-n amiaza bengală!/ Iat-o albă, lunatică, goală,/ întinsă ciudat, alături de efecte,/ pe tabla roşie, începând gesturi indirecte./ O, mişcările-i cât de lente sunt, cât de calme./ O, cum îşi prinde călcâiele-n palme/ şi rămâne aşa, în aşteptare,/ încruntată şi zâmbitoare”.

The poet renders with the same acuity of perception his own sensations, thoughts and reactions triggered by the so ethereal feminine presence, recording at the same time, with the same plasticized strength of emotion, the ineffable moment of detachment from terrestrial, of elevation to the welkin and of encounter with the “royal” vulture, which performs around the girl a sort of strange and stirring erotic dance, with hallucinating graceful moves („Dar eu? Gândac aiurit şi hilar,/ broască strivită de caterpilar,/ cerşetor la poartă de bairam,/ pată putrefactă lipită de geam,/ simt cum îi frige tabla spatele/ pulpele, coastele, coatele.../ Iată, Lili a-nceput să unduiască deodată/ atât de-ncet că pare nemişcată./ Capul, genunchii, încheieturile de mătasă/ sunt ca o hulă într-o acalmie lăptoasă./ Deasupră-i, hoţeşte, cerul clopoteşte,/ şi, drept în vârf, acum îl văd, se roteşte/ un punct de-ntuneric. Un uliu, şoptesc,/ un uliu violet, un uliu crăiesc/ coboară-n spirale spre Lili, lin,/ matematic, dungat în vermelin (...)/ Şi-atunci, în sunetele unui instrument demodat,/ începe un joc ciudat:/ rotindu-şi capul cizelat, ca-ntr-un deochi,/ uliul o priveşte pe Lili drept în ochi,/ iar Lili, cu pupilele enorme de dor,/ cu buzele dezlipite, îl cheamă uşor,/ îl roagă, îl imploră, şerpuitoare/ să facă o mişcare./ Atunci, înfoiat, berbant,/ uliul începe să plutească razant/ deasupra trupului, la un centimetru distanţă,/ abia atingându-l cu ghearele-i de faianţă./ Atât de-ncet se desface-n plutire/ fiecare unduire/ că simt o uscăciune-n cerul gurii”). The last part of the poem places us in front of a whirling of flying and dancing, which accelerates to the maximum the moves and the rhythm, in such manner that the bird and Lili seem to merge. The ecstasy of elevation now reaches paroxysm, in an impetus towards the hardly guessed absolute, to a utopian world of an endless dream (“Dar, ajuns în dreptul încheieturii,/

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oriunde trupul coteşte,/ sub braţe, la coapsă, între deşte,/ zborul paserii cu ochii verzi/ e-atât de iute c-o pierzi./ Iar Lili saltă, se-nvârte ca o sfârleză,/ se arcuieşte, se contorsionează,/ îşi trece printre coapse braţele, a disperare,/ ca să zboare uliul deasupra a tot ce are./ Nu mai ştiu care-i pasărea, care-i Lili.../ Doar ochii vulturului mă fixează-n pupile./ Şi, Doamne, cum m-am mai proptit în fereastră,/ cum a gemut geamul de sticlă albastră/ şi cum m-am prăbuşit dintr-o dată/ rămânând cu palma agăţată/ în ultima clipă, de pervaz"). The end of the dream is equivalent to the retrieval of an empirical world of smaller dimensions, a world of isolation and cloistering, of reification and alienation: "apuc tocul geamului, într-un efort suprem,/ Şi iată-mă din nou în odaie, privind din nou pe geam/ la zidul coşcovit, la iedera emanând balzam,/ la acoperişul gol, la balconul pustiu,/ la fumul care le-nveleşte pe toate-n liliachiu...". The story of dream of fascinating beauty and expression, *Lili şi densitatea* remains a referential poem for the Dimovian lyrical-oneiric imaginary.

The debut volume of Leonid Dimov, *Versuri*, from 1966, includes in its nucleus the themes and motifs of this lyricism, but at the same time, it pictures a poetic vision of unquestionable originality, an expressive, plastic style in which concision and verbal abundance coexist, in which polychromy encounters the imponderable shade. The reality, as seen in Leonid Dimov's verse, is one corrected by the magical lenses of dream, by an inside look that manages to interpret the depths of creatures and things, giving them quixotic and secret iridescent properties. The lyrical vision is always divided between lucidity and fantasy, between awake conscience and the oneiric instinct. Mihail Petroveanu senses this dialect of Dimovian verse's tectonics: "Lucidity, the exact conscience of the path chosen, is only a restless accomplice, deeply entrusted by the illusive nature of the path, but still fascinated by the ludic phenomenon and by the power of the image to transfigure the reality up to the suggestion of its recognition, maybe in the native paradise. Moreover, the more the invalidations administered by the daily routine gather, the more the mirage appetite is loved, even stimulated. The motifs, even if multiple, do not disarm the magical impulse. When penetrating the poem's body, taking the shapes of caricature, parody, the comic or the vehement satire, the critical spirit does not distort the world. Similar to a worm in the fruit, its action remains hidden, insinuating, leaving the fabulous structure of the poetic universe intact, the skepticism paradoxically operates like a ferment of trust in the

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poem's metamorphic potential". *Veghe* is a poem with the aspect of a poetic art, to the extent that the author renders in these verses a conception of poetry and the relation between the imaginary world and the empirical world: "Lăsaţi aici balerca fără toartă/ Din gol, privirea să-mi înfig în artă./ Şi, când din zmalţu-i orb voi obosi,/ Să-i beau poşirca din afuzali./ Lăsaţi şi iataganul lângă mine/ Să-mi fie-aproape, negura când vine,/ Plecaţi acum, vedeţi-vă de treabă,/ Rămân aici de pază, la tarabă,/ Vântoasa, visele să nu le fure/ Ce le-aţi adus în străchini din pădure". The poet's condition is, by definition, one of a loner, his damnation comes from this absolute solitude into which this very act of creation throws him and in which a part of his identity is lost: "Opaiţul l-aprindeţi, să-mi privesc/ Cum şade umbra-n jilţ împărătesc/ Şi mă lăsaţi aşa printre ulcioare/ Să simt în unghii linişte cum moare". The poem *Veghe* virtually paints the creator's destiny, consisting of chimeras and aspirations, of the immaterial substance of the dream and the flesh of reality, at the same time. The core of the creator's condition is given, as Dimov suggested by lucidity, by the "wakeful" spirit of insomnia. The poet is by definition, an awaken conscience which signals the flaws and cracks of things' order, a witness of history and present, at the same time. Returning shapes to things and the weight to the creatures of the world, the poetry creator gives them a second life, a new destiny, the dimensions of redeeming fiction. Not randomly, the light suggestions in various hypostases or semantic iridiscences, appear with such revealing frequency in this poem. The poet is the one who, left to watch "among jugs", permanently keeps awake the "rush light", he is the lucid spirit which, through his tense watch maintains the order of elements, the ontic balance of the world. A poem written in a solemn tone, somehow of an unusual gravity for the ludic-fantasy Dimovian style, *Veghe* is a faith profession in which the creator's condition is rendered in the vaguely oracular tonality of the parable sketched with refinement and stylistic expression.

The technique of the Dimovian oneiric is set up, of course, by using reality data which, by capricious juxtaposition become unrecognizable. It is not the shape perfectly articulated of the object. which causes disquiet, but the unusual relations which objects have with one another, their strange syntax, unusual arrangement, the odd angle from which they are perceived. If we make plastic art for comparison, we can detect similarities between the aggregation of the Dimovian oneiric image and some paintings

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belonging to Magritte or Dali, in which the objects are sketched with detail elaborateness, with mimetic unyieldingness, the terrifying fascination resulting in these paintings, as in the case of Dimov's poetry, from the bizarre character of juxtapositions or from the unnatural spatial representation of the oneiric compilations impeccably formulated as entities.

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