MIRCEA DINESCU. INSURGENT POETRY

With the publication of the volume *Invocaţie nimănui* in 1971, a singular voice emerged in the Romanian poetry, with an undeniable expressive originality: that of Mircea Dinescu. In the lyricism of those times, Mircea Dinescu represented a distinctive figure, not only in respect of the thematic universe, different from those of his colleagues from that generation, but also in respect of the stylistic resources used. Laurenţiu Ulici observed this singularity with precision: "Mircea Dinescu's verses, musical, romantic, filled with metaphors so daring in spontaneity but so transparent, with their narrative-type rhetoric, looked like a beautiful naive painting next to the beautiful canvas of a maestro: there is not a difference in beauty per se but one in technique, artistic culture, language. Where does this out -of-time occurrence, at least apparently, with the state of poetry at the beginning of the 70s come from? From the affective naivety specific for adolescence? From cultural innocence? From the weakness for the lyrical diction of certain contiguous predecessors (Esenin or Lesnea)? For the nature of sensitivity? From the nature of talent? Probably a bit from all. It is clear that the impression the readers, especially the young, as well as the critics are left with is powerful through surprise, lyrical freshness, authenticity and spontaneity, the nature of utterance and the sentimental explosion in the poet's texts." In *Invocaţie nimănui* the reader hears the voice of an adolescent with a pathetic and elegist tone, who calms his affective states in a wide range of manifestations and lyrical forms, possessing in the same time an exuberant and fantastic writing, equal to himself and in the same time with such diverse modulations. The poet's dominant aptitude is the natural character of diction, the authenticity in uttering the itineraries of his own affective labyrinth, in a true imagistic frenzy which searches to capture the multiform relief of the world and the avatars of one's self. The freshness, adolescent innocence, the interrogations concerning destiny, love, history, the intemperance of metaphors and the imagistic verve are the features of lyricism which can be found in all of the poems in this first volume: „Sunt tânăr, Doamnă, vinul mă ştie pe de rost/ şi ochiul sclav îmi cară fecioarele prin sânge,/ cum aş putea întoarce copilul care-am fost/ când carnea-mi înfloreşte şi doar uitarea plânge// Sunt tânăr, Doamnă, lucruri am aşezat, destul/ ca să pricep

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căderea din somn spre echilibru,/ dar bulgări de lumină dacă-aş mânca, sătul/ nu m-aş încape încă în pielea mea de tigru// Sunt tânăr, Doamnă, tânăr, cu spatele frumos/ şi vreau drept hrană lapte din sfârcuri de cometă,/ să-mi crească ceru-n suflet şi stelele în os/ şi să dezmint zăpada pierdut în piruetă// Sunt tânăr, Doamnă, încă aripile mă ţin/ chiar de ating pământul pe-aproape cu genunchii,/ această putrezire mă-mbată ca un vin/ când simt curgând printr-însa bunicile şi unchii/ Sunt tânăr, Doamnă, tânăr, de-accea nu te cred,/ oricât mi-ai spune, timpul nu îşi ascute gheara/ deşi arcaşii ceţii spre mine îşi reped/ săgeţile vestirii, sunt tânăr. Bună seara!".

A "sentimental descriptive" (Laurenţiu Ulici), Mircea Dinescu is a poet of this age that is transitory par excellence -- adolescence, -- in which the profile of human identity is not entirely determined and the affective states which identify personality have an uncertain status and fluctuating dynamics. The poet's insurgent spirit, his essential pathos and fantasist character stage affective states with a liminal authenticity, such as jubilation, melancholy, reverie, disillusion, contemplative ecstasy and abulia, in a writing which is both forthcoming and expressive. It is certain that many of Mircea Dinescu's verses align with the typology of the "loving speech". The world presented in the so noble frames of the poem is impregnated with an insidious flow of love, the objects and beings are placed under the tireless fascination of Eros, just like in a trance of the senses: „Femei de lemn zdravăn în uşi de biserici,/ bătăile noastre deschid doar tăcerea/ Căci vocea se-ascunde în carne ca mierea./ Femei-lumânare cu simţuri aprinse/ sărutul pe glezne le lasă mai stinse/ şi sângele spart se ridică în vină/ spre duhul de abur femeie străină/ ţinută aidoma cărnii sub şea/ de altul mai vrednic dar care n-o vrea/ şi porii mei şuieră-n naiul de şoapte/ ca şarpele-aprins lângă duhul de lapte". The state of love, the erotic ecstasy is lowered from the erotic level to the field of the individual, with descriptions of expectance, dream, instinct awakening or of evanescent longing, which is hard to define in pregnant images.

The other poetry volumes published (*Elegii de când eram mai tânăr*, *Proprietarul de poduri*, *La dispoziţia dumneavoastră*, *Democraţia* naturii, *Exil pe o boabă de piper*, *Moartea citeşte ziarul*, *O beţie cu Marx*) come with a gradual radicalization of expression and vision, as well as with an ever greater appetence for moral attitudes. Gravity and ludicrous coexist in this poems with an incomparable structural refinement, in which self-reflective gesture is achieved by dubitative accents and the meditation on

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the theme of human condition arrogates sarcastic and ironic tones to itself: „Mie revolta nu mi-a adus mari întinderi de pământ/ neproductivă şi isterică/ noaptea se strecura cu mine sub plapumă/ ziua mă electrocuta pe câmp,/ daţi-mi voi un pepene de care să mă sprijin/ daţi-mi un tren în mişcare să mă pot rezema/ fiindcă fără ruşine mi se face foame pe rug/ şi-n locul şirei spinării am o cartuşieră-ncărcată/ hau, hau, o fac eu pe câinele şi pe vânătorul/ şi chiar pe băştinaşul, hăituit în mlaştini,/ nu mă mai iubesc deci voi îmbătrâni/ şi Dumnezeu e-un buzunar care nu se mai termină/ şi singurătatea fabrică la nesfârşit/ aceiaşi sinucigaşi amatori/ vreau să mă nasc şi maică-mea-mi spune că s-a plictisit/ vreau să plâng şi se oferă unii să plângă mai cu talent,/ daţi-mi voi un pepene de care să mă sprijin/ daţi-mi un tren în mişcare să mă pot rezema". The poet's inabilities, frustrations and impetus placed face to face with his own condition, are crystallized in a poem like *Dansul pe jăratec*, a programmatic poem, which synthesizes Dinescu's conception on the poet's mission, his artistic and moral condition. The quasi-ritualistic investiture of the verses, the baroque dynamics of images, expose here the sentimental-nostalgic posture of the lyrical self, which looks at its destiny in the steamy mirrors of the poem: : „Acum gelos pe fluturi ieri alăptat de nori/ nici nu ştiam ce-i umbra când m-au lovit cu băţul/ cu lacrima pe-obrazul unui copil din flori/ am lunecat şi iată simt biciul şi simt hăţul.// Dând stelele-ntr-o parte aş fi putut să strig/ dar mă cuprinse sila de râsul lor sălbatec,/ pe vinetele-mi buze năştea un rug de frig/ şi-acum dansez în lanţuri, pe spini şi pe jăratec.// Cândva zburând pe lacuri abia m-am oglindit/ şi apa-nchise ochii la razele-mi stinghere,/ acum ei bat din tobe şi zilnic îmi trimit/ un blid cu sânge negru de la vreo-njunghiere". The radicalization of the poet's voice is definitely identified with *Moartea citeşte ziarul*, a volume which is, as Sorin Alexandrescu observes "a pamphlet in which the metaphor, this convention of wreathed and allusive expression, tends to disappear in favour of literality, of brutal and direct expression."

The ethical becomes now predominant, intransigence changes into a privileged attitude and insurgence is almost institutionalized. The carceral images, the suggestions of captivity and isolation are numerous and eloquent in Mircea Dinescu's verse: „Ţara mea tunsă chilug/ sora mea de detenţie şi singurătate/ trage octombrie la cântar/ şi hainele mele par/ miriştile tale vărgate.// Erou ba cabotin ba mohorât/ mă voi salva prin râs sau prin minciună/ şi chiar de voi muri de moarte bună/ tot se va spune că

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m-au omorât/ că m-am născut cu funia de gât/ trasă vârtos de-o neştiută mână". Between the sensorial and affective enthusiasm and the abulic skepticism or the radicalism from later on, Mircea Dinescu has configured for himself, in today's Romanian lyricism, a distinguishable profile of an incontestable complexity. Mircea Dinescu's closeness to the poetics of the 80s, him being considered its predecessor is not at all hazardous. Even more, as N. Manolescu also writes, it is surprising why the ones from the 80s did not claim the author of *Proprietarului de poduri* as a recognized predecessor. We sense, both in Dinescu and in the writers from the 80s, the same terror of the daily, the same interest towards the ordinary, the same focalization on the apparently insignificant detail, but we also see the fervor of involvement into his own text, along with the ironic and self-ironic detachment. These paradoxes are noted, with extreme adequacy by N. Manolescu, who observes that "Mircea Dinescu practiced a style which, through the Dadaistic mocking and nonsense, expressed in fact by the same state of inner disquiet as in the previous volumes." The tone of sarcastic indignation against the clichés for thinking and feeling is distinguished with sufficient clearness in *Biografie săracă*, from the volume *Democraţia naturii* (1981). The poet makes an inventory of flaws reproached by his enemies, in a lyrical discourse impregnated with a pamphlet-specific tone, with unexpected association of words and with unusual metaphors, which emerged from an surrealist fiction: „Unii de-abia aşteaptă să mă vadă plutind/ ca Ofelia cu o coroniţă de ziare pe cap,/ dar obosiţi de-atâta imaginaţie/ intră-n biografia mea ca-n rezervaţia leprei/ gata să delimiteze zonele albe şi să strige (...)".

The poetry also offers us a very suggestive lyrical self-portrait, consisting of paradoxes and contrasts, through which the poet is attempting to circumscribe the ineffable condition of the creator, his existence marked by the tragic and absurd, by the moment's aporias and the servitudes of a real oppressor: pericol de contaminare/ virus muzical/ bacterie purtătoare de lacrimi/ câine cu efect întârziat/ cu ochii holbaţi la şuncile aurii ale Occidentului/ zice că nu prea i-e foame/ cântă prosteşte ca tonomatul ce refuză moneda/ tatăl lui în depoul de locomotive miroase pe-ascuns levănţica/ mama lui cară lăzi şi surzeşte treptat (presupunem că nu vrea s-audă)/ sora educatoare la o şcoală de debili mintali se simte liberă liberă/ despre frate nu se ştie nimic ceea ce-i cu mult mult mai grav/ existenţa acestei familii îl predispune la îngăduinţă". The end of the poem brings a

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certain change in register, attitude and poetic tone, as sarcasm is replaced by delicacy and the pamphlet-specific irony gains iridescences of the innocence of the feeling of love towards the birth land. The poet's portrait is thus replenished, it gains a new light, it consists of the gentle touches of ingenuity and of the gracious colors of adolescent vitality: dar are un fel special de a-şi iubi ţara care nelinişteşte/ şi nu putem să-i scoatem pământul dulce din gură/ fără să se surpe bisericile din ţinutul natal". Facing reality but also his own inner face, Mircea Dinescu proves to be, also in *Biografie săracă*, a sentimental and ironic poet, who loves linguistic farces and antitheses of thought, with an extreme lucidity, but also dominated by utopian impetus, corrosive and delicate in the same time.

The poem in which the melancholic evocation, adolescent jubilation and the suggestion of irony overlap delicacy, *Balada triştilor băcani* is part of the volume *Exil pe o boabă de piper* from 1983. On the other hand, while commenting this volume, Laurenţiu Ulici observes: "With *Exil pe o boabă de piper* Mircea Dinescu brings together the two main lines from his previous books: the metaphorically and musically reflected jubilation from *Invocaţie nimănui* and *Elegii de când eram mai tânăr* and the radicalism in direct expression from *Proprietarul de poduri* and *La dispoziţia dumneavoastră.* It is more than a mutual contamination between the two directions; the effect is that jubilation gave ground to sarcasm and radical pathos was given subtlety though musicality and metaphorism. But this third new image of the poet is not one referring to style, in the limited technical meaning of the word, just like the others weren't just that. It is, first of all, one of understanding the signs through which reality depends on existence." What is this "exil pe o boabă de piper" ["*exile to a pepper bean* "], in fact? It is in no case a retreat to an inaccessible "ivory tower", but rather an entrenchment within one's self, an attempt for inner clarification, a recoil in the abyssal geography of one's own existence. *Balada triştilor băcani* is in fact, an elegy for the theme "ubi sunt", a Villonesque ballad of the inexorable passing of time, an attempt to restore a past era, in which suavity and gravity are the dominant features of the lyrical attitude. The poet follows the path from direct notation to the graciously ambivalent brace of metaphor, towards the surrounding and enigmatic dynamics of the parable with a schematic and hierarchic drawing: „Printre dugheni pe strada Zece mese/ acum o sută şi ceva de ani/ a fost zărit, cu orbitoare fese,/ îngerul trist al triştilor băcani.// Era un semn al crizei monetare/ căci se-

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auzea un zumzet de argint/ venind dinspre ciudata arătare/ ce se-nălţa parcă mai mult tuşind.// Ziarele-apărute-n haine grave/ au provocat revolte la Şanhai/ şi-n izbele din ceţurile slave/ s-au fript pe limbă băutori de ceai". The end of the poem brings a feeling of uselessness, the taste of nothingness, of the disappearance of vital plenitude and implicitly, of the signs of authenticity. Here, the dominant lyrical attitude is that of nostalgia, of melancholic sadness facing the passing of time and the precariousness of all things („Azi jocul ăsta nu mai are piese/ şi ca argintul ce-a fugit din bani/ pe strada Zece nu mai sunt nici mese/ nici băcănii nici îngeri nici băcani"). The *Balada triştilor băcani* is characterised by the stylistic availability, the easiness of phrasing and the mobility of expression, by an ample freshness and plasticity given by the accumulation of meanings and images, which converge to a unifying and interrogating meaning. The poet's will to include in the poetic space lexical elements, the most desperate and bizarre fragments of reality, seems also typical for me. The poem, as an aesthetic and gnoseological entity, absorbs in its mobile relief, the existence in its most diverse and characteristic manifestations and signs. In *Balada triştilor băcani* sarcasm is replaced by the elegiac mood, while irony suavely disguises intro melancholic reverie with the theme of an irrevocably revolute history. Negation, which is so present in Dinescu's verses, changes into an elegiac and suave allegory of passage. Great part of Mircea Dinescu's poetry is based on the contorted and polychrome relief of the Balkan space, a space in which contraries get along and the exuberance of speech competes only with the verve of a thinking in continuous ebullition. Mircea Dinescu's Isarlâk is such a scenery of conciliating contracts and sensorial frenzy, of the momentary mirage and of reality exhibiting an overwhelming materiality.

Martor la porţile Orientului is exactly such a poem, in which the ravishing aromas, shapes and colors of the Orient are sensed, with their exotic abundance, with no sense of measure and especially, with the amorality which is present everywhere. The lyrical vision is configured here from agglomerations of shapes and corporal formations, from accumulations of sensations and images with a disorienting concreteness. However, the hunger for the concrete intercuts with a just as irrepressible inclination towards the world without contours of perpetual illusion. The sense of gravity and the ludic instinct are the two phases which preside the architecture of this poem dominated by the aromas of seduction and the

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skeptic recoil facing an imaginary world: „Miraj lejer în apele de coastă/ luci ca verigheta de nevastă/ în albia cu rufe, un caic,/ ce-mi aminti de Nastratin un pic/ şi de-acel domn pierdut în matematici/ ca un tenor de vogă-ntre astmatici.// Eu furişat cu vulpea subţioară/ simţii usturoiata scorţişoară/ şi zahăru-mpietrind pe dulci vulcani/ linşi de-amintire – însă n-aveam bani/ şi nici curaj să-not prin stinsa zeamă/ că mă zăreau sergenţii de la vamă". The bookish theme is one of the privileged themes of this poem; the poet feels the pressure of literature with fervour and torture. In fact, the mirage of this picturesque and polychrome Balkan world, in its tragic and in the same time comic drawing, is maintained by the illusions of literature, the shadows of a past filtered through the delusive retorts of the ludic and bookish spirit („Miop şi laş în umbra geamandurii/ ars de scursorile literaturii/ înfiorat de Temă şi Motiv/ uitai că turcii-nscrişi în Colectiv/ şi-au preschimbat şalvarii-n salopete/ şi beau la Mat «spumos» şi «carcalete».// Şi cât rămase-n lavă din ferigă/ uitai că muezinul nu mai strigă/ uitai că braga zilelor de var/ a interzis-o-agentul sanitar/ şi-s doar îngenuncheri de grâu şi orz/ geamiei transformate în siloz"). While in the first two verses the poet transcribes, in the abundant and multiform ink of his delicate fantasy, a world with confused contours, with the sinuous and imaginary relief, in the following two verses this exotic vision of the Balkan world immerged in myth, timeless and utopian, is amended by a present which denies it, a present of history, of desacralization and concreteness free of any symbolic scope. The terror of history, opposed to the mythical transcendence of a pompous past, are the antinomies which confer semantic depth and allegoric meaning to the poem. It is not incidental that the tone of the last verse is melancholic and bitter, skepticism is gradually insinuated in a world which has lost its mythical pregnancy and the poet, the "witness of the moment" retreats in the space of elegiac reverie: „Şi-atunci scobit de plâns prin ceaţa tristă/ cu sângele nu-n vene ci-n batistă/ cotii şi eu, simţindu-mă-nadins/ (Ce hoge? Ce caic? Ce tainic ins?)/ biet martor clipei când mimând tangajul/ tabloul îşi vomită peisajul".

The charm of the poem *Martor la porţile Orientului* comes from this mixture of this not analyzable gravity and ludic spirit, of vitalist frenzy and skepticism, of the mirage of the Balkan world, drawn in exalted colors and lines and the disabuse of a present which sanctions and excludes any recoil in the space reverie or of the remoteness turned into myth. The fear of

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secret and dream of the world rediscovered in its irrevocable past and the imagine of the present confiscated by materiality and the prosaic are in fact, the poles which confer lyrical tension, charm and semantic scope to these poems, representative for the lyricism characteristic to Dinescu. „Să-ţi tragi realitatea pe piept ca o cămaşă", the verse from *Proprietarul de poduri* resumes, with the poetic pithiness of Mircea Dinescu, his appetence for the tribulations of the daily, the suggestion of the referential character, so representative for his lyricism. The poem *Hau hau* is typical for the imprint of lyrical insurgence configured by Mircea Dinescu in verse exhibiting indisputable imagistic dynamics. Especially drawn by the convulsions and avatars of reality, the poet assumes the pathos of denial precisely due to the deficiencies he feels in the daily universe, ontological and ethical deficiencies. Without any doubt, the poet feels the fear of reification, the disquiet of living in a world of objects, from which the authentic meanings have withdrawn, making place only for false appearances and rigged shapes. The lack of clear marks, of rigorous criteria for knowing and assuming a world is conjugated with the radical reaction of an insulted lyrical self, which always feels the need to relativize preset truths, in order to search, with tireless fervor, the deep identity of its own existence. The fear of fake, of the relation between truth and lie, between authenticity and non-authenticity, gains a clear contour, pregnant in the poem *Hau hau*, in which the ethical accent is eased by the insertions of irony and self-irony: „Oh bietul adevăr bolnav de gâlci/ se culcă-n grâu şi se trezeşte-n bâlci/ cu şapte doctori unsuroşi la cap/ gata să-i ia din sânge să-i dea hap:/ ia cine vrea că tot nu e deloc/ pus sub lentile grase – a luat foc/ pus sub lentile slabe – n-a mai fost,/ azi intră-n noi cu plugul domnul prost/ şi fierul ne convinge os cu os/ că-n târg s-a măritat un mort frumos/ că în pingele-a nechezat un cal/ că-n miezul pâinii doarme-un general/ şi că s-au prezentat să cânte-un pic/ suavii cântăreţi cu polonic...". It is certain that the poet fully possesses the perception of the universe's degradation; truth decays into lie, the beautiful is in dissolution, things have lost their significant weight, beings are made anonymous, deprived of the resources of the essential, under the imminent spectrum of reification and mechanization. In a world in which the valence of truth is entirely relative, in which the just and unjust are inverted and the false replaces the authentic image, the poet experiences existence and his own diction, in terms of revolt and radicalism, but also in ironic and parodic braces („Hau hau pardon n-am

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chef şi nu mi-e dat/ să umblu cu sicriul şifonat"). The metaphors of the deformed perception of truth are extremely suggestive in the *Hau hau* poem. The truth is "bolnav de gândaci" ["ill with bugs"], it is contaminated by the disease of falsity, it is a counterfeited truth, a simulacrum of truth; in the poet's vision, truth is dimensioned from a perspective of a reality and rhetoric based on the divorce between appearance and essence.

The drama of the ordinary man, which is emphasized in Mircea Dinescu's verses is exactly this discrepancy between what is proclaimed with pomposity and what really *is*, in the spirit of ontic authenticity. The existential regime, as it is perceived by the poet, has the appearances of a spectacle of the ridiculous and absurd, of grotesques walking on the line, in which convention replaces the vital impetus and mystification replaces the truth. In this poem, just like in many others written by Dinescu, existence has, in its intimate mechanisms or in those from the surface, disordered articulations, values which no longer function and the mask definitely replaced the actual face. The actors of the existential spectacle seem like ham actors who mime only the experience, their gestures are not authentic, they do not assume spontaneity as a norm for ontological substance. In the *Hau hau* poem too, the favorite methods use are the parable, allegoric staging, irony and parodic reflex, all these means having the ability of transposing reality into fiction with an ethical substratum, in the register of emergency and need for authenticity. The poem is part of the volume *Proprietarul de poduri* (1976), which is representative for the lyricism of Mircea Dinescu. Laurentiu Ulici writes about this volume that "Instead of the «holly» ingenuity of the adolescent who delivers poems by breathing and sweating in a private and limited reality: of personal events, Mircea Dinescu now takes on the «guilty» perspective of the one who makes poetry by dragging «reality onto his chest like a shirt» and assuming (by integration) the *read* experience of the contemporary world. Maybe as a bright echo of past innocence, maybe as an inflexibility of the poetic consciousness towards the loud siege of the civilization of the past century, the authoritarian feeling in the verses of *Proprietarul de poduri* is the tolerance to reification, associated with one of frustration (...); irony and sarcasm are not attitudes, but rather defense instruments of an eminently lyrical soul".

Privighetoarea secolului XX is a poem with an obvious programmatic character. Here, the poet exposes his vision about poetry and the poet's

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condition, about his mission and role in relation to the world. The poet opts for a direct lyricism and for an authentic diction, in consensus with his tumultuous sensitivity, with his stormy temper. On the other hand, Dinescu is a poet of the fervor of senses, of non-mediated expression of his own feelings. In his poems and especially in the poem *Privighetoarea secolului XX*, the inertia of the self-biographic element is as obvious and eloquent as possible. The poet calls out, in a non-counterfeited and audacious lyrical discourse, his affective states, his pride, frustration, jubilation of utterance and disillusion before the precarious structures of reality: „Din fiecare veac coboară un cal să ronţăie statui/ zadarnic încercaţi să-mi puneţi pe limbă lipitori abstracte/ orgoliul meu e să-mi plimb rana într-un vagon de clasa-ntâi/ norii ghimpaţi să-i trec în silă ca îngerul lipsit de acte,// apoi să car pământ cu gura peste oraşele din zori/ în piei de iepure ghitara să mi-o îmbrac să vină câinii/ s-aud cum rup din ea şi pieptul să-mi cadă între cerşetori/ ca o monedă azvârlită de sus din turnurile pâinii". The dominant lyrical idea is that modern poetry, the poetry of the XX. century, has lost its purity, its initial frenzy, its liminal Orphism, gaining a severe turn, taking on suffering, tragic, grotesque and the ridiculous of a history which is often convulsive and ontically disarticulate. Dinescu's exuberant lyrical imagination lays down in the verses an ironic and parodic image of "literature's comedy", but also a suggestive canvas of the modern world, with its irreconcilable paradoxes and antimonies: „Hai seceraţi genunchii iernii să nască numai vineţi fulgi/ un dans de gropi se-ncinge-n ceruri de parcă m-ar chema la nuntă,/ forţaţi un trandafir să are tăiaţi-i unghiile lungi/ şi-mbălsămaţi privighetoarea căci vai privighetoarea cântă". Not having the preconception of reality or the rhetoric exultance of the poets who do not transpose their feelings, Mircea Dinescu wraps his verses into an allegoric and symbolic halo, not missing the inertia of irony and ludic instinct or the echoes of ethical reflexivity and gravity. Living in the precarious horizon of the modern, the poet lucidly assumes his condition, in a world in which myths are losing their value and existence gains absurd connotations and signs of oblivion. The poem's tonality is ambiguous, to the extent that it comprises in its perimeter both sarcasm and irony, as well as the masked pathos or the tone of vaguely symbolic gravity.

The poem *Doamne-fereşte* is part of the volume *Moartea citeşte ziarul*, published first in 1989 by the Rodopi publishing house in Amsterdam, as the publishing of the poems from this book was banned in

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Romania in the year 1988. The volume was reprinted in 1990 by the Cartea Românească publishing house. In the book's foreword, Sorin Alexandrescu underlines the mutations suffered by Dinescu's poetry in the 80s, by radicalizing the writing which is no longer limited to the strict perimeter of aesthetics, but it also takes on the territories of ethics, revolt and moral emergency: "Dinescu expresses (...) a more general state of mind: the poetry as ersatz for the action leads to frustration, *luck* is inevitably tied to *shame*, the perfumed air of the oasis is not breathable. Stepping outside the reservation and the season of poetry leads to the discovery of reality as a world of risk, of every-day life in which the poet is no longer protected by any convention, but he is yet again vulnerable." On the other hand, in a poem from 1981, Mircea Dinescu stated that he abandons the poetry based on illusions, on conventions and untruth, choosing a lyrical option which intends to stare reality in the face, without idealization, in an effort to authenticate lyrical diction and to express, with complete freedom and lucidity, the feeling of refusal, revolt and nonconformity addressed to a gregarious, anonymizing and dissolving reality („Multă vreme am crezut că poezia doarme sub aripa cocostârcului/ sau că va trebui să scurm după ea prin păduri/ dar ca un profet izgonit din pustiu de gâlgâitul sondelor/ acum sunt dispus să fac un pact cu realitatea/ şi să recunosc că am greşit:/ sparg cu un târnăcop zidul/ şi vă las să priviţi"). The direct, non-counterfeited and disappointing look of reality is also equivalent with a relativizations of poetic canons, with a fluidization of rigid forms, in an effort to grant lyricism freedom of expression and the simplicity of lyrical speech. This optical and rhetorical mutation is clearly noted by Sorin Alexandrescu: "Braking down the wall of isolation also signifies breaking the poetic forms. The musicality of the first volumes dissipated in dissonances, the poem becomes a long rhythmic phrase of revolt and sarcasms, the spoken language eliminates poetic clichés, metaphors make place for literary meanings, clashed together like rough rocks and resulting in sparkles. No one's innovation becomes a call to the reader, but he is no longer an inner convention of the poem, but a citizen. He is invited to watch through the wall, together with the poet, to see an absurd and inhumane daily life."

The universe presented in the volume *Moartea citeşte ziarul* is a universe with agonic pallor and carceral reflexes, in which the human being senses its existence as a resigned captivity, in a space of disappearance calls, of darkness and death („Moartea în stradă citeşte ziarul/ aşezat în faţa

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cerşetorului mort/ moartea în cârciumă-şi umple paharul/ moartea-i pe câmpuri, moartea-i în cort.// Perie-i haina linge-i pantofii/ fii-i pentr-o viaţă valet de lux,/ chelia de aur a Sfintei Sofii/ lucească-n sângele tău la reflux.// O dans al morţii, clatină-ţi lanţul/ sclav muzical, fericit intrument.../ Prin carnea noastră umblă Bizanţul/ Ba Europă, ba Orient"). Representative for this attitude and for this new way of looking at reality, the poem *Doamne-fereşte* is also an allegory of a delirious history, in which dogma has replaced individualities and the slogan replaces affects. The allusions to the communist era, with the atmosphere of terror knowingly maintained, with generalized false pretence and cowardice, with the spectacle of moral resignation and with the glamour of personality worshiping staged by people in the service of the regime, these allusions are as transparent as possible. The fall into a history with dismantled meanings is equivalent to an ontic trauma and an unknown guilt, which asks to be expiated. Duplicity, lie, terror, mutilation of individuality, fake and dogmatism, these are the shortcomings of the communist world, which the poet does not hesitate to name symbolically, to translate them into insurgent metaphors: „Istoria parcă ne duce-n burtă/ şi parcă a uitat să ne mai nască/ preafericiţii cu privirea scurtă/ sorb borşul dogmei ce le plouă-n bască,/ făcând spre lucruri zilnic reverenţe/ căci cine ştie ce episcop doarme/ în polonic, în coşul pentru zdrenţe,/ în ţevile acestor triste arme/ unde Nebunul îşi cloceşte crima/ şi ne omoară fiindcă ne iubeşte,/ când ne e foame desenează peşte,/ când vine frigul arestează clima,/ opriţi Istoria – cobor la prima/ opriţi la staţia Doamne-fereşte". The allusive protesting, the hidden irony, the masked sarcasm are converted now into revolt and insurgence; the verse now has direct beat, the metaphors and the poetic images openly translate the attitude of vehement reaction to a degrading reality, which turned into an infamous fair, in which values have deranged their functionality and appearance replaced the essence, in a kind of third-rate acting of the hysterical history. The poet sees history as stagnation, as a freeze in the project, as an eleatism in which individualities are lost, human personality is rendered anonymous and collective destiny or that of a private human being is under the spectrum of reification, of a mechanics of imperturbable hazard. The radicalization of the poetic voice is incontestable here and the emergence of the lyrical consciousness from the sign of aesthetics and entry into the zone of activism, ethics and politics is represented by these alert verses, which denote moral emergency and

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protest, sarcasm and insurgence against any kind of conformism, against dogmatism and institutionalized communist terror.

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