A QUASI – KNOWN ONIRIC PROSE WRITER: FLORIN GABREA

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Abstract*: the present paper is intended to approach the complex reality of the oniric literature, by resorting to a distinct analysis of the individual writings, with special emphasis laid on the acitivity of Florin Gabrea, a quasi-known oniric prose-writer.*

Key words: *oniric literature, aesthetic syllabus, oniric discourse.*

Except Dumitru Tepeneag, other representatives of the oniric literature that have been instrumental in the development of the Romanian oniric prose are: Sorin Titel, Florin Gabrea, Virgil Tanase, Vintila Ivanceanu and Iulian Neacsu. Reading them simultaneously the writing of the members of the oniric group can be observed that their writing emphasizes great differences, so that the most adequate way of approach the oniric literature is a distinct analysis of the individual writings which emphasize themselves as "some independent worlds closed in themselves ". What exists for all group members is the common aesthetic syllabus. Some essential syllabus must be reminded. The aesthetic onirism claims that it considers art not as a way, but as a purpose, not as a way of investigation of another reality, but sending to sui generis reality that created it. The oniric literature rejects hazard rules and incoherency because it organizes according to rules characteristic of dream. Unlike epic where events inevitably unfold one from another, in the oniric discourse appears not only the standard narration, but also a simple development of different facts which cannot create a story by themselves. It is also known that dreams cannot be narrated.

What can also be noticed is the visual character to pictorial of oniric texts. The text must be regarded as a space of a continuous development opened to endless ways of interpretation which at last should become "some painted music where time has to be ceaselessly converted into space". Gérard Genette refers to this aspect of pictorial " Painting is not an art of space because it gives a representation of the surface, but for this representation takes place in another surface which is specific to it. And the art of space, architecture in the highest sense of word does not tell us about space, it would be more specific to tell that it is the art that makes space to talk, that space is the one that makes in it, and (while any art hopes to reorganize its own representation) that talks about it." Another main characteristic of oniric literature is that it cannot be narrated and it has to be read time and again as Genette advises: "To read as it should be means only to re-read, means always from the first reading to re-read, to cover a book in all ways, in all directions, in all its dimensions. So we can say that the book's space and the one of a page does not lay under the time of successive readings, but while through reading it emphasizes and it accomplishes space continually, influence it and overturn, and in some way abolishes it."

Florin Gabrea, although he graduated Faculty of Architecture, makes his debut in literature in *Amphitheatre* review, then in 1967 he will continue to publish in *The Venus* that it will give him in the same year the prise for prose writing. In spite of his profession, he proved his talent as a writer throughout his two volumes *Hanimore* (1969) and *Beautiful is Only the Truth* (1979).

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About *Hanimore* Dumitru Tepeneag says in the article An Undiscussed Book from *Literary Romania* (1970, no. 6, 12th of February): "About a book like Hanimore of Gabrea , can be told in any case much more and more lucrative for prose theory than who knows what novel made after traditionalistic devices." The stories from this book impress with the differences between them, both composition technique and narrative strategies. The story that opens the book is *The Cathedral*, a text in which alternates the realistic description with the bizarre one. A quiet background appears inside a cathedral in which the narrator contemplates the image of a wax Christ. The image will be overturn into chaos: the bells of church keep on ringing without stopping Christ's hands are trampled underfoot and when he leaves the place the believers are strange and narrator says: " I rushed down stairs, of course, one, two, three, four, five, but quicker than I tell you, and or the footpath they held me, making me immobile, pulling me down, pairs of endless hands, long, some of them were lying in my hair, others were behind me or they were passing over my face trying to touch my eyes, and exhausted because of the tens of arms I was beginning to suffocate, while between the knees were tossing as I noticed some thin skinny hands, trampled down and pushed up and down , of red color, although I would have had to see the windows from the houses that were opening one by one, then the doors, then the gates, then…" *Do not Forget the Smell of Condado Wine* shows presents the narrator captive in a room from where the only thing he can see are the passers-by feet. The presence of a painting break in his existence. For the first time the reader is directly involved: It worth listening to him, you see that it is not so simple, I could tell you and I will tell you.

The story that gives the title of the book is dedicated to another member of oniric group, the poet Virgil Mazilescu. The narrator and the characters are sitting at the table placed on the verge of an abyss. The table was full of food and the empty dishes were broken without noise there, where "sound cannot be brought back". This dinner takes place twice a week, but the guests were always different. The organizer is Else, but she prefers to be told Hanimore. She is dressed in white, probably representing the eternal archetype bride, because, while her parteners change, she remains the same: " Some said she is the one who does not change and she has been waiting there for a long time, maybe before each one's birth." The guests are disappearing one by one, and when they came back they are transformed: "At any return the unknown had his cloths larger, the face more oblong, his hands were falling along his body and said the words forceful to himself, breathing the air around." The end remains wrapped up in mistery and Tepeneag remarks in the mentioned article: "Only in this exceptional using of subtext lies Gabrea's expressivity and modernity."

The motto of the story *Three Springs* from Mateiu Caragiale: "These nights are feared than drunkenness", warns the reader for a story like Mircea Eliade's. three travellers make a halt and a strange persons changes their destiny. The woman guide them to a village in which the strange element reminds us of *Magic Love* of Vasile Voiculescu. They are housed in a room where an old calendar shows the date of 7th September (The Holy Virgin Pre-Celebration) and all revolve round number three: all three, three travelers, three beds, three table linens, three towels, three rows of plates, three candles, three girls, the Three Springs Wood, three short knockings in the window. Their dinner transforms into a dramatic act of Christ myth: the table cloth becomes "holy vestments, clean vestment because goodness and love have not been taught with nothing , you were born white, your skin is white".One of them is called the Nazarene and wet with red wine from a cup. This happens while it is said a paragraph from axion. Confusion is obvious and for this time number three can be both magic number

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and the symbol of Holy Trinity. The place can be a monaster4y since there are coloured windows of the doors with drawing with monks. The end surprise the reader with a burning in which the girls representing the fairies burn symbolizing purification.

The religious element is also present in First My Bride through ichthyomorphic symbol of the fish like in Dumitru Tepeneag literature. The narrator is celebrating his wedding at a restaurant where speciality is eating uncooked offals of a living fish named Holocanthus. The story begins in a realistic manner: preparation the guest's tables, of the aquarium in which there were the living fishes, but most of all the chaotic appearance of the guests. Even the waiters were dressed as sailors. The bride and bridegroom are almost ignorated, the guests being attentive to aquariums. Eating this kind of fish has an entire ritual: " It has to be caught alive with the forefinger in a well known place under its fin on the belly, it was well squeezed and the whitish and viscous gush is drunk with opened mouth and swallowed uncooked." The scene points out the grotesque. Disgusted, the bride and bridegroom leave the wedding and swim among fishes symbolizing the paradisiacal innocence. But after a while he is pulled out and treated like a Holocanthus. In this volume is obvious the confusion of real and oniric level, the religious symbology together with the common reality and, as Gabriel Dimisianu says, Hanimore represents: " the main act for this type of prose, it is the deliberated deformation of real, contemplated from an unusual angle."

Beautiful is Only the Truth is made up of only three stories that alternate between a half-oniric, half-symbolic reality. *Kid I have fell in milk* has as characters three deserters hunted by the fear of punishment. In their journey they arrive at a building where they find for this time a picture of Jesus Christ and not a statue. In a strange manner appears a picture from which the one in the picture talks to them and are invited by him to dinner where they are served with a salad of snails. Meanwhile the deserters listen to the radio that the Romanian army took up arms against Germans and one dies in a skirmish with a Hitlerite. Interesting in this story are the characters' raving so that the levels real-oniric are mixed up. Climax is when there appears a pig and they began to go after it and in the end they feel like a pig. The only thing that helps them to eliberate from the doubtful reality is dream and the crisis of identity is present as in *The Long Journey of the Prisoner* of Sorin Titel: "I'm sorry, lieutenant, but you probably thought with my memories, and after all, who might know if one of us is not the other's memory or even his dream?"

The story that gives the title to this volume is focused on a wedding that takes place in the middle of the nature. The main moments are caught by the photograph, an oniric character for all members of oniric group. During the wedding characters are trying to explain the oniric phenomenon.

In *The Guide of the Losts*, characters are participating to a competition where they have to climb a mountain, but their voyage turn out to be endless and absurd. This competition has an entire ritual: the inscribing, the receiving of cardboards, medical visit and also the lost of identity because the participants lose their name in favour of numbers. The entire activity is watched like in George Orwell's novel *1984*. The guide and the child, Dorel unmask intertextuality: "sometimes, like now, I have a strange feeling. I feel as if I were in a novel, yes, yes, in a novel."

Florin Gabrea's prose writing represents a initiation for reader, each story hiding a mistery whose elucidation presumes repeated readings.

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