GEORGE BACOVIA AND THE AVATARS OF DAMNATION

It has been stated that Bacovia is rather a particular type of symbolist poet – a "primitive" one (according to N. Manolescu) -, than a pure symbolist, due to the fact that he no longer employs the sophisticated, refined techniques of the symbolist movement and to his usage of a much more "realistic" language, attempting to "un-poetize" the poetry. Noticing the "reduction" phenomena that symbolist techniques are subjected to, Mircea Scarlat believes that the term "bacovianism" would be appropriate to circumscribe this profoundly original poetic universe. Surprisingly, one may state that it is the simplicity of the poetic utterance that confers refinement to this type of poetry; this poetry features an entirely natural language, as the poet doesn't appear to poetically translate impressions, but only to confess, his writing becoming, accordingly, a form of direct communication with the reader. One may notice, as Constantin Ciopraga writes, that "*it is neither the plasticity of the forms, nor the chromaticity that creates artistic images, as the poet captures the vibration, the rhythm of an interior moment very much like the impressionists*". Bacovia's visual images are transmitted in a synesthetic register, creating sonic echoes. For instance, in *Marş funebru / Funeral March*, the autumn background incorporates some of the tragic nostalgia expressed by Chopin's music, just as in *Nervi de primăvară/ Spring nervousness*, the visual and the other senses melt together, since the landscape becomes "*o pictură parfumată / cu vibrări de violet*". But Bacovia's confession in *Plumb / Lead, Amurg violet / Violet Twilight* or *Plumb de iarnă / Winter Lead* is not focused on the accessories, on the insignificant details, but rather on the inner essences. Thus, the data of the landscape are transgressed into the space of the consciousness, and reality resonates in the imagery, just as the specificity of the Bacovian landscapes does not come from the summing of plastic details, but from the drawing of a particular environment. Rain, wind, lead, the rhythm of the seasons, do not signify anything by themselves, while they evoke, through suggestion, a certain interior climate, a synthetic impression. As Constantin Ciopraga remarks, "*the lack of artificiality, in the case of a solemn and lucid artist, seems to be an effect of spontaneity, but Bacovia operates in his poems with unbelievable perseverance. His classic sobriety and the ability to extract the essential*

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are achieved through his struggle with matter and its drama. The denuded lines, the silenced emotions, the current epithets – they all prove his repulsion to a grandiloquent style". If in Bacovia's earlier poems there was an obstacle between poetry and reality, built by conventionalism, as well as a sort of artificiality of the vision, later he develops a reflex of the mundane and a complete equivalence is set between poetry and existence. *Stante burgheze / Bourgeois Stamps* (consisting of the poetry written between 1950 and 1957) features such a total insertion of the reality's data in the text. The poet's biographic identity is directly expressed by his poetic one. Nevertheless, Bacovia's poetry is based on denying the concept of absolute, since the metaphysical is assimilated to desolation and total emptiness.

In his book *Bacovia. Ruptura de utopia romantica / The Separation from Romantic Utopia*, V. Fanache defines the poet's status in the Romanian poetic landscape: "*Bacovia interrupts, in the development of our poetry, the poetic discourse that acts certain of self-overcome. He is characterized by his separation from illusion and romantic dreaming or of the chimeric symbols meant to suggest the cosmic mystery. There is no programmatic intention able to save the poetic self as it falls in the lead of concrete reality. Having been drained of illusion, his poetry is no longer the former state of charm, the incantatory ecstasy; it becomes the sound made by his irreversible self-destruction. What separates Bacovia from the romantic utopia is the fact that in his text there is no sign of salvation (redemption) neither in life, nor in death, and there is magical compensating land, be it the past or the oneirism, the cosmos, history or the eros*". By such a perfect lucidity, Bacovia becomes our contemporary, the first Romanian postmodernist consciousness.

Bacovia's poetry is, first of all, the poetry of the environment, where the evoking frame reveals an acute sensitivity to the "stimuli" of reality. It is, as Lovinescu notices, an environment "*of overwhelming desolation, of rotten rains in the autumn an gangrened trees, limited to the landscape of the provincial city's slum, between the cemetery and the slaughter house, with small houses buried in eternal mud, with a ravaged public garden, with the melancholy and joy of the panoramas where "princesses sigh mechanically in glass scrapes"; and in this environment of lead there is an identical state of mind; muzzy, a complete chaos of the soul through the obsession of death and nothingness, a vague trivial sentimentalism (...)*".

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Published in 1916 in a homonym book, *Plumb / Lead* is, probably, the most read and quoted of Bacovia's poems. I am not sure whether, in spite of all its interpretations, it is also his best understood. In this representative poem, the poets configures, in the minimal and iterative way that is so characteristic to him, a reality that is primarily psychological, since the chromatic suggestions, the hard, gnashed musicality, bring us face to face with the interior universe of the poet, a traumatized universe, disharmonious and alienated in its relationship with the exterior world. Obviously, one may find here, in the whole symbolist-expressionist poetics of Bacovia, his manner of representing the world and of drawing his own emotions in the lines, a certain unmistakable style that had imposed him in the history of Romanian poetry. *Plumb / Lead* is, in other words, a programmatic poem, since it reflects a manner of writing and way of sensing the data of reality in the poetic expression. Bacovia's poetry is structured as an elegiac monologue, dominated by the sensation of absurdity and by a tragic atmosphere of twilight. These are related to Bacovia's enormous sensibility, a sensibility to the most subtle nuances of the mechanics of light, as well as to the smallest acuteness of the universal becoming.

On the conceptual plan, Bacovia's poem imagines an alienating and restrictive universe, lacking any sign of ideality, where the poetic self feels an intense loss of identity, with himself and the others, as well as the inability of existing authentically. *Caderea / The downfall* is, as V. Fanache writes, the key-word of Bacovia's poetry, a paradigmatic word for the ontological and poetical representation of the author: "*Wherever we may cut a sequence and regardless of its relation to cosmic matter, the human spectacle or the poetic self, beyond the textual scenery there is always, as a fatum, the downfall. The sliding, the disappearance, the gliding, the decline, the decay, the loss of the self into mute alienation or in roaring madness, the sinking in the emptiness that "gathers everything*", *like an insatiable pit – these are all the metaphorical faces of the same fall, active everywhere, as if it would correspond to a common symbolic feature of the language: all that may be imagined in speech develops as a failure*". In *Plumb,* the trajectory of the poetic images also has a declining meaning, the axis of the poetry has no signs of ascension but, on the contrary, very clear accents of regression, downfall, alienation and mineralization – all bringing

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on the poetic stage the demonism of death, the suggestion of extinction and of unbearable inertia.

The key-words that mark the data of this poetic universe are *lead, tomb* and *alone.* These are words that suggest a total, tragic solitude of the lyrical self, an essential loneliness that places him beyond things and people, a metaphysical space where the *being* finds the fundamental isolation in front of the limitless world and locks himself in his own feelings. It might be that this terror of the infinity and of a frightening world (by the lack of landmarks) actually leads the poetic self to a retractile attitude, to the reclusion into closed spaces like the tomb. *The tomb* is, if we attempt a psychoanalytical approach, a symbol of *ad uterum* regression, by which we may understand the poetic self's retreat in a protecting space, away from the aggression of the exterior, oppressing and meaningless exterior world. Another interpretation may stress the restrictive, Procustian dimensions of some spatial symbols like the *tomb* or the *coffin.* We may consider that all these minimal spaces, where the self discovers isolation and amputation of ideals are as many spaces of downfall, alienation, pressure and damnation. In such a view, the poem is structured in a centripetal vision, where the signifying energies gather in a point of convergence, focusing in a semantic center of pure negative emergence. Among the elements that prove this fact are the words with an obvious funeral resonance that are present here (coffins, funeral, tomb, dead, lead) sending us to a world of closure, cloistering, lack of existential horizon and, eventually, to an infernal space with minimal, mortifying dimension. The poetic pretext lies in the loss of the loved-one (of the lover), because, unlike romantic poetry, in the case of Bacovia, and especially in *Plumb / Lead* love loses and mark of ideality, any utopian contour, becoming mechanical and reificated, and turns into an alienating sensation of downfall, of frozen turmoil or mineralized, fruitless passion. From such an angle, *Plumb / Lead* is the epilogue of a lost love ((“Dormea întors amorul meu de plumb”), a love that no longer offers the chance of redemption, the context of evasion from the constraining space of the cemetery, of the tomb or the coffin.

The essential solitude of the poetic self, marked by the repeated expression “*stam singur / I was standing alone*” is amplified by the obsessive representation of the minimal spatial frame, proving to be alienating and restrictive, but also by the sensation of coldness, recorded in

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hallucinatory images. Between the interior space, where there is agonic pain, metaphysical sadness and almost physiological suffering and the exterior background ravaged by wind and cold, the poem establishes a relation of total correspondence. The interior and the exterior communicate and accentuate there echoes; on one hand the vision is reduced to the minimal state of a soul that is enchained by own obsession and visions of the nonexistence and on the other the poet sets on stage a background marked by solitude and hard pressure, monotony and acute desolation. The lead, the key-word of the poem, repeated three times in each stanza, becomes a metaphor and, at the same time, a symbol for an inner reality that is devastated by anxiety and by an emphasized feeling of the nothingness. The poet suggests here the lack of horizon and an inner feeling of downfall, of being crushed by the limits of his too-human nature. What might the last line suggest ("*Si-i atarnau aripele de plumb / And his leaded winged were hanging*") other than the fact that the very image of flight is declining and illusory, impossible to accomplish. Flight is an amputated exaltation, a "reverted" ascension made not towards the heights but towards the depths, ending in the abyssal areas of the self, where there is nothing but anguish and neurosis. Thus, broken between the futility of ascension and the awareness of damnation, the poet only senses the abusive exterior reality as well as the interior reality which is devastated by disillusion and by the feeling of nothingness.

Also published in the first volume of poetry, *Plumb / Lead* (1916), the poem *Lacustra / Lacustral* contains the same obsessions of a poetic self which is overwhelmed by solitude and diffuse desperation. The poet feels like the universe, in its crushing immensity, abolishes his existence, his feelings, his individuality, amputating his identity, dissolving it in a precarious reality with no exact determinations. The atmosphere of the poetry results precisely from such a spatial and temporal undetermination. "*Plansul materiei / The crying of matter*" should be seen as a manner of representing the deep substrate of the world; this is a pre-formal reality or a super-formal, original, one, developing its identity and, at the same time, its transposition in the various modalities of existence. It is a fact noticed, among others, by V. Fanache, who writes: "*Who is the "matter" whose cry is heard by the poet? We are dealing, like in other Bacovian texts, with a generalizing image, summarizing and transcending into a super-reality of the various forms of existence. "Aud material plangand / I hear the matter*

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crying" names an original entity beyond the world and beyond the human being, from which derives any state of being – the existence in actu *(...) The voice heard by the poet comes from the profound interiority of the universe, it is a sign of the essence revealed in and by the lines of the poem, an essence called, in Bacovia's language, cry*".

There is, therefore, a metaphysical "cry", a suffering of matter as it reveals its precarity and dissolution under rain and water. As a matter of fact, unlike the romantic poets, who saw water as a beneficial and purifying element, Bacovia gives it an evil force with destructive marks. The whole universe in under the threat of extinction, the world is in an obvious decay and matter caves in its forms, its structure, its natural state. In such a context, even the human being no longer feels that nature is "habitable" but, on the contrary, feels more and more threatened, subject to a rising crisis of communication – with the self and with the exteriority. The poet's solitude, his extreme isolation, brings the impression of an immemorial time, which lacks, just like the aquatic space, any certain, comforting landmarks. "The lacustral habitats" accentuate this desolating poetic landscape of the human facing the aggressive, unacceptable natural elements. Humidity and the aquatic are omnipresent here, suggesting the dissolution of things and beings under the domination of the destructive water, the liquefying of stable forms, the extinction under the sign of the terrorizing rain. Even the sleep turns into a nightmare, maintaining the anguish in front of the unleashed forces of matter and generating the human being's horror of a degenerating matter: "*De-atâtea nopţi aud plouând,/ Aud materia plângând…/ Sunt singur şi mă duce-un gând/ Spre locuinţele lacustre.// Şi parcă dorm pe scânduri ude,/ În spate mă izbeşte-un val -/ Tresar prin somn şi mi se pare/ Că n-am tras podul de la mal*". The exterior painting of an unleashed nature finds a correspondent in the inner being, also ravaged and without an protection, seeking refuge in a self which is threatened by desegregation and alienation.

The "historic emptiness" suggests the exit from time, the metaphysical un-temporality of the human being's position in the universe. The Bacovian man is irreparably alone; he is, after all, an archetype of the eternal man, having broken any social bound and any historical determination. On the other hand, the image of the lacustral shelter threatened by the fury of the waters leads us to the hypothesis of a continuing downfall of the human being, a slow slide into nothingness, the nothingness of the waters and at

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the same tie the inner nothingness. The dissolution of matter corresponds, thus, to a desegregation of the human being, who finds its very structure under the threat of an uncontrollable, demonic nature. The auditory senses ("*aud plouând / I hear the rain", "aud material plângând / I hear the matter crying*") are combined here in order to accentuate the suggestion of the nothingness, of vacuity, of outside threat, of water's demonic fury. This is, as Florin Mihailescu was pointing out, in a most certain way, the triumph of matter over the metaphysical dimension, since the state of anguish and uncertainty comes from "*the inability to adapt to social structures based on the triumph of materiality over ideality in human relations, which explains the persistence of the existential symbol of human precarity and perpetual threat as well as, in a compensating way, the presence of a latent, sometimes rebellious aspiration*".

Bacovia excels, in *Lacustră / Lacustral*, as well as in other representative poems, in his ability to suggest extreme inner states, their great ontological and emotional impact, and ths is accomplished mostly by recording sensations. The feeling of human precarity, of perishability is recored by the spectacle of un unstable matter, which is perpetually fluent, water symbolizing here erosion, instability, evanescence: "*Un gol istoric se întinde,/ Pe-aceleaşi vremuri mă găsesc…/ Şi simt cum de atâta ploaie/ Piloţii grei se prăbuşesc.// De-atâtea nopţi aud plouând,/ Tot tresărind, tot aşteptând…/ Sunt singur şi mă duce-un gând/ Spre locuinţele lacustre*". A poem about the alienation of the human being in front of the elemental nature, *Lacustra / Lacustral* is at the same time a poem about the essential solitude of the human in a hostile universe lacking any reason, an absurd universe which no longer answers his calls and where the human is unable to find himself or to find his genuine inner identity, his authentic inner structure.

Similarly, Bacovia's erotic feeling carry obvious negative connotations, like in the case of any great symbolist or decadent poet. If for the romantics love was projected on an ideal horizon of accomplishment and retrieval of the original, for the symbolists love is convulsive, marked by neurosis and alienation. Symbolist-decadent love does not unite, it separates two sensibilities and two human beings, it does not transfigure the feeling but mutilates it as the self is ravaged by the terrorizing history, time and his own nothingness. Symbolist poetry and Bacovia's poetry in particular no longer gives love any chance of affective salvation, any

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ability to transgress an ontologically inconsistent reality. A poem like *Decembre / December* is somehow an exception, as it draws the eros from a new angle and creates a new conception on love. *Decembre / December* is a poem of intimacy and communion, with the two protagonists lying under the sign of winter. But the snow does not possess, in this case, the apocalyptic effects from other Bacovian poems. It rather has an ornamental purpose, representing a background for the gracious spectacle of love.

Like in some of Alecsandri's *pasteluri / paintings* we see, in this poem, the establishment of an antinomy between the exterior and the interior; the element on the outside is put in opposition with the security, comfort and harmony of the inner space of the room. *The room* is a protective place, securing the communion between the two beings lying under the beneficial signs of the eros. Love is transformed into a gracious ritual, with imponderable gestures and ceremonial postures creating the impression of a Botticellian love. There is no trace here of the "reverted" love with funeral connotations but, rather, a spiritualized love and, at the same time, a release from any anguish, with all the features of exaltation and intimacy.

The sublimity, the suavity of the Eminescian feeling of love is found here unaltered, in a poem where discretion, the magic of the lines and the almost transcendental clarity of the atmosphere produce a feeling of reconciliation and inner harmony. The everyday gestures, the familiar objects – suggest this type of love ritual where the inner atmosphere is drawn in exact but vague lines, in the dimmed colors of a gracious restrain to the infinitesimal nuances. The sounds are, nevertheless, minimal, and the gestures seem to be incomplete, and there is a slowness of the movements which imprints on the poem the ceremonial air of a sublime, simple and suave eros: "Te uită cum ninge decembre/ Spre geamuri, iubito, priveşte -/ Mai spune s-aducă jăratec/ Şi focul s-aud cum trosneşte.// Şi mână fotoliul spre sobă,/ La horn să aud vijelia,/ Sau zilele mele – tot una -/ Aş vrea să le-nvăţ simfonia.// Mai spune s-aducă şi ceaiul,/ Şi vino şi tu mai aproape; -/ Citeşte-mi ceva de la poluri,/ Şi ningă… zăpada ne-ngroape".

An oneiric environment is configured here, the human beings and things losing their corporality and their gestures transgressing the concreteness of the world, as the environment itself becomes hallucinatory and unreal. This impression of an oneiric environment of the erotic feeling is due to the presence of verbs at the imperative or conjunctive ("te uită" /

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"look", "priveşte" / "watch", "spune" / "say", "s-aud" / "let me hear", "mână" / "push", "să ascult" / "let me listen"), all of them placing the actions in a sort of temporal undetermination, transposing them in the field of ideality and dreaming. Heats, as well as the visual sense of darkness, the cold outside and the fire in the room collaborate to create an ambiance that unites the two lovers. The textual structure, as well as the semantic dynamics of the poem, consists in a dialectics of approach and removal, of interior and exterior, realities that give dynamicity to each other's meanings and suggestions: "*Ce cald e aicea la tine,/ Şi toate din casă mi-s sfinte; -/ Te uită cum ninge decembre…/ Nu râde… citeşte-nainte.// E ziuă şi ce întuneric…/ Mai spune s-aducă şi lampa -/ Te uită, zăpada-i cât gardul,/ Şi-a prins promoroacă şi clampa.// Eu nu mă mai duc azi acasă…/ Potop e-napoi şi-nainte,/ Te uită cum ninge decembre,/ Nu râde… citeşte-nainte*". In no other poem does Bacovia invest the feeling of love with such a purifying and elevated meaning. In the evoking and harmonious, protective space of the room, a true ritual of communion and love takes place, in delicacy and fascinating contemplation of the unleashed nature from the outside.

Like almost all the symbolist poets, Bacovia was attracted to the magic of correspondence and the techniques of synesthesia. In Rimbaud's spirit, the Romanian poet gives colors certain meanings, associates them to emotions, reveals them in a novel way. The gray, the black, the violet, the yellow, loose their status of simple chromatic reflexes, becoming emotions. It was no coincidence that Mihail Petroveanu called Bacovia: "*Composer in speech and painter in words*". We should add that for Bacovia the painted color is not decorative; even if, in a first stage, the colors create and environment, configure a background, in a second stage (when the poetic vision is structured) the colors and transposed in a register of pure sensitiveness, their connotations being various inner states. The variety of colors Bacovia works with is small, as a consequence of the small number of feelings suggested by the poet (the spleen, the sadness, the anguish, the loneliness, the monotony, etc.). Melancholy, for instance, is suggested by the sound of the violin and of the piano, while the neurosis is recorded in the green color, blue or pink, as well as by the musical sounds of the violin and the flute.

Nicolae Manolescu underlines Bacovia's predilection – an almost obsessive predilection – for suggestive colors: "*Violet, black, white, pink –*

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these colors invade things like some physical presences, they erode the characters or stain them. The poet seems to apply the paint on the canvas directly from the tube or with the edge of the knife. And these paints are sometimes hallucinatory because of their intensity". A representative poem for such a technique of synesthesia is *Amurg violet / Violet Sunset.* The poem's chromaticity is monotonous, and the intensification of the sensation is achieved by the obsessive repetition of the color *violet.* The poetic scenery is drawn schematically, from a few lines, the space consists of minimal details and landmarks, and thus the background is ruled by total austerity and simplicity. But the violet is the color that favors a certain equivoque, a semantic ambiguity, giving the poetic representation an almost fantastic accent. It is as if beyond the present reality the poet senses a different one, extremely close but at the same time of a fantastic, illusory almost sacred nature *("Amurg de toamnă violet…/ Doi plopi, în fund, apar în siluete:/ Apostoli în odăjdii violete -/ Oraşul tot e violet.// Amurg de toamnă violet…/ Pe drum e-o lume leneşă, cochetă;/ Mulţimea toată pare violetă,/ Oraşul tot e violet"*). In the last stanza the sensation of fantasy, of retreat in an illusory past is even more obvious. The poet leaves the frame and the present time, in order to evade into the space of an immemorial past, favored by the world's invasion by violet. From his privileged position ("from the tower"), allowing him to see the panorama of the landscape, the poet witnesses a fall back into history or a descent of the history, of the mythical, in the daily reality: "*Amurg de toamnă violet…/ Din turn, pe câmp, văd voievozi cu plete;/ Strămunii trec în pâlcuri violete,/ Oraşul tot e violet"*.

The sunset, a moment of the day the favors the insertion of a fantastic shiver, as well as the violet, leads to a hallucinating vision in which the prosaic reality loses its pregnancy, its force, being transfigured into myth and almost mystical illusion. A mournful, neurotic environment, marked by the spleen is also contoured in the poem *Plumb de toamnă / Autumn Lead.* The poet lives in a world with mechanical articulations, lacking any authentic existential thrill, where reification subdues any form of vitality. Close in the constraining space of the market town, the poet is overwhelmed with anxiety and with the awareness that life is nothing but an "error" and the transcendence is absent. The province is drawn here not only in a purely spatial or geographical way, but also receives ontological connotations: the human subject is situated *at the margin* and has a

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nostalgia of the center, of the origin, but his precarious condition refuses any chance of evasion, of transcending what is an exclusive and terrorizing *given*.

In a commentary, V. Fanache emphasizes the demonic features of this space where the human being lies in the periphery of the existence and the poet is doomed, exiled in an alienating world: "*Similar to that of the Gnostics, the vision of the world in* Plumb de toamna *seems to be ruled by Satan and, therefore, it is an empire of evil, "a deserted province" deserted by the divine spirit, because it is damned for anyone – the young girl, the pale dreamer, the anxious madman, the "forgotten" lover, the poet himself – "any hope is lost". Placed somewhere far away or maybe nowhere, the existential remedy is unreachable for the human being, whose essential nature is doomed to ontological provinciality. The space of the market town reveals its signs that have been emptied of meaning (...)*".

The evil is an almighty presence in these lines. The images of death are numerous, repeated with obsessive persistence. Death, madness, loss of hope and loss of the self in an off-centered space – are all images of the evil that possesses the poetic self, making it captive in a space without horizon or any certain landmarks, a prisoner of his own consuming discomfort: "*De-acum, tuşind, a mai murit o fată,/ Un palid visător s-a împuşcat;/ E toamnă şi de-acuma s-a-nnoptat…/ - Tu ce mai faci, iubita mea uitată?// Într-o grădină publică, tăcută,/ Pe un nebun l-am auzit răcnind,/ Iar frunzele cu droaia se desprind/ E vânt şi-orice speranţă e pierdută// Prin târgu-nvăluit de sărăcie/ Am întâlnit un popă, un soldat…/ De-acum pe cărţi voi adormi uitat,/ Pierdut într-o provincie pustie*". The end of the poem transposes the reader in a sort of explanation of the nature of the alienation, by the "social evil" and the "forgotten love" points to the indetermination of the background, projecting the answer in nostalgia and in the inconsistency of the past: ("*De-acum, au şi pornit pe lumea eronată/ Ecouri de revoltă şi de jale;/ Tot mai citeşti probleme sociale…/ Sau, ce mai scrii, iubita mea uitată?")*.

There is nothing random in the title of the poem *Scenery*. The poet draws an urban scenery in the hibernal ambiance, a scenery marked by the image of the park and of the white and black trees. In the structure of the poetic vision, we may see an alternation of static and dynamic, of movement and rest. Thus, the quatrains record, to the highest degree, the sensation of astonishment, of inertia, while the isolated lines produce a

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certain impression of movement, of dynamicity. The alternation between white and black brings the loudness and the contrast between the two colors with their particular symbolism: white would suggest life, a mineralized life, in hibernation, while black would connote the nothingness and death. In spite of the pregnancy of the images, Bacovia's poem is not a lyrical painting. The scenery, the description, the figuration of the landscape are not the purposes of his poetry, but pretexts for the suggestion of inner states, for the recording of emotions. It is what Nicolae Manolescu has also noticed: "*Even from the first reading we see that some formulas are repeated, in a certain order and that the representation of the winter landscape is powerfully stylized. The painting of nature's emaciation is accomplished by the alternation of white and black. The mimesis is, at first, perceivable. The first line may be read referentially: the white and black trees are the leafless trees, like they were carbonized, covered in snow. But the repetition of the pattern (in lines 6 and 11) attacks the impression of true description, even by the fact that the expansion of the white-black opposition to other aspects of the reality (the bird's feathers, the leaves) brings in a criterion of artificial similarity: intuition is annoyed by very simple code of colors used by the poet. We realize that he is not actually describing the landscape, but organizing it according to two opposite features, white and black, that have nevertheless strict correspondences in the reality*".

The environment built by the author in the *Scenery* is of a compete austerity. The natural elements are of extreme simplicity, associated to states of mind that are also single-stringed: sadness, melancholy, solitude. The repetition of particular words and formulas is meant to intensify the emotion, to emphasize even more the experiences and to press the accents on one or the other of the poetic scenery's elements. The lyrical or structural symmetries and correspondences are almost identical, which allows them to amplify the impression of monotony, of undifferentiation that the poet tries to communicate: ("Copacii albi, copacii negri/ Stau goi în parcul solitar:/ Decor de doliu, funerar…/ Copacii albi, copacii negri (…) Şi frunze albe, frunze negre;/ Copacii albi, copacii negri;/ Şi pene albe, pene negre,/ Decor de doliu, funerar…"). The median quatrain brings, in the astonished winter landscape a certain dynamicity, a sensation of movement that is more emphasized ("Cu pene albe, pene negre/ O pasăre cu glas amar/ Străbate parcul secular…/ Cu pene albe, pene negre").

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A poetry focused on the antinomies of a nature the expresses powerful inner contrasts, *Bacovia's lyric* reveals the whole variety of procedures and techniques featured by symbolism. But Symbolism passes, through the styling and crisping of sensitiveness, through the austerity of the landscape and turns into Expressionism, as it reveals the artistic valences of one of the most genuine Romanian poets. An „error" placed in an „wrong world", the being has the premonition of downfall, as well as the clear awareness of damnation, of alienation from the self and the world. Alienation, evil, neurosis, reification – are the obsessive thematic markers of this poetry that has a mournful background, painted in the colours of melancholy and desperation.

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