MARIN SORESCU – THE IRONIC SPECTACULAR

Author of a poetry that was mostly placed under the sign of non-conformism, of obvious lack of adhesion to the poetical convention and of the insurgency towards the traditionally recognized models, Marin Sorescu has configured for himself an unmistakeable lyrical personality, fundamentally irreducible to one of the many registers of his voice, to one of the numerous manifestations of a protean lyrical ego, hard to catch in some critical formula. Poet of de-mithicizing, of taboos and clichés' deconstruction, Marin Sorescu is nonetheless a poet of construction, articulating with an artisan's scrupulosity a viable artistic universe, of an indisputable inner coherence. A coherence primarily explained by this poetry's unity of artistic technique, but also by a naturally modulated poetical model, which is reiterated in every poetical `sample` configured by the imagination of the author. In Sorescu's creations, a personal style, as an imprint of a powerful lyrical personality can extremely easily be perceived. If Malraux somewhere noted that style is 'the reduction of the world to a specific meaning', it is not less true that Sorescu's style is nothing but polarization, assemblage of poetical objects depending on an ironical (pre)disposition, reduction of the world's meanings to certain ironical-fantastical constants, in other words modification of the terms of realness by bantering and deriding, methods that render as relative the meanings, drop the temperature of the poetical discourse's gravity and affectively disengage their creator who always has not so much the conscience of a limit in his creation, but the certainty of an uninterrupted distance between the written text and the creator, of an unbreakable alienation established between letter and spirit. Therefore, it can be said, with good reason, that the tonality of Sorescu's lyrical `emission` is not a retained one, celebrating the human being or the world, in which the poet repudiates his orphic, ceremonial attitude, but one of Balkan opulence of speech, for the lyrical discourse does not seem to be successively projected on the canvas of the poem, but rather instantly articulated, throughout a sole and certain stroke of a pen. Lust of poetical writing and speech, the centrifugal imagistic verve essentially translates the spectacle of an entropic reality, mined by a land disorder that endangers the very identity of the human being, by inserting it into a repetitive, tautological evolution of things: 'Ieri am

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fotografiat numai pietre,/ Şi piatra de la sfârşit/ semăna cu mine./ Alaltăieri – scaune -/ Şi cel care-a rămas/ Semăna cu mine.// Toate lucrurile seamănă îngrozitor cu mine…' (*Developare*). It is visible here, as well as in other poems, the poet's intention to transcribe the contradictory manifestations of realness in the highest of fidelities. Hence, the rejection of any restraining or inhibitory prosodic intention, the formal liberty of his poetry, that allows it to record the spectacle of the existence without the contribution of a preconceived intention, in the absence of any `apriorism`.

The poet who made his debuted in 1964 with the parody volume `Alone amidst poets` (a timid and vainglorious title, of a reserved irony) brought to light a sharp conscience of artistic convention, a skillfully staging sense of the era's poetry's clichés and tics. The book has, as noticed, a polemical substratum, as we can consider the poems the constitute it as a kind of meta-poems, poems about poems, creations that are set afoot by an obvious intentions to criticize the lyrical reportages of the former era, the rhetoric that lacks substance, but also some modernist extravagances. Marin Sorescu – the one from `Alone amidst poets` - rapidly takes the patterns and abandons them, in a sort of parody jubilation, in a mimetic voluptuousness and a voluble formal histrionic through which the lyrical ego rapidly changes the stylistic masks behind which we imagine its ironical, rallying presence, that shows off with ease the procedures and `the manners`. Far from being immanent to the taken pattern, the author has, on the contrary, a transcendent position, constantly placing himself above and beyond it and taking a critical distance from it. Parody remains, without doubt, an essential constant in Sorescu's poetry, a poetry that configures itself as a reaction to the stimulus of the literary convention, to the stereotypy of the lyrical language, or as a reply to previous poetical constructions. Defining itself by opposition to *something else*, it cannot be affirmed that Sorescu's poetry expresses itself with less conspicuousness and naturalness. De-mythicization of the poetical forms recognized by tradition, embezzlement of the solemn forms in the daily ridiculousness, Sorescu's poetry can be regarded – and it was actually considered so – an immersion in the word's original layers, as a recovery of its mythical roots or as a nostalgia of its symbolic archetypal purity. The poet, fully aware of engraving his existence in a universe of signs, of formal hypertrophy and of atrophy of the signified, nostalgically looks back

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to the original essence, to the natural primordiality of things, as if he was looking at a forbidden territory, in which he can no longer enter.

The word is, for Sorescu, an imperfect substitute, lacking essentiality and realness, a scanty suggestion of the inexhaustible reality, a culpable face of the un-authentic. That is why the return to the authentic, to spontaneity by regenerating the word, by the priming of its meaningful force into new symbolic configurations and constellations motivates the substratum of this poem, which denounces with acuity the man's alienation from realness throughout the word, together with its bookish and artificial aura: 'Mi-e frig în cămașa asta/ De litere/ Prin care intră ușor/ Toate intemperiile'. At the same time, the high exacerbation of this tension – *natural/human, reality/word* – appears as a disontological transformation of the poet's life, as a substitution of the alive throughout the mechanical and bookish: 'Unde s-o fi tipărind/ Viața asta a mea,/ Că e plină de greșeli/ Inadmisibile'. If the verb is, in Sorescu's vision, just a depreciation of the totality of elements, of the empirical reality, the poetical act reveals itself as a possibility of salvation from a proliferant reality, the art appearing (also in a softly ironical register, of course) under the species of its soteriologic features, which were always attributed to it, as in the poem *'Sepia'*: 'Rechinii și șerpii de mare/ Vin grămadă spre mine,/ Și dacă nu-i scriu cu cerneală/ Mă mănâncă (…) Dați-vă la o parte,/ Lucruri pe care v-am învins./ În legitimă apărare, /Trebuie să transcriu cu cerneală/ Toată apa oceanului'. Therefore, the creative act is understood as a transcription of the phenomenal existence and, in a prolific display of forms, as a taming of things throughout poetical meaning ascribing.

Another major dimension of Marin Sorescu's lyrics, reaffirmed in the majority of his volumes, is the playful, spectacular one. Not just the space of a gratuity of events, of a world that occurs following a carnivalesque logic and direction, but also the space of the bliss of a world that has an unproblematic relief (though in the subtext we can also sense its tragic earthquakes), the space of play is most often configured throughout the intrusion of some words and terms of maximum resonance in the ritual of the daily gestures, fact that modifies the set out of the lines of poetical importance. Thus, it is only natural for the accents to be considerably moved from the serious, problematizing formulas (their meaning is always embezzled towards ridiculousness and gratuity) to the 'laic' formulas, that do not have such a big symbolic load and are detached from the most

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rough, familiar language: 'Ne spălăm cu clăbucul tău, soare/ Săpunul nostru fundamental,/ Pus la îndemână/ Pe poliţa cerului./ Întindem mereu braţele spre tine/ Şi ne frecăm bine cu lumină,/ De ne dor oasele de atâta fericire./ O, ce veselie/ E pe pământ dimineaţa/ Ca într-un spălător de internat./ Când copiii iau apă în gură/ Şi se stropesc unii pe alţii./ Deocamdată nu ştim de unde să luăm/ Şi cele mai bune prosoape -/ Şi ne ştergem pe faţă cu moartea' (*Matinală*).

The reason of the spectacle, of the performance is marked in Sorescu's creation by the frequency of some terms from this field (juggler, balls, mask etc.), as well as by the presence in the making the text of some theatrical procedures, which `dramatize` the poetical substance. Knowledge is placed under the auspices of the performance, the approaching of reality is accomplished by visualization. Sight becomes the primordial gnosiological instrument, which discovers the theatre of the world, the reality is questioned by 'looking out the window', a modality of searching the permeability of the world, like in the poem *Atavism*: 'Uitatul pe fereastră a devenit un tic,/ Toată lumea se uită pe fereastră./ Citeşte, spală, iubeşte, moare/ şi din când în când dă fuga/ Şi se uită pe fereastră./ Ce vreţi să vedeţi?/ După cine priviţi?/ Luaţi-vă gândul, cine a fost de venit a venit,/ Cine a fost de plecat a plecat, / Cine a fost de trecut prin dreptul vostru a trecut'. The poet himself is nothing more than a juggler, fully aware of his gnosiological limits, a demiurge in the second instance who, far from manipulating the elements, only handles 'balls and circles', lifeless substitutes of realness. Following the same order, the poet denounces the annihilation of the essence by its substitute phenomenon, the mortification of the spirit under the pressure of the letter, in an ironical-reflexive poem, that brings absurd suggestions and insinuates the idea of the evil game between *to seem* and *to be*, between predictable and unpredictable: 'Străzile erau înţesate de haine/ Care îşi vedeau de treburi.// Unele alergau să nu întârzie la servici,/ Altele flecăreau/ Ori intrau în magazinele de îmbrăcăminte/ De unde ieşeau cu modele noi.// Iar eu căutam oameni./ Ştiam că trebuie să se afle/ Fie în buzunarul de la vestă/ Fie în faţa ori în spatele hainelor/ Anexaţi cu o clemă' (*Viziune*).

The Eros – a theme for which poets always felt that a solemn, ritual attitude of ceremonial ecstasy would be perfectly appropriate – is this time ridiculed, deprived of solemnity, inserted into a daily scenario. The tone of ironic badinage is obvious, the invocation is replaced by the bantering

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interrogation, the word, extracted from the familiar register of the language, is far from indicating the sublime of the erotic feeling, being rather erosive with its meanings of essentiality and ineffable. Everything seems to be unproblematic here, the quiet takes the place of existential tension, the drama blurs its outlines, transforming itself into a domestic farce, the poetical ego, rational and ironic, refuses itself any pathetic expansions, love is aligned to the mechanic of every day's gestures: 'Ţi-am rămas dator o stare de spirit/ Mai elevată şi asta din cauza ta./ Nu că aş vrea să-ţi reproşez ceva, dimpotrivă/ Ia-o drept compliment adus frumuseţii tale/ Care – ţi-o spun pe şleau – prosteşte'. Other times, love appears purely as a calligraphic exercise, as a somehow mechanical repeat of the versions of the Eros with the view of achieving the feeling, of perfecting the experience: 'Când o dragoste/ la care lucram mai demult/ Mi-a reuşit/ Atunci o trec pe curat, /Pe inima altei femei./ Natura a fost înţeleaptă/ Creând mai multe femei/ Decât bărbaţi/ Pentru că ne putem desăvârşi sentimentul/ Folosind un mare număr/ De ciorne'. Love develops, as Mihaela Andreescu also notices, in a sort of eternal present, which glorifies the ephemeral happiness, in an environment incapable to favour the clamorous invocations, but rather to give free play to the ironical findings of a situation built in full prosaism. Marin Sorescu descends, as it was affirmed before, the poetical language in the street, in the daily, drawing for the big themes new coordinates, activating – throughout their impact with common language – new symbolic, meaningful valences. This is, partially, the explanation for the audience that Sorescu's lyric enjoyed/enjoys, a lyric that suggests a drastic reduction of the hiatus between life and art, between the empirical experience and its artistic expression.

A representative poem for Sorescu's creation is *Echerul*, which is part of the volume *Tuşiţi*, appeared in 1970; it illustrates Sorescu's parody and fanciful manner but, equally, it reveals a vision on literature. Between life and poetry there is a correspondence with multiple meanings and roles. In an afterword to *Tinereţea lui Don Quijote*, Sorescu mentions that 'the function of poetry is mostly one of knowledge. It must include philosophy. The poet is either a thinker, or nothing (…). The authentic poet is a philosopher and even more than that: in addition, he has intuition. His thoughts, his fears, his sadness are transformed in an instrument of research. The lens, the tube and the knowledge about air become a telescope that scans the sky. I believe that a poet of genius can only

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throughout poetical intuition discover a new star which would later be confirmed by scientists, by a calculus of parameters. It is all that poetry can give. Its final taste is however bitterness. This does not mean pessimism, but only lucidity. Live with full knowledge of the case'. In the poem *Echerul*, the poet transfers – in the spirit of his playful and ironic instinct – an instrument of scientific knowledge, of rigour and of spirit of geometry, in the field of the literary work's imponderable and sense of finesse. Like a researcher who proceeds to the development of an event, the poet observes the changes that occur in the structure of the literary text, in the order and in the functionality of the words keeping, all along the text, a mimed seriousness, an acted impersonality, as if he was an actor mastering the grimaces and the mimics that the role requires: 'Echerul, folosit şi în matematică,/ Devine tot mai mult/ Un instrument literar.// Cu el poţi citi cu succes/ O mulţime de opere.// Îl aşezi frumos/ Pe prima pagină,/ Şi nu citeşti decât ce scapă/ În afara liniilor lui/ De lemn.// Împuţinate,/ Cuvintele se umflă/ Ca nişte broaşte,/ Sugând şi sensul celor ascunse./ O jumătate de verb/ Te face să urli/ De acţiunea tuturor romanelor/ Din viitorul deceniu'.

Thus, the poet's irony wends its way to those proceedings of literature investigation that want to capture the living thrill of the text throughout some excessively rationalizing methods and practices. Noticing the efficacy of this aleatory amputation method in the reduction to a minimum of literary expression, with the help of the square, the poet suggests – with the same parody and ironical ease – the extension of the method to the sphere of the phenomena of every day's existence. The daily can also be measured, map-drawn, adjusted with the help of a square, by means of an instrument of rational exercise, of intellectual lucidity. Obviously, we here have an ironic step of subtext, a relative turn of the sentence that puts under a question mark specifically this kind of intrusion of mathematical logic and rational factor, in a field that most of the time escapes the control of lucidity, having ineffable parameters: 'Apoi echerul se poate extinde/ Şi în viaţa de toate zilele./ Sunetele, imaginile, sufletele/ Sunt exagerat de mari,/ Ascultaţi vorbele cu echerul,/ Priviţi spectacolele cu echerul.// Nu vă aventuraţi/ Într-o dragoste adevărată/ Fără un echer la butonieră./ Şi de asemenea, seara înainte de culcare/ Puneţi la capul patului un echer/ Pentru visele voastre de aur'. The poetical communication is, all along the text, neuter and sober, the sentence has a dynamism given by concision and by the deliverance from the ornaments of the figures of

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speech. The stylistic ornaments are almost entirely absent, and the enunciations are precise, with camouflaged metaphors, hidden behind prosaic images, of daily use. Beyond the mimed solemnity we can guess the signs of the irony and parody of a poet who reconsiders the relations between things and beings, granting to the existence new meanings and nuances of lyrical perception. 'The square' becomes a symbol of the dogmatic spirit, of that spirit which amputates the meanings and the value of things, in a total inadequacy towards their intimate being. Essentially, the poem *Echerul* can be regarded as a playful fantasy in which the feeling of atrocious and grotesque is hidden behind the `soothing` impersonality of some enunciations.

Also representative is the poem *Harta*, published in the volume *Tinereţea lui Don Quijote* in 1968, which illustrates perfectly Marin Sorescu's playful, fanciful and spectacular spirit. Here also, the serious events, the fundamental elements of the human condition and existence are transcribed in an ironical and playful nib, are passed from the register of seriousness to the register of badinerie. Essentially, the poem can be read as a lyrical self-portrait, a self-portrait drawn in the dimension of parable and allegory. The human body, the essence itself, appear under the species of a map, where the feelings and experiences are reduced to conventional-geographical proportions: 'Mai întâi să vă arăt cu băţul/ Cele trei părţi de apă/ Care se văd foarte bine/ În oasele şi ţesuturile mele:/ Apa e desenată cu albastru.// Apoi cei doi ochi,/ Stelele mele de mare.// Partea cea mai uscată,/ Fruntea,/ Continuă să se formeze zilnic/ Prin încreţirea scoarţei pământului'. The tension of the lyrism results, in this poem, from the meeting and even superposition of two different fields, the geography and the anatomy and physiology. One explains the other. The human body, with its imponderables and appearances, with the more or less visible rhythms, is poetically circumscribed by resorting to the map-drawing dimension, fact that reduces the proportions conventionally, reproducing them schematically, giving them a logical structure. On the other hand, even the ineffable elements, feelings, aspirations, the dynamic of the spring towards *something else* – part of the human being's essence – appear in the rigorous modulation of the map ('Insula aceasta de foc e inima,/ Locuită dacă nu mă înşel.// Dacă văd un drum/ Mă gândesc că acolo trebuie să fie/ Picioarele mele,/ Altfel drumul n-ar avea nici un rost.// Dacă văd marea/ Mă gândesc că acolo trebuie să-mi fie/ Sufletul, altfel marmora ei/ N-ar

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face valuri'). Despite the appearance of Gnosticism offered by the lines, the poet is aware that on the 'map' of his own being there are also 'white stains', regions which are not designated by the contours of the map, spaces which are impossible to catch in a geographic symbol, blanks of representation: 'Mai există desigur/ Şi alte pete albe/ Pe trupul meu,/ Cum ar fi gândurile şi întâmplările mele/ De mâine.// Cu simţurile,/ Cele cinci continente/ Descriu zilnic două mişcări:/ O mişcare de rotaţie în jurul soarelui/ Şi una de revoluţie/ În jurul morţii…'. Poet of deconstruction of the poetical taboos, Sorescu is nonetheless a poet of construction, articulating with an artisan's scrupulosity a viable artistic universe, of an indisputable inner coherence. A coherence of this kind is explained, perhaps, by this poem's unity of artistic technique, but also by a reaffirmed poetical pattern, with natural modulations in every `piece`, resembling the individual who, in the biological world, repeats with mathematical precision, throughout hereditary accumulation, the main features of the species of affiliation, but in the same time remains unique. In Sorescu's creations, a personal style, as an imprint of a powerful lyrical personality can extremely easily be perceived. If Malraux somewhere noted that style is 'the reduction of the world to a specific meaning', it is not less true that Sorescu's style is nothing but polarization, assemblage of poetical objects depending on an ironical (pre)disposition, reduction of the world's meanings to certain ironical-fantastical constants, in other words modification of the terms of realness by bantering methods that give a relative character to the meanings, drop the temperature of the poetical discourse's gravity and affectively disengage their creator who always has not so much the conscience of a limit in his creation, but the certainty of an uninterrupted distance between the written text and the creator, of an unbreakable alienation established between letter and spirit.

The poem *Jucării* is part of the volume *Tinereţea lui Don Quijote* (1968) and is the poem of a playful spectacular, in which the author tries to represent the mixture between gravity and ridiculous, which is a constituent of the human condition. The thing that gives originality to a creation of this kind is the mixture of ludic and gravity or, better yet, the transposition of the play in a serious register. From this inversion of the terms, from this alloy of poetical registers results the more profound poetical thrill, the lyrism in its most profound and authentic dimension: 'Noi care suntem îngrozitor de mari,/ Care n-am mai căzut pe gheaţă/ Dintre cele două

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războaie,/ Ori dacă din greşeală am alunecat vreodată,/ Ne-am şi fracturat un an,/ Unul din anii noştri importanţi şi ţepeni/ De gips…/ O, noi cei îngrozitori de mari/ Simţim câteodată/ Că ne lipsesc jucăriile'. The play is perceived by the author as an escape from the constraints of space and time, as an evasion from the pressure of any kind of determinisms, as a Utopian revenge of the imaginary before a diminished realness, with limited dimensions as meaning and relief ('Avem tot ce ne trebuie,/ Dar ne lipsesc jucăriile./ Ne e dor de optimismul/ Inimii de vată a păpuşilor/ Şi de corabia noastră/ Cu trei rânduri de pânze,/ Care merge la fel de bine pe apă,/ Ca şi pe uscat').

Toys are the elements throughout which the statute of the child modifies its form, its structure, transferring itself in the field of the imaginary. Succedanee of reality, toys are – simultaneously – bridges towards another world, symbolic and fictive but, at the same time, liberating, being able to defeat the terror of time and space and to model the dimensions of reality in conformity with the sovereign rules of the game, which turns to fluid the rules, turns relative any kind of determinism and stimulates the actual activity: 'Am vrea să încălecăm pe un cal de lemn/ Şi calul să necheze o dată cu tot lemnul,/ Iar noi să spunem: «Du-ne undeva,/ Nu ne interesează locul,/ Pentru că oriunde în viaţă/ Noi avem de gând să facem/ Nişte fapte grozave»'. The end of the poem proclaims a distance, a limit, a hiatus; the distance between toys and adult age, between maturity and game, between the fictive horizon, full of benefits and liberating which the play sets up and the age of rationality ('O, cât ne lipsesc uneori jucăriile!/ Dar nu putem nici măcar să fim trişti/ din cauza asta/ Şi să plângem din tot sufletul,/ Ţinându-ne cu mâna de piciorul scaunului,/ Pentru că noi suntem nişte oameni foarte mari/ Şi nu mai e nimeni mai mare ca noi/ Care să ne mângâie'). *Jucării (Toys)* is a representative poem for Sorescu's lyrism, at the same time playful and grave, resuming the tragedy of the existence and simultaneously transposing it into the minor scale of irony and parody. The poet illustrates, in his verse, the drama of the grown-up human being which lost the connections with his/her own childhood, with his/her own past, a human being that no longer has access to the age of ingenuity and naivety at the beginning. The grown-up human being delivers himself/herself, by his/her very condition, to a irremediable loneliness. The style of the poem is characterized by an absolute naturalness of phrasing, by simplicity of the poetical diction, by the

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clearness of writing. The words belong to the usual language and the figures of style are few, fact that amplifies the idea of prosaism to which the poet voluntarily resorts to. The "Depoetization" that is hereby felt is not – in the words of Nicolae Manolescu – 'renunciation to poetical, but a way of conveiving it'. Marin Sorescu is equally a poet of serious questions on existence and a poet with a playful and spectacular structure, who frames up 'events' of his own existence in the register of prosaism and irony.

In the volume *Tuşiţi*, which also contains the poem *Halebarda*, Marin Sorescu rends profitable the lines of actions learnt from the previous books, with a more powerful accent put upon prosaism, on the focalisation of ordinary existence scenes, to which he gives a new meaning or which he regards from a new perspective, fact that offers a certain symbolical amplitude. Eugen Simion notices that this volume 'maintains in the line of previous poems, not one step ahead, not one step behind. The poet has learnt an ingenious technique and uses it in an infinite number of cases. But cases can interest and poetry can reach high meanings. The new fact in this volume is the renunciation to famous myths. Marin Sorescu stops making – with obstinacy – a lyric of reversed myths, usually avoids the bookish motives and gives the verse a higher freedom of movement. The subjects are taken from everywhere, with the idea – accurate, of course – that the poem is not a feature of things, but a feature of the one who looks at them. The Universe has as much poetry as we put inside it. Sorescu puts a certain ostentation in proving this fact, choosing, as a pretext of meditation, the objects that are the farthest from the current prejudice of poetical beauty'. *Halebarda* is a poem in which the poet stages a common lyrical situation. The stake is, therefore, placed on the existential ridiculous, on the banality of everyday gestures, in disregard of any temptation or shallow poetization. The poetical text has a narrative fluency, with the development of the epical thread, with the presence of some 'characters' and dialogues, with an introduction, a plot and a dénouement that can pretty well be delimited and identified. The introduction inserts us in the space and time of the poetical spectacle, throughout some short notes, which capture the movement or the revelatory detail, focusing upon some prosaic, habitual gestures and retorts of limited amplitude: 'Înghesuială în troleibuz,/ Balamuc mare./ Oameni cu pachete în braţe,/ Cu microbi/ Şi, cum stau eu pe scaun,/ În spatele meu,/ Un moş cu o cazma -/ Naiba ştie la ce-i trebuie s-o care acasă./ O ţine de coadă ca pe o halebardă/ La uşa cortului împărătesc.// E bătrân moşul de

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când lumea,/ Are o pată mare pe ochiul drept,/ Îi mai şi tremură mâna pe deasupra./ «Ăsta o să-mi scape cazmaua în cap -/ Mă gândesc, lua-l-ar dracu!»'. The 'plot' is revealed when the 'old man' starts to drop his 'halberd' spade and to hit everybody. Obviously, underneath the sometimes funny prosaic gestures, in Sorescu's clearest style, a more serious meaning, a deeper significance can be discovered. The trip by trolley bus itself can be similar to the itinerary of life, to the route of the destiny, a route through which every one of us travels: 'El e un moşulică simpatic de altfel,/ Politicos,/ Vorbăreţ chiar./ Zice: «Nici o grijă, ţin cu străşnicie de afurisita asta/ De cazma!»/ Şi cu toate astea, din când în când o scapă:/ Poc, poc, poc!/ Trei sferturi din pasageri au fost deja bubuiţi./ Moşul continuă să scape cazmaua,/ S-o blesteme şi să-şi ceară scuze.// «Sunt neputincios, păcatele mele,/ Dar n-aveţi nici o grijă,/ Vă rog frumos să nu vă alarmaţi,/ Afurisita asta de cazma n-o să-mi mai scape/ Acum şi-n vecii vecilor./ Nu vedeţi ce strâns o ţin?»/ Şi tocmai atunci – pleosc!/ Drumul e plin de gropi,/ Hurducăturile sunt hurducături'. At the same time as the poetical text advances towards the dénouement, the colloquial tone takes more and more control over the lyrical speech, the atmosphere gets a tragic and comic paleness, a mix of grotesque and good-natured irony infiltrates in the folds of the poem. In the end of the poem, the lyrical tension diminishes, the drama reduced its intensity, the temperature of the text reaches normality: 'Şi şoferul ăsta nici nu observă,/ El îşi face cursa şi ce să-l intereseze:/ Duce pasagerii vii sau pasagerii morţi – tot aia!/ Altfel nu-mi explic de ce nu opreşte niciodată/ În nici o staţie,/ De ce nu face o haltă,/ Am putea să-l dăm în judecată pe criminalul ăsta ramolit,/ Mai ales că, după câte observ,/ I-a cam lichidat pe toţi,/ Şi acum s-a proţăpit chiar în spatele meu/ Cu halebarda lui -/ «Şofer, hei şofer!»/ Dar te mai poate auzi cineva?/ Autobuzul merge, poate are plan să meargă până la capăt./ Hurducăturile se înteţesc,/ Moşul a şi intrat în vorbă cu mine,/ E din ce în ce mai politicos/ Şi începem să discutăm despre vreme'. Farce of everyday existence, seen from a grotesque, ironic register, *Halebarda* is, at the same time, an allegory of the destiny seen as a trivial journey by trolley bus.

Not few are the poems in which Marin Sorescu suggests himself to systematically take down the big myths from their sacred pedestal, to deprive of solemnity the articulations of the undeniably prestigious grave themes. The myth is many times inserted into the epical, lyrical scheme of some trivial events with strong prosaic meaning, which gives new

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meanings, a reduced amplitude or a distinguished tonality. This propensity towards the reinterpretation and the refunctionality of the myth is also observed by Eugen Simion, who notices that 'the pleasure that all young poets have in reversing myths towards meanings that they desire takes, at Marin Sorescu, the form of a systematic contestation, with various effects. The biblical myth of the driving away from paradise, that has inspired libraries full of serious exegesis, is laughably explained through the erotic insatiability of the first man. The poetical imagination demolishes the great meanings of the sacred happening: God made Eve out of Adam's rib, because the man was sad and did not know what was missing; learning the method, Adams begins to pull out of his ribs more odalisques, whenever the official Eve goes to the market to buy gold, myrrh and incense'. The reconsideration of the driving away from paradise myth is made from the perspective of the poet's playful instinct, which finds – in the solemn aspects of life and myths – certain sides of diminished meaning, treating the grave aspects with irony, parody or humour.

The biblical creation of the woman is embezzled towards the farce through the creative instinct of the man, who makes himself a whole series of unofficial Eves, in order to satisfy an overdeveloped erotic appetite: 'Cu toate că se afla în rai,/ Adam se plimba pe alei preocupat şi trist/ Pentru că nu ştia ce-i mai lipseşte.// Atunci Dumnezeu a confecţionat-o pe Eva/ Dintr-o coastă a lui Adam./ Şi primului om atât i-a plăcut această minune,/ Încât chiar în clipa aceea/ Şi-a pipăit coasta imediat următoare,/ Simţindu-şi degetele frumos fulgerate/ De nişte sâni tari şi coapse dulci/ Ca de contururi de note muzicale./ O nouă Evă răsărise în faţa lui./ Tocmai îşi scosese oglinjoara/ Şi se ruja pe buze./ «Asta e viaţa!» a oftat Adam/ Şi-a mai creat încă una.// Şi tot aşa. De câte ori Eva oficială/ se întorcea cu spatele,/ Sau pleca la piaţă după aur, smirnă şi tămâie,/ Adam scotea la lumină o nouă cadână/ Din haremul lui intercostal'. The end of the poem, in a 'point of a joke', also suggests an artistic finality of Adam's action of multiplication of the feminine patterns, which could also be considered as an escape from the aesthetical canons, as a breaking of the pre-established patterns, as a revolt against any kind of clichés. The driving away from paradise is also equivalent, from this point of view, with a sanction of iconoclasm, of the trespassing of the existent aesthetical rules: 'Dumnezeu a observat/ Această creaţie deşănţată a lui Adam./ L-a chemat la el, l-a sictirit dumnezeiește,/ Şi l-a izgonit din rai/ Pentru suprarealism'.

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Obviously, the poet's reflex of parody does not have too profound meanings here. What is interesting is the embezzlement towards farce and irony of a myth that is so acknowledged and complex.

A grotesque, comical vision on hell can be seen in the poem *Frescă,* from the volume *Moartea ceasului* (1966). N. Manolescu, commenting upon this book, observed that 'the modernity of the formula is given by its intellectuality. But the poet's lucid detaching from poetry does not necessarily mean irony, humour. Contrary to the immediate impression, he does not truly destruct the gravity of the profession, but only commits the gesture of destroying it, he is not ironical, unconfident, he pretends. If the debut's parodies were not really the pleasure to live through others, but that of trying his/her powers while being sheltered by a model, the illicit practising of talent, probably poems cannot be strangers from this reserve. It seems to me that the note of Marin Sorescu's poetry is not mainly irony, but reserve, the disguise of an essence of ingenuity, dissimulation. The poet is sentimental and timid, generous and delicate, capable of big soaring, which he is too shy to recognize, with gestures of a retarded knight, cultivating a kind of donquijotism'. The myth of hell is coloured, in this way of dissimulation, with tones of parody. The sufferance of the damned is turned relative by the usage of some words or collocations from the field of laughable or of utilitarian triteness. 'The valuation' of the sinners is, hereby, produced throughout their selection and grouping into two distinct categories. Women go, firstly, through a process of dizinsectization; from their mind, all the accessories which used to formulate their specificity are eliminated, then they are distributed in the boiling cauldrons ('În iad păcătoşii/ Sunt valorificaţi la maximum.// Femeilor li se scot din cap,/ Cu o pensetă,/ Clamele, agrafele, inelele, brăţările,/ Pânzeturile, lenjeria de pat./ După aceea sunt aruncate/ În clocotul unor cazane,/ Să fie atente la smoală,/ Să nu dea în foc'). Worthy of interest, in this poem, as well as in others, is the poet's capacity to plasticize the notions, to give relief to the abstractions, to suggestively unite the things of heavy materiality with the immaterial, subjective and vague words ('Apoi unele/ Sunt transformate în suferinţe/ Cu care se cară la domiciliul dracilor pensionari/ Păcatele calde'). Men have another fate, they are used for the most difficult works. The poem ends in Sorescu's acknowledged style, with an embezzlement of the meaning towards farce, grotesque and illogic: 'Bărbaţii sunt şi ei folosiţi/ La cele mai grele munci,/ Cu excepţia celor foarte păroşi,/ care sunt torşi

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din nou/ Şi făcuţi preşuri'. The vision on hell is a hallucinating one, but the terrifying element is doubled here by a feeling of derision and of a spectacle that is staged with surrealist grace. The poetical images are extracted from the delirious imaginary, but captured with a exquisite acuity of the details, focalized with an excellent descriptive verve. The grotesque parody and carnavalesque combine, in the poem *Frescă,* in order to contribute to the achievement of an ironical allegory of the afterlife, from which a deeper meaning is not missing, though.

In the volume *Tinereţea lui Don Quijote* (1969), the playful is the is the favourite lyrical proceeding. The familiarity with things, as well as the ambiguity with which the elements of existence are circumscribed, the embezzlement of the speech towards familiar, colloquial communication, all these are defining elements for Sorescu's poetry in this book. Therefore, Ion Pop notices that 'the great, serious existential themes of poetry ever are «treated» in the same casual tonality. The relation with the cosmos, the spectacle of life and death appear transcribed in a code of the quotidian, immediately accessible without visible anxieties. Present, however, in the deep layers of the text, they take – in any case – the appearance of the usual, of the normal (…). Marin Sorescu built himself a style from the expression of fundamental existential attitudes in a «prosaic» register and this fact hereby interests us as a possible opening of the poem towards the universe of the play'. The poem *Semne (Signs)* is completely representative for a manner of writing and of thinking the world and the existence in its ensemble such as this. The man is hereby seen from the perspective of his availability to find and to interpret the 'signs' of the universe. Surrounded by so many things which mean something, the lyrical ego feels, in the end, the terror of the 'signs', becomes the prisoner of his own capacity to decipher the semantic reflexes of the things. The world, in its entirety, transforms, therefore, in a hellish space, in which the meanings are detached from the things and puts into chains the imagination of the poetical ego.

Signs themselves tend to become, eventually, things, their meanings turn into nothing, become objects, throughout an excess of significance given by the thinking subject: 'Dacă te-ntâlneşti cu un scaun,/ E semn bun, ajungi în rai./ Dacă te-ntâlneşti cu un munte,/ E semn rău, ajungi în scaun./ Dacă te-ntâlneşti cu carul mare,/ E semn bun, ajungi în rai./ Dacă te-ntâlneşti cu un melc,/ E semn rău, ajungi în melc./ Dacă te-ntâlneşti cu o

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femeie,/ E semn bun, ajungi în rai./ Dacă te-ntâlneşti cu o faţă de masă,/ E semn rău, ajungi în sertar./ Dacă te-ntâlneşti cu un şarpe,/ E semn bun, moare şi tu ajungi în rai./ Dacă şarpele te-ntâlneşte pe tine,/ E semn rău, mori şi el ajunge în rai./ Dacă mori,/ E semn rău'. The solution to this hallucinating world of signs that escape the lines of the current significance, to this semantic desegregation of the world is irony, throughout which 'signs' are turned into relative, their tyrannical contour becomes relaxed, their grip loses its alienating strength. That is exactly why the end of the poem, concise and austere as an axiom, has the role to loosen the tension of the poem's drama, to suggest a way out of this hellish labyrinth of signs, which bears the stamp of the absurd and of the lack of meaning ('fereşte-te de acest semn,/ Şi de toate celelalte'). The poem *Semne* has a repetitive structure, a balanced architecture, with phrasal symmetries which suggest precisely the labyrinth structure of a universe marked by the tyranny of the signs, from which the meaning tends to withdraw. Carnavalesque, this illogical spectacle translates, in the end, the human being's fear of becoming nothing, the terrifying feeling of void of the meaning that results precisely from the abundance of the significant, from the reassertion of the expression, from the de-subjectifying of the words which become conventional instruments of a sterile knowledge and do not derive from a real need of essentiality and metaphysical shiver. *Ochii (The Eyes)* is part of the volume *Poeme*, appeared in 1965. This volume's creations betray, as G. Călinescu notices 'an exceptional capacity to capture the fantastic of the humble things and the greatness of the common themes. He is enthusiast and drunk with the universe, childish, sensitive and thoughtful till the edge of the terror regarding the novelty of the existence, romantic in the wide meaning of the term'. The theme of the poem is one of knowledge. For the poet, the human being in his/her entirety becomes a huge eye, in which the existence mirrors itself in all its forms, avatars and reflexes. Knowledge is, therefore, perceived under the sign of the visual, of the look that favours the assuming of the surfaces and contours of the universe. The whole body is transformed into an enormous organ of sight, the eye becomes the being of the poet, a lens of meat that slowly absorbs the forms of the world: 'Ochii mi se măresc tot mai mult,/ Ca două cercuri de apă,/ Mi-au acoperit toată fruntea/ Şi jumătate din piept./ În curând vor fi tot atât de mari/ Ca şi mine.// Mai mari decât mine,/ Mult mai mari decât mine:/ Eu nu voi fi decât un punct negru/ În mijlocul

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lor'. In the circle of the being who became a look will enter, as the poet suggests, the whole universe, with all its elements, a universe that will expand its image in these huge eyes, in this pure energy of the visual, which bears a poetical and gnosiological meaning: 'Şi ca să nu mă simt singur/ Voi lăsa să intre în cercul lor/ Foarte multe lucruri:/ Luna, soarele, pădurea şi marea/ Cu care voi continua să mă uit/ La lume'. Poem that illustrates the problematic of visual perception, as an instance of human knowledge, drawing the contours for a sort of lyrical phenomenology of the look, *Ochii* is made of unequal verses, of concise, concentrated images. The poet's favourite proceeding here is the use of hyperboles, the exacerbation of the features and dimensions of the things, fact which offers a suggestion of the absurdity that appears in the order of the world and of the words.

In the book entitled *Poeme*, Marin Sorescu brings to life a proceeding that will also be rendered profitable in the other volumes – it is the re-transcription of the dimensions of some myths, the reconsideration of the grave themes of culture, philosophy and literature, from the perspective of irony or of the reflex of parody. Nicolae Manolescu analyzes this proceeding, disassembling its mechanisms: 'In *Poemele* from 1965, as well as in *Moartea ceasului* or in *Tinereţea lui Don Quijote,* the frequent proceeding is to treat in a burlesque and familiar style myths, legendary characters and, generally, great themes of literature. On the lyrical stage there is a big squash of celebrities: Destiny, Death, Leda, Shakespeare, Life, Sun, Don Juan, Poe's Raven, Adam, Eve, Troy, Manole the Master, Illness, Laocoon, Atlantida, Wilhelm Tell and a multitude of others. Originality begins from the way of talking about them, namely in a language of great familiarity. The poet pulls their moustaches, shows them the tongue (or demands them to pull out their own), gives them a fillip, treats them with irony, places them with their back turned to the public, strips them naked or forces them to exchange clothes. The first impression, which guaranteed the success of the public, is that the great themes are, in this way, refreshed, turned likeable, throughout a good dose of humour, because the poet does not economize the quibbles, the jokes or the unusual associations, moreover that the motives which were known as difficult and profound and with which savants racked their brains for centuries, are in fact accessible to anyone'.

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The poem *Shakespeare* is emblematic for this kind of assuming the major themes through a setting from the burlesque and farce species, of badinerie, of parody relativity. Sorescu rewrites the intellectual biography of Shakespeare placing it in conjunction with the biblical motif of world genesis. The stature of *Hamlet*'s author is enormously proportioned, in comparison with that of divinity. Shakespeare is like a demiurge that creates a fictional world, a universe in all its representative dimensions and aspects, through the founding verb, of the artistic logos: "Shakespeare a creat lumea în şapte zile.// În prima zi a făcut cerul, munţii şi prăpastiile sufleteşti./ În ziua a doua a făcut râurile, mările, oceanele/ Şi celelalte sentimente -/ Şi le-a dat lui Hamlet, lui Iulius Caesar, lui Antoniu, Cleopatrei şi Ofeliei,/ Lui Othello şi altora,/ Să le stăîpânească, ei şi urmaşii lor,/ În vecii vecilor./ În ziua a treia a strâns toţi oamenii/ Şi i-a învăţat gusturile:/ Gustul fericirii, al iubirii, al deznădejdii,/ Gustul geloziei, al gloriei şi aşa mai departe,/ Până s-au terminat toate gusturile".

The poetry is actually written in two registers that are more important as discursive functionality and as expressive role: one of gravity and solemnity, materialized in a tone almost liturgical, and one of derision, of the relativity of the ample chords by which in the elements of high resonance and major scale, a prosaic, deriding representation is inserted: „Atunci au sosit şi nişte indivizi care întârziaseră./ Creatorul i-a mângâiat pe cap cu compătimire,/ Şi le-a spus că nu le rămâne decât să se facă/ critici literari/ Şi să-i conteste opera./ Ziua a patra şi a cincea le-a rezervat râsului./ A dat drumul clovnilor/ Să facă tumbe,/ Şi i-a lăsat pe regi, pe împăraţi/ Şi pe alţi nefericiţi să se distreze./ În ziua a şasea a rezolvat unele probleme administrative:/ A pus la cale o furtună,/ Şi l-a învăţat pe regele Lear/ Cum trebuie să poarte coroană de paie./ Mai rămăseseră câteva deşeuri de la facerea lumii/ Şi l-a creat pe Richiard al III-lea." The end of the poem preserves the anterior familiar, colloquial tone and the serious theme of death is lessened by the insertion of the adverb "little" by means of which the ending becomes relative: "În ziua a şaptea s-a uitat dacă mai are ceva de făcut./ Directorii de teatru şi umpluseră pământul cu afişe,/ Şi Shakespeare s-a gândit că după atâta trudă/ Ar merita să vadă şi el un spectacol./ Dar mai întâi, fiindcă era peste măsură de istovit,/ S-a dus să moară puţin".

From the combination of the theme of the creator and the biblical topos of genesis, Marin Sorescu configured a lyric space though which he

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offers a definition of the destiny of the creator of whole world from the so perishable body of words, from the steaming meat of the verb invested with evoking force. The drama of the creator subject to the world that he creates, but at the same time subject to his own ideals and esthetic imperatives, is acutely represented in the poem *Shakespeare*, very much representative for the fantasist and allegorical lyrism of Marin Sorescu. Together with his poems impregnated with ludic instinct, with fantasist and ironic spirit, in Sorescu's work there are also poems that face us with unsettling visions on the existence or on human condition. Such a poem is *Gura racului* where the author transcribes a nightmarish vision of humankind just after having escaped an apocalyptic flood and which is confronted with the terrifying threat of monstrosity, of pure instinctive manifestation, of gregarious aggressiveness, illustrated by the scabrous image of crabs, poetic symbols of animalism: "Când omenirea a ieşit din apă,/ Plină de mâl, de alge şi de sare,/ Pe ţărmul celălalt urcau,/ Suindu-se unul în spinarea celuilalt/ Şi alunecând în mare,/ Dar săltându-se cu valul următor,/ Pe iarbă – racii.// Raci înfiorători, râioşi,/ Plini de picioare ca de negi,/ Verzi de mătasea broaştei şi roşii,/ Turbat de roşii pe pântece". A strong, merciless competition takes place between the human reign and that of crabs. The meeting between humans and crabs ends with a regression of man in the aquatic world, with a recoil in the instinctual world: "Oamenii au început să meargă/ Încercând să se acomodeze cu lumina/ Uscată a soarelui,/ Alta decât lumina din apă.// Racii au început să alerge/ În direcţia opusă,// Bătând tactul cu cataligele lor pe glob/ Ca într-un piept de bărbat doborât.// Într-o zi primii oameni s-au întâlnit/ Cu primii raci,/ Fiecare cu al său./ Au fost luaţi la subsuori/ Şi târâţi în balta stătută a mării,/ Înapoi spre locuri pe unde-au mai fost/ (Ochii lor şi le amintesc perfect/ După lacrimile-n formă de gorgane),/ Dar care pentru raci erau într-adevăr/ Locuri noi,/ Şi ei susţineau, pe drept cuvânt,/ Că-i duc înainte".

Two ways of seeing things, two ways of living and acting confront here. That of the human spirit that advances to the light to the values of rationality and on the other hand that of instincts, of going backwards, of regression to the shadow, to the aquatic element, to darkness, that of crabs („Abia în apă s-au dezmeticit oamenii,/ A avut loc o luptă faţă de toate vieţuitoarele/ Şi cei care reuşeau să se desprindă/ Din cleştele ruginite de fier/ Au ieşit istoviţi pe mal,/ Plini de mâl, de alge şi sare"). The end of the poem is actually a warning and underlines the possibility that anytime the

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animality can restart its aggressive offensive towards the human („Respirând adânc, ei pornesc obosiţi înainte,/ Dar iată, pe ţărmul opus,/ Pe furiş, din umbra nămolului planetei,/ Apar înfiorători racii,/ Pornind în direcţia cealaltă”). Marin Sorescu presents here an apocalyptic and terrifying picture of the danger of the human regression in front of the alimality and of the gregarious element, of pure instinctual manifestation. Marin Sorescu proposes in this poem from the volume *Moartea ceasului* an allegory of writing and of the mode in which the elements of the referential are transferred in the creative imagination within the lyric text. Evidently, everything is placed under the sign of the ludic , of the game impregnated with the oneiric signs, thus the images, although veridical, don't have weight, they are inconstant and vague.

The lyric vision suggests us a feeling of restlessness, of crowdedness that takes place at the beginning of the poem. The whole reality, with all its elements, aspects, forms and colors is impatient to be transferred within the poetic text and to mirror itself on the verse canvas. The poet himself tries to establish order in this agitation, in this avalanche of referential in the esthetic register: “În faţa casei în care convieţuiesc cu mine însumi/ Era o agitaţie nemaipomenită./ Toată omenirea se adunase acolo/ Şi voia să treacă prin versurile mele.//Eu abia puteam stăvili valurile de oameni,/ Alergam de colo colo, asudat tot,/ Şi împărţeam bonuri de ordine”. All reality elements are present in front of the available consciousness of the lyric self, all ask for their right to poetic existence („Erau acolo şi păduri, munţii şi răsărituri de lună:/ Auziseră că e vorba de poezii/ Şi veniseră din obişnuinţă./ Ca să împac şi oamenii şi natura,/ Eu îi alegeam pe cei mai voinici,/ Îi rugam să ia în braţe,/ Pe lângă bucuriile şi necazurile lor,/ Un copac, sau un munte,/ Şi numai aşa le făceam vânt/ În câte o strofă”). Human presence is marked in that waiting area at the borders of poetry. The end reveals in a parodic key, the avatars of the feeling of love: Nişte femei foarte frumoase/ Ţineau de patru colţuri deşertul Gobi/ Şi voiau să mi-l deie cadou./ L-eam mulţumit emoţionat şi l-am primit,/ Cu toate că mai fusesem îndrăgostit”.

In the poem *Visul* we encounter the transposition in the oneiric and ludic register of poetic problem related to the making of the lyric text. The poet imagines, somehow inverting the elements of the equation *creator/ creature* the process of transmuting the empirical elements of reality with

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their materiality and share in the imponderable and ineffable world of the poetic.

In *Tinereţea lui Don Quijote*,a volume published in 1968, Marin Sorescu retorts for several times to a "technique of the subtext" (E. Simion) by means of which a kind of duality of the poem structure is established, by overlapping two attitudes: one of surface, a ludic attitude, of fantasy and game and ironic fantasy and a second one, profound, by means of which are expressed the grave meanings of the world and the dramas of a lyric consciousness aggressed by history, time, duplicity or solitude. The same is true when speaking about the verisimilar of Sorescu's poetic visions, about their "realist" or symbolic character. Thus, N. Manolescu observes on grounded reasons that "almost without exception, the commentators refered to the «realism» of Marin Sorescu' poetry where the quotidian would have found its place almost immediately, together with the banality, prosaic and derisory of the modern existence. If we scratch with the nail the first layer of images, we find that this daily and familiar reality is a carton setting, carefully set up on a theatre stage, on which it is performed a show known from a long time and with mythical characters whose lines have been echoing in the ears of European culture for centuries." Such a poem where the lyric imaginary is characterized by a duality of transposition is *Atlantida*. Here, a first level of the text is situated in a fantasy, ludic, parody dimension. Underneath this attitude are more grave meanings of knowledge and being.

The dominant feeling in this poem is that of insecurity and restlessness in front of a universe that is in an unstable equilibrium, in front of a declining reality, placed in an unacceptable and threatening state of fall, of ontological downfall. The poetic being as well as the lyric discourse is under the demonic auspices of downfall that transforms the ontic ecstasy into martyrage, underlining the aggressive character of time and establishing the existence as torture, all these being of course somehow in the subtext, behind the ironical and ludic tonality of the text: "Cine a construit lumea/ Pe un pământ care se lasă?// Aseară luna era deasupra ta,/ Acum e deasupra vieţii sale./ Te-ai mai scufundat puţin.// Aseară ţineai cerul pe creştet/ Ca pe o tavă/ Cu minuni,/ Acum el pluteşte mai sus.// Faceţi-vă iute bagajele,/ Urcaţi-vă pe acoperişurile caselor,/ Urcaţi casele în pod,/ Căraţi-vă vitele şi bucatele şi sentimentele în vârful munţinilor,/ Dacă

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vreţi să mai aveţi vite şi bucate – şi sentimente,// Şi mutaţi munţii/ Pe pietroiul din vârf,/ Dacă se poate".

The feeling of perishability, the state of anxiety in front of the unseen danger of downfall, of submerging in the nothing insinuates almost unnoticeably in the poetic text framework as a diffuse, unmentioned restlessness that tends to capture new territories of consciousness space. The insinuating feeling of the absurd derives from here, from this incapacity of the lyric self to communicate with the reality that continuously betrays its inconsistence and lack of table ontic foundation. Between the human consciousness, continuously looking for certitudes and equilibrium, of safety and reasons of self being, and a fluctuant unstable, insidious reality, a flagrant contradiction is established, a fundamental disagreement that the poet feels acutely. *Atlantida* is the expression of such a disagreement, of a contradiction that torments the being caught by restlessness in front of the presupposed world's downfall. From a formal point of view the poem is made up of rapid, concise notations that transcribe the emergency state of the being, but also repetitions and interrogations that give a more profound affectivity and subjectivity to the poetic discourse.

The myth of Don Juan was transcribed by Marin Sorescu in two poems with this title, on in the volume *Tuşiţi* (1970), and the other in *Astfel* (1973). The first poem presents in a fantasy and ludic manner that consecrated the poet, a projected revenge of the women deceived by Don Juan, women that decide to poison him. But as he foresees the revenge, becomes prudent and retreats in the library: "După ce le-a mâncat tone de ruj,/ Femeile,/ Înşelate în aşteptările lor cele mai sfinte,/ Au găsit mijlocul să se răzbune/ pe Don Juan.// În fiecare dimineaţă,/ În faţa oglinzii,/ După ce îşi creionează sprâncenele,/ Îşi fac buzele/ Cu şoricioaică,/ Pun şoricioaică în păr,/ Pe umerii albi, în ochi, pe gânduri,/ Pe sâni,/ Şi aşteaptă.// Ies albe în balcoane,/ Îl caută prin parcuri,/ Dar Don Juan, cuprins parcă de-o presimţire/ S-a făcut şoarece de bibliotecă.// Nu mai mângâie decât ediţii rare,/ Cel mult broşate,/ Niciuna legată în piele,/ Decât parfumul budoarelor,/ Praful de pe antici/ I se pare mult mai rafinat". The end of the poem offers us the key to this played tension, of this farce imagined by the poet in alert, sobre lines, in prosaic, refined images, as well („Iar ele îl aşteaptă./ Otrăvite-n cele cinci simţuri – aşteaptă,/ Şi dacă Don Juan şi-ar ridica ochii/ De pe noua lui pasiune,/ Ar vedea-n fereastra

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bibliotecii/ Cum zilnic este înmormântat câte un soţ iubitor,/ Mort la datorie,/ În timp ce-şi săruta soţia/ Din greşeală”).

The second poem from the volume *Astfel,* stages another representation of the myth. The idea that is suggested here is that of completeness of the feeling of love, of love perfection. The more the number of “drafts”, women, Don Juan can practice on, the more chances he stands to modulate a complete love: “Când o dragoste/ La care lucram mai demult/ Mi-a reuşit,/ Atunci o trec pe curat,/ Pe inima altei femei.// Natura a fost înţeleaptă/ Creând mai multe femei/ Decât bărbaţi,/ Pentru că ne putem desăvârşi/ sentimentul,/ Folosind un mare număr/ de ciorne”.

Vocation and primordial purpose of the human being, love is regarded by the poet in its hyperbolic embodiment, that of Don Juan, a character that is looking for the absolute in love, by annexing an as much number of loves as possible, but risking to lose identity just because he is looking for an ideal form of love, thus confiscating too many particular forms. Marin Sorescu uses the myth giving it an objectified form, in the third person, in the first poem and a form of a greater involvement, more subjective in the second. Actually the poetic forms are much more profound, more decanted in the second creation consecrated to the mythical character. Of course what is surprising in both poems is the mix of fantasy, irony and ludic, with mimed gravity and with “solemn” significance, a mix of buffoonery and almost detected sublimity that confers creations a certain ambiguity of meaning and expression.

Poetry that de-structures and de-mythicizes the literary conventions, feeling acutely its rigidity and technical character Marin Sorescu’s lyric transcribes on the other hand with a tremendous simplicity and expressivity the shapes of a reality that always preserves its relief unpredictable. The ironic pen of the poet rewrites acutely but also with a delicate feeling of a slightly bookish badinage, the great themes of literature in an amplitude that lowers significantly the grave notes into farce and language comedy, under which one can guess quite easily the tragic dimensions of the things, the same way behind the clown mask one can suspects the crying face.

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