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# The Poetical Discourse as Ideological Subversive Act in the Romanian Totalitarian Age. Mircea Dinescu's Case

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## Abstract

During the Romanian communist age, the ideological oppression of the totalitarian state has re-shaped the poetic mechanism in all its functional aspects, especially when looking at the lexical field. Focused on as a revolt-type discourse against the ideologically subjected poetic clichés and stereotypes mirroring exclusively the doctrine of the single Party, Mircea Dinescu's dissident poetry subversively displays stylistic rebellion and semantic re-configuration.

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*Keywords: Totalitarian ideology; poetic discourse; subversive textual strategies; subjected literature*

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## 1. Introduction

A notorious nonconformist, inquisitive, ironic or relentlessly satirical at times, always with a roguish presence which has made the media in the last two decades constantly court him, Mircea Dinescu is 'a political and literary case' in reversed order [1]. He makes his poetic debut in 1967 in the *Luceafărul* journal, and the editorial one with *Invocație nimănui* (*An invocation to nobody*) (1971), he is an editor for *Luceafărul/ The Morning Star* from 1976 to 1982, and for *România literară/ Literary Romania* from 1982 to 1989. His literary talent (that was to be noticed by numerous critics and awarded many literary prizes, such as the Herder Award, The Writers' Union Award for Poetry or The Romanian Academy Award for Literature) is doubled with an exuberant personal charm externalised in spontaneity and the ability to speak frankly, thus paradoxically appealing at first sight to all the environments he has been attending to.

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“The literary world adopts him quickly, warm-heartedly, amazed at his literary talent, a talent all the more obvious for it is not supported either by university diplomas or by an illustrious lineage. (...) He enjoys great success in meeting his public, signs autographs to his admirers in the street, wins the heart of/intimidates Nicolae Ceaușescu himself during a conversation the latter had with the writers<sup>1</sup> [2].

Mircea Dinescu sets off right after the ‘explosion in poetry’ produced by Nichita Stănescu<sup>2</sup> who does not know him, but manages to come into prominence as a new Romanian Rimbaud, the literary bohemia reciting his representative verses of that time:

“*Sunt tânăr, Doamnă, vinul mă știe pe de rost/ și ochiul sclav îmi cară fecioarele prin sânge,/ cum aș putea întoarce copilul care-am fost/ când carnea-mi înflorește și doar uitarea plânge// Sunt tânăr, Doamnă, lucruri am așezat destul/ ca să pricep căderea din somn spre echilibru,/ dar bulgări de lumină dacă-aș mânca, sătul/ nu m-aș încapa încă în pielea mea de tigru... /I’m young, Milady, and wine knows me by heart/ the slavish eye flows maidens through my blood/ how could I be the child I’d been before/ when flesh is blooming and oblivion cries// I’m young, Milady, and I’ve settled plenty/ to grasp the fall from sleep to poise/ but even if I ate lightlumps galore,/ it wouldn’t fill my tiger skin as it had been afore” [3].*

*Dicționarul general al literaturii române/ The general dictionary of Romanian literature* (2004) records:

“Everyone noted voluptuously the sensorial frenzy, the ‘blood metaphors’ were catalogued, as were those of the energy drown into wine and thrills, the rhymist skill was exalted upon, the appropriate references were made, from Villon to Rimbaud, and from Esenin to Ioan Alexandru, as the poetry of the newcomer was quickly assigned to the Heliade-Rădulescu - Argezei tradition [4].”

Nonetheless, his blasting youth effusing in the lines of his first volume gradually fades out in the following ones, the ravishment being replaced with the sarcasm of maturity – a necessary stage in creation, but also a prefiguration of what was to be a vigorous anchorage in a social and political reality which he would constantly condemn afterwards with stylistic nuances, or in direct and completely unexpected hooks.

## 2. The condition of the writer in the Communist Bloc

One of the most powerful definitions for the difficulty in grasping postmodernism belongs to Ovid S. Crohmălniceanu who considers that it is “the Loch Ness Monster of contemporary criticism: more and more claim to have seen it, yet they give its fabulous appearance the most varied descriptions” [5]. Literature after 1960 is considered postmodern in its entirety by Nicolae Manolescu, whose statement is avouched by many critics, among whom Marcel Cornis-Pope who cites no less than 53 contemporary authors (Dinescu included) who seem to be postmodern although they do not have anything in common most of the time.

“After three dulcet and harmless tomes – in which criticism rushed to see a new Labiș – Mircea Dinescu comes to confirm his reputation of *enfant terrible* of his generation, having turned from *Proprietarul de poduri/ The owner of bridges* ahead to an ironic, sarcastic, blasting poetry, in which many saw a foretaste of the style of the 1980s. Dinescu has lyrical resources but he is fundamentally a satirist with a great associative flexibility supported by scintillating imagery. As the ‘80s approach and especially during this decade, his texts become bolder and bolder, colouring cholericly and ethically a sordid

<sup>1</sup> All translations in this paper are ours.

<sup>2</sup> The poet Nichita Stănescu (1933-1983) hallmarks a shift in language structures and a turn in poetic vision in the Romanian modern poetry.

reality. Dinescu is practically ‘a writer of the 80s by himself’, more virulent than the writers of the 80s, yet less an artist than many of them. His poems are an immediate response to frustrations of all kinds: Cum m-am născut eu Doamne / roșu de furie / vociferând într-o limbă neștiută de nimeni / încărcat de fulgere și de ifose ca un mare actor/ How I was born, My Lord/ red with anger/ in full cry in a language no one knew/ loaded with thunderbolts and airs like a great actor” [6].

Although he has been accused for years of being in league with the dictatorial regime from which he allegedly profited, covered by his kinship with potentates of the day, Mircea Dinescu was actually concerned with setting an anti-communist intellectual movement, even with the awareness and the curious consent of the regime prior to 1989. *Dicționarul general al literaturii române/ The general dictionary of Romanian literature* indicates that Mircea Dinescu joined the Romanian writers’ anti-communist movement in the years preceding the change of the communist regime:

“The support for Radu Tudoran’s protests, his plea letter addressed to the Writers’ Union and indirectly to the Head of State, the house arrest, the interviews he gave almost undercover to the *Libération* journal in March 1989 and the newspaper *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* in November 1989 were just a few moments in which the poet’s talent doubled the impact of his political protest” [7].

All these actions are ways for him to practically wage war against the communist authorities, which exercise immediate retaliation. The poet is seized in house arrest and banned from publishing. Those showing the slightest sympathy are trounced and placed under careful monitoring. Simultaneously with the poetical expression, the dissident’s cry gets beyond the limits of poetry while continuing to plead its cause. “A poet willing to publicly expose his poetical views resembles a narcissistic surgeon who, despising the patient, displays his craftsmanship on his own body” - this is how the speech *Pinea și circul/ Bread and circus* begins; a speech Mircea Dinescu delivered during a conference in literature held by the Art Academy in West Berlin (September, 14-18, 1988), published three months later in German, in *Sprache im technischen Zeitalter*. Quite hesitantly, in this speech, Dinescu approaches metaphorically the status of the intellectual in the Communist Bloc, impoverished and especially hedged by the ‘strictnesses’ of the system. He thinks that the poet Rolf Bussert, whom he considers an ensign-bearer of the time for the writers in the Eastern countries,

“did not commit suicide for aesthetic reasons, or because of some annoying metaphor, but from mere desperation. (...) The bread and circus promised to the city by the ancient tyrant should be then once and for all set apart. A good digestion shall not meet a diabetic art. On the contrary, let us hoot and hiss till they choke on their bite. It’s the only way to repay the leap into nothingness of the poet Rolf Bossert, who had the courage to defy the bread and circus of this century with his own death” [8].

Mircea Dinescu’s openly dissident attitude increases gradually, the poet seems to have lost his patience, for ‘God has turned his face from the Romanians’; consequently, the response must resemble that of a man who has nothing to lose. Shortly after the famous speech, on March 17<sup>th</sup>, 1989, an historical interview was published in *Libération*, which the writer gave against the background of the oppression tightening in the totalitarian regime. The poet’s answer to the first question of Gilles Schiller is anecdotically illustrated:

“About twenty years ago there was a joke about an experiment conducted in socialism with an intellectual mouse, a worker mouse, and a peasant mouse. Kept in laboratory in similar conditions and observed, it was noted after some time that the peasant mouse and the worker one had plumped and were displaying signs of optimism, while the intellectual one seemed rickety and sore-head. Asked whether he had been fed less than the others, he replied: I was fed like them, only I was shown the cat once in a while. Well, at this moment, the situation is democratic: we are all shown the cat” [9].

During the same interview he is speaking about “the new Enlightenment thinkers” who, “experts in everything, they teach farmers how to hold the hoe, workers, at what end should they beat in a nail, and writers how to write from left to right”. Censorship, the most painful of all the oppressive deeds of dictatorship, even “‘abrogated’ by the General Secretary of the Party in an euphoric moment, turned into a three-headed dragon by beheading, being more alert and more gluttonous than ever before. The Romanian writers’ communication with *confrères* from other countries is allowed only in a special room at the Writers’ Union headquarters, which we nicknamed ‘the Philips Room’. The grants our union is offered by international forums are declined in the mass, as a risk of contamination of the writers with foreign ideologies.”

Speaking about the intellectual’s dormancy, the writer proves there is a professional hibernation in all the fields, and attributes the inertia to a general sense of palsy and fear. He emphasizes at the same time the dumbness *till now*, thus delineating an attitude in time and anticipating a new era. It was a veiled warning that people’s patience, the intelligentsia included, was coming to an end. The solution he envisages is in the leaders’ recovery of their lost senses: measure and common sense and giving up the party mysticism, an extremely difficult aspect, as the predictable repercussions would have been truly tough: ‘be careful or a car might run into you!’, ‘don’t forget you have children’ – so-called alternatives for ‘the idea to send a simple report to the authorities in respect to the disastrous state of culture’. Mircea Dinescu explains to the German journalist: “In a country where the dead in the cemeteries cannot be sure of their position, as they are organised and massed every year, you can easily imagine that the living are investigated and kept under a more thorough control” [10]. Therefore there was a question of survival of authentic literature in moments of maximum social delirium, of ideological debasement and decrease of the means in view of annihilating any response. Nevertheless, Mircea Dinescu finds means of expression, he metamorphoses revolt and denial, while his protest acquires artistic shape and an echo in what literary criticism was to name ‘repulse poetry’ in which „the unequal show cramming the stage calls to curtain not only the anonymous actors, but the director as well” [11].

### 3. Insurgence poetry: a case study

Disappointed with the everyday life – communism had been already at its peak and had activated the instruments for all kinds of limitations – the poet seems touched by nostalgia for chimerical times, he winces at every contact with reality, disenchanted and frustrated under the pressure of the real. After the release of the volume *Proprietarul de poduri/ The owner of bridges* (1976), some critics seemed surprised by the metamorphosis, the ‘sudden change’ in the author of *Elegii/ Laments*<sup>3</sup>. It had become obvious, as Eugen Negrici notes, that the transition to morally and socially assumed poetry was to be foreseen, as Mircea Dinescu had built an attitude and could not have been thwarted, consequently he was to promptly produce lyrical manifestoes. “An imagistic adaptation, dramatically metaphorical, negative, therefore ironic, of some social events and phenomena occurs in his poetry” [12]. In an article in *România literară/ Literary Romania*, Alex. Ștefănescu remarked that the poet had known his part in literature since his first creations:

„He seemed programmed to reinvent poetry, a poetry made up of words, not unwords, a poetry that charms and intoxicates on the spot, linguistic champagne meant to turn any reading in a feast. Over the years, Mircea Dinescu’s poetry has evolved. Preserving the stylistic unity, it has slid thematically from *joie de vivre* to the denial of the communist lifestyle and everything that forges the existence at this end of the twentieth century” [13].

At the same time, the decayed religious, specific to poetry turning against cultural and literary myths (avangarde and postmodern attitude) pervades the tomes up to *Democrația naturii/ The democracy of nature* (1981), shaping a world estranged from the biblical and fallen down in the dust of history: “un Dumnezeu eretic se oglindește-n smoaală/ iar Crist pe cruce are și pernă și cearșaf “/ “a heretic God mirrors himself in tar/ And

<sup>3</sup> *Elegii de când eram mai tânăr/ Laments of my youth* (1973) is representative for Dinescu’s first period of creation; the tome is made up of verses shedding the energy and dreaming of youth, with a glimpse of anxiety and anguish.

Christ has sheets and pillow on the cross (*Hidalgo*); “Maria își va vinde copilul în biserică/ mințindu-se de-a pururi c-un Dumnezeu-bărbat”/ “Mary will sell her baby in the church/ lying herself forever with a man-God”; “cu penele de înger se-ngrășă alte perne/ iar lemnul crucii candid primește musafiri”/ “they’re stuffing pillows with angel feathers/ and cross wood’s getting company” (*Candid*); “dogari cioplesc din lemnul crucii doage/ iar Dumnezeu pare-un cazan cu aburi”/ “the coopers carve hoops from cross wood/ God seems a steaming boiler” (*Dresaaj /Dressage*); “Gări oarecum frigidere./ Măcelăria-i parcă tramvai./ Astăzi nu-i zi de tăiere./ Botezătorule, hai!” / “Train stations someway fridges./ And butchery, a tram/ No chopping day today/ You, Baptist, go away!” (*Interogatoriu/ Examination*); “mai sus într-un muzeu cu uși închise/ vaca exactă paște manuscrite/ și în aceeași ordine firească/ biserica poartă gumari și bască”/ “upstairs, in a locked museum hallway/ the exact cow is feeding manuscripts/and in the same natural way/ Church’s wearing rubber boots and a beret” (*Cântec în așteptarea recoltei/ Song on awaiting the harvest*).

“The sacred symbolism has no longer irradiation force, as in *Paradis în destrămare/ Decaying Paradise* by Lucian Blaga, in which the dove of the Holy Ghost turns off the last lights with its beak and spiders have crowded the living waters. On a similar expressionist route and in a tone lower than that of the laments of an offended rural like Ion Gheorghe, the technologised, modern world, the tightly-screwed industries, and the urbane concrete tin set up a quasi-apocalyptic scenery” [14]

Cristea-Enache considers it a victory of the artificial over the natural, of the synthetic and aseptic reality over the taste of life lost once and for all: “Unul sărută cu duiosie caloriferul/ altul bagă-n priză boschetul de trandafiri/ oh auziți cum se depune fierul/ în oasele copiilor subțiri, // (...) stele rulante cară grâu în soare/ limbile ceasului se coc și cad./ Doamne-al mașinilor mai ai răbdare./ lasă bătrânii noștri să are/ măcar prin moarte c-un plug de brad” (*Plug de lemn/ Wooden Plow*)/ “One’s kissing the heater fondly/ another one is plugging the rose shrub/ oh, listen how the iron settles/ on the bones of thin children/ (...) escalating stars take wheat to sun/ the clock hands ripened are falling down/ Oh, God of the machine, be patient/ and let our old men plough/ at least in death with an firwooden plow”; “să facă fierul viermi s-aud betonul/ scâncind ca un copil la temelii,/ să se ridice revoltat coconul/ din fluturii atomici și zglobii// să înflorească-a noua oară prunii,/ oh veac înnebunit și patruped/ vreau să mai văd chiar coborâți pe funii/ zeii asfixiați în care cred” (*Funia de maci/ The poppy rope*)/ “let iron verminate for I to hear the concrete/ mewling at the basement like an infant/ let the cocoon rise indignantly/ from joyful atomic butterflies/ let the plums bloom for the ninth time/ oh, ye! four-footed, distraught century/ I wish I saw sliding on ropes at least/ the suffocated gods I worship best”.

This was going to be the turntable of subsequent dissident poetry, as the poet’s lyrical sensibility allowed itself to be deluded by what, in the contemporary world, “makes life prosaic, what mortifies energies and blunts beliefs, what cuts off imagination, levels and standardises feelings, gets into routine and mutilates the grand senses and values, what indicates anti-intellectualism and sufficiency” [15]. Among the factors directly involved in the impact, the critic cites urbanization, the decline of nature, of traditional peasantry, the apocalyptic expansion of industry, the proliferation of the barrack, of the telltale and suspicion, manipulation or capitalization of art and beauty, the enfeeblement of the revolutionary sense, jobbery under slogans and relinquishment of the latter, etc.

During the ‘80s, the discourse has already turned radical, shaping with bitter lines the hallucinatory and pathological absurd, while the imagery of the present is built with sensorial synchronism. The reader *sees* and *hears* what was supposed to be well concealed in the oppressive system machine.

“Ferește-mă, Doamne, de cei ce-mi vor binele/ de băieții simpatici/ dispuși oricând la o turnătorie voiasă/ de preotul cu magnetofon sub sutană/ de plapuma sub care nu poți intra fără să dai bună seară/ de dictatorii încurcați în strunele harfei/ de cei supărați pe propriile lor popoare/ acum când se apropie iarna/ și n-avem nici ziduri înalte/ nici găște pe Capitoliu/ doar mari provizii de îngăduință și spaimă. (*Indulgență de iarnă /Winter indulgence*)/ “God defend me from those wishing me well/ from the nice guys/ willing at any moment to turn merry telltales/ from the priest with a recorder under his cassock/

from the coverlet you can't go under without saying hi/ from the dictators mazed in the harp's chords/  
from those who bear malice to their peoples/ now that winter is coming/ and we have no high walls/ no  
geese on the Capitol/ just large amounts of compliance and fear."

Mircea Cărtărescu observes that, in Dinescu's case, prosaism, puns, quasi-surrealist metaphors share little with the gratuitousness of the '80s, being only "the spices of an Aesopian attitude, as his poems are typical text 'with snakes'. Whether Dinescu is not a complex poet, undoubtedly he is an honest one. In his poetry of maturity one cannot find the poetic show-off of many of his congeners. His sarcasm is many times directed towards himself: he knows his limits well and does not keep a tight grip on the illusion of genius. One can breathe in his poetry" [16] The poet does not seem to have quite accommodated with the situation.

„The lifestyle of Communist Romania horripilates him with the same keenness as the touch of a toad. He even perceives tediousness intensely, it is rather a strike of enthusiasm than apathy. (...) There are some writers to whom the grotesque deformity of an existence produced by a totalitarian system represents a picturesque show. While having a very acute sense of the picturesque (proof: the pictures he clips from everyday life scenery), Mircea Dinescu does not feel any aesthetic delight in contemplating the 'surrealism' that has pervaded reality. He senses he is writing the diary of a descending to inferno. The jots succeed feverishly" [17].

Dinescu actually bets on the involvement card, he cannot conceive himself otherwise and makes principles of missionary lyrics out of revolt and denunciation: „As a poet, he was, practically, an annuitant of social agony. The system was keeping him fit and the poet was in real earnest dependance on the functional mechanism of horrors and alienations" [18].

In 1989, censorship turns down the publication of the volume *Moartea citește ziarul/ Death is reading the newspaper*, but the poet manages to publish it in the Netherlands, in a new effort to carry the echo of the unvoiced anti-communist fight beyond the borders. Few of the poems printed in Amsterdam have a greater critical keenness than those having been already published in our country, the ban for issuing them being determined rather by the poet's public stand, as he has become a nuisance due to an attitude the regime found more and more unbearable, and has gathered sarcastic imagery from the wide picture of internal abjectness of a Romania ruled by famine and destruction:

*"Istoria parcă ne duce-n burtă/ și parcă a uitat să ne mai nască,/ preafericiții cu privirea scurtă/ sorb  
borșul dogmei ce le plouă-n bască,/ făcând spre lucrul zilnic reverențe/ căci cine știe ce episcop  
doarme/ în polonic, în coșul pentru zdrențe,/ în țevile acestor triste arme/ unde Nebunul își clocește  
crima/ și ne omoară fiindcă ne iubește,/ când ne e foame desenează pește,/ când vine frigul arestează  
clipa,/ opriți Istoria – cobor la prima/ opriți la stația Doamne-fereste ". /"History has been carrying us  
in its womb/ and seems to have forgotten to let go,/ Those blissful with short-sightedness/ sip of the  
dogma borsch poured in their berets/ curtsying to the daily thing/ for who might know what bishop may  
be sleeping/ in the ladle or in the rags wash-basket/ or in the barrels of miserable weapons/ in which the  
Madman hatches all his crimes/ and murders us from love/ when we are hungry, he dashes off some fish/  
when winter comes, he seizes the day/ Stop History, I'll get down if I may/ Please make a stop at God-  
almighty! Station" [19].*

The demolishing communist undertaking has pushed Dinescu to an acid, provoking poetry, with profiles stylistically emphasized and semantic reconfigurations imposed by the horrors of the regime. Daniel Cristea-Enache points out that, irrespective of the theme and its tone (serious or ironic, bitter or sentimental), the poet derives his effects from an apparent juggle with the words, taken from an inexhaustible lexical-associative imagination and, at a deeper level, from identifying and updating their expressive latencies.

“Used and abused by common language, polished or bullied by talentless lyricists, the words find secret relations and resources, new paths between them to the admiring stupefaction of the common reader and to the refined reader’s delight. One is offered the emerald: the unusual, exotic, precious, and symbolic; the other, the spice for lexicon and imagination, the grain of shocking realism making poetry more lively and peppery” [20].

According to the critic, the everyday reality depicted in the poem *La berărie/ At the pub* may have a dual interpretation provided by the initial and final verses. For the older readers it can be a sample of absurd avangarde shortening the usual and unusual of semantic relations, while for the younger ones, just a simple clipping from the prosaism and misery of our existence in the Golden Age of pervasive penury:

“*Nu mai e bere la berărie/ mor cartiere latră tramvaie/ pe umejoare ruguri de paie/ se coc eretici de meserie,/ doamnă cerneală du-te-n pâraie/ fă-te pădure, doamnă hârtie.// La berărie nu mai e bere./ Pute-a cutremur. Țin-te de clanță./ Iar e de lucru la manutanță,/ iar o să facă proștii avere/ și-or să admire de la distanță/ curajul nostru crescut în sere.// Și-n timpul ăsta poetul scrie/ și-n vremea asta Irod chiar taie,/ smerit dospește orzu-n hârdaie/ surd la revolte și la mânie,/ preabotezate sfinte Sisoaie/ nu mai e bere la berărie!*” (*La berărie*)./ “There is no beer at the pub /Neighbourhoods - dying, trams - barking/ Trained heretics are burning at stake/ On dampy straw pyres./ Lady Ink, go back to the brook/ And you, Lady Paper, get back in the woods./ There is no beer at the pub/ Stench of an earthquake – hold on to the door latch/ We have bread to bake at the Quarters/ The idiots will make a fortune again/ While admiring our courage raised in the greenhouse/ In the meantime, the poet is writing/ And Herod is killing, I say./ The barley’s fermenting, subdued in the buckets/ Deaf to all revolt and wrath/ Oh, holy mackerel too often baptised/ There is no beer at the pub!” (*At the pub*)

It is just a powerful illustration of the fact that “not only does a genuine text devour its real context, but it also makes it unrecognizable eventually” [21]. The poet combines sequences of everyday language with linguistic *clichés* empowering the metaphor, which does not lose its aesthetic function but acquires realist valences which give the thrills. The dissident poetry proposes gastronomic terms: the ladle, the spoon or the teaspoon, *portioning out* the intake of food and freedom; wine is added, as a blissful ally come *to wash* and *to displace* a conscience tormented under the boot of the totalitarian oppression to other dimensions. “Prosody, able to hammer down rough surfaces and the unhobbled syntax, ‘the graceful turn’ of the verse) are noteworthy. Ovid. S. Crohmălniceanu suggested a fertile mode of stylistic approach, observing that, despite the ‘unconstrained, free, gurgling flow’ of the verse, it has an ‘imagistic hypercharge’. Which, on an adjoining plan, would correspond to a contrast (with disturbing effect) between the juvenile vivaciousness (sometimes known as mocking) and the seriousness of the feelings, combined, perhaps, with intuition depths” [22]

The political constraint, be it direct or insidious, and any kind of pressure in general actuate a violent counterreaction in Mircea Dinescu’s poetry.

“From this point of view, there is no much difference between a violent anti-Ceaușescu volume as *Moartea citește ziarul/ Death is reading the newspaper* (1989) and the others, in which the creative imagination creates its own paths and outlets. The change is only in defining the referent, in its personalisation on 1:1 ratio. History’s malignity can be thus condensed in the memorable profile of a character too well known, wandering like blazes with a ladle through our villages, churches and lives: ‘Vine Haplea dă cu lingura-n sate / soarbe clopote pe nerăsuflăte / ară biserici, seamănă panică / și-apoi o seceră cu limba mecanică. / Știa ce spune grecul săracu’:/ nu-ți lua turcoaică - îl iei pe dracu’, / nici casă-n Vlahia - ferește Doamne/ că-i cad ferestrele după trei toamne/ că vin cumanii și pecenegii/ și gugumanii și viceregii/ și-n fruntea oștii săltând buricu’/ Haplea al nostru cu polonicu’”. (*Haplea*)/

'Haplea<sup>4</sup> is coming, throwing spoons at the village/ he sips all the bells in a breath/ ploughs churches, sows panic /and reaps it with industrious tongue/ The poor Greek, he knew what was saying: don't marry Turk women – you'll marry the dickens/ and mercy on us! don't build house in land of Wallachians/ For it won't have panes in three autumns/ The Cumans will come, and the Pechenegs with them/ and ninnies and viceroys/and leading the armies, our Haplea with a ladle /rocking his belly" [23].

It is more than fiction and political allusion. The entire destructive force of totalitarianism reveals in this poem, in which one can also find an aesthetic outfit actuating the gearing of insurrection in his poetic work.

#### 4. Conclusions

We can conclude that Mircea Dinescu is a symbol of the anticommunist resistance in and for the Romanian literature. Insurgence is a revealing dimension of his creation, his poetry seems cynical and brutal, yet it is but a faithful and bold reflection, with an expressive function, of a monstrous everyday, which enables the writer as one of the most powerful voices of the Romanian dissidence. The planning, destruction, deceit, censorship, famine, and the entire arsenal for suppressing the identity of the individual during the years of the communist regime are built in shocking imagery and are annulled one by one, irredeemably and irreversibly in Dinescu's poetry. His dissidence has been also long disputed, however, without presenting any opposing opinions, we note that „the poet's greatest trump card was his literary talent. His gift to combine words artfully, making up surprising formulae, difficult to find by others but easy to remember by anybody, made him invincible. The texts in circulation at that time are unforgettable. Not only have they entered history of literature, but made history of literature enter history" [24]. It is also a victory of aesthetics over history.

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<sup>4</sup> *Haplea* is a culture-specific element personifying gluttony. Roughly he can be associated with *Gluttony*, one of the personified deadly sins in the medieval moralities or in Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* (Book 1, cant iv) (tr.n.)



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