



POETRY

Club 8

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club 8





Adam J. Sorkin

Club 8²: A Translator's Foreword

Club 8, a loose group of younger writers mostly from northeastern Romania, with an ever-changing participation, an octet of whose voices are gathered on the pages of this anthology of poetry, was begun in Iași during the spring of 1997 by sociologist and author Dan Lungu, who is both a poet and a prize-winning fiction writer. A little over a year later, at the beginning of his brief comments contained in this volume and translated from the June 26, 1998, issue of *Monitorul*, Lungu graciously suggested that the idea for Club 8 was not really his: it was just “floating in the air.” But Club 8 would not have existed as a well-defined cultural force without his initial instigation and organization. At first, Club 8 consisted of a number of younger people who met in Lungu’s apartment over the course of a year to discuss their perceptions of the current state of literature and plan a coherent literary alternative to what they felt had become the stodgy “institutionalized” cultural atmosphere in the city. In the view of the Club 8 group, the centers of cultural power in and around Iași – that is, the magazines, the theaters, the publishing houses, the interlinked museums along with their infrastructure, the public libraries, etc. – were managed by writers (mostly poets, but also a handful of fiction writers and critics) who favored a very traditional kind of writing and showed little or no interest in recent developments in criticism, fiction, poetry, and theater. Among the things the Club 8 initially did was to try to invite guests from Iași and from other cities; the most important of these invited visitors was Mihai Ursachi, but the roster of those involved with Club 8 suggests more than a regional focus. The Bessarabian poet Ștefan Baștovoï was one of the core members of the group, and Michael Astner is a



Transylvanian Saxon from near Sibiu, who writes in Romanian, German, and Saxon.

A year after its inception, in the spring of 1998, the Club 8 group started to become more public, meeting, instead of in a private apartment, at the Lucefărul Theater. One of the immediate reasons the group began to convene in public was a series of roundtables on the Iași cultural climate for the magazine *Timpul*, arranged by Viorel Ilișoi. This brought Club 8 to more general notice. For instance, the first time that the poet Radu Andriescu attended a Club 8 meeting was at such a roundtable, where Lungu, Ovidiu Nimigean, and others participated. (Andriescu is one of the main figures in the Club 8 membership; most generously, he provided me with a lot of the information in this brief history and overview of the group, and I want to acknowledge his help).

One of the main concerns of Club 8 was to effect changes in the cultural atmosphere in Iași, particularly in relation to support for, and hospitality to, the generations of writers of the 1990s and subsequently. The collaborative Club 8 Manifesto was written in the summer of 1998 for that reason. By then, Lungu was editing the cultural page of the newspaper *Monitorul*, and many texts that appeared there took on a rather assertive flavor in pointing out what this faction felt was the cultural and literary inertia in the city and its artistic establishment. It should come as no surprise that Club 8 statements (as can be seen in the Manifesto that follows) argue for a new freedom and openness in a heterogeneous, post-communist future. To the Club 8 group, just about all the main cultural pages and literary magazines represented a monopoly by writers of the 1980s generation. The Club 8-ers felt strongly disapproving of prior literary circles such as that at the Casa Pogor, where the Romanian Literature Museum is situated, and likewise of well-established literary publications such as the magazine of the Writers' Union, *Convorbiri literare*. They themselves refused to cooperate and publish in *Convorbiri literare* in order to register their displeasure with magazine policies. The cultural page in *Monitorul* was their first break into the ranks of well-known publications in a way that could foster the presentation of their polemical






position.

Recently, for roughly the last year and a half, as Club 8 gradually became much less active, its place has largely been taken by the newly reconstituted literary and cultural magazine, *Timpul*. Many of the younger writers in, and associated with, Club 8 publish in the pages of *Timpul* now and are editors. The editorial board, under the direction of Liviu Antonesei, also includes or has included Lucian Dan Teodorovici, Astner, Gabriela Gavril, Andriescu and O. Nimigean for a time, Florin Lăzărescu, Doris Mironescu, and Lungu. For a while, therefore, Club 8 seems to have ceased to have either a private or a public existence, though it continues to have a psychological one. There are no more gatherings, no more roundtables. In part, this fact is a token of the beginnings of the process by which new generations of writers are making successful inroads into the literary consciousness of their city, with *Timpul* leading the way. However, during the past six months, events have accelerated. The background for this is a serious lawsuit filed by poet Lucian Vasiliu, whose official positions embrace Director of the Literature Museum and editor of *Dacia literară*, against an established Iași writer sympathetic to the younger generation, the poet and fiction writer Nichita Danilov, occasioned by comments Danilov made in the course of reviewing Vasiliu's latest book on his visit to China that Vasiliu alleges were libel. During the summer of 2001, there have been protests as well as a petition to make more widespread modifications in the existing structure of editorships and the literary bureaucracy in Iași. This petition was signed by many more than the broad Club 8 circle of younger writers and their friends, and the controversy has led, among other things, to a meeting with the head of the national Romanian Writers' Union and wide-ranging discussion, pro and con, in the national literary community of Romania, not just regionally in Iași. For instance, the situation has been argued and commented on in the nationally distributed *Observator cultural* and in *Cotidianul* (perceived as sympathetic and critical, respectively), as well as in *Monitorul* in Iași.





Why “Club 8”? One would assume the numeral alludes to some founding fact, place, person, or symbol. In truth, maybe surprisingly, the meaning of the name, Club 8, does not refer to the group’s having, or having begun with, eight members, or having assembled together at some address that is number 8 Strada Something-or-Other or in Apartment 8 somewhere on the eighth floor of some concrete apartment block optimally on the eighth planet or . . . The name thus seems to have no meaning – except possibly to Dan Lungu. The Club 8 founder tagged the group but, I am told, he has always been, and remains, quite secretive about what the name means to him, if anything.

The Manifesto of Club 8 was first published in the July 1999 issue of the monthly literary supplement of *Dilema*, called *Vineri* presumably for the day on which it appears. In the spring of this year, in partial translation into German, it came out in the Austrian literary magazine *Wienzeile*. Titled after a street along the Danube, *Wienzeile* is a kind of underground publication hawked on the streets of Vienna. In conjunction with this, a group of younger Iași writers were promoted in a modest European tour by Johannes Gelich. More importantly, there will also be a Club 8 anthology of poetry, prose fiction, and essays, which is slated for publication next year in 2002 by Editura Vinea in Bucharest, the very active publishing house directed by Nicolae Țone. This 300-page volume, wherein the Manifesto will be republished, was edited by Club 8-er O. Nimigean.

This is the first time that any part of the Manifesto has appeared in English. About two-thirds of the entire document has been translated for this book. The reader will find the Manifesto a heady, perhaps strange mixture of disparate elements, playful, ironic, provocative, but, despite the intentionally opaque, teasing first half of its title, ultimately deeply serious. The Manifesto represents an important moment in the shifting of power relations between the older, predominately 80s generation now enjoying a degree of hegemony in Iași cultural life on the one hand, and on the other, the younger writers whose time is beginning to come.



Most importantly, the Club 8 Manifesto, and the accompanying change it signifies, form the backdrop to the self-conscious and self-confident development of a cultural future based on a free spirit, creative vigor, and a broad range of distinct, individualistic expression that itself can be seen as the sign, or rather, the fruit of a vital, authentic, inclusive esthetic. The poetry in this volume is intelligent, varied in form and tone, often disruptive of traditional poetic conventionality, suggestive, funny, wry, lyrically resourceful, fabulous, esoteric, political, surrealistic, always exciting. It should be made plain, however, that while this book is, for practical reasons, a collection of poetry, Club 8 is not a poetic coterie; Club 8 authors number among them notable fiction writers, such as the original organizer, Dan Lungu, as well as both Mariana Codruț and Lucian Dan Teodorovici. None of the translations has previously been published. Finally, to admit into the black and white of the print page an odd and, to the reader, probably implausible confession of a minor sort on behalf of the editors: that this book gathers the work of eight writers as exponents of a group called Club 8 is purely coincidental, although it conveniently gives rise to the title – Club 8 squared – of these introductory remarks.





Dan Lungu

Club 8: A Mug Shot

Excerpt from Monitorul, June 26, 1998

The idea for the club wasn't really mine. It was floating in the air; lots of people felt the need for a change in the cultural ambience of Iași. Two years ago I used to frequent the town's literary circles, and usually I'd return home disappointed: extremely poor texts got praised to the skies, mediocre writers were inflated into huge, sickening balloons, critical judgments were nothing but improvisation. It became more and more unlikely to attend a good reading. That's when I decided to try to host some informal meetings in my own apartment, inviting young writers with whom I felt certain affinities. My idea caught on better than I expected. Since everyone was enthusiastic, a beginning had already been made. Then we had the idea that we should "recover" those writers who had previously left the literary circles and those who remained at a distance from literary life, more or less disgusted by the dominant literary trend. We decided to create a club with a coherent cultural program, a true alternative to established literature and institutionalized culture. From the very beginning, strict observance of the principle of literary value imposed itself, the lack of this principle being the main deficiency of the present cultural system. It is hard to apply it in the Balkans, and one can make a lot of enemies by trying to do so. Then we advanced the idea of organizing – besides the usual readings – roundtables and conferences, which meant constructing a virtual space for dialogue and for analysis of current topics at a reasonable cultural level. This idea came up after we had, for various reasons, the most



important of which was the birth of my daughter Ilinca, to move our meetings from my apartment to the Protocol Room of the Lucefărul Theater. Some approved the move and others didn't, but without offering an alternative.

At a certain point I was tempted to initiate a fierce attack against the exaggerated veneration of the past, in Iași, against stereotypical “cultural actions,” against the terror of mediocrity and an inert tradition mechanically grafted on the living spirit and, as a result, ludicrous, if not boring. However, lack of courage led me – because, well, any fool's capable of destroying (is this really true?) – to undertake to build something instead, starting from the presumption that a rigorous selection of values and a free spirit are the most potent enemies against a “closed society.” If I'd been named Eugen instead of Dan, and Ionescu¹ instead of Lungu, things would undoubtedly have followed a totally different course. But it wasn't to be that way. I sublimated my bellicose outbreaks in pages of rare and unparalleled beauty, pages for which posterity will, without doubt, be most grateful to me, and my grave will be crowned with flowers, for which reason I thank everybody in advance (respectfully yours ...).

Nevertheless, as yours truly didn't commit any noble and bloody act of valor, Club 8 had to set forth on its perilous course ...

*translated by Adam J. Sorkin
with Radu Andriescu*

¹The author known to the world as Eugène Ionesco was born in Slatina, Romania in 1909; he first published in Romania. Lungu uses the Romanian form of his name [translators' note].



Why Should a Speaking Mongoosian be Inferior to a Cat? or, the Draft of a Manifesto

*“If people don’t come to **Club 8**,
at least let **Club 8** go to the people.”*
– Radu Andriescu

in. into (?!). in-between. from. toward. pre-. out. of. out of. under. over.
(since we live – as the philosopher says – in an age of prepositions)

Club 8 is a nomadic organization (along the route: The “Lucaefărul” Theatre, around the corner from the courthouse, the basement bar in the “Cupola,” the Chinese restaurant – “desanctified space,” to quote Codrin – the library of the “National” High School, Benny’s workplace, the French Cultural Center, the American Library, the terrace at 12 Pojărniceii Street, apartment building G4 or 15 Râpei), composed of at least 8 members + the dogs Tobită, Fetița, Coca and Pinot Noir.

Club 8 was forced into existence:

- because the authentic critical spirit must vaporize the collusion of the writers’ guild;
- because isolation must be replaced by the opening of cultural horizons¹;

¹Epiphonema: overcoming the attitudes characteristic of a closed society, by cultivating values,



- because arrogant self-sufficiency must give way to a sense of value;
- because indifference must be transformed into curiosity, like a frog into a prince, a hideous caterpillar into a butterfly, Romanian lei into dollars at a favorable rate of exchange²;
- because tradition should not be formaldehidden but continually revived³;
- because obtuse hypocrisy should be replaced by open-minded honesty;
- because Nicolae Manolescu . . . ;
- because Gabriel Liiceanu . . . ;
- because Alex Ștefănescu . . . (in fact, Alex Ștefănescu doesn't matter to us);
- because passion for statues, monuments, medallions must give way to passion for humanity (however this word might sound);
- because barter in dubious laurels must be abandoned in favor of believable criteria of evaluation⁴;

difference, individuality, freedom of expression – which means leaving communism behind and reinventing *normality*.

²Epiphonema: creation of a cultural alternative – at the level of institutions, ideas, and cultural projects.

³Epiphonema: entry into a marketplace of current ideas, detachment from petrified traditions and obsessive cultivation of the past which now define Iași.

⁴Epiphonema: a contribution to an effervescent literary life, freed from extra-esthetic constraints, through resuscitation of a critical spirit and reconsideration of morality.



- because the insidious anesthetic of linden flowers must be vitriolized with the harsh acid of crude reality;
- above all because Messrs. Dan Lungu,⁵ Gabriel H. Decuble,⁶ Radu Andriescu,⁷ O. Nimigean,⁸ Radu Părpăuță, Constantin Acosmei,⁹ Antonio Patraș,¹⁰ Dan Sociu,¹¹ Lucian Dan Teodorovici,¹² Mick Astner wanted to exchange ideas, opinions, etc. with the Misses Ada Tănase,¹³ Otilia Vieru,¹⁴ Miruna Cîmpeanu, Daniela Vistiernicu, Cerasela

⁵His program is not as complex as Mr. Radu Andriescu's, but, on the contrary, neither is it as simple (as to his words and dress: a Transylvanian accent, eternal blue-jeans) as the Nimigeanian program. He plans to have an encounter of the third degree with himself. (Or, as his little daughter Ilinca comments, "Co-co-co! Mama!")

⁶His subversive mission, for which he is paid by the Western agency, Walther & Neidhart, is to reveal the postchronic and epiphenomenal character of Romanian culture. To put it lyrically: Since you left me, Amaterasu, / I keep counting grains of rice. / Endless are the fields of the fatherland.

⁷A true Houdini, magician and escapologist of Romanian verses, who wants to be inserted, like a prosthesis, between a prefix and a suffix ("post-" and "-ism"), without taking into account, as a druid would say, the morphology of life and the syntax of the Romanian language.

⁸He adheres to the program of the Manifesto, wanting, however, to make clear his intention to live poetically on this earth ("Well, not that poetically, Eugen! . . ."), and, in addition, to write (and eventually publish) some poems. Eminescu doesn't leave him cold.

⁹Since he is taciturn, we took the liberty to extrapolate a programmatic line: "Departing, I kept calmly scratching my sex organs."

¹⁰. . . who says *yes* among many *no*'s.

¹¹. . . who still phones the late poet, Cristian Popescu.

¹²"I hope with all my heart that **Club 8** will truly be the cultural alternative I have long wished for and waited for."

¹³"I think of **Club 8** as a possible encounter with my unwritten texts."

¹⁴"I believe in **Club 8**, just as Noah believed in his ark, being always ready to fight against



Stoșescu, Naomi Campbell, Mother Theresa, Julia Kristeva, Dana International, etc.;

- because, in fact, the gentlemen mentioned above and some of the ladies consider that they have a literary and cultural vocation.

.....
Club 8 is founded upon the April Theses elaborated by Mr. Dan Lungu:

“**Club 8** doesn’t get its strength from the cultural institutions of the state, doesn’t construct an identity upon the bureaucratic positions of its members, uses alternative sources of revenue, undertakes a systematic criticism of the cultural establishment. All this makes of it an alternative to the dominant official culture which perpetuates the values of the controlling centralist state.”
Also sprach Dan Lungu, I § 12 bis ...

.....
 A first attempt, before “the theses,” was the *Programmatist Manifesto*, which got bugged by viruses under unclear circumstances. When I saw what became of my humble little efforts, as the peasant in *The Tale of the Cock* said, we threw up our hands and put them on our head. Alas, alas, alas, poor Moldavian Tristan Tzara! Dear God, here’s what’s left of it:

*Written poetry is prehistory! The book of poetry (the object book) is prehistory!
 The poet (of the 60s, 70s, 80s, 90s, the chimericals) is an orangutan overcome by melancholy and ambitions. His impotent brain moves us to pity ...*

possible opponents (like Lady Di fought against antipersonnel mines), without necessarily dreaming of a posthumous medal.”



The era of programmatist poetry has begun! We institute the eternal actualization! We salute the web-poet!

*Connect thyself!
Amplify thyself!
Ubiquitize thyself!
Eternize thyself!*

Your generation is the generation of your PC, absorbing information through a myriad of terminals!

*Your memory puts in order, through its own invariance, the universal memory!
Determine your program! Introduce rules of generation!*

You will no longer write the insignificant book of an age: you will virtualize the universe of your being! You will conceive and give painful birth to the program of the potential text!

You will no longer offer satiated readers a pack of cellulose, the stiff page, the definitive configuration, the deadly precipitate. Throw them the diskette! Give them the opportunity to explore the living, pulsing geography of poetry!

Of YOUR poetry! Because it is only there that YOU are designed and veiled, epiphanic scintillation, constitutive hologram, in part and whole, the measure of things!

Define your program: follow your own Path! You will have to submit yourself, without concession, to the trials of memory in all four dimensions:

I Deus (confronting the arch-text; not to be confused with Gérard Genette's arche-text);

II Ars (absorbing the heredity of genres);



III *Mundus (recovering the reference);*

IV *Ens (scanning the individual bio-psychotope).*

Codify, then, the options for your route, as if the same number of stylistic possibilities. You can no longer remain the man of a single book, a single direction, a single language, a single body! In exchange, you will become the man of a single brain, CYBERBIOS, yours and everyone's! [...]

.....

As can be seen, ... **Club 8** doesn't function as a dogmatic group, crushed under rigid norms, but tries to remain a promoter of dialogue, of accepting otherness, of free discussion, of polemics. **Club 8** encourages difference, respects the individuality of its members, refuses reduction to a common denominator other than that of cultural and literary vocation, of good sense (of course, as a paradox), and of friendship ...

(Badge, asleep in the hammock, always listening to Moustaki; Ovidiu, surveying the town through filters of chalk and tar; Dan, striding right off a page ripped from a magazine published between the wars, avid to set our confusion in order; Ada, "the girl of fire," silent and sizzling, hugging to her chest a plastic bag of bread crusts and ashes; Oti, "the girl of ice," dripping shiny droplets of mercury upon the hours; Mariana, crucified between smile and despair; Horațiu, mounted with pins on the cardboard display of reality; Daniela, curbing this same reality with a metaphysical bit; Mick, curled up like a baby in the trap of memory; Adam,





untranslatable; Nancy's lively laughter; giant Maike
and her files; the impish pirouettes
of Joan from Barcelona; Josephine Baker
in one of Cerasela's ringlets; the Waldorf world of Catrina
and her innumerable kids; Radu's never-ending
fall; Râmnicu Sărat, once upon a time seen by Mike; Doroftei's
Klingon blood; Costică and the torment of silence; Tony, the '70s,
a blizzard of lucidity captive to an interminable
project; the unreal trajectory of Codruța; the Martian bliss
of her dog Tico; the straw hat of the other
Costică ... Frenchy ...

Some friends and me. A whirlwind of tangled raffia:
we think that we get to know one another as our paths cross,
that we are woven together into one and the same story ...)

... as important as literary excellence. In the Iași of the "Junimea" Literary
Circle, **Club 8** wants to revive the dream of free intelligence. Period.

And so on ...

*translated¹⁵ by Adam J. Sorkin
with Radu Andriescu*

¹⁵This is a *partial* English translation of the original text. (AR)



8 poets





Constantin Acosmei



A Little Boy's Story

One Sunday evening I was playing near our gate – I'd tie together a bunch of sticks and stones at the ends of ropes and then throw them in the air so they tangled in the electric wires. When it started to get dark, my mother came out of the yard and sent me to fetch the hat. On the way, some kids threw stones in a puddle to spatter me as I passed by. When I reached the tavern, two men had got into a fight, knocking over the tin tables on the terrace. One brandished a broken bottle by its neck, the second man a table leg. Other people were standing aside and gawking at them. I walked all around there and found my father snoring in a ditch. His best suit was smeared with mud, his shoes had sunk into the mire and one end of his belt dangled loose in the weeds. I tiptoed closer and took the hat so that nobody should steal it. Then he raised his head, his face red and swollen from nettle stings, and let loose with swearing, slugged some wine from a bottle and fell back asleep on the spot. I put the sweaty hat on my head, it slipped low over my eyes and I headed home. I had to run most of the way, ducking all the time, because a bigger boy kept trying to run me down with his bicycle.





A Little Boy's Story

One day I was walking along the road with a girl. A boy perched on a fence commenced taunting us, "*The chick and her dick!*" I stopped and threatened him: "*Just let me catch you passing by my gate! . . .*" (I puffed up my cheeks with air and bopped them with my fists, so that the air should burst through my lips) "*. . . I'll smack you one in the puss!*" Meanwhile, an older boy vaulted a fence down the street, sneaked behind me, pulled down my training pants. Then he started to thwack my back. I wanted to take to my heels but I stumbled in my pants and fell to the ground, grazing my knees on gravel. I yelled till the kid who was beating me black and blue left me alone and returned to his yard. I stood up from the dust, hitched my pants to my waist and continued walking. When, with my head down, I passed an old geezer, he snorted, "*Good morning – little pisser!*" and began to cackle hoarsely. A woman watching over her fence scolded me because I hadn't shown enough respect to people I met on the road. Farther ahead, beyond the bend in the road, I took a big stone and crippled some of the woman's chicks scurrying after the brood hen in the ditch. The girl, who'd dashed on, came closer and said in a strangled voice, pointing at me with her finger, "*It's your doing. I want nothing to do with this. I'm going to tell on you.*" I continued walking on and went home. As soon as she saw me, my mother told me, "*Well, you got exactly what you deserved!*"





The Visitor

(I sit in a chair
staying there patiently the sun
won't scorch me the rain won't catch me
without much pity I look at
pictures of strangers
lost in a drawer among lots of bric-a-brac
"photographs with loved ones"
when I'm scared to death
I hold my own hand I can't
stop up my ears
with my fingers and scream.
a visitor left behind in
the living room bursts into hysterics)



To Be Continued

(I couldn't stand the cold anymore – I opened
the windows so that tonight they won't throw
stones through and break them

I returned home late today – on a street
a sewer pipe had burst and

I stopped to slide on the ice there
now I'm lying in my bed and looking at
the house across the way – during the day
when you pass by the open gate a child
sics his dog to bite you)



Ode to My Life

(don't uncover yourself in your sleep
don't stare straight at the light bulb
don't touch pussycat

if you go out in the yard
and light a cigarette
and awaken the hens –
your life won't turn more
beautiful

you'd do much better to open the door
and stick your tongue
to the frozen door handle

or spin round and round
in the middle of the house
your hands in your pockets
your eyes on the whitewashed walls)



A Man's Story

I turned to face the wall and pulled the blanket up over my eyes. A while later, she switched the light on and plugged in the small electric stove. I rolled to my other side, uncovering myself. She bent her knees, lit a cigarette on the heating element of the stove, and from the very tip of her lips she slowly blew smoke at my open, gently snoring mouth. She proceeded to put a scratchy record on the hi-fi. She removed her dressing gown and wandered around the room, swaying to the rhythm. Taking a bottle and two glasses from the table, she then kneeled at the head of the bed. She filled one of them and studiously poured the liquid drop by drop from that glass into the other, whispering close to my ear. Later that morning, when I awakened in the empty room, I leaned over the edge of the wet bed and spat vigorously on the hot, glowing stove.



Comedy

(I climbed to the windowsill and straddled it
dangled my bare foot
out over the street

in my left hand I was holding
a dead rabbit by the ears and then
I stepped on the brake)



On the Sidewalk

(the jump in the midst of walking high and long enough the swift rotation in the air the hands fluttering then stuck close to the body as straight as a candle and the sudden dive headfirst into the asphalt)



Three Sketches for “Nude with One Foot in the Grave”

1.

(*“man’s life hangs by a hair”*
I’m reminded almost every evening
by the long black hair I pluck
between my fingers from my dinner plate)

2.

(today I took a walk around the asylum
and I picked a bouquet of socks
“alas, they’re so fragile”
says the sympathetic woman quickly
plunging them in water so they won’t wither)

3.

(always when I speak about
beauty a naked woman sits shyly
beside an empty stomach)



A Man's Story

Night was falling and the street appeared almost deserted. Not far ahead of me a man hurried along the sidewalk in the drizzle, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his overcoat. I followed behind him for a while, getting closer, but without catching up to him. As he passed a puddle, I gave him a quick kick on one side of the ankle of his right leg, which he was just beginning to stride with. The tip of his right foot tripped on the calf of his left leg. Losing his balance, he rose on the ball of his left foot, the leg that was supporting him, attempted a short hop ahead, enough to free his right leg. Next I gave a light push from behind him with my right hand. He managed to pull his hands out of the pockets of his overcoat and spread them apart, and then, with a shout, he fell on the wet asphalt. I crossed the street and slipped away among the apartment buildings.



An Old Man's Story

One day I made a trip to the city. The crowded bus hurtled down the winding road. A woman stood up from her seat and out of the pocket of her traveling bag withdrew a plastic sack (a woman in underwear astride a motorbike was printed on it), then she sat in her place again. Opening the plastic bag, she threw up, retching several times. When I arrived in town, I looked for the department store and took the escalator to the top floor. A pregnant woman was in line to pay for a shopping basket full of didies and nappies. Suddenly overcome with sickness, she stepped sideways two paces and vomited into her hands, her face ashen and her eyes bulging. I walked downstairs and exited the store, went to a nearby bar and drank a few. Later, I crossed the street, staggering among cars and honking horns, found my way into a park and stretched out on a bench, the hot sun beating down on my face. Not long afterwards I started gasping and wheezing, tossing about, nearly suffocated in my own barf. I caught a slow train home. In the compartment, a teacher who commutes kept talking to a woman on her way to the monasteries. In the silence that fell over us after we went into the tunnel, I flicked my lighter and surprised them sticking out their tongues at me, making faces.



The End

(I throw off the covers stand up from the mattress
stretch and grab the light fixture I cover
the bulb with one end of the scarf
around my neck – and I unscrew it and extinguish it)





Radu Andriescu



Ultima Thule

*Venient annis
Saecula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat Tellus, Tiphysque novos
Detegat orbis; nec sit terris
Ultima Thule
– SENECA*

In the evening, when smoke ghosts dissipate in the invisible air, everyone climbs down “Radu’s winding stairs,” so dubbed by Ovidiu, into the iron guts of Potemkin, and we emerge from Potemkin’s viscera to buy cigarettes at a small store nearby. The streets are flooded with asphalt, they flow into one other, they loiter in eddies of cinders and ashes at each intersection, they slam their bellies against apartment buildings, all these streets crowded with well-fed tomcats and scrawny, wretched dogs, with cardboard Poles and manic writers, with plumbers cloaked in a miasma of mercury vapors and rotgut, with starched paunchy senators, mutant garages turned into candy shops or fruit markets with their plaster hanging on spiderwebs, with graceful, bird-brained doves, with a bevy of kids, with decrepit geezers



only thirty years old, with the aroma of kitchens and pleasure,
of strawberries as big as quinces, of swarms
of prickly chestnuts, flocks of acorns, apartment buildings
nearly hidden by weeds and
university dorms as dreary as a comb caked with dandruff – yes, it seems
too much, but you have to believe they're just like I say – with
stores soaked in cheap draft beer and artificially colored syrup
masquerading as wine, both red and white, with
Turkish delight and stale pretzels to bite, with
nonfat yogurt, cellophane, bottles, foil, paper, with the flight
of clouds, heaps of vacant days, whole wastelands of lost hours, a mixture
of tar and cola, books and dust, Russian frost
and cold sweat,
an inverted telescope
in which great whales, as svelte as neon tetras, dance and cavort
in the middle of the street, an interplanetary
hopscotch, galactic claustrophobia, headaches heavy
as the town's institutions,
acid rain,
tobacco,
nicotine,
solanine, sylph-like creatures
who wind themselves around night's dark curl, at the joints of what
used to be Pushkin Street, between the pair of mutts Toby and Lassie,
between jerry-built market stalls and the Catholic seminary, between
silence and a terrifying babble,





howl and laughter, whimper and moan,
then silence again, silence yet again, the black clamor contained
inside a chunk of asphalt
ripped from the backbone of Babeş Street, carried on the shoulders
of Văscăuţeanu Street, and brandished menacingly
at the dogs on every corner, at the belly cramp
behind every failed gesture,
at the milk sold from sheet-metal stalls,
at the sky and earth,
at the stained-glass windows of the Catholic seminary,
at the apartment buildings, at the Poles, at the tramps or those fallen into
an eternal sleep, at everything and anything, at the hills
on the far side of the valley, at the light in the shadow of darkness,
at the gnome-like postman
who smokes his retirement money on the porch, motionless, at letters
and newspapers, at money:
the chunk of asphalt raised threateningly, with awe, at the earliest glow
of a new day, the beginning of frost, on the first step of Radu's
winding stairs, the lump of asphalt displayed menacingly
to the cold iron of each separate step,
to the terrace,
to the neighbors, to the roof
that someday I'm going to topple down from (oh silvery cascade –
glittering and liquid, mercury I have to feed myself on), the excerpt
of the road revealed with dark purpose to doves with silver fangs,
to lipping dogs, to the dance, to the swirls of smoke,





to the purling murmurs from the apartment buildings,
and again,
from where we started
to what's far off in the distance,
the black lump of asphalt threatening the walled enclave of Galata
and its monks,
threatening CUG, the heavy machinery works, and the enervated dervish
with a slipped disk soaring lazily over the factory sheds,
threatening the empty cigarette packs on the terrace,
the huge water snails harvested by ships
from between the thighs of Japan and inserted between those of Bulgaria,
the parasite snail, despoiler of
peaceful oysters, to it, too, a ham-bone of asphalt applied to the head . . .

Later, much later . . . but soon enough . . . the sun rises . . .
the terrace, the table, the plastic chairs, the metal shell
of the stairs, the vast
emptiness, the endlessness of the universe in quarantine . . . too much sun,
or too many clouds . . .
the dervish
above the heavy machinery works,
the once posh pushover of a pasha,
the lopped tail of loneliness,
and the towers of Galata Monastery, the red satin fez
forgotten at the street corner, the little satin shoe
lost under the chestnuts and oaks at Negruzzi High School,





the telephone line dead,
the doors closed, the apple tree withered,
choked with vines ... the filing cabinet stuffed with names ... an
apocalyptic Bucharest, a kind of Iași, post- ...

And the barren roads, cascading into one another, widening,
asserting themselves, thickening, swelling, bursting out of the city,
past the brewery, the antibiotics factory, the pig farm,
past the TV tower, then beyond, rushing farther ... farther ...





Bloody Bad Shit

I've never lived as if I could taste blood, even when I got kicked in the kisser. Only swarms of mosquitoes hung around to applaud my écarté over the muddy Bahlui. And what the hell's the point of living like that. At night in the industrial zone of the city, not a soul anywhere the whole long way to the city limits. An electric hum above your head for miles and miles, potholes in the road, eyes of neon and Freon. Hunchbacked tram rails in the middle of the highway. Not a trace of Coșovei's electric snow in the industrial zone. You walk to the edge of town, and if you feel like it, you walk on and on, through the marshes and over the hill until you reach Bessarabia.

I'm standing in the gas station listening to the streetlight above my head. I swat mosquitoes on my face. If they've already bitten me, blood spurts out. No way does this mean I've come close to living as if I could taste blood. I've read two famous texts written in Iași about blood buzzing around a room inside a mosquito's guts. Usually it's bitter cold here. The Russians shove Siberian ice cubes against your prostate. Half the year you have to wear boots, wrapped in a warm muffler. The faint light of the bulbs sprinkles tiny needles of orange ice over the belt of the city. Iași is made mainly of belts. Slender, on the point of



breaking apart, it hangs in a sado-maso harness
of poorly lit belts. With train-station buckles.
Nicolina Station, International Station, Central Station, North Station:
a Monopoly city. Whores
in every belt hole. Hoarfrost
glittering on their silver blouses, but no mosquitoes. Blood,
whirlpools of blood and cream, but no mosquitoes. Gasoline
fumes, a mirage shimmering far down the road. When
it's cold, not even that.

I once became mired
in the marshes just past the industrial zone.
I was going fishing with friends. We knew nothing
about fishing, but it was summer. The day was hot. They pushed
old Blanchette. With her varicose tires, nervously, she
spattered them with mud. Soft and warm. Two
months each year, the belts of Iași melt into the city's flesh. The mosquito
larvae grow fragile antennas. I wanted to compare
these antennas to something, but it turned out stupid. "Antenna"
in itself sounds dumb. You can feel how the image gets suffocated
by trash in an apartment building stairwell. "Cable"
is just about as bad. Moreover,
you can't say, "the mosquito larvae grow monaxial
cables." Well, in truth, you can. And with toenail clippers
you can cut the
cables. The antennas. You can torment the mosquitoes





along the banks of the Bahlui. You can create discomfort.

I told several groups of my students about the boiled rat in the washing machine, pulverized between the steel of the drum and my family's linens. "That's sickening," they told me. An incorrect image. Politically. (Not all of them would lose the color from their cheeks. But they weren't living as if they could taste blood, either. Their eyeballs, like their blood cells, are the colorless color of barely lit asphalt in fall. Their existential varix is as black as a prune. They seem extra-sensitive to cold and to the future. They float on the other half of the biscuit, by the Nicolina Market, on the opposite side of the bridge near the packing plant where meat is sold at half price, though not many people know about it, so there won't be a mass pilgrimage to the frozen relics of the animals. In fact, my students' cheeks are bright even though they rarely eat meat. With faces of a deep purple, they would sing, *I've been mistreated*. Man, they treated me like shit here in Iași.)

From underneath the dining hall on the Maiorescu (formerly Pushkin) campus there comes a smell of methane. On the terrace, the loud, crude Turkish beat of the *manele*. October. October in the navel. A universal navel, a boundless navel. Only a moron would say you should live as if you could taste blood and you should leap





over the lips of the navel. You can dump truckloads of cannonballs into the navel, you can spit into it. Bubbles of saliva, like fish eggs without DNA. No, *with* DNA, Eugene corrects me. You spit DNA. A salmon neglecting to sacrifice himself upstream. A kick in the kisser, guts and gore, never living as if you could taste blood. I haven't any idea where the others went.

(Subject: here comes the nastiest part
Date: Fri, 06 Oct 2000 16:53:26 +0000
From: Radu Andriescu <Crazyescu@>
To: Dan Ursachi <MusaBadge@>

Badge, last night really ate shit. I danced the *manele* with the gypsies in my neighborhood at an Internet café, a huge black wolf almost bit off my balls, and I sprained my other ankle. Today I've got to attend a memorial service. Really bad shit, couldn't be worse, you can just about taste it.)





Michael Astner



About Venice

I'm dying to write
about Venice:
all the great poets
sooner or later
have written something –
haven't they? –
about Venice

but as I've never been
to Venice
and I don't think I'll ever get
to Venice
this is more or less everything
I can write
about Venice.



To My Brothers

my brothers' strength of purpose
without doubt obliges me
to admire them –

and to imagine for myself roots
that forsake their trees.

the sun shines,
rain falls.
winter and summer are,
of course,
rather
unusual –

even plants pretend
they're growing in complete indifference

and blind hope
is driven about in a white carriage
without a coachman.



The Lungs of the Grave

in memory of my father

the wine of the last few years
has been dry.

my father, no Legend –
nevertheless, oh his face.

now
in the earth of my village
only the lungs of his grave
still breathe.



In the Windows of the House, the Fatherland's Spiders

to the fatherland's spiders

in the half-dark
of the good room
black coffee
has an almost abstract taste.

a cigarette without a filter
slowly smolders
between fingers of glass.

in the windows of the good room
dangle
the fatherland's spiders
countryside spiders large and small
hang above webs choked
with dust
eloquently
carrying on
in expectation



Ontos

Ontos is a man like many others.
He lives because, absolutely ignorant that Derrida
has in the meantime reached a higher plateau,
he goes on living in indeterminacy.

It's always a good thing to know that there exist
people like you and me, who just go on living.
Ontos, therefore, a man who has no other pretension
than to live as a normal man lives,
lives because he can't make a decision.
He doesn't know if it's better to commit the crime of suicide or
to choose the freedom of death. The first alternative
would correspond better with his need
for radical change, the latter with his human desire
for freedom.

But how can anyone decide for himself
in such a situation? Ontos can't. And many others
like him similarly can't.

Thus they live on in this way, normal and
isometric, enjoying the storms desolate



and real, when the sun burns holes through
summer afternoons.





Grass

grass has grown
over my grandparents' footsteps.

a carpet of chamomile flowers in the grass:
we sit in the courtyard
and pick tea.

my parents' footsteps
are also disappearing little by little.

it's likely by tomorrow
I'll no longer recognize
my own steps.



About the Quality of Our Time

that settles in diurnal things
in newspaper columns
just as in the grit
of coffee grounds –

it lives
on every face filling the tram
just as in the many mirrors
of tomorrow –

and when exhausted people sleep
it keeps watch,
patient by the door of madness
waiting in ambush.





A Whore's Breasts

a worn-out whore's breasts
are more beautiful
than any

psalm.

and sheltered
by the leaves of the palm tree
it's much easier to say
amen:

Amen.



Still Life II

the spring of apple blossoms
in the glass of water
on the metal table –

the names of things
afterward
like shaved heads

on sharply
pointed
stakes.



The Very Last Thing

in september
the distance to the city
suddenly lengthens –

and to the village
it shrinks
without word.

hour after hour
burns in self-consuming flames –

the very last thing
remains
a perfect transparency
suspended
from spider
to spider.



Mariana Codruț



terMythology

hey, come to termite hill
the sun shines for us too
even though black pitch black
obedient we'll always be
we won't be good humored
or sane.

hey, let's lose our minds
hooting at
their gold teeth and
the tricolor cummerbund
that they bundle around their nothingness.



The Village Idiot and the Ideological Angel's Dream

to the poet Dorin Tudoran

1). – *in nineteenninety . . .*
on a night with a full moon
(which by popular belief in accordance with the law
of universal attraction predicts/encourages
tectonic or social movements)
after an aimless stroll through the city
the national Village Idiot
began to turn into a caterpillar.

(in the prime of his glorious maturity and as part of the ubiquitous
planetary process of accounting
the spreadsheet even of every feeling
the national Village Idiot never gets tallied
in the official statistics.
although the village is equipped with the most sophisticated
instruments of communication (the reason why
no one can still talk of recharging



the batteries reading and reciting aloud
“letters in timeworn envelopes”)
and libraries of heavy tomes have been written
on the theme of communication
something fails to accord with the specific phenomenon per se:
the Village Idiot is speaking to himself.
of course it would be an exaggeration to affirm that
he alone is speaking to himself or that this is a disease
only of our century
or only of our blessed national space:
it’s said that many years before Christ
when the Idiot of Other Days went walking
through the suburbs of Athens shiftless talking loudly to himself
chased by children tipsy revelers took pity on him
and asked what was the matter with him. “I’m the Village Idiot,”
answered this man as he begged forgiveness.
“you can be Prince Myshkin, too,” they responded,
“now come with us and drink some three-year-old ouzo
to warm your bones.”)*

* according to doubtful statistics that circulate
through truly marginal milieus this was the only time
when anybody granted any importance to the Village Idiot
as merely a creature of God
in His image and likeness.





2). – *the event unassisted by journalist
or cameraman happened
near the Unirea Restaurant, from which the echoes
of a party of local residents resounded:
beautiful women’s and men’s voices sang
with rich feeling “we’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet”
and “everybody likes to be a cat”
a cold reddish light like steak tartare
gleamed in the windows. these are the things that accompanied
the metamorphosis of the Idiot into a caterpillar.*

(of course you might ask yourself how is it that the Idiot
can be granted importance: out of the many times
and places he sticks his nose in where it doesn’t belong.
like a child he’s always asking “why?”
and he’s always begging forgiveness: even for the fact
that the earth is round and for economic
crises and for the Tungus phenomenon
or for those invasions
in the name of justice made by the miners from under the earth
attacking our city dwellers

– just like ants

lured from their anthill by a cricket’s corpse.
or – it’s well known – the world has evolved so highly
that all phenomena have political causes
– that is, they take place “for higher reasons” –





and the formula “whoso excuses himself accuses himself”
has been inscribed in gold on both
the Parliament building and the tiny parish house of
the last village priest.

and – you can be certain –

in this case the strength and consequence of the races of humanity
are at their loftiest: nobody is guilty of anything

so nobody will really practice

an anachronistic and self-deflating reverence:

“forgive me I have erred.”)

3). – *The Angel of the Idiotic – coincidentally
and inevitably the sole spectator of the metamorphosis –
sat kicking his legs perched
on the wall of a fountain (which spectacularly
is resurrected at any presidential visit) and reading
the so-called testament of the victim with the florid gesticulations
of an actor declaiming a part before his mirror:*

“at almost forty years old in December

*I fell very deeply in love with a spot of light
focused by accident on my hand”:*

“promising quite promising,” the Angel commented.

“I was reading Berdyaev and Chekhov

but allowing even the purely anecdotal a right to existence.

*I believed in everyday heroism just as
naively and in unadulterated altruism*





as fully as in the days of early youth.”

*“obviously God has His own kind of
cynicism,” the commentary came promptly.*

*“well, at almost forty years old
I was transparent as if I had nourished myself
on nothing but air: I proceeded down the street
and neither a leaf stirred nor a human eye
saw me. as if of air.”*

*“so, do you understand? except for the instances when you serve the President
YOU’RE USELESS USELESS USELESS,”*

the philistine remarked.

*“...I feel that’s why I turn myself into a caterpillar
like the Kafkaesque Gregor Samsa into a beetle.”*

*“precisely what someone like you deserves. from a flying creature
to crawling in the dust, but you’ve been warned,*

*“believe but question not! believe but question not!”
bellowed the Angel (seemingly consumed by hatred)*

to the one named the national Village Idiot.

with great effort he folded his wings

near the Unirea Restaurant. then the colors

of his body too – in a normal state emitting long waves

impossible to quantify – hue by hue

withdrew into his viscera. first

divine violet

then frosty indigo

then celestial blue etc ...





(his existence being ignored
the major proportion of the time
then how is it possible to know what species
the Village Idiot is or how many specimens
the species numbers
so that it can be subsumed into official statistics and the national budget?
of course when mobs take to the streets
stomping their feet demanding bread and housing
the President offers them the Idiot
assuring everyone he's the source of the evil
exorcised that very day in a ritual dance
upon this creature of God in His image and likeness.
and if all ends well
and the mobs go home appeased
the President throws a cocktail party for which
his minions
recover the Idiot
dress him to the nines
stick a carnation in his lapel
and set him out before the foreign guests
they prepare a panegyric about individualism
liberty and creative thought.)

4). – “you don't love me,” the Idiot shouted
at the Angel who turned away to make his exit
(the last trolley was pulling into the station).





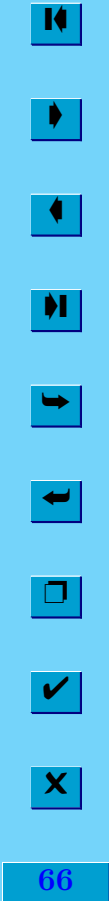
“you don’t know what love is. you’re dead!
...in fact are you truly my Angel?”
the Village Idiot stammered
 completing his metamorphosis.

“oh your light so pure
 shining beyond measure!”
the Angel answered mumbling to himself
and glancing around the bar a bit frightened: there only
two tables away the Village Idiot
placidly sipped from a steaming mug.
but he gave no sign right then
he ever wanted to turn into a caterpillar again.
 oh, the hell with it!





So Busy They All Are!



governments come and go come and go – the government
is such a busy man.

toilets vomit boarding passes on the stairs

and he flushes them and flushes them (the smallest hint of the scent of visited
countries

is allowed even us to sniff) but there still remain more than enough
to fill a library:

not a care in the world, the government takes the time to sort to classify
future generations to wonder and in reading still to grow.

like a brilliant rising star his forehead gleams with effort:

“the government is such a busy man!” the senators declare – “just like us.”

their miters of glory slip down over their eyes they applaud.

the toilets vomit speeches into the streets receipts

letters scrawled with anonymous accusations diplomas and they flush
and flush. from the fruit

of their labors you can nourish yourself if you want!

so busy they all are!



Gabriel H. Decuble



Primitive Songs

i.

Since you left me, Amaterasu,
I keep counting grains of rice.
Endless are the fields of the fatherland.

iv.

Xochiquetzal should teach me how to make her love me.
Her backbone to crack, pulverize unto dust,
then sift all the fields over;
her flesh to boil on the altar of the goddess
until, hot with pleasure, darkness will yield.
Her blood to strain in the golden sieve
and give to a nimble doe to bear across the mountains.
Her eyes to hang on cactus thorns,
her tears to be dew for the venerable servants of the desert.
Her hair to weave into fine rugs,
masterpieces for keeping warm the poor.
Her skin to dry and stretch smooth,
to stitch from it a tent for my king.



When all this will find itself fulfilled,
the woman I desire will learn desire.

v.

Aka Zowa thrashes me with a stalk of bamboo.
I'm home again, my creel empty of fish,
and no worms have I plucked from the trees for our soup.
Crouching in a corner, away from fire,
I watch the smoke weave rich garments for the heavens.
Hyenas shriek around our hut.
My children sleep, with dream sated.

vii.

The embers burn dim on the hearth,
or maybe Miye, wounded, turns her face from me?
I look for voluptuous kindling.





The Second Epistle

i still search for You, although loathsome in Your graciousness You turned
Your cheek that i should spit,
as if expecting to see me weak and powerless,
yesterday in sodom an athlete of infamy, tomorrow in gomorrah
the trumpet of darkness.

i still search for You and bay on Your traces in books, i aimlessly repeat
the echo of inextinguishable syllables, and i unfurl between eyelashes
of moaning an opal astonishment;
as i was trying to apprehend your profile and, blinded by overweening pride,
to stamp Your image on time's transient coins, liquid lead and living fire
You poured down my throat to my bones – what should i call it?
shiver of thought unthought, baneful gold talent minted for the commerce
between body and mind.

i wrote You lines without number; i deluged You
with endless questions like a cloudburst; i agonized with worry over You,
and so far You haven't answered me: in cipher, in letters, in sounds
or in arabesques,
how can one ascend, yet keep one's being from tumbling head over heels,
from losing, in a dry sheath of its own bearing, the unstanched rush of sap?
instead, You let me lease this body that i wear, You handed me



the scalpel of the sun's rays, the scissors of swarthy winds, You told me
to dissect to the inmost fundament, deeper than humors and tissues, deeper
than cells, into the atomic exodus: what greater delight (oh tell me)
than to prove within my own skin the gross incest of knowledge,
theology?

it would have been too easy for You to leave me an imbecile, to throw me,
dullest of dotards, in the flowing current of the world, to make of me
a noble guardian of the universal disorder, to grant me some burden,
as to the rest of the populace: to run through the air hunting snails,
or to shoot dolphins in trees – aporetic jewels, sweet infants
of rhetorical art – You gave me to understand that i can *become*.
thus, where to? now what to do?

like buddha should i halt, indolent, shaded by a fig tree, hoping for
illumination,
or should i stir up the heretical rabble, should i slobber dilemmas
upon the sanhedrin, should i slip away on the tree in the plains of mamre,
like jesus much later on the moldy cross?
(of use to whom in the here and now is plato's little compendium
ad gustum bruti?)

should i, like plotinus, tether the stars to the soul of the world,
should i give it full expression, continuing to recite the primer of gematria?
or maybe, like mooses, should i stretch forth my terrible rod
– what beyond the red sky of the west today remains to be divided,
to cut a pathway for dusk and so let nightfall breathe lavender in the skies,
thus set free from the senseless chains of pharaonic day? –;





should i, like ramses, bury the fruit of the world with my worldly remains,
making of death a mere business deal? should i let myself be guided
by augustin's confession, out of humble words fashioned?
should i emulate the one called the prophet – muhammad – by ascending
to the heavens, all seven, at the foot of my ladder, in horrible jest,
placing a sword? like david koresh, should i cast my children into flames,
a harmony of ashes, raising walls of molten flesh between us? like the rev.
moon, should i go across the hymeneal together with thousands of couples,
should I, in immaculate garments, dress stupidity, by lies corrupted?
and the sum total of this for one simple reason, that the irrational, vital
substance in me is more intense than in most of my fellow creatures?
oh, so many tormented lives, so many minds wasted in these vigorous
trials of strength!
you can mumble over them with great diligence, but whatever good deed
you may do is bad for another, and for this, never are you forgiven;
in the realm of the phenomenal,
there exists no void where your deeds may shine forth good in themselves.
what else is left for you than, the moral set aside, to bite
before you're bitten?

and nausea nonetheless.

i have yet to learn the famous dance of my ancestors –
the tremoreska.

for centuries i've fled the world's glory, now I'm drunk
with unanswerable questions, drunker than You Yourself
with the luxury of creation's vainglorious wrath, multiplied sevenfold.





behold: (the beaters drove the wind before them and) the wind itself
didn't pause in its chase; at one with the wind i should like to run, no longer
to breathe, to run, run, only run –
ahasuerus, me?





Epigrammata

ii.

the gleam in the eyes of false-hearted Kleobulos
I remember with a feeling as hazy as seeing double –
she with a smile, I with a smile,
of ivory teeth we would string a necklace in glances;
but with her tongue, alas, such passionate kisses
and lies together would she give as one.

iv.

however many mattresses you pile up imposingly on your divan,
insatiable Atthis, love will be no more tender,
your lovers' caresses no more amorous;
the fleas, only, a more opulent refuge enjoy.

vii.

haven't I told you, Prodiqe, that the first white hair
brings with it other pleasures? those who formerly
your rosy cheeks used to kiss, now will eagerly reach for
the folds on your face.



ix.

so many times have I undertaken, impudent Pyrrha,
in the galaxy of your freckles to lose myself
and to kindle the fiery broom of your hair;
like fire, sadly, again and again your sizzle would sputter out
when day breaks laden with dew.

x.

the auspicious days are gone, sublime Sophia – calm
and unnoticed – and I, a loser, still haven't learned
the art of gaming with the abacus, to fondle the finely
polished stones, as, not long ago, I used to play
with your pink nipple.

xi.

this stone stele becomes you, oh Kore!
firmly, it outlines your smile –
you must be rejoicing – your restless golden tresses now lie in peace,
the naughty wind no longer nags at them
as in spring ...



xii.

if today I cannot sing for you, Penelope,
it is the work of the discord gathered between us.
so summon Phemios: the unflagging string of his lyre,
just like my straining bow, lusting for blood,
cherish equally the same tension.

xix.

on Athena's face, every wrinkle tells a story of longing,
consummated in the caverns of the mind. the years keep passing.
step by step, succeeding to penetrate within,
I learn how to love her own loves.

xxi.

yesterday I visited Piraeus: in the harbor
life throbs and the crowd seems stirred as if in the heavens, sailing ships
set out to sea groaning with wine and olive oil,
others return heavy with gold and tales from the orient;
I hurry, myself: arrived in port, now, the slave merchants – of menservants
and womenservants.



Dan Lungu



In a Provisional Womb

I'm slipping down below my mother's advice
swaddled in rabbit fur
her eyelids make delicate fleshy edges
that follow me
cover me, enclose me
as if in a provisional womb
my dear son, be a good boy
I crush the words above here
and stick my head into a train, through a window
the station goes on incubating stone pillars
I stick out my soft moist head
my dear son, don't let the wind catch you
watch your pockets, watch out
for people, her gaze sucks me in
as if through a velvet tube
I squeeze the train in my arms, clenching my fists
and I reply obediently, oh yes, mother,
a lover buried up to her neck in sand
cries tears like ants' eggs,
this lover offers me the hammock
between thighs and breasts; the train whistle



blooms like an atomic mushroom
and with a butcher's stroke the station master
cuts the umbilical cord.





The Promise of the Fingernails

There was a sad woman in that place
a woman with aluminum eyes
her heart flying a handkerchief on its mast
we'd sit on opposite sides of the table
our small gestures poised stiffly
like dogs listening for their quarry. Only
my fingernails were slowly growing toward her
as if I'd concealed in the palm of my hand
a wind-up spider. She was sad,
that woman. Like a tin Christ.
And the air was as silent as we were.
Our beer mugs had drowned all the moths
and the sun was rising from the puddles.
Don't be stupid, I whispered to her at last
and my cigarette smoke dressed her once more
in a bridal gown
for a whole seven minutes.



A Tale with Fata Morgana

I

Fata Morgana plays with fire, air, water
limpid she flows from one eye to the other
and sways just like the shade cast by a poplar
captive to the wind
she walks the barbed wire of the horizon
her hands burning spice
strewn in shells, her voice troubles our sleep
and she plays with fire, air, water

she plays with fire, air, water ...

II

Someone laughs sobbing in a deserted
house
jabs both hands in the ground as deep
as the shoulder
to habituate the self ...
voice rolls like dice clattering across
the roof of the house, the wall, the floor;



solitude swallows shadow and
then vomits it upon the asphalt.

III

I scratch the paunch of the sleazebag within me
I stay for a chat, full of subtle gossip
she likes to crunch on my words
crunch-crunch, crunch-crunch
my heart, my brain, crunch-crunch, crunch-crunch
until I can no longer hear the fall of angels
in the limpid brightness of the mirror
when the blood seems to laugh in my sleep,
bats spurt from the aorta of desolation
crunch-crunch, crunch-crunch
I can no longer distinguish my own reflection
the liquid eye stains my face
to the purely contemplative.

IV

Fata Morgana has breasts that drive you crazy
frozen crows fall from her lips
she takes the shape of the gaze in which she herself is seen
and rustles confidently every chance she gets
“the Leviathan of your hair





cloaks history in algae
the delirious silt of your skin deranges things,”
I say, my face flattened between the palms of my hands
as if between poles of helplessness,
girl, woman, maiden
your shallow breathing like a cascade
your laughter rattling like a chain around the feet
through your eyes blind people wander
run over by streetcars
my useless hands, tinged blue,
cough in convulsions under the gravitation of your pores
words stop only a hairsbreadth above the heart
sending their roots everywhere in the body.

V

and she roars with laughter stupid / angelic / melancholy
like a steam engine
in an orange grove

VI

(then I say)
your beauty remains ever in my head like a
grain of pollen on disheveled
clothes it splattered on my face





tepid viscera sewed shut my eyes, my tongue
here I am, unspeaking
my clothes ripped open like an angel's
acid pollen licking my wounds
through which I escape
escape
from one labyrinth right into another






Breakfast

I pour myself
 from one day
 to another
like milk from one mug
 to another
to cool myself.



Lesson on Relating Myself to Myself



the walks commenced one
 Sunday that had no significance
and I might have called them:
 prolonged travels over thousands of ants
 striding upon stones
 holding hands like a localized pain
 in the air
 or
 gorgeous commerce with words
 as a perfectly gratuitous act
yes, I might have called them that,
but then I'd be terribly wrong.



Insomnia

Slowly, very slowly
the worm gnaws through
the apple's image
in the mirror.



A Few Things About Nettle Fish

I'm propped on an elastic reality
among bones with auras of fear
under the neon lights of a factory shed its windows painted over,
when my eyelids fall
the darkness throws stones at me
and a scream slices wooden meat. Somewhere
people with eyelids down to their knees are hiding
I'm running away from them, from their fleshless pursuit
from drums flickering the same summons
like roots of blood
veins stab my flesh, weave
a net in which I'm to trawl my bones
ashore – white nettle fish
that sting my flesh from within
together with slow processions of ants.
There my heart is a red moon, my lungs
float heavily in the wind like a pair of rusted scissors
and in their shadow terror
punches down its own dough as slowly as possible.



O. Nimigean



The Adolescent Incubus

one two three and (breathe) and (breathe) and (breathe) (breathe) (breathe)

[searching for the irradiant nucleus the engine *proton kinoun* listen

to Aristotle he says join the tour group on the pathways
of the Lykeion even if – or maybe just because – the Hellenic
remains only music]

maybe there's something profound maybe the red heart beating violently
as if Zeus and Hera were coupling inside it –
systole diastole systole diastole without any end the great
coitus (breathe) (breathe) (breathe)

maybe you don't need to speak (but then what?) maybe
you don't need to write (breathe) (breathe) maybe it's enough if you
inspire and expire with your eyes shut (the creatures of memory
pass across the azure retina of nothingness)

(breathe) (breathe) (breathe)

are you about to weep? about to sing? to fall asleep?
(whose hand will chronicle the *poiesis* of physiology?)

[the evening I died the wind blew steadily through the nettles





tossed ripe clusters under the arch of the grape arbor
tore petals off the flowering elder sang
in the eaves of the house – something pretty
for *Domina Vasluiensis*: my soul bade fond farewell
to the earthly realm

oh, serene banquet with invisible virgins
oh, the initial syllables of the *bardo*
oh, and again oh]

[in the morning I awakened kissing her rosy fingers it seemed that nothing had happened – nothing had happened – toothbrush gymnastics breakfast clothes shoes hat umbrella my departure – where? – the road between apartment buildings the tortuous path between apartment buildings my arrival – where? – the words words words my writing a table with a beer then my return – where? – the news sleep]

[I was climbing the skyscraper like spider-man the mob hard on my heels from time to time when I turned my head I could catch sight of the flushed face of the pig the yellow teeth of the donkey the green eyes of the rat the warts of John Johann Gianni János Jan Juan Ivan Ionel the claws of Margaret the mandibles of the mole cricket the tongue of the macaque I'd already reached the roof and clobbered Paul in the forehead with my heel I was about to escape them there rose up before me a wooden statue fully encrusted with precious stones – emerald and sapphire and diamond – veiled in gold leaf and silver foil yet with a bosom cracked blackened charred the Holy Virgin sorrowful was the





Holy Virgin sorrowful but dry-eyed I clasped her legs with my embrace it was over the people of the cross will never make sense of anything I've said]

[or should I tell them that never hoping for anything from life nor anything from death I would lie with a broken leg next to a wall of books jammed one against another I would wash my brain with soap operas laugh at Al Bundy the shoe salesman watch soccersoccersoccer soccersoccer strum the guitar smoke Assos after Assos mark off the days and the nights mark off nothing else I would write inspired poems thumbing my nose at myself caught between an obstinate alien body secreting calcium and an obstinate alien discourse I would try to deconstruct God's name into syllables I would put my shoulder under the cross of a Poor Wretch who spoke in parables I understood that my father and my mother had been male and female I discovered my own true merit: I could wag my tail more quickly forgive me *Domina Vasluiensis* you who at night ignite the candle of love on Earth]

[hear now *O My Lady from Vaslui: grown old expect not to live your final days on the interest of your virtue banked in youth your knowing eyes fixed in clairvoyant gaze on the too hasty return into cold earth and timeless story may you not some oasis fancy where you can glimpse purest time's mirage like an ephemeral mist on mirror glass that burned on its glaze retains a last image no not without a smile scorn the illusion of both this your life and that other part played in shadow only love sans confusion keep cloistered within the walls of your heart love that by its beating becomes a hymn then breaks you apart but makes you whole again]*

(since I was not permitted the joy of *dictée* into an agglutinative





language since I haven't yet reached the ecstasy of
glossolalia I'll have to console myself with relating
this somewhat prodigal event:
the adolescent Incubus emerged yesterday to me he looked handsome
but sad
under his face clotted with blood
for a long moment I stared at myself in his blue eyes
I no longer could feel pain my broken leg seemed numb
I no longer felt afraid I helped
the adolescent Incubus creep out of my womb
pulling him by his long damp hair

so I kissed him passionately on the mouth)

the doric column the roman basilica the simple line pure angles
harmonic proportion the golden number
who has not dreamed of all these under the midday sun?

what about the brain the cauldron moloch
the music of nucleic acids wiser
than a philosopher's word the voice

you retreat with every utterance farther away from
the words no new meaning arises from
you shiver that's it

a line of poetry





[and above all there's fiction – some can eat
others can't some have a house
others don't some travel
others run away some smile
others snarl some have teeth
others have cavities some live well
others survive some make love
others make do with a hand-job some give up the ghost
others croak]

(I say I love you but nothing happens
I say O Lord where are You but nothing happens
nothing happens
nothing happens

just one more snicker from the brain-dead)

[and above all there's fiction – both of us hate you
the adolescent Incubus and me
you the righteous man a man of principles an honorable
man decent courteous
you who never talk dirty
who never appear in public with your collar button unbuttoned
who go to church
kiss the icon of my mother
kneel at the altar of my brother
call my father father]





(for you fat stuffed-shirt I'm talking to:
I'll use *whom* not *who*
and I'll venture forth far away
In my paper kingdom my only home
there where the great grizzly is waiting for me
and Lord is a rain of sounds)

[and then you say it'll be easy: between God and me
through the transparent air – merely
the warm words of my mouth (you
can't hear
anything else) merely the tips of
my fingers outstretched white luminous]

[but it's not that simple it's impossible
quite an irony
there should be a hand that writes
a hand with fingers nails hair
a hand with vein and capillary
a hand of flesh that feels pain
that decomposes in the act of composition
and drops like dung over the words
so that you might suppose it sustains them
sheltering them as if a tender crop
out of which there will sprout and grow
a field high with flames
like the fields of the Sun





out of which there will grow
no other than your sigh *Domina Vasluiensis*
(how I love you o my silly girl)]

(breathe) (breathe) (breathe)

[Other times, at dawn, in a tender stuttering language,
you will have made sure *i puerniculu i Marie*.
Mamanis e tatanis Lui tacuru pro Ellu multum a lor mele
lacrimi. Căutăramu-Li, clămăramu-Li post libamu
Ellu. Conuti suntunt nove barbani, frigora apud noi
ca dopo vestea eresului a ei noastre credință vișu Fariseiu,
deserta nostra vita sine Depsu . . . Cimne
potens fire sine depo? No sciu.
Cam pixu anima mea. Taci rostru meu! Plangi oculu!
Aut in desertu de cale de cetate
pro li Agnellu implorare! Sub scamnu Lui
you'll have found refuge, child,
gentle adolescent Incubus . . .]

the art of poetry a jester's cap harlequin tassels
still flutter and flutter
(and that's it)

the sky is completely clear the creatures of memory
have all wasted away the brain burns like the moon
over the plains
not even a year more will go by





The Book of Useless Couplings

a sperm whale with a cloud of giant cuttlefish
a mastodon with sleeping beauty
a sewing machine with an umbrella
speedy gonzales with speedy gonzales's hairy ass
semiotician umberto eco with politician ion dodu bălan
the romanian people with mihai eminescu
the tablelands of roraima with trays of *salade de boeuf*
the mount of olives with ewing oil company
the colorado potato beetle with jesus christ
alpha with omega
yin with yin
yang with yang
yin with yang
god's spittle with the dust etc. etc. etc.





Dan Sociu



Ozone Friendly

To Radu Andriescu

1.

I finally got rid of my ridiculous old carsickness
jubilantly from the back seat I hurrah at
my friends' curses their technico-esoteric wisecracks

I'll never learn to drive a car
(even in my dreams I crash into all the lampposts) as
I'll never learn to play an instrument but
it's been a while now since I stopped addressing women as "ma'am" and
dealing with tired clerks and dyspeptic salesgirls
I keep my cool

these days

I've become hardnosed

(Radu the truth is that I've lost more friends than a centenarian
but you know
as opposed to what you see in a rearview mirror
things seem closer than they really are)



2.

why when I'm ozone
friendly environment
friendly and even friendly when
I'd sign just about anything to remain
one of the boys I get clobbered playing slaps
I'm given noogies I'm walloped I get mauled I crouch over
at leapfrog and let them pile on top pulverize me
to jelly happily I make a phlegm collection

they didn't wake you up at Ploiești and on the way back
once again you missed the flames over the oil refineries
the first day they hid your red tie and your belt
you were reprimanded
in front of the squad of pioneers
ashamed you might swallow your snot and your pants
would drop they planted a snake in your footlocker
they squeezed toothpaste in your underpants they
painted you with boot polish they dumped
a ladleful of salt in your soup you wet
your pants and they told on you they stole your money
and abandoned you in the woods all alone but
who was the one to see the bear that last day at
the garbage dump while they were trolling a song near the
camp-fire who hid to watch him
for minutes on end fascinated but full of fear and trembling



I saunter among the goons on Copou Boulevard like the
guy from The Verve undaunted
nudging them out of my way with my shoulder (the truth is
Radu that I'd like them to take me with them
to a nasty thrashing to an everlasting bender
to a flimflam to a gang bang) I pass
by rattlebrained old grannies and guardians of the public order and
I feel stupid whitmanian

on autumn evenings when piles
of leaves burn in Copou things
really do seem closer the dogs that have been humping for
millennia slowly detach from each other and slink
by the university downhill through
the flunkouts' passage among the tables
of the Bohemia Terrace
beyond the university library towards the railroad station





brother louse

evening after evening I return home to my dorm completely bummed out
because it's not even eleven
I'd have stayed longer
and I'd have drunk more
with my friend eugen who dashed off to catch the last electric bus

I open the door
praying that no one's in the room
that they're at a disco or wherever because
I hate them hell they're not worth it
but it's weird when I find the room empty
I can almost love them a little

from the moment I take off my boots
I feel a sense of doom
something irreversible like a vasectomy
because till dawn I haven't the strength
to move
and from outside I keep hearing music





I lie in my bed I think of my old friends
of a christmas without snow
of the big bash at costel's
when everybody slept with whomever
and the next day we all woke up with lice

I thought I was the only one to have them and I was ashamed
the same for the others
mihaela thought she'd given them to her sister
and I thought I caught them from daniel
who'd just come out of the clink
paula told mihaela
and laura said I'd also been at
one of your blowouts
and got loaded with lice
marcel shaved his head
I cut my hair short
the girls washed with kerosene

a few months later
over a beer
we plucked up our courage and confessed
so we finally learned that daniel wasn't to be blamed
that he'd come out of the slammer with only bed bugs
that the whole story had begun somewhere
outside our circle
and basically everything could be explained by





the simple
human desire of a lonely louse
to share christmas with us





As Big as China

and we perched on the damp stone benches
old newspapers under our asses
one of us said hey I really want to make myself
a necklace of cigarette butts

that was sometime in '95
because after we emptied the second bottle
we balanced it on the first
and the bottle didn't fall

then a girl with a violin showed up
she knew just one tune
and she played it for us twice

boredom as big as china someone said
let's polish them and hang them around our necks someone said



tenderly caressed sucked licked and spanked

I don't think I've ever been on better terms with myself
or ever written better
than when I was fifteen every day I used to commit
several pages of pornographic writing before going to bed
only, only for personal use

I don't know if you can imagine what went on in those little tales
but I can tell you that in their every word
I was tenderly caressed sucked licked and spanked
by dozens of women men children animals
who all thanked me for existing
there was no love between us only what
I'd call perfect
communication



finders keepers

(today I found a poem in dacia, that neighborhood of apartment buildings –
mihaela's apartment, the chick with progenitors in romanian boston;
finders keepers; radu told me I've got the right to keep it; and I should
keep mihaela too)

it's raining or else the plumbing's gurgling

sprawled on the couch she reads the book how
to calculate your IQ
later on she'll calculate mine

some men came to visit our neighbors in the apartment above
and they're busy talking
from down here where I can hear them
I'd swear they're speaking in arabic.



romanian rhapsody

emy-one-eye bragged he knew how to play the accordion
he'd say he could even show you a photograph
I think in fact he was jealous of costică

i'm not a musician as o'hara would say
i'd like to be one

now in june when the parks are filled with sharp dudes
bent over their guitars anyhow
i can't understand what's the big deal
in the '70s or '80s it was totally
different the chicks went gaga over
troubadours but maybe i'm jealous
as well and in a way it's too late for me

it was the same thing one morning in high school
i went out of my apartment building and maybe a hundred yards off
the circus crew was pitching a blue tent
and it was too late
ten years late
had i come as a child
in those days they'd set up camp at the outskirts of the city
where one of my mother's aunts lived





this aunt always had real coffee at home and liqueur and
lots of stories to tell

I'm not complaining because
as my folks would say you can see the circus on sundays too
a quarter of an hour on the TV variety show
and this is the real thing russian the best in the world

so i never got to go to the circus not even that morning at school
it was hot the park was deserted cezara
was playing her violin interminably the only tune she knew
george enescu's romanian rhapsody






Contributors

Constantin Acosmei is a librarian at the Gheorghe Asachi Library in Iași. One of the most charismatic Moldavian poets, he is the author of a collection of poems, *The Dead Man's Toy* (1995), which won the Iași Writers' Association Award for a first book. At present, he is working on his second volume of poetry.

Radu Andriescu teaches British and American literature at *Al. I. Cuza* University in Iași. In 1985 he published a thirty-page prose poem in a book that included five younger poets from northeastern Romania. He is the author of four books of poetry: *Mirror Against the Wall* (1992 – *Poesis* award for a first book), *The Back Door* (1994), *The End of the Road*, *The Beginning of the Journey* (1998 – Iași Writers' Association Award for poetry), and *Some Friends and Me* (2000). In collaboration with Adam J. Sorkin, Andriescu has also translated poems by a half dozen fellow poets from Iași as well as a selection of his own poems and prose poems, *No-Man's Land*, which title turns out to describe exactly where its publication prospects seem momentarily to be. He is currently working on a multimedia project, *The Stalinskaya® Bridges*, with artist Dan Ursachi.

Michael Astner was born near Sibiu (Hermannstadt, in German) and writes in Romanian, German, and sometimes Saxon, a German dialect from Transylvania. With Professor Andrei



Corbea, he is co-editor of the monograph, *Kulturlandschaft Bukowina* (1990). His translation of the novel by Mariana Codruț, *The House with Yellow Blinds*, was published in 1998. *About the Quality of an Age*, his first book of poetry, was published in 1999, and his work is included in German, Romanian and Austrian magazines and anthologies. At present, Astner earns his living as a photographer and a free-lance journalist.

Mariana Codruț, a more experienced writer, has always been a loyal supporter of the attempts made by Club 8 members to change the cultural atmosphere in Iași. She is the author of five collections of poetry, *The Hawthorn in the Woodshed* (1976), *Draft of a Self-Portrait* (1986), *The Habits of a Summer Night* (1989), *Acute Existence* (1994), and *Blank* (2000). Her novel, *The House with Yellow Blinds*, published in 1997, received the Iași Writers' Association Award for fiction and was also a finalist for the national Romanian Writers' Union Award. The German version of the same book came out in 1998 in Iași, published by Polirom. The poetry of Mariana Codruț has been reprinted in all the important anthologies of the last decade, and her articles appear in the most influential cultural magazines in Romania.

Gabriel H. Decuble is the author of several essays on medieval hagiographies, Goethe, Nietzsche and Constantin Noica, which have appeared in scholarly publications. He also translated Alfred Bertholet's *Dictionary of Religions* (1995), among other scientific books. He taught Romanian language and literature at INALCO in Paris and German language and literature at *Al. I. Cuza* University in Iași. His first book of poetry, *Epistles and Other Poems*, was published in 2001.

Dan Lungu teaches sociology at *Al. I. Cuza* University in Iași; he is also editor-in-chief of *Timpul* literary magazine. He started Club 8 in 1997, and, as the coordinator of the literary page of an important regional newspaper, *Monitorul*, he initiated an intense debate on the situation of literature in northeastern Romania. Lungu is the author of a volume of poetry,



Edges (1997), and a gathering of short stories, *The Phlegm Collection* (1999), winner of the Dobrogea Writers' Association Award for a first book of fiction. Lungu has also been awarded various other important Romanian literary prizes, including the *Nemira* award for short fiction in 1997. He is currently preparing for publication a book in sociology. His poetry, fiction, essays and articles have come out in the most important Romanian cultural magazines.

O. Nimigean is the author of several collections of poetry: *Selected Works* (1992), *Week-End Among Mutants* (1993) and *Good-Bye, Good-Bye, Dear Poems* (1999). Under print are a fourth collection, *planet 0*, and his five-hundred-page journal, *Oubliette*. His translation (with Gina Nimigean) of H. I. Marrou's *Theology of History* was published in 1995. Nimigean has also edited and written prefaces for a number of younger writers' books such as Dan Lungu's *The Phlegm Collection* and Lucian Dan Teodorovici's *Not Long Before the Descent of the Extraterrestrials Among Us*, and most recently he edited an extensive anthology of Club 8. Nimigean is now writing an essay on the relationship between poetry and philosophy. His work has appeared in Romanian, German and American magazines and anthologies.

Dan Sociu, at twenty-three the youngest of the authors in this anthology, is considered one of the most talented poets of his generation. He has published poetry and articles in many Romanian magazines. At present, he is working at completing his first book of poetry, *brother louse*.

Adam J. Sorkin has published fourteen books of translations of contemporary Romanian poetry. *The Sky Behind the Forest* (Bloodaxe Books, 1997), a selection of Liliana Ursu's poems translated by him with Liliana Ursu and Tess Gallagher, became a British Poetry Book Society Recommended Translation and was short-listed for the Weidenfeld Prize of St. Anne's College, Oxford. His anthology, *City of Dreams and Whispers* (1998), a gathering of poets from the Moldavian cultural center of Iași, won important honors in Romania. In 1999,





Sorkin's translation of poems by Daniela Crăsnaru, *Sea-Level Zero*, mostly translated with the poet, was published by BOA Editions, and a small collection by Mircea Cărtărescu, *Bebop Baby*, done with various collaborators, came out in the Poetry New York Poetry Pamphlet Series. Sorkin's translation with the author of Ioana Ieronim's *The Triumph of the Water Witch* (Bloodaxe, 2000) was also a Weidenfeld Prize finalist. His collaborative version of Marin Sorescu's final book, *The Bridge*, is due from Bloodaxe in 2002. Sorkin is Distinguished Professor of English at Penn State Delaware County and a member of the American Literary Translators Association.





Translators

Adam J. Sorkin translated all the poems in this Club 8 anthology with co-translators as follows. He wishes to express his deep appreciation for their hard, careful, and sensitive work:

Radu Andriescu – all the poems by Constantin Acosmei, Radu Andriescu, Gabriel H. Decuble, Dan Lungu (except “In a Provisional Womb”) and Dan Sociu, and “In the Windows of the House, the Fatherland’s Spiders,” by Michael Astner;

Michael Astner – all the poems by Michael Astner (except “In the Windows of the House, the Fatherland’s Spiders”) and all the poems by Mariana Codruț, who was herself present during the initial rendering of her own work and a helpful third participant in the translation process;

Mihai Avădanei – “In a Provisional Womb,” by Dan Lungu;

Roxana Muscă – all the poems by O. Nimigean.





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