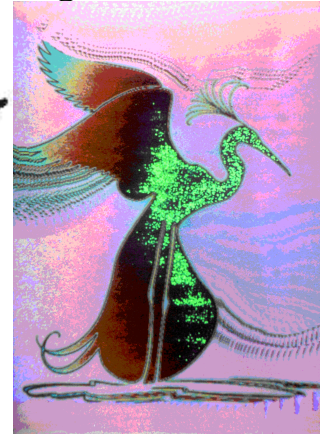


VREAU SA JOC!

I want to dance

Lucian Blaga Recital of poetry
With actress Lidia Lazu from Bucharest, Romania
Jerry W. McDaniel's art and Liviu Marinescu's
music compositions complement the poetry.



©Jerry W. McDaniel '98 Bird of Paradise 3



Lidia Lazu – Actress and Poetess
Email: lazulidia@yahoo.co.uk

Thursday, May 22, 2008
Newbury Park Rotary Club



Liviu Marinescu
Composer , Professor CSUN

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Jerry W. McDaniel
Fine Artist

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Producer, Professor CSUN

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Poems by Lucian Blaga (1895-1961)

Romania's great modern poet, philosopher, and dramatist

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lucian_Blaga

<http://www.romania-on-line.net/halloffame/BlagaLucian.htm>

Translated by Andrei Codrescu

The Poets

Don't be amazed, Poets, all poets, are
Just one, undivided, united into a vast community,
Speaking, they are mute. Across centuries they are born
And die,
Singing, they serve a tongue lost
In the past.



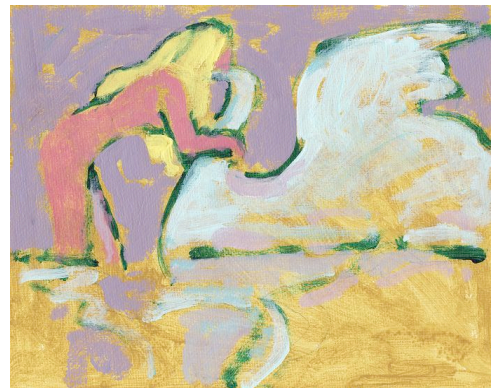
Sleep

In the mild breeze a soul wavers,
without today,
without yesterday.
With indistinct waves
Rise the hot centuries
From the trees.
In sleep my blood draws me back
Into my parents
Like a wave.



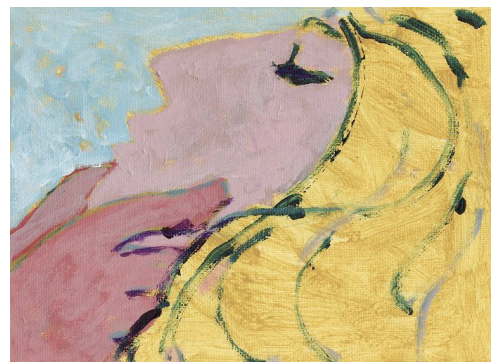
All Ways Cut

Green day. Spirit of the nut.
All ways cut
To the heaven of wind,
Of love, of word.
All ways cut
To the Thursday of fire,
To the noon of desire,
Where passion is burning
Where the tear is singing.



Pax Magna

It appears that God and the Devil
Knowing how much greater each could be,
Shook hands and made their peace in me.
Together they distilled into my soul
Faith, love, doubt, and lies.



The Light

The light I feel
Bursting into my chest when I see you,
Couldn't be a drop of that light
Created on the first day,
From that light that thirsted so much for life?

Longing

Parched, I drink your scent –
I cup your face with my hands
To gather your miracle in my soul.
The closeness of our eyes burns,
And yet you say: „I yearn for you!”
With longing as if
I were a wanderer in another world.

Quatrain

Not even a song is easy. Day
or night – nothing is easy on earth:
and so the dew, for it's the sweat of nightingales,
wearies from singing the whole night through.

I Will Not Crush the World's Corolla of Wonders

I will not crush the world's corolla of wonders
And I will not kill
With reason
The mysteries I meet along my way
In flowers, eyes, lips, and graves.
The light of others
Drowns the deep magic hidden
In the profound darkness.
I increase the world's enigma
With my light
Much as the moon with its white beams
Does not diminish but increases
The shimmering mystery of height –
I enrich the darkening horizon
With chills of the great secret.
All that is hard to know
Becomes a greater riddle
Under my very eyes
Because I love alike
Flowers, lips, eyes, and graves.

I Wait for My Sunset

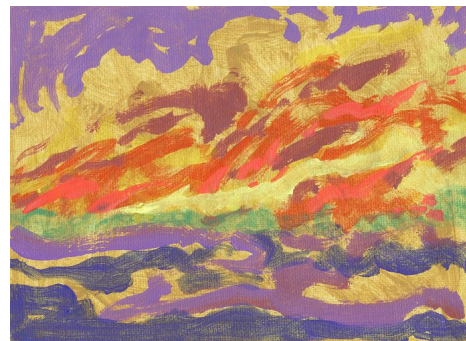
I wash my sight in the sky's
Star-filled vault -
I know that I too in my soul
Carry many, many stars
And galaxies,
Miracles of darkness.
But I do not see them
Because I have
Too much sun in me.
I am waiting for my day to end
I wait for night and pain
I wait for my sky to darken
So that stars may rise in me
My own stars
I have not yet seen.

I Search

I search, for what I don't know. I look
For a great hour left creature-less inside me
Like the stamp of a dead mouth on a carafe.



All paintings inspired by Blagas poems
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I search, for what I don't know. Under spent stars,
Under vanished stars, I look
For the extinguished light I still praise.

Silence

Such silence all about me I seem to hear
the moon's beams beat against the glass.

Oh, who knows – my soul, in whose breast you'll sing
sometime after centuries
on sweet strings of silence,
on harps of darkness – that stifled longing
and broken joy of life? Who knows?

Who knows?

I Want do Dance!

O, I want do dance as I have never danced!
Let God not feel himself a prisoner in me.
Earth, give me wings:
I want to be the arrow
tearing infinity,
to see only sky around me,
sky above
and sky below –
burning in waves of light
I want to dance
torn by the lightning of unborn desire
so God will breathe freely in me
and will not say:
„I am a prisoner in his dungeon!”



Lucian Blaga (1895-1961)

Romania's great poet, philosopher, and dramatist

Biography

- 1895-Born (May 9th) as the ninth son of the parish priest (Romanian Orthodox Church) of the village of Lâncrâm, in Transylvania
- 1910 – 1914 publishes his first poems and his first philosophical article.
- To avoid service in the Austro-Hungarian army, attends theological classes in Sibiu, Transylvania, graduating in 1917
- 1918 - begins to study philosophy at the University of Vienna
- 1920 - is awarded his Ph. D. with the thesis *Culture and Cognition*
- 1926-38 press counselor - the Romanian legation in Warsaw, Prague, Vienna, Bern, Switzerland, Lisbon
- 1936 elected, at 41 years, active member of the Romanian Academy
- 1938 returns to Romania as Professor of the Philosophy of Culture (a chair specially created for him) at the University of Cluj, Transylvania
- 1949 is dismissed from his chair by the Communist regime and appointed librarian. Out of favor, he publishes only translations until 1960
- 1956 - nominated for the Nobel Prize he was on the point of getting the award when the communist government in Bucharest sent emissaries to Sweden to protest against his nomination with false political allegations
- 1961 - dies of cancer. Buried at Lâncrâm
- Due to the spiritual nature of his poetic and philosophic work communist leaders banned him.