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Elena Liliana Popescu

TE APROPII



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AUTHENTICITY

(*You Are Getting Closer*)

Brief sketch on the artwork of Elena Liliana Popescu

The case of Elena Liliana Popescu born during the Romanian communist era is unique not only in Romania but also on the Poetry scene of our modern world. The creative results of the Poetess's inner existence give the lie to at least one of the flagship doctrines of the totalitarian system, namely that "no one is irreplaceable."

Perhaps that's why all of Her works are characterized by the inverse to the consequently entrapped, mute masses of the people: loud introverted dialogue with what is absolutely alien to the system. It even constitutes a form of intellectual weaponry in the struggle for the liberated Spirit! And this type of narrative always remains the most serious danger for the heralds of any indoctrination.

Freedom and independence of the human individual, the pursuit of knowledge of Truth, Reality, the natural dynamics of life, the multilayered nature of existence, its multidimensionality and, above all, the right to transcend all boundaries, both of intellect and spirit, are the pennants with which shimmer Elena Liliana Popescu's poetic power.

An eminently recognizable seal of the Poetess is Her hostility towards the imposed limiting description of man - the mass, already prepared in advance by the systemic apparatus.

Just as the Poet Czesław Miłosz, in his prose *The Captive Mind*, reflected the mechanisms of totalitarian enslavement in the form of an infection that kills all signs of individualism in the individual, thus giving birth to the "reason of the masses", Popescu albeit in an incomparably more sublime way (as her poetic technique allows) urges each single person pacified to the concept of the group, to fight for his own personal individuality.

She shows the opposite plane, the opposite direction, diametrically opposed horizons from those depicted in the above-quoted book by the Polish Nobel Prize winner, reveals the meaning of extracting each individual from the enslaved mass.

She points with particular intensity to the role of individualism, and shifts the focus from the existence in global murderous civilizations to the essence of the spirit (maybe) of the Renaissance, arguing for the necessity of propagate education and awakening consciousness spreading even to the unfathomable metaphysical areas.

Here we come to another domain, the name of which, however, it is never named in the Poetess's work, ruining to the core another flagship doctrine of communism: "religion is opium for the masses".

For the Poetess, in exhorting each of us to fight for ourselves, refers to regions physically far beyond the boundaries of our Planet, addresses the Creator Existence Without A Name, without naming it with a word. She introduces us to semantics common to all religions. Perhaps she is based on *Amor Dei Intellectualis*, by Baruch de Spinoza: *Knowledge of God inspires love for Him*, or perhaps - on the philosophical heritage of Asian cultures: she evokes the intellectual and spiritual achievements of the East, while avoiding the European formula of having to name, to define everything in words – she does not name anything. Owing to the fact that the Great Reality cannot be described by human words. It is not accessible to a human being remaining at the current stage of evolution.

Only human imagination is capable of determining the naming, and only that narrow scope to which it has been narrowed, to which perception has been reduced. And this vision has nothing to do with the wholeness of the existence of everything as it is.

The Poetess uses the word like a sword, not only in the poem *You Are Getting Closer*, but throughout her artwork. At the

same time, She uses the word similarly as one extends a helping hand in a gesture of mercy; finally, She implements clear signposts... but She does not name anything that is unnamable, She does not define what is indefinable!

If John says in the first verse of *Bible of The New Testament*, that: *In the beginning was the word*, then one should rather focus on the original, which uses the term *Logos*. The semantics of this word is incredibly extensive! Transcription towards meaning: *word*, here seems not to be the key one! (I refer the reader to the study of Greek).

Similarly, in the Poetess's articulation, the word is saturated with substance in a tremendous way: it opens, warms up, encourages, directs.... Although where it should seem to explode already with full imagery and meaningfulness, beyond the pretend worlds - the creation of enslaved human beings – the Poetess surprises us with SILENCE!

She leads us to WORDLESSNESS, NON-NAME ABILITY, LIMITLESSNESS! We are shown... THE GOAL! It is the LOGOS!

And it seems that this is how one should write - create Poetry: without words! Reality, Freedom, Truth, Light, Love, Eternal Time, God, do not fit into the canon of any word or language. They have no name! THE FULLNESS OF EXISTENCE is quiet, without norms or boundaries!

So how many words do you have to use, how many years of life to go on and on and on, to SEE the visible, to LIVE existence, *to get closer (!) to that what is?*

Write in such a way, as to be beyond words.

The Ultimate Truth is found in Silence. Only with it can you feed your hunger.

For the leftover money buy an armful of hyacinths or roses. Entertain your heart.

Therefore, at first write without a pen. The silence within The Silence!

Sound of sounds! Listen ... Only there you will find the Pulse of Being.

Your eyes will become bloodshot... Then you'll feel pain ... hot sweat will overwhelm you...

You'll be touched with a tumult in your breast. Streams of tears will plough your face. Fall down.

Get up, and move forwards... Keep going! Forget yourself: forget your body, forget your mind!

- Come back! Buy flowers again, an armful of temple flowers. Give up your fear.

Close all decorations that surround you. Wait! Put out all the lights. Let your hearing lead you... Find the center anywhere and nowhere ... immerse yourself ...At the time, write...

It won't be just a string of letters ... but a call from there, from behind the Gateless Gate leading to the Great Reality, you've discovered already beyond the words! And the Truth will shine in front of you above the horizon! Darkness within the Black Void of Space!

Axis mundi! Time & timelessness. Form & emptiness... the intense vacuum of space! Then, move...

Don't let fear turn your step to a stone, and thou shalt tread firmly in no man's land, thy land. And you won't feel hungry anymore... you'll begin to bear fruit... Write that way!

Love is the true key to life. Love, in turn, usually opens up layers of existence previously unknown to man. Yet these are right there, in everyday life, unnoticed, untouched, unrecognized. You don't have to suddenly become an astronaut to experience other dimensions, other galaxies and planets. Also this stage of the path is opened up to us by the Poetess. So don't you have to be crazy to LIVE life?

Returning to the art of our contemporary life... Are the ideas of entrapping nations foreign to us today? Have the masses freed themselves from indoctrination? Have not the ideas of the global spread of communism remained alive?

As the years go by, our civilization progresses in development. Also, the technique of the fight "for the rule of souls" has taken on other, new faces. It is no longer necessary any need to apply the oppression of Stalinism. After all, a system carved out in a nation based on the one done, for example, by Nicolae Ceaușescu, would be undemocratic. Berlin Wall would be seen today contrary to the idea of respecting human rights, confining citizens to a small space as was the case in the GDR (DDR - The East- Germany under the E. and M. Honecker).

In spite of this, today, in the non-evolving systems of mass oppression, the same criminal work of enslaving the individual and its mind, and finally whole masses of people, is taking place in the same way as before, leading in consequence to the creation of a „mass reason” and finally to mass genocide.

Although it cannot be overlooked that the ideas of the Bolshevik October Revolution 1917, which changed the face of our continent, as well as the huge areas of former Russia and neighboring countries, were also shaped by V. I. Lenin and N. Krupskaya in the libraries of Berlin, Munich, London, Paris, Cracow, Geneva, Zurich and Bern.

Being born in Europe, on our small peninsula - a geyser of ethnic and cultural diversification, diversification of interests and dependencies, on the one hand we should be overwhelmed with satisfaction at the social transformation we have undergone.

This has moved us away from the medieval perception of the value of human existence, from the „sickle and hammer’ red ideology, in which the individual is a threat and at the same time its existential value is equal to slops.

However, it has not freed us from subtle, silent but powerful indoctrination. Social engineering processes still, “take care” of our enslavement, still shape „brain of the masses”, deal subliminally with the production of the enslaved mind. And this happens at a much higher level of social engineering than the old methods of communist indoctrination known for years.

Hence, also here and now, the birth and work of the Poets seem to come from somewhere other than this planet. Without those who, for a reason known only to themselves, and perhaps even unknown to them as well, undertook to fulfill the creative imperative, the humanity would probably cease to exist in a form similar to and pleasing to God!!

In this situation, the work of the Poetess Elena Liliana Popescu, a work of special significance, takes on a special meaning! I mention the Poetess here not for Her glory and fame dreamt of by all those who reach for the pen, but who have no reason to do so, but in order to highlight how formidable a task the Poetess must struggle with. How much Prometheism do we find in Her works! How many aspects of faith does She drag before our beings! With what does She write, if not with intellect and own blood? While, neither Her deposits of intellect nor blood can come from the resources of everyday life. These, in some way, we all reach. In this case, Her power is marked and must come from values beyond the realm of human perception.

Standing naked in artistic creation, offering fidelity and Love to anyone who wishes to follow Her, leading the way to Freedom, She must not only be superhumanly strong, courageous, obviously free of prudery, but also according to our poor standards today — She should be crazy!

Coming from the point of view of a globetrotter, an explorer going beyond the systemic boundaries of everyday life, a traveler who transcends the Earthly world and its shackles, and is not just a person wielding a pen on the edge of the desk in my workroom, sheltered by comforts of home, I have to place the

burden on the shoulders of Elena Liliana Popescu: the expedition to which the Poetess invites us also this time, in the poem *You Are Getting Closer*, finds fascination in my heart! I hope that I am not the only one in whom She evokes the sound of the call of the blood, ordering me to immediately, after packing my equipment, without a moment's hesitation to follow the Poetess' exhortation! She carries a great responsibility. For it is easy to waste someone's life, someone who is not mature enough to take up the challenge.

I write these words with a deep sense of understanding, as I have long ago crossed the aforementioned river myself... and I continue to cross it constantly, as it is a never-ending process: due to the renewing and ever-growing ignorance, the vortices of diversity, the papier-mâché monuments erected in everyday life, and other sinister forms,... from the arsenal of the entire trash heap of illusion! In a word, because of the confusion with which we are deliberately besieged, bombarded, destroyed, every day, by the lords of illusion who take a direct liking to our ignorance... for whom our ignorance is the dream (!) *status quo!*

You are getting closer to the river

“To know or not to know”

Are you ready to cross it?

How terrifying!...

Already "ages ago" I have traversed the dangerous, terrifying realms of human imagination, guarded by the Cerberuses of envy, stupidity, cunning, fear, hypocrisy, cowardice, villainy:

*You will go there, by all means,
but you will get scared by the danger
that comprises billions of minuscule
dangers, watching every step you make.*

I am experiencing the Happiness of Deserted Nothingness on the Way to the eternally glowing radiance of Truth:

*Yet,
there is silence*