

### III. BRANDS OF CULTURAL IDENTITY

#### THE DIARIES OF FĂNUȘ NEAGU

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##### **Abstract**

In his final years, starting from 2002, Fănuș Neagu introspected on his existence through journal entries. Published in 2004 by Editura Semne in Bucharest (225 pages, 12 x 17 cm format), *Jurnal cu fața ascunsă* encompasses the writer's comments from 10 August 2002 to 10 July 2004. Nearly a decade later, in 2013, Muzeul Literaturii Române Publishing House released Neagu's notes from 9 January 2005 to 7 May 2011, in a posthumous second volume, comprising 358 pages in a 13 x 20 cm format.

Compelled to adapt to unfavourable circumstances – hospitalised and with increasingly fragile health – the writer developed the habit of gathering his daily thoughts in the pages of diaries, similar in type and format to those given as gifts at the beginning of the year. These diaries had the advantage of being bound between sturdy covers, with ample space for daily annotations. The number of these diaries exceeds forty, offering a spectacle in themselves through their varying sizes, colours and thicknesses, as well as through their content.

Categorising these diaries into a “thematic” formula is challenging, as they simultaneously serve as the creative laboratory for his last novel (*Asfințit de Europă, răsărit de Asie*), an intimate journal, and contain numerous comments on recent readings (he would read two to three books daily). Additionally, the diaries refer to the events happening around him. The diarist is remarkably sincere. Above all, these diaries reveal the surprising, ineffable artistic style of Fănuș Neagu, who writes in two languages: Romanian and his own unique language.

##### **Keywords**

Literature, creative journal, personal journal, memories, Fănuș Neagu.

Compelled to adapt to circumstances he would not have wished for – hospitalised, with increasingly fragile health – Fănuș Neagu developed the habit of gathering his daily thoughts in the pages of diaries, similar in type and format to those given as gifts or purchased from bookstores at the beginning of the year. These diaries had the advantage of being bound between sturdy covers and offering ample space for daily annotations. If they were preferred over blank sheets of paper, there is only one explanation: they were readily available in most situations where he could no longer approach his writing desk. Starting in 2004, the diaries replaced the writer’s work desk, which was filled with books, typescripts and manuscripts he conceived while sitting in the famous “chair of solitude,” not an ordinary office chair, but a throne-like chair made of solid wood, with a very high backrest and inlays featuring geometric motifs centred around a stylised rhomboidal symbol of the sun. This piece of furniture gave the title to his novel of the same name, *Scaunul singurătății* (1987). Behind the imposing chair, stretching across the entire wall, was a towering bookshelf, emanating the warmth of the spirit from all those books.

Thus, the diaries supplemented the role of the writer’s work desk, being the only companions during the two phases of his final period: as a patient confined to a hospital bed and as a weekend visitor to his home on Arh. Ion Mincu Street, no. 28. The diaries incorporated the narrative material of the novel *Asfințit de Europă, răsărit de Asie* (second edition, 2011) and also served as the resource for the publication of the second part of the journal accompanying the novel. The diary texts were input into the computer and then printed on paper by Anitta, the writer’s daughter, pages on which Fănuș Neagu made corrections (typing errors, misinterpreted words) and modifications to the text.

The first revelation disclosed by the handwritten texts in these diaries refers to the writer’s working method, different from how he worked at his writing desk. However, the content remained consistent. Whether it was novels and stories, plays, sports chronicles, poetic texts, polemical attitudes or various interventions, readers discover, in these diaries, the flavour of the “Fănușian style” with the same amazement and pleasure. Equally strong and

invigorating remains the impression that the author “wrote as he breathed,” as well as the fact that he was a *bon viveur*. The reality contrasts sharply with the ease of writing that readers had attributed to Fănuș Neagu’s texts, as they always emanated a fresh and metaphorical air, like a garden of great floral richness, from whose pollen the good taste of honey resulted. It is not the fragrant park that comes into discussion, but the tireless diligence, previously hidden from view, of the bee.

It is less known, if at all, that this great creator of artistic language was, above all, a perfectionist. Whenever he glanced at his manuscripts or already printed texts, he would literally “hack them up” with long series of cuts, changing words, adding ideas. The diaries, as well as the manuscripts preserved in the family archive, are eloquent regarding the continuous effort to improve the text and confirm this obsession with artistic perfection, pursued to infinity. Metaphorically speaking, they resemble an alchemist’s workshop where, drawn from the skein of thoughts, ideas pass from the retorts of imagination through the soul’s alembic to become noble matter. Numerous pages in these diaries bear witness to this, where passages and text fragments were cut, as indicated by later references, marked with a different colour than the initial ink, indicating their place in the edited volume, a sign of their belonging to the narrative *corpus* complementing the novel *Asfințit de Europă, răsărit de Asie* or *Jurnal cu fața ascunsă*. For illustration, we provide page 326 from the manuscript of the novel *Amantul Marii doamne Dracula* (fig. 1) and page 264 from the manuscript of the novel *Asfințit de Europă, răsărit de Asie* (fig. 2).

In the nights of insomnia caused by the severe suffering that would eventually end his life, the writer constructed the architectural plan of the cathedral of words, often climbing the scaffolding of the text and adding to the respective floor everything he considered appropriate. Always and always. The second version of the novel *Asfințit de Europă, răsărit de Asie* contains, in addition, several hundred compact pages, as well as numerous additions in the interstices of the first edition, some of a few pages, others of a few lines. No reader, no matter how experienced, will realise where these were inserted!

Returning to the diaries, through their formats, sizes, colours and thicknesses – different from one another – they themselves constitute a unique miscellaneous spectacle and conceal, in their written notes, fragments of life and creation in which the tragedy of existence and the beauty of literature intertwine in an ineffable manner, sometimes invigorating, sometimes in a web of worries.

In the family archive, there are over forty diaries (fig. 3), all containing, in greater or lesser but significant proportions, information about this final stage of Fănuș Neagu's life. Providing details about the most important ones, we present:

**1. Diary 2001**, 14 x 21 cm, green brocade, titled *Omul care și-a pierdut fața. Jurnalul unui roman* (i.e. 'The man who has lost his face. The journal of a novel'), with the motto: "Stângul, stângul pe tobă, cu piciorul drept" ('Left, left on the drum with the right foot'). It contains pages numbered from 1 to 163, written on both sides (right-left, mostly on the right). The period covered is 10 August (2002) – 13 May 2003.

**2. Brainconf Diary** (2003), 17 x 24 cm, blue-pearl, titled *Caietul 2: Omul care și-a pierdut fața* ('Diary 2: The man who has lost his face'). It contains pages numbered from 1 to 112; mostly written on the right side of the pages, sometimes with additions on the left pages. The period covered is 13 May – 7 December 2003.

**3. WELZ Romania Diary** (2003), 14 x 21 cm, blue leather imitation, labelled *Caietul 3: Omul care și-a pierdut fața. (Jurnalul unui roman)* ('Diary 3: The man who has lost his face. Journal of a novel'). It contains pages numbered from 1 to 77; pages written on both sides (right-left, mostly on the right). The period covered is 7 December 2003 – 10 July 2004.

**4. SmithKlineBeecham Pharmaceuticals Diary** (1999), 21 x 27 cm, brown, titled *Jurnal cu fața ascunsă* (volumul II) ('Journal with the hidden face - Volume II'). It contains pages numbered from 162 to 168. \* The period from 24 February 2006 (evening) – 1 April 2006 was transcribed into another journal. The same diary contains, in the section designated for addresses and phone numbers, on two facing pages, *Lista cărților pentru Amantul Marii*

*Doamne Dracula* (i.e., the list of books for *Amantul Marii Doamne Dracula*): 26 titles.

**5. *Racova.Com.Agro.Pan.Grup Diary*** (2005), 14 x 21 cm, dark green, titled *Jurnal cu fața ascunsă*. It contains pages numbered from 162 to 274, written on both sides (right-left, mostly on the right). The period covered is 23 February 2006 – 4 June 2007. \*\* It should be noted that, upon the release of the second volume of *Jurnal cu fața ascunsă* (2011), along with other manuscripts, photographs and documents, three of the writer's diaries were acquired by the Museum of the Romanian Literature. Therefore, to the diaries mentioned above, held in the family archive, we should add:

**6. *Professional Diary*** (2006), 14 x 21 cm, silver cardboard. It contains pages numbered from 1 to 161, pages mostly written on the right-hand side. The period covered is 9 January 2005 – 19 February 2006. Catalogued as NMSSC 10/33713/1-163.

**7. *RomPetrol Diary*** (2006), 14 x 21 cm, green cardboard with metal-edged corners. It contains pages numbered from 1 to 153, pages mostly written on the right-hand side. The period covered is 11 May 2008 – 24 February 2010. Catalogued as NMSSC 11/33714/1-153.

**8. *Romanian Commercial Bank Diary*** (2002), 14 x 21 cm, brown cardboard. It contains pages numbered from 1 to 68, pages mostly written on the right side. The period covered is 4 March 2010 – 7 May 2011. Catalogued as NMSSC 12/33715/1-68.

Over the years, the journal received several titles, from *Roata galbenă a căruței* ('The Yellow Wheel of the Cart') to *Jurnal cu fața pierdută* ('Journal with the Lost Face'), then *Jurnal cu fața acoperită* ('Journal with the Covered Face'), until the final choice, *Jurnal cu fața ascunsă* ('Journal with the Hidden Face'), undoubtedly the most suggestive.

The daily events and the calendar month corresponding to those present in the unique format do not match the printed dates in the diaries. They are overridden by the writer's "re-datings." These constitute biographical certainties, as life, unlike the work *in statu nascendi*, is datable, and such references are of real help to any biographical endeavours.

For the fluency of reading, we will forgo chronological datings, replacing this otherwise difficult-to-fully-satisfy desideratum with facsimiles from the writer's diaries. It follows that our intention is purely aesthetic (stylistic), placing the relationship of content to dating in the background. Similarly, categorising the diaries into a "thematic" formula is difficult to establish as they are *in corpore* and, therefore, simultaneously the creative laboratory of his last novel *Asfințit de Europă, răsarit de Asie*, a medical, telephone and bibliographic repertoire, an intimate journal and a herbarium of stylistic flowers and florets, an anthology of comments from recent readings – he would read two to three books daily – from which he would select quotes, aphorisms and maxims. It is worth mentioning that Fănuș Neagu's profile was that of an autodidact, unless being an autodidact is part of the structure of any writer eager to know what is happening in the spirituality of his country, as well as in other literatures, not as a display of erudition, but as a thirst for knowledge.

In a characteristic disorder of the probing thoughts that accompanied his hours of suffering, the writer recorded everything that was happening around him from his hospital bed. Distributed chaotically, the above sections can and cannot be separated if such a goal were to be implemented. For the purpose of providing information, the creative pages can be delineated from the other contents as they are essential for the realisation of a critical edition. Similarly, the pages of the intimate journal, whose detailed minutiae are welcome for the unromanticised biography of Fănuș Neagu. However, on the other hand, by making such delineations, something would be lost from the entirety of all these concerns from the writer's last years of life, as, in their entirety – and this fact is worth noting – the diaries illustrate (even in these sad circumstances) the spectacle of the "Fănușian style."

Further on, we shall attempt to group, as much as possible thematically, some of the entries from the diaries. Fănuș Neagu was perceived by his contemporaries as a jovial nature, spreading venomous, often memorable retorts left and right, his image being that of the eternal bohemian attached to the glass and all the joys of life, a creator of a cheerful, festive atmosphere, always ready to forge new friendships. Impressively many

“random events” have cast a veil of magic over his life and work. Well-preserved in the collective memory, the episodes in which he was the protagonist intensely coloured the biography of the prose writer, who himself became a “character” around whom legends were woven: “I would get drunk with three priests from Moldova. They know what frosted wine is, they don’t pay attention to small sins and they keep a prudent distance from bombastic expressions” (14 January 2009).

It would be unfair, however, for the mist of miraculous events to obscure his writerly effigy, who often self-ironizes: “Today I should drink forty-four glasses dedicated to the *Holy Martyrs of Sebastia*, killed by Agricola. I started them yesterday. On the way, I lost count. What if I start over? Oh, if I were at least ten years younger, I would get to work.” Here is what the diarist noted on 9 March 2005: “At noon, I made my way to Băneasa, to Uncle Gheorghe V. to hear stories from the neighbourhood – he has an extraordinary sense of humour. ‘Aunt Olga,’ I ask his wife, ‘where is Uncle Gheorghe?’ ‘At the Olympic Games, may a thousand devils take him!’ By Olympic Games, I should understand dice. I made the trip for nothing, he cannot be disturbed” (25 July 2007). Self-irony, of very good quality, we might say, is also present in the journal pages: “A year ago, I was having lunch with Mihai Ispirescu in a restaurant on the Chestnut Boulevard in Ploiești. At one point, I hear someone at a nearby table asking his friends, discreetly pointing at me: ‘Hey, who is that solid guy, he looks very familiar?’ The answer stunned me: ‘He’s the one who wrote *Baltagul*.’ If the idiot had added that I also wrote *Hanul Ancuței* and *Zahei Orbul*, I would have made him rich” (27 April 2008). Among the memories of his personal past, we shall invoke the following: “Graham Greene, when I saw him (for the first and last time) in Bucharest, was well over 80 years old. He was going to a rendezvous with D. C., the translator he had fallen in love with, as some colleagues had whispered in my ear. I was petrified with respect (as I had been with other literary classics), although at that time I didn’t like old people, but I liked the English. Time, always wise, took care to reverse things: today I don’t like the English at all, but I’m not crazy about old people either. Graham Greene remains steadfast in the centre of the admiration and envy I am capable of”

(20 August 2009). Invited to the Soviet Union (1986), the writer had polemical revelations and memories: “Chabua Amirejibi, the famous Georgian author of the huge novel *Data Tutashkhia*, told me in Tbilisi that the most prominent Georgian painter, Pirosmiani, hopelessly in love with an actress, sent her a million roses! Nothing surprising, Georgia lives on the border with the splendid poems of the Orient: Persia and Turkey. Under the shadow cast by the phantom of Scheherazade. In the heart of the fairy tale.” “Another fairy tale scene. I insisted on visiting the small apartment in Moscow – Sadovaya, 302 bis – where Mikhail Bulgakov wrote *The Master and Margarita*. The apartment is located on the fifth floor and its occupant at the time (the story takes place a quarter of a century ago), tired of all sorts of visitors, kept the door locked most of the day. The stairwell was painted from bottom to top by young readers with scenes from the novel. Dominating, as you can imagine, was the demonic laughing figure of the cat Behemoth. In a square of a few square centimetres, someone had written in Latin characters: *Speramus meliora, resurget cineribus...* [We hope for better things; it will rise from the ashes (Latin)]. What the hell are those KGB guys doing?, I shouted inwardly, laughing” (28/29 July 2008).

The diaries contain quotes and observations made on the writer’s readings, from books devoured overnight, a subject that would merit many comments. For the moment, we shall limit ourselves to suggesting something about the vastness of Fănuș Neagu’s readings: “Lord, how much blue you spend so that we do not see you?” (Cavafy? Elytis?) (28 July 2007). “Pablo Neruda – the volume of memoirs *I Confess That I Have Lived* – revealed to me the noble face of the world. Rarely have I read a more beautiful hymn dedicated to the Spanish language.:

*‘Beloved words... They glitter like coloured stones, they leap like silver fish, they are foam, thread, metal, dew... I chase some words... They are so beautiful that I want to fit them all into my poem... I catch them in mid-flight, as they buzz past, I trap them, clean them, peel them, I set myself in front of the dish, they have a crystalline texture to me, vibrant, ivory, vegetable, oily, like fruit, like algae, like agates, like olives... And then I stir them, I shake them, I drink them, I gulp them down, I mash them, I garnish*



*them, I let them go... Everything exists in the word... An idea goes through a complete change because one word shifted its place, or because another settled down like a spoiled little thing inside a phrase that was not expecting her but obeys her... What a great language I have, it's a fine language we inherited from the fierce conquistadors. [...] They strode over the giant cordilleras, over the rugged Americas; hunting for potatoes, sausages, beans, black tobacco, gold, corn, fried eggs, with a voracious appetite not found in the world since then... They swallowed up everything, religions, pyramids, tribes, idolatries just like the ones they brought along in their huge sacks... Wherever they went, they razed the land... But words fell like pebbles out of the boots of the barbarians, out of their beards, their helmets, their horseshoes, luminous words that were left glittering here... Our language... We came up losers... We came up winners... They carried off the gold and left us the gold... They carried everything off and left us everything... They left us the words.'* (18 September 2005).

*“From my ashes, a swan will be born that you will not be able to burn.” (Jan Hus ascending the stake of the Inquisition). Whenever my eyes fall on these words of Jan Hus, my mind flies involuntarily to those strange, astonishing, sumptuous black swans risen from the ashes of Nae Ionescu and named Cioran, Eliade, Noica, Țuțea, Acterian... (14 January 2009). Here is a precious and memorable stylistic observation: “Any extra adjective in a sentence is the straw that broke the camel’s back” (14 January 2010). Or a harsh observation about journalists of the 2000s: “Throw a lizard to the Romanian press and you will get back a seven-headed dragon.” (3 November 2010).*

The creative pages in these diaries are intersected with prescriptions for medications, phone numbers of attending physicians and friends, even the numbers for weekly lottery draws, as Fănuș Neagu always believed in his lucky star. Also found in these pages are the list of characters for his last novel, dowry deeds, prices from the beginning of the last century – fishmongers, butchers, bakeries – all deserving attention in separate articles. There are also comments and flashes of ideas concerning the social, sports and fashionable events of the time, some of which were turned into pamphlets. These notes include entire collections of “lists of slums”

(*Sineasca, Belivacă, Fața luncii, Chițăroaia*), names of taverns (*La trei dește, La mielul blând, La grădina ocolită, La butoiul verde, La Camera Lorzilor*), names of thieves (*Daolică, Fulgeratu, Rașpă*) or fiddlers (*Fane Mămăligă*), ending expansively-admiratively:

*“As you can see, only bluebirds, one and all.”*

These elaborations are the result of a continuous creative process, extending to all moments of the day. In these pages, Fănuș Neagu reflects on his chosen profession, his own destiny and the condition of the writer, oscillating between the inner joy of dedicating himself to writing and the “curse” of this work, more easily conveyed through the desire for self-overcoming found in the *Ballad of Master Manole*, that is, the aesthetic myth, as considered by G. Călinescu.

To demonstrate that the difference in style and attitude between Fănuș Neagu’s printed works and manuscripts is negligible, we shall refer to the author’s ideas extracted from two texts published in those years. In the magazine *Argeș* (no. 6-7, 1990), Fănuș Neagu confessed about the profession of a writer and its future:

*“The young writer will be much more tested because he will be captivated by the festive spectacle of life and the ease of publishing [...]. I imagine he will be much less willing to sacrifice. Life is beautiful and will become increasingly tempting, so I do not know how many talented people will now prefer the profession of writing 8-12 hours a day over the great, dazzling fireworks of wealth. The structure of the authentic writer refuses from the outset the dance on stage. I refer to prose writers. If they want to be inscribed in a history of literature, they are obliged to chain themselves to the chair. [...] Prose means slavery. Those who do not know how to be slaves to an idea should become lumber merchants. [...] Writing is not a Sunday. It is the day of yoking to the plough and accepting the hours of darkness and falling into death. Too few writers resurrect from their letters. Too few become great. Those who believe they can endure the torment of loneliness, harness yourselves to this task. [...] And at the same time, be lucid that the wheel of fortune almost always throws the ball of victory outside the roulette*

[...]. *We are in a world of technology, a world where optimism is measured in money, and imposture by excesses.*”

A few years later, in Bacău, upon receiving an award from the *Ateneu* magazine, XXXI (1994), no. 1(292), Leo Butnaru, a poet and essayist from the Republic of Moldova, requested an extensive interview, a dialogue from which we present the passage below:

– *How is a book written, hard, easily? [...]*

– *I do not even write, I struggle.*

– *How do you struggle?*

– *Well, I wake up at night from sleep when a phrase comes to me, an idea comes to me, and I remain obsessed with them. And then, to live, I have to write an article almost every day, which almost kills me. Sometimes I feel like shooting myself, sure – a wheat spike, not a bullet in the temple, because I am obliged to write articles to live, for my family, my mother, my wife, my child to live. And if I could live off writing, I would never write a line in a newspaper. [...] Ah! I would feel so good in an ivory tower if I had money. I wouldn't read newspapers anymore, I wouldn't see them in my eyes. May God give everyone wealth and me peace, because for me no being in the world compares to the being of reading, the being of writing and of the family.*”

These two quotes fit like a glove to the “hidden face” portrait to which we have full access in the over 40 diaries of Fănuș Neagu. The diary pages open to the viewer in an unexpected, mixed manner, as shown above – apparently, without having a meaning. As we know from the complete works, they illustrate the daily dialogues of the last stage of the writer's life, who possessed the secret of speaking with people, with stones, domestic and wild animals, with trees and flowers, with nature. It is the artistic secret of his entire creation, revealed in the diaries along with the undeserved suffering: talent without work means (almost)... nothing!

## **Bibliography**

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face. The journal of a novel'), The period covered is 10 August (2002) – 13 May 2003.

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*Fanny heag*

— Sunul gustos ~~de~~ dilate  
mânăle m. sarei —  
puse  
în

Str. Arhitect Ion Mincu 27, Bucuresti; Telefon: 021 - 222.5555

~~La~~ Sarei Jackman un fel de urechi sîmbur-se să sare  
pînă  
în decăderea afecțiunilor a micuții de jum.  
La ~~acești~~ distanță, ~~ce~~ neol ~~de~~ bărbat  
tor mîti să care lățe cu fructe și să la strîngă m'ca-  
misan și căcute, se crucează cu o rachiu duto-o fleacă,  
treacăndu-și o din mână-y mână. Greva, țese slăbușii în  
măgucia drumului cotroșt de ~~otava~~ ~~urmas~~ ~~stăruie~~  
fieri de fier ~~care~~ de cai; departe, în coama  
de ~~de~~ de sauot de meze bărbănuș, scăntea ~~de~~ le-  
mîini încetoscăte, unușul penburile amare, pînă un stor  
și de nemîni, și împunea întăritate mîne mîismele  
jlawe jaiud din vadul simțului. Intensitatea țării și mola-  
tică a lunii, tremurările ei de aus ~~de~~ eleganță și  
pașimament aşteptării ~~ce~~ clipe ~~unice~~ could mîile mîntare ab  
noptii și ~~ca~~ dezglîoacă păstăre. ~~de-o~~ ~~frumusețe~~ nevăzată  
de ei.

*(englez)* Pentru bărbatii care beau rachiu, Sarei era un fel de salve  
cu trei sferturi din noramul ~~stăruie~~ acumăndu-i fiinta  
enigmatică; restul mîndritelor se străduie să-i dobîndească  
sigabnic-evaziu o parte din ovalul feiei de apărea. Cel ce  
țigă ~~de~~ stănuia ~~stăruie~~ o fovește, nu ca să  
umblă timpul, ci ca să întinde cu ~~de~~ ră-  
vedăre toana curvei lui Serban Nelson ~~de~~ să se distinge  
pînăndu-i cu se ~~de~~ pentru ~~de~~ de pîine. De unde  
să știe el ca vocei lui în umflor de încredere ~~de~~  
raja, ~~de~~ răjita?

*(repetiția)* — Eea de ~~de~~ Sântămăria Mica (În lăcătul inimii  
de acel timp, dintr-o posibilitate îndepărtată scîntăie  
reduciei, iarba ~~de~~ din preajmă, drobită de corpule ~~de~~  
car ~~de~~ a țarmărie (măbrăntita de preieri în stufa-  
pîpul din lînce înestului tipă o pasăre), ~~de~~ o  
stăruie de ~~de~~, care și ~~de~~ sunt numele ei ~~de~~ și ~~de~~  
futura ~~de~~ de se fiout și ~~de~~ mură cu bere ~~de~~  
juz-o culturăca, ~~de~~ ~~de~~ se mai apar. ~~de~~

și ~~de~~ în comedie

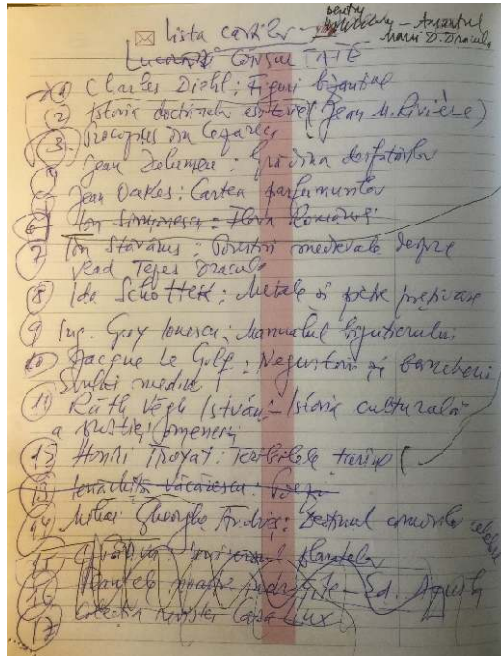
3223  
332  
Muzeul  
Național al  
Literaturii  
Române

VERSO

Fig. 2: Page 264 from the manuscript of the novel Asfințit de Europă, răsărit de Asie



Fig. 3: Some of the over 40 diaries from Fănuș Neagu's family archive



List of books used for *The Lover of the Great Lady Dracula*

10  
11  
12  
13

no. 10  
11  
12  
13

JANUARI  
JANUARI  
GENUARI  
JANUAR

no. 10  
11  
12  
13

14. Abuzet de Europa, Lăcrău de Asia

personaje cu vârsta, în anul (2001)

1 - Ștefan Negari	50	48 de ani, născut 1948
2 - Miki Murgan	50	48 de ani " "
3 - Andruș	39	37 x ani, născut 1964
4 - Gică Lăcrău	38	36 de ani, " 1965
5 - Geluța Lăcrău	38	33 de ani, " 1968
6 - Petruța Negari	18	17 ani, " 1984
7 - Zărnă Lăcrău	34	34 de ani, născut 1967
8 - Yvonne Zărnă	52	52 de ani, născut 1949
9 - Anka Lăcrău	58	58 x ani, născut 1943
10 - Găvruta Zărnă Clăuș	19	19 ani, născut 1981-82
11 - Sara Zărnă	37	34-35 ani, născut 1966-67

H. Iordănescu - 37 ani în 2003 - născut 1966

2003  
vârsta  
89  
22  
22  
14  
36

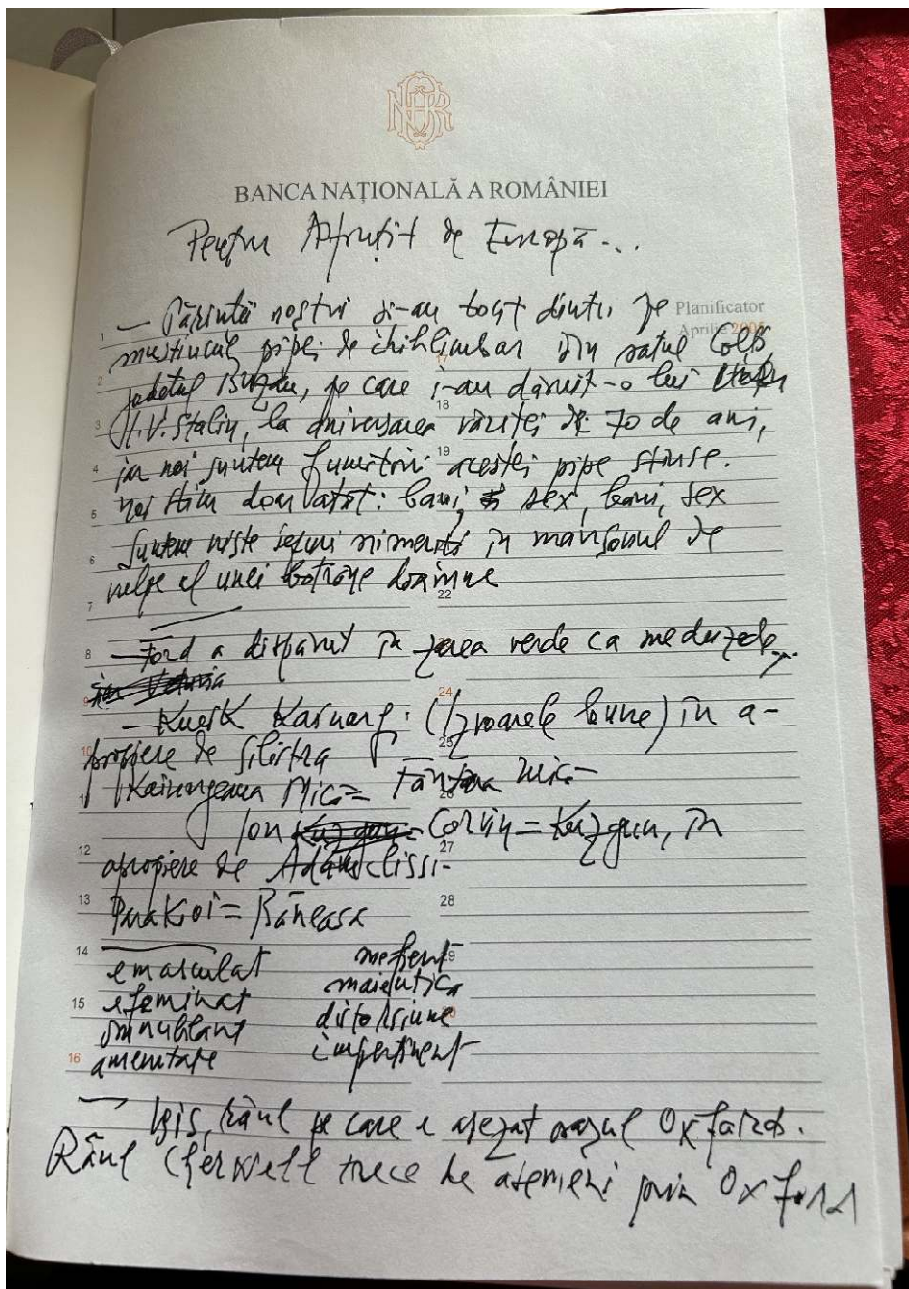
2003  
19 ani  
2003  
1967  
236

36  
Zărnă de ani ce  
de Lăcrău sau Făclăuș

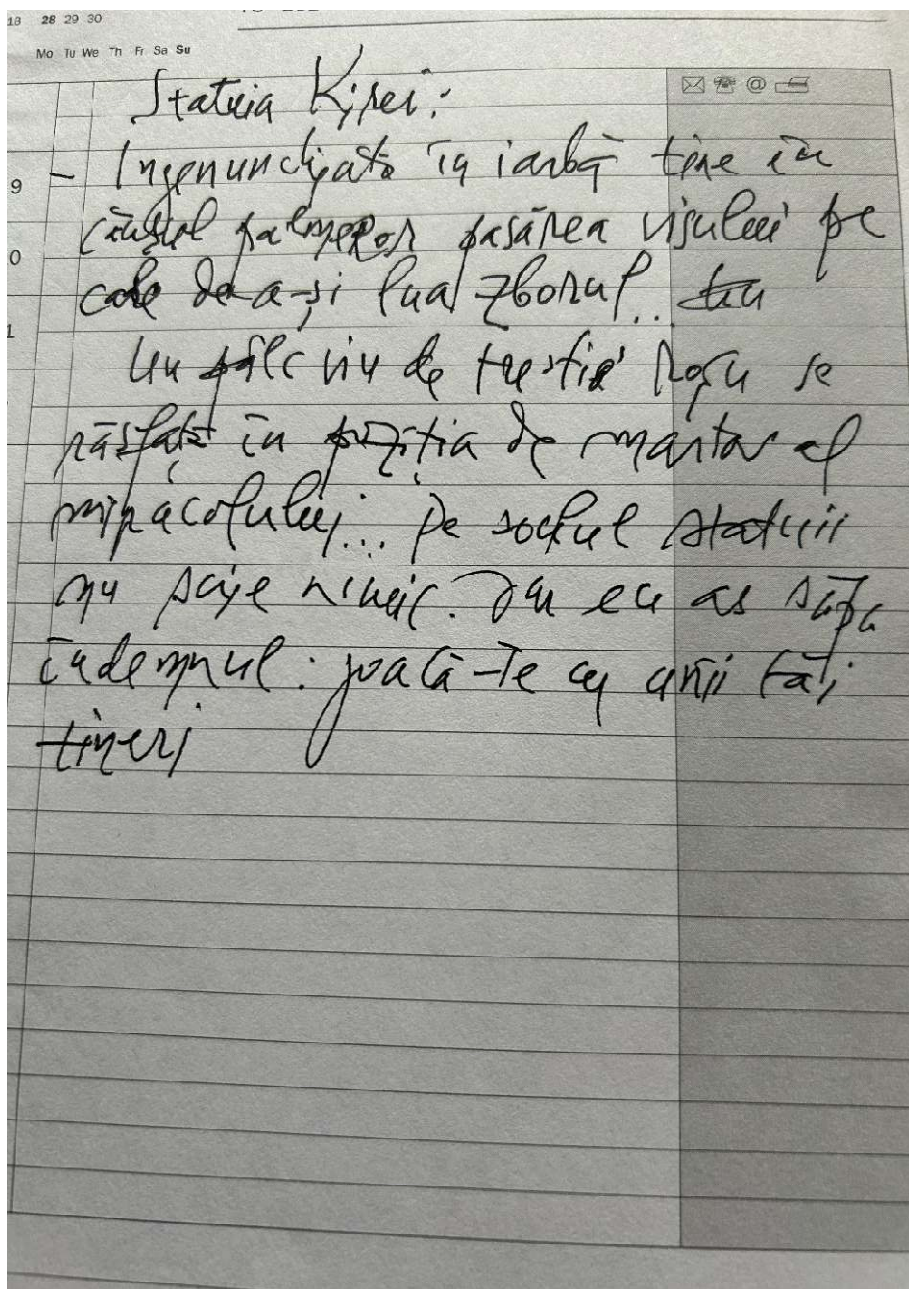
Sultane  
heranite a Zărnă  
DE CALCIAT - cond' va veni la rând

List of characters in *Sunset in Europe, Sunrise in Asia*





Diary page called „For the Sunset of Europe”



Diary page called „Kira's portrait”