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20 ROMANIAN WRITERS



Still taken from interview with Paul Honeywill,
Director UPP, appearing on Romanian cultural
TV to discuss the series 20 Romanian Writers

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The Romanian Cultural Institute

The Romanian Cultural Institute is working in partnership with the National Book Centre's translation programme and University of Plymouth Press to create and publish *20 Romanian Writers*.

The goal of the Romanian Cultural Institute, a public institution of national interest founded in 2003, is to enhance the visibility of Romanian cultural values world wide. Year by year, the Romanian Cultural Institute has expanded its activities, placing particular emphasis on the encouragement of young talent and the promotion of Romanian cultural values internationally. The primary means for achieving this goal are dissemination of information and consolidation of Romanian cultural identity.

The Romanian Cultural Institute represents a channel of communication between the public abroad and Romanian cultural artefacts. International promotion of Romanian culture is primarily achieved via the fifteen institutes abroad, in Berlin, Budapest, Istanbul, Lisbon, London, Madrid, New York, Paris, Prague, Rome, Stockholm, Tel Aviv, Venice, Vienna, and Warsaw. Their mission is to create high-impact events, calibrate supply according to specific types of foreign audience, and preserve the balance between a sense of national identity and international openness.

Twenty of Romania's most influential and award-winning authors are launched by UPP in a new series *20 Romanian Writers*. Romanian arts have long been unknown in the West and this series aims to make a lasting contribution to the canon of Eastern European literature.

These works have been translated into English for the first time; the collection captures Romania's rich cultural diversity and artistic heritage. Selected by an independent Romanian jury of editors, academics and publishers, the series showcases the most notable Romanian novels, essays, poetry, short prose and philosophy of the 20th and 21st centuries.

Each volume is edited and comes with a substantial introduction which contextualises the work not only within Romanian, but Eastern European and Anglo-American traditions. Texts are complemented with a 16 page full colour supplement provided by some of Romania's leading contemporary visual artists. *20 Romanian Writers* is a landmark collection of the very best writing, which has come from Romania during the past 100 years.

An Interview with Ioan Groșan

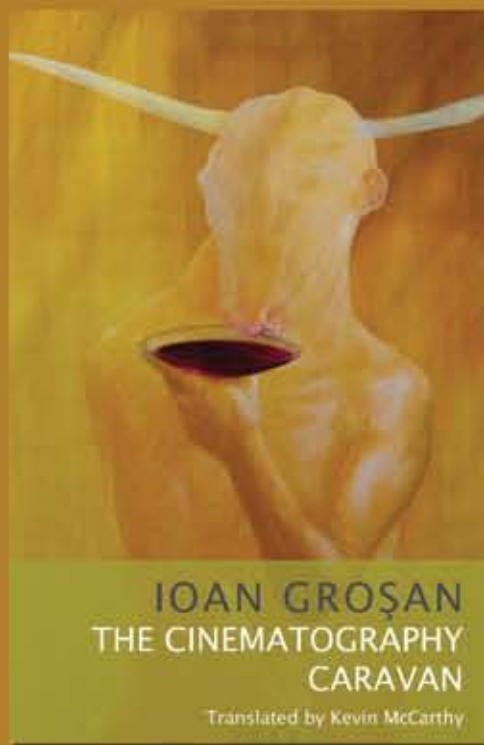
Excerpt – Full version on the web
Translation by Alistair Ian Blyth

Who is your readership in Romania and do you feel that there is a similar English-speaking readership?

In general, everywhere in the world, there are, I think, two categories of reader. One comprises those who read for relaxation, as a pastime while they are travelling to a destination by train or aeroplane, etc. These are the readers of romantic, detective or adventure fiction, unpretentious readers who gulp down books. The second category is that of well-informed readers, with a solid culture, who are looking for vision, spirituality and aesthetic beauty in books. These are the readers that interest me and from this point of view I don't think there are great differences between Romanian and English readers, because they both have the same goal: spiritual self-enrichment.

Ioan Groșan

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Ioan Groșan is a fiction writer, playwright and journalist. His novels and stories focus on the everyday, on banal events, with an acute sense of kitsch. Play, experimentation and irony characterise and energise the texts, yet there is an undercurrent of bitterness and a crystallisation of melancholy.

A typical case of post-modernism, in which naivety has been replaced by an ironic consciousness of the library from which the text is nourished, Groșan's prose is, however, an indisputable proof of essential engagement, in all its variety: one of the writer's eyes watches the convulsions of being, its eternal dramas, while the other gazes behind literature, scrutinising its past.

Radu G. Țeposu

Founding member of the Association of Professional Romanian Writers - ASPRO

The Cinematography Caravan

Ioan Groșan

Romanian Writers' Prize for Prose, 1992

ISBN 978-1-84102-205-5 Hardback £20

230 x 150mm | colour section | head and tail bands | 128 pages

Publication date: 14 November 2009



A black comedy set in 1960s Romania: a Stalinist propaganda film truck rumbles into a forgotten Transylvanian village. The occupants of the village believe in the traditional values of church and God and are in no mood to participate, placing obstacles in the way of the Cinematography Caravan crew. The resultant humour is deliberately provincial as the villagers find their own unique ways of dealing with them while they're in town.

Cover Art and Colour Section

Alexandru Radvan questions essential problems of meaning and reality, the dominance of Christian belief structures, and so-called European 'civilisation'. Nihilistic in tone, like Groșan, his art questions rhetorics of truth and uncertainty.

An Interview with Ioan Groșan

Excerpt – Full version on the web

Translation by Alistair Ian Blyth

Internationally, not much has been published or is known about Romanian writing. How would you describe your writing to an English speaking audience, would this audience need an understanding of Romanian culture to appreciate the finer points within the text?

It would be ideal for the English reading public to know as much as possible about our specific national culture; but given that this has not happened up to now, all I can do is to hope that the subjects, themes and styles of Romanian writers will stir sufficient interest, because ultimately the major themes of any literature are always the same, but with infinite variations. As far as I am concerned, if I were to find a common denominator for my prose pieces, it would be the relationship between the fictional and the real, the way in which they interact, be it a question of political fiction (about communism), as in *The Cinematography Caravan*, or of literary fiction, as in *The Island*, or quasi-fantastic fiction, as in *Night Train*. This relationship between fiction and reality still obsesses me even today.

An Extract from this Forthcoming Title:

Translation by Kevin McCarthy

There was one part of her story she would love to tell at length – the arrival of the books, which occurred several days after that first evening with the Beneas. She would carefully pack in all the details and struggle to be as precise as possible, but she knew that she would never succeed, it would be a futile exercise, because she was certain that she could never convey to her listeners the turbulent feelings behind her words. A truck brought them to the river in the evening. The driver, looking sceptically at Plopu's ferry, muttered that he wasn't going to have his truck lying on the riverbed just for the sake of a few books. They would have to help him unload them. When he pulled away the tarpaulin, she was stunned, charmed; all the books packed into the first layer had bright, glowing red covers. "They're beautiful!" she exclaimed. She stroked them softly. Her

As a Romanian, have your personal experiences of communism influenced your writing? In particular, how has a democratic regime influenced your work? What are the biggest challenges that you face as a Romanian writer, and with Romania now an EU member what changes do you look forward to seeing?

Romanian communism was a terrible experience, especially its beginning (prison camps, gaols, the extermination of intellectuals and the wealthier peasants, Orwellian production co-operatives, and so on) and its end, in the 1980s (cold, hunger, queues for almost every kind of foodstuff). In my childhood and adolescence, in the so-called period of liberalisation under Ceaușescu, there was to a certain extent an ideological thaw, and it was then that translations from western philosophy and literature, which had been banned up until then, began to be published, and so I took advantage of this as much as I could. When the screws were tightened once more, it was too late for communism to change me or my peers – we were already imbued with Western values. Communism was like diabetes in a way: you treated it with the insulin of reading, pirate videos, and so on. It didn't matter, for example, that there used to be frequent power cuts: we used to read and write – like Shakespeare, by candlelight.

fingers slid over the surface of the covers, which felt like varnished wood to the touch. A shiver of delight spread up into the palm of her hand. She found that the books in the next layer were all of the same colour. She climbed up onto the truck's cargo platform and began handing the books, via the driver, to Plopu, who arranged them in a pile by the riverbank. Increasingly astonished, she looked through the piles of books in order to see if she could find one that was white or grey, or with a blue spine. All of them were red, however. They differed only in size and format. The first ones she held in her hands had few pages and were enveloped in a pale red binding that, like a negligee, hid the thinness of the volumes. Then there were a large number of simple brochures, thin and broad, in a brash colour that bordered on the purple and attracted one's attention like an open wound. When the pile on the riverbank was almost equal in size to that on the back of the truck, she came across some thicker books. Their covers were a shade of red that was lighter, edging towards the banal...

Max Blecher

20 ROMANIAN WRITERS



Occurrence in the Immediate Unreality

Max Blecher

ISBN 978-1-84102-207-9 Hardback £20
230 x 150mm | colour section | head and tail bands | 128 pages
Publication date: 14 November 2009



This autobiographical fiction offers an intimate and unsettling account of Blecher's ideas of self-identity and the body. He explores the 'crisis of unreality' in relation to the human condition and shares his adolescent experiences of physical infirmity, social isolation and sexual awakening.

Cover Art and Colour Section

Anca Boeriu is one of Romania's leading artists and is influenced by human bodies that are in a state of tension. There is a clear relationship between Boeriu's art and Blecher's condition which left him incapacitated for the last 10 years of his life.

A poet and prose-writer, Blecher offers a harrowing account of the "bizarre adventure of being a man" drawing upon his experience of being diagnosed with tuberculosis of the spine in 1928. He was treated in various sanatoria in France, Switzerland and Romania where he spent much of his time corresponding with Geo Bogza, Mihail Sebastian, André Breton, André Gide, Martin Heidegger and Ilarie Voronca, and sporadically collaborated with *Le Surréalisme au service de la révolution* and *Les Feuilles inutiles*.

What makes Max Blecher akin to Kafka, Bruno Schulz or Robert Walser is above all the faculty of inhabiting misfortune... Things emerge from their neutrality and besiege him, seeking to fascinate or terrorise him.

Ovid Crohmălniceanu

Prominent communist era and post-war critic

An Extract from this Forthcoming Title:

Translation by Alistair Ian Blyth

I was a tall, thin, pale boy, with a slender throat poking from the overly large collar of my tunic. My long hands dangled below my jacket like freshly flayed animals. My pockets bulged with objects and bits of paper. I used to have a hard time retrieving a handkerchief from the bottom of these pockets to wipe the dust off my boots, when I reached the streets of the "centre".

Around me evolved the simple and elementary things of life. A pig would be scratching itself against a fence and I would stop for minutes at a time to watch it. Nothing surpassed in its perfection the rasping of coarse bristles against wood; I found in it something immensely satisfying, a soothing assurance that the world continued to exist...

On a street at the edge of town I found a workshop for rustic woodcarving, where, again, I used to linger for a long time.

In the shop there were thousands of smooth white things among the curly shavings that fell from the workbench and filled the room with their rigid froth, redolent of resin.

The piece of wood beneath the tool would grow finer, paler, and its capillaries would come into view limpidly and well inscribed, like those beneath a woman's skin.

Alongside, on a table there were wooden balls, calm and messy balls that filled the whole surface area of my hand with a smooth, ineffable weight.

Then there were the wooden chess pieces, redolent of fresh wood stain, and the entire wall covered with flowers and angels.

Such materials sometimes exuded sublime patches of eczema, with lacework suppurations, painted or carved.

In winter, blisters of rime erupted, the solidified water acquiring carven forms. In summer flowers gushed forth in thousands of minuscule explosions, with red, blue and orange petalised flames.

Throughout the year the master carver, with his spectacles missing one lens, would extract from the wood spirals of smoke and Red Indian arrows, seashells and ferns, peacock feathers and human ears.

In vain did I watch that slow labour in order to catch the moment when the ragged, moist piece of wood exhaled itself in a petrified rose.

In vain did I myself try to consummate such a miracle. I held in my hand an untrimmed, ruffled, stony piece of pinewood, but from beneath the plane, all of a sudden, there emerged something as slippery as a fainting fit.

Perhaps, as I began to plane the plank, I was overcome by a deep sleep and extraordinary powers then spread their tentacles through the air, entering the wood and producing the cataclysm.

Perhaps the whole world came to a stop in those few seconds and no one was aware of the time elapsed. In deep sleep the craftsman had of course carved all the lilies on the walls and all the violins with their volutes.

When I awoke, the plank revealed to me the lines of its age, like a palm shows the lines of fate.

I picked up one object after another and their variety dizzied me. In vain did I grip a file, slowly run my fingers over it, place it to my cheek, swivel it, let it fall spinning to the floor... In vain... in vain... nothing had any meaning.

Everywhere, hard, inert matter surrounded me – here in the form of wooden balls and carvings – in the street in the form of trees, houses, and stones; immense and futile, matter enveloped me from head to foot. In whichever direction my thoughts turned, matter surrounded me, from my clothes to the springs in the forest, passing through walls, trees, stones, glass...

Into every cranny the lava of matter had spilled from the earth, petrifying in the empty air, in the form of houses with windows; trees with branches that ever rose to pierce the emptiness; flowers, soft and colourful, which filled the small curved volumes of space; churches whose cupolas soared ever higher, as far as the slender cross at their pinnacle, where matter halted its trickling into the heights, powerless to ascend further...

Constantin Noica

20 ROMANIAN WRITERS



Constantin Noica was awarded a Doctorate in Philosophy for his thesis *Sketch for the History of How Anything New is Possible*, published in 1940. He worked as a Philosophy consultant at the Romanian-German Institute in Berlin (1941-1944) and as a researcher for the Logic Centre of the Romanian Academy. Between 1949 and 1958 he was held under house arrest in Cîmpulung-Muscel and was later imprisoned as a political detainee (1958-1964).

‘When you arrive in the wide world you will see that your inner limits are more painful than your outer limits’. All these fragmentary episodes, and many others contain something enigmatic. I have the feeling that they say something important and enigmatic about Noica’s ethos.

Sorin Vieru

Romanian philosopher and publicist

Six Maladies of the Contemporary Spirit

Constantin Noica

Posthumously awarded the Herder Prize, 1988

ISBN 978-1-84102-203-1 Hardback £20

230 x 150mm | colour section | head and tail bands | 192 pages

Publication date: 14 November 2009



In this unique work, Noica analyses history, culture and the individual in what he describes as the fundamental precariousness of being. ‘Maladies’ of the spirit are no longer debilitating, but creative for our European interest in change, unity, and diversity.

Cover Art and Colour Section

Florin Stoiciu belongs to a young generation of Romanian printmakers whose work fits within the wave of a multiform post-modernity. Like Noica, his explorations of contemporary continuities and change in Romania are bittersweet, with an existential undertow.

An Extract from this Forthcoming Title:

Translation by Alistair Ian Blyth

Besides the somatic maladies, identified for centuries, and the psychical maladies, identified for barely a century, there must also be maladies of a higher order, of the spirit let us suppose. No neurosis can explain the despair of Ecclesiastes, the sentiment of exile on earth or of alienation, metaphysical ennui, the sentiment of the void or of the absurd, the hypertrophy of the I, rejection of everything, and empty controversy; no psychosis can explain economic and political tumult, abstract art, the demonism of technology, and the extreme cultural formalism that nowadays leads to the primacy of empty exactitude.

There can be no doubt that some of these orientations have resulted in major creations. Nevertheless they still represent a great maladjustment of the spirit. But whereas the somatic diseases have an accidental character (even death, it has been said, is accidental to living being) and the psychical diseases are somehow contingent-necessary, because they arise from man’s individual and social conditioning, both of which are still accidental, the maladies of the spirit seem to be constitutive.

What we shall be trying to argue in these pages and those that follow is that the maladies of the spirit are in fact maladies of Being, ontic maladies, and for this reason, in contrast to other maladies, they may well be constitutive of man, since, although the body and the soul also participate in Being, it is the spirit alone that fully reflects it in both its power and precariousness. Diseased Being also is, in one of the variants of “is”. Living and dead things can be left blocked in one of the maladies of Being, which they then conceal with their apparent certitude, but which man, with his higher incertitude, reveals...

If, for example, a scientist achieved interminable prolongation of life and placed the procedure at the disposal of mankind, he would have to be showered with laurels in the first instance and then brought to trial in

the second. He would be a falsifier of values, specifically a falsifier of Being. Just as there are falsifiers of money, so too there can be falsifiers of values other than money, for example falsifiers of truth or beauty and, in particular, falsifiers of good. (One part of modern technology poses the question of whether, by producing certain types of useless goods, it falsifies the idea of good.) Insofar as Being is a value, or even “the value” at the heart of the real, it may thus be falsified: just as some people pass on false money, so the scientist in question would offer us false Being.

Though we can do without false money, it is likely, however, that we would not be able to do without the false Being thereby obtained and that the falsifier would go unpunished. Rather we would use false Being in an attempt to endow with sense and ontological plenitude an existence which, within its ordinary limits, cannot very easily discover its Being. In other words, with a false Being (like the existence of the amoeba, which in duration surpasses all other terrestrial existences) we would aspire to compensate for a void <vid> in Being.

Perhaps only then, through the dilation in time of human life, would we see our emptiness <golul> of Being, the same as in the Romanian folktale *Unageing Youth*, which admirably shows how dreary man’s life would be if it were projected onto the screen of eternity. One does not have the right to demand the prolongation of such a life, burdened as it is by chronic anaemia or a veritable spiritual haemophilia. One cannot accept the gift of its prolongation. But one can ask oneself, once one understands that eternity is not sufficient condition (and perhaps not even necessary) to confer full Being, whether somehow it is not something other than the fact that he is “transient” that makes man, as has been said, the diseased being par excellence. Beyond the chronic malady of human being, that of being mensurate in time (if indeed this is a malady), the true maladies of man would come to light, as a Being in time which is incapable of finding its measure within time.

Given that the interminable prolongation of life is an extreme example, let us, in order to reveal the deficiencies of Being in man, select another example, one that is closer to hand and will soon appear before our very eyes...

Mircea Ivănescu

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Deceptively self-contained, gently ironic and stylishly parodic, Mircea Ivănescu's poetry is a source of intrigue and fascination. A noted translator of English and German literature including James Joyce's monumental text *Ulysses* and works by Franz Kafka and William Faulkner, Ivănescu is regarded as one of Romania's most important contemporary writers.

He deserves to be read not only in order to seek out his unique and subjective lyricism, but also for the surprising capacity to generate from self-sufficiency a kind of gentle altruism, combined with the values and with the forms of an alternative world.

Virgil Nemoianu

Essayist, literary critic, and philosopher of culture

Lines Poems Poetry

Mircea Ivănescu

Botoșani Mihai Eminescu National Poetry Prize, 1999

ISBN 978-1-84102-217-8 Hardback £20

230 x 150mm | colour section | head and tail bands | 112 pages

Publication date: 14 November 2009



Ivănescu's poetry represents the achievement of a little known master. Centring on a wide cast of characters, including his alter ego 'mopete', Ivănescu's idiosyncratic, lyrical sensibility offers allusive, comic and elegiac meditations on our common lot.

Cover Art and Colour Section

Florica Prevenda takes the face as a fundamental theme and contemplates the wide range of emotions and anxieties that haunt the human condition nowadays, including the developing depersonalisation of social networks and the reification of consumerism. Existentially pithy messages are inscribed through the surface. As with Ivănescu's poetry, the affects are elusive, yet evocative.

An Extract from this Forthcoming Title:

Translation by Adam J Sorkin and Lidia Vianu

is poetry different?

you mustn't tell stories in poetry – i read this advice to a young poet – so i won't tell how she'd awoken very early in the morning and, sitting up in bed,

wait to catch her breath, her face hidden in her hands – i won't say anything about her weary look that made her shoulders droop before the mirror, when slowly she combed her hair. i won't confess my fears beside her estranged face, turned away from me. i won't walk anywhere with my lines in my hands as if holding a mirror

to reflect those mornings with their pale grey light moments before dawn. poetry – so it's written – mustn't be representation, a succession of images. poetry must be inward speech. thus, should i be speaking again about her drowned face, her gasps for breath? but that would be only my way of speaking about her face, about her freeze-frame movements fixed between layers of turbid regret, of thoughts solely mine, about her image – it would be only a mask, an image – while she – her true self, what about that?

mopete and the game with stained glass

this morning mopete entered the room barely illuminated by the wintry reflections of the early snow, and at once beheld dark rowena. the lamp invited her to rise from her table in the transparent glow

of her globe and made her very solemn. mopete watched her with fascination. dark rowena, with her upraised eyes – those very deep eyes – was far away. so far that mopete could scarcely distinguish her from memories

of other shoulders, other arms folded across the chest. mopete became afraid – cruel and precise, pressed between his eyes, burned the time he had been allotted.

(he told himself all this much later, but that's another story, another text).

dark rowena's eyes pierced high into the vaulted dome of time, only hers – and a terrified mopete watched, transfixed.

discontinuity

pretend you're at the theatre – your back to the window, watching the room, waiting for one of them to say something, to move, and thus to reveal what he thinks, or what he'd let you suppose he thinks. and for you to choose among them (not because you believe some more sincere, but because among these characters, for instance the woman whose eyes have gone blind, there are a few you'd like to have met in a book –). choose that one among the rest, approach her, and mischievously taking her arm, guide her to the window and talk to her, self-absorbed as if spellbound – as they say – though with your eyes elsewhere, encourage her to draw out the sincerity of this moment in this space – more or less – and she might actually start to believe she is being sincere, and her face might change, first vile, then blind once more, while you watch as in a dizzy fit, a glassy taste between your teeth, you watch only the sick light on her face.

Refined, cultivated, ironic (without asperity), subtextual, the poetry of Mircea Ivănescu is the work of one of the most original contemporary Romanian poets.

Nicolae Manolescu

Literary critic and editor of România Literară

2010 – 2011

20 ROMANIAN WRITERS



Publication date:
November 2010

Romanian Order
of Cultural
Merit, 2004

£20

Ioan Es Pop Ieud with No Exit
ISBN 978-1-84102-209-3 Hardback

Forbidden to write, but obliged to work
as a builder on Ceaușescu's palace and live
alone in a bachelor block, Pop's poetry is an
autobiographical account of this time.



Publication date:
November 2010

Romanian
Ambassador to
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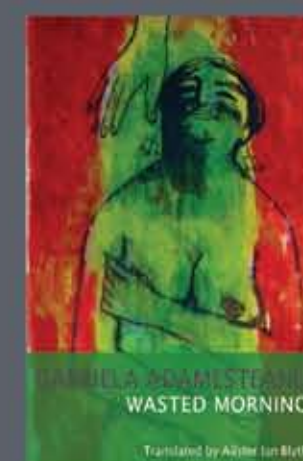
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Wasted Morning begins and ends in the present
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Grand Officer
of the Cultural
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2006

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His writing is influenced by childhood
memories; hearing the screams of political
prisoners. The essence of Cărtărescu is to
capture life in the socialist capital leading up
to the moment of its downfall.



Publication date:
November 2010

Fulbright
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Stelian Tănase Aunt Varvara's Client
ISBN 978-1-84102-221-5 Hardback

Stelian Tănase explores Romania's com-
munist 'roots of disaster' from early illegal
membership of the communist under-
ground to their eventual rise to power and
the struggle for supremacy.



Publication date:
November 2011

Radio Romania
Prize for Fiction,
2008

£20

**Răzvan Petrescu Small Changes in
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ISBN 978-1-84102-214-7 Hardback
This collection of short stories includes
Petrescu's 1989 debut *Summer Garden*,
Eclipse, a modern take on the biblical story
of Cain and Abel and *Friday Afternoon*,
where an epidemic has dire consequences.



Publication date:
November 2011

Romanian
Writers' Union
Prize for Poetry,
1993

£20

Ion Mureșan Anthology of Poems
ISBN 978-1-84102-213-0 Hardback

Mureșan's poetry draws upon Transylvanian
legends to address the communist manipu-
lation and monopoly of truth by regaining
individual thoughts through his poetry,
which reflects what it is to be Romanian.

[†]Publication subject to change

2012 – 2013

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Publication date:
November 2012

Romanian
Writers' Union
Prize of
Cuvîntul, 2001

£20

Petru Cimpoeșu **Simion the Liftite**
ISBN 978-1-84102-215-4 Hardback

Christ descends for 3 days at the height
of the revolution in December 1989 and
stands in the presidential election, offering
himself as saviour and sacrifice once again.



Publication date:
November 2012

Romanian
Academy, Lucian
Blaga Prize, 1993

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Lena Constante **Silent Escape and
Impossible Escape**
ISBN 978-1-84102-216-1 Hardback

Few women political prisoners have written
about physical, psychological humiliation and
suffering in solitary confinement common in
communist Romania.



Publication date:
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and Anonimul
Foundation Prize
for Debut Novel,
2004

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Filip Florian **Little Fingers**[†]
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A mass grave has been discovered; are these
remains mediaeval or modern? A human
atrocitiy, is it best to ignore or confront a
communist past, any past?



Publication date:
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and Anonimul
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A train is hijacked by children, who organise
resistance against the authorities sent from
Bucharest. In their attempts to negotiate, the
authorities prove hypocritical.



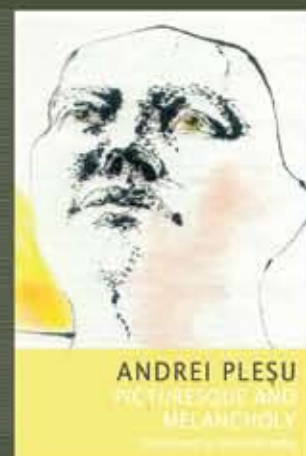
Publication date:
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ASPRO Prize for
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Book of Criticism
1997, 2002

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Gheorghe Crăciun **The Iceberg of
Modern Poetry**

ISBN 978-1-84102-204-8 Hardback
A new direction for modern poetry, one that
is in permanent tension. This eventually
leads Crăciun to consider a third direction,
one that revisits old traditions but which are
still representative in modern poetry.



Publication date:
November 2012

Légion
d'Honneur,
to the rank of
Commandeur,
and then Grand
Officier, 1999

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Pleșu questions European culture through
the aesthetic of melancholy and literary
picturesque myths of Western culture.
A controversial text at the time with an
undertow of the subversive.



Publication date:
November 2013

Revista Fundațiilor
Regale, 1944-48

£20

Nicolae Steinhardt **Diary of
Happiness**

ISBN 978-1-84102-210-9 Hardback
Romania was not the place for a Jewish in-
tellectual. Imprisoned for 'high treason' and
'machinating against the socialist order' in
1959. These pages are an introspective diary
of Steinhardt's prison years.



Publication date:
November 2013

Romanian
Writers' Union
Prize, Cluj
branch award,
Essay, 2004

£20

Ion Vartic **Cioran Naïve and
Sentimental**

ISBN 978-1-84102-222-2 Hardback
A biography of Emil Cioran, a philosopher
and freethinker with an inferiority complex
and a shame of birthplace. Vartic believes
Cioran is one extreme and that Romanians
are proud of their cultural heritage.

[†]Publication subject to change

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Peninsula Arts Romanian Festival 2009

www.peninsula-arts.co.uk

Peninsula Arts is the public arts programme of the University of Plymouth

Exhibition

Hand to Mouth: Tessa Bunney
An Impressions Gallery Touring
Exhibition
6 November – 11 December 09
FREE Admission
Cube³ Gallery, Portland Square
Building, University of Plymouth

Exhibition

Four Romanian Artists: Anca Boeriu,
Florica Prevenda, Alexandru Radvan,
Florin Stoiciu
14 November – 19 December 09
FREE Admission
Peninsula Arts Gallery
Roland Levinsky Building

Book Launch & Reception

20 Romanian Writers:
the first four books
14 November 09 3:00pm
FREE Admission
Roland Levinsky Building

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Peninsula Arts Re-scoring the Silent series
The War of Independence (1912),
accompanied by pianist Lola Perrin
14 November 09 4:30pm
Tickets: £5 concessions £3
Theatre 1, Roland Levinsky Building

Film Thursdays

The Shadow of Ceauşescu series
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For full details of gallery opening times and
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