

Philosophy is putting the world being into notions to establish which judgement uses no other authority than its own.

This removes the least trace of *captatio benevolentiae*, no matter how fine. It is not the purpose of philosophy to discover the "God of science" or the relationship between exact sciences, or the immorality of the soul, or the principles of morals. Judgement makes *tabula rasa* of all of these, for it they represent problems the nature and *raison d'être* of which it studies without heeding in the least the results attained. Thus any preconceived idea must be discarded beforehand. That is why we will observe the use of the genetic method with all reliable thinkers. Such and such cogitation or formula does not have for them an abstract value since they pursue the fundamental law of their minds, namely that all effect must have a cause and any form in time a must be preceded by another in time *b c d...* and so on and so forth. They try to see how form was born out of form, cogitation out of cogitation, adage of adage. Consequently, philosophers do not maintain only *simpliciter* or absolute but always relative *κατά*.

Now we have to speak about the object of metaphysics.

Does metaphysics exist? So far, it does not. Because if it existed it would be a well-defined science that needs no champions, that has no fear of opposites, just as the obvious evidence of physics needs no proving, or has no fear of some joker that could deny it. Besides, the most consequential metaphysicians of the new epoch, Kant and Schopenhauer see eye to eye as regards man's brain that is not rigged out for metaphysical matters. It will never leave the stage of trial and, just like the philosophers' stone, it will give birth to pithy theories in other fields, not in that of metaphysics. For chemistry was born out of the quest for the philosophers' stone, and out of Kant's criticism the liberation of the mind from the unilateral dogmas of religion on

* (an edition of manuscripts under the care of M. D. Vatamaniuc, *Științifică și Enciclopedică* Publishing House, Bucharest, 1981).

the one hand, and brutal materialism on the other. Yet positive results about “the being of the world or the thing in itself” are not contained in the most profound philosophy either. Man’s senses are made only for the qualities of things, that is coming in direct or immediate contact with an object in a resolute manner, and leaving completely unsolved the question of whether these qualities are inherent to things. Because the senses produce, each of them, a series of phenomena, no matter what the impulse. Touched in any way, the eye produces only light phenomena (colours), the ear only sounds, the taste only tastes, the feeling only feelings, the smell only odours. (53) Thus the tongue crossed by an electric current feels a sour taste, at night an eye rubbed with a hand sees colours, and a struck ear starts ringing. The outside world produces borders, the senses give a form they themselves produce that does not entitle to any judgement on the borders. It is therefore obvious that, unable to perceive other than by his own means, man will remain within his confines and never enter the being of things. As to the brain, its function is also to grasp relations of time, space and causality, again something relative. Therefore it will never be able to imagine an absolute time or an absolute space, or an absolute causality – all these will form inside the mind a chain, reaching no end and evading all absolute fixation.

So, metaphysics is not for the ordinary mind. It is limited to a few attempts of genius which most people, and especially philosophy teachers are incapable of understanding.

Thus this tendency, which is the noblest and also the rarest of the human spirit, slips into common charlatanism. Practised for certain wages by men who are not even able to grasp its object, social organisation calls it to the assistance of theology so, as the least authoritative and busy of the helpers of the church, it tries to dictate to the exact sciences which have no time for it; or to defend the church in its quality as ingratiator, suffered – but not approved – by the former. It seems to us that an honest teacher, in the scientific sense of the term, should proceed with his students to the study of the writings recognised as adequate in the antiquity and the modern times, and refrain from putting forth cheap theories when he is not able to compete with powerful spirits in the fields, for anyway he does not have any positive things to teach. For these things the most suited is a philologist though, very familiar with the Sanskrit language (to grasp the symbols of the Vedas), with Greek to grasp Greek philosophy and Latin to grasp the philosophy of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Then these theories have at least historical value and form a course of gymnastics of the mind that prevents the students from believing easily and unthoughtfully in the general theories found in law, political economy and in the supposition of the natural sciences. Philosophy has critical value, it enhances the intellect, it sheds off sloth from the mind (54) and from a too big trust in foreign ideas it gets the mind used to studying things genetically and poisoning each word before placing it in a theory. But sucking one’s thumb and cobbling up metaphysical systems like

a shoe mender means abusing the 1500 grams of brain which nature, somewhat niggardly in this respect, has given man to fend for himself through an honest trade.

The true advocates of the church are the arts: a Gothic dome, an air by Palestrina, a painting by Rafael or a statue by Michelangelo represent a good orator using the best propensities of man, [] make the atheist religious, feeling boundlessly small as to the infinite of time and of the causal chain. Is it the same with philosophy? It does not satisfy itself with the work of the artist or a positive motivation, it needs *ratio suficiens* for this.

2267

(95v.) All philosophy has the purpose of bringing together people with the phenomena that are unpleasant to them and which necessarily crop up in social life. From their living together, from their difference, the calculation emerges that all philosophy has a social purpose that is identical with that of the state, only Schopenhauer is not right when he mocks the state for its simple science. But it is similar to the serf of *jus primae noctis*.

2258

(163 v.) The world is the shadow of a cloud and the dream of a sleeper.
(164) The generosity of the world is a sort of sloth, honour is vanity, grandeur is humiliation.

2268

(15) In general, the kindness or meanness of human deeds is judged by the way they fit vested interests. If the person you wrong wants this injustice, then although absolutely speaking you are at fault, your deed is, nonetheless, good. In other words, you take the motion away from a person that wanted to get rid of it.

2257

(167) That river that prophesies what my pain-rent heart will sing, that river prophesied for Homer too. He understood it in a way, I in another. You think that anointing the heart with the balm of comfort means whetting the lips with wine. As the fish can survive only in water, similarly my soul can exist only in myself. As the tears ooze out of the eyes, similarly thoughts come out into words. Still, the joy-filled eye sheds a different sort of tears than the one blinded by pain. Man is the product of circumstances, through the transparency of his days the mysterious shadow of those future dreams is seen over which death caught him.

The truth is the same but it touches differently the brow of a wretch and that of a happy man.

Because the truth is created by man and a result of circumstances. What is true for me the happy one is untrue for the miserable. The philosophy of despair, lie and truth, the same idea the space separates from yesterday to today.

2259

(9) *Truth*

Whatever definition I would come up with would evaporate into the uncertainty of the idea.

2262

(4v.) What is truth? The ghost of the deceitful yesterday in the light of the fleeting today? (Yesterday threw stones at him like at a madman), yesterday crucified him like a criminal...tomorrow they will throw stones at him like at a lunatic...Lest this mad criminal cheats me too I bestow the earth on him...For me...the sky is enough.

(159) Many people tell the truth – but the way they tell it makes it indifferent and unheeded.

2264

(177) A truth is either mechanical-mathematical, that is *absolute*, because we cannot imagine two equal but opposed powers failing to keep each other poised, just as we could not understand how the strongest does not prompt diagonally the action of the smaller and the other way round – or a truth represents the relation of our capacity of perceiving absolute powers, and then the truth is phenomenological, artistic, it is a *perspective truth*.

$p \infty = 0$

$p d'$ becomes C equation, C reaction equal to action.

40

2267

(21v.) Abstract truths are unpalatable for the intelligence of the people just as carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen and pure oxygen are unpalatable for the stomach as food. They do not produce the necessary heat, and similarly abstractions do not engender the necessary warmth of soul, and the moral organism cannot assimilate them.

2287

(19) The very fact that a concentration of elements, their organic compromise can contain but them is a quite palpable reason that this organism could be the worst of all possible because if it did not contain them all it would not be a compromise of *all*. But the fact that it cannot contain more than those given is obvious. In other words, it is in the nature of things that if we admit a compromise of living powers of nature this can be but the most faulty of all possible because the laws of those powers are established beforehand; they cannot do more or less than what they are actually able to. Supposing they could do more or less than they would not be *they* but different ones and under those circumstances they would *caeteribus paribus* enter the same relation and measure described above. Where there is law and necessity, all the beings born under this must be imperfect, apt to heap together existential conditions to maintain this compromise once made, in other words willing and therefore unhappy. Likewise, that in this process of accumulating conditions lies their individuality while the others are conserved because they are useful and unassailed because they are indifferent is taken for granted.

2289

(46) The reviving sap of thinking is *passion*. The thing is that this passion should have a noble object and naturally, the noblest of all is the truth.

2292

(57v.) The truth is in the heart, the brain is but the lackey of the heart.

2257

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[...] The power proper stimulating the production of the beautiful is not the idea. Plato's ideas are *typos*. From the typical power. The idea is the intuitive form. Not to change the product and the producer. It is not the idea that is the *primitive*, but something more profound. (12) Toying with ideas is very wide-spread among us. If it is not intuitive it amounts to nothing. All philosophy should not linger on the secondary but on the source of fantasy. The *emotions* are the source. In music there is a more primitive scale, that is something intuitive, spontaneous, something eminently subjective. Only what affects the feelings. The world of music touches very deep the root of our being yet we should look for the aesthetic formulas of feeling in an element where the sentiment has not yet been formulated. Let us not mix up creation with the creative principle. The Platonic ideas are the powers that typically work for us, which somehow develop the form. They are not forms in

themselves. There is nothing in the world that is not subject to aesthetic measure since we learn about ourselves to the extent we find harmony or disharmony in us. The icon is only a transitory bridge. The impression touches the feelings, the will. The exterior icon will not be perfectly congruent with the icon reproduced from it. It is not ready-made like a photograph but becomes ready because there are constructive powers in us that are aroused and which form the elements available build the icon. What is more the creator or the creation? The spirit is a product. Which is not an idea but has the power of producing ideas. In nature there is something analogous with that which makes fantasy possible – the source of fantasy. In both the source is not what we call intuition, imagination, idea, but something else. It is the idea-free fundament of the mechanism engendering ideas. The artistic activity is a piece of sublimated nature – it gets ennobled. By more freedom nature produces in fantasy more beautiful faces. Endowed by the mercy and power of nature we must not overlook it. We come from its nature and it comes from our nature. We are sublimated powers.

Art in its reaction ennobles existence. The demand is for national art. Out of the nature of a nation an art should be born to act on the people. State institutions. Could we fail to think of art as a means of ennobling human nature? This idea was rightfully fought but carried too far. Art in its entirety was not. How does man serve his existence in a nobler type? Let us take the tendencies and passions of primitive man. They are confused, irregular, raw. In other words, there can exist an aesthetics of passions. A nobler stand. Greatness can manifest itself in a lofty form. Poets ennoble the explosion of feelings, (12v) they work on human nature while man does not heed it. There is an aesthetics that shows how passions should refrain themselves into forms. Measure and form put in the expression of feeling. Schiller. The call of aesthetics. The form of the sentiment is much easier to apply on man. A proof from Antiquity as to the aesthetic influence is Aristotle's theory of tragedy – καθαρισμός των παθημάτων. Aristotle had the idea of an aesthetic discipline of passions.

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[] It is a weakness of poetry that it believes it is able to play its fantasies. What would be the art of the future, on the border of reason? A combination of fantasy and reason. It needs fiction, mystical superstition, wit. It was the characteristic of the times when the great poets were keen. There was time. Poetry: its purpose it to bring the world, life and its passions into aesthetic forms. What use had the entrance of ancient mythology into modern poetry? It is misapprehended by the crowd. We need a school of a certain outlook. What becomes of the champions of folk poetry? They become romantic in a certain way, that is they start looking for ever older precedents in the people; take for example the poetry of the old German nation,

Nibelungen. What an indulgence in arts that is, to plunge into a history that is not the history of that poetry. The middle age of Christianity is impossible. It is the resuscitation of things that are not inborn to the human soul. A crude, ancient device to introduce into aesthetics. There is no need of knowing many things from the history of a people at a time when living is blind, feral. These are vain attempts to recall the blind cognition of people from time when it had no value. To reproduce schemes, old skins is measly; true poetry is unmediated. *Pons esinorum*. In all these we find a deep content. Chip-free, pure metal. Heine. Lyrics. Shakespeare in time. We will always be moved only by what is generally human. The scenery is romantic. Contents: passion, the movements of life are in Shakespeare – Byron (13) Discarding superstition. Must the poet serve folk superstition? Goethe (*Faust* – P. II)

Originality and originality. Truthful and enhanced naturalness.

2285

(113v.) In winter when you enter a cold room it seems very empty to you and if you were there some other time when it was heated you find something missing. You look at the wall and you seem to believe that someone has taken something off. It's deserted... Just like the feeling someone gets when a person dies in the house where they live, a breath is missing, something that used to spread over all objects in the house. In a word, something is missing and you don't know what it is.

2287

(4) In the disposition called inebriation – in any case, due to a drink – the eye has a sort of lucidity, probably as a result of the intelligence getting past ordinary cares, that makes all things appear in their own light – perhaps the true one – a somehow aesthetic light because indeed in such moments everything seems characteristic and therefore beautiful. It is strange what impression an imbecile, a dolt makes on you. When sober all these figures are indifferent to you, you don't even observe them, they are of no interest to you. Purged of all burden of the daily, of indifference, of the haphazard, every man makes a serious impression on you, you seem to be misreading, or rather watching a comedy. How stupid most people then seem to you. You have a flower before your eyes. A diamond one. As if you looked through a prism that bestows rainbow colours on things, meaning it draws them up with mathematical regularity. All cry is more bothersome as coming out from a dumb throat or that of a drunkard, it appears as such, it is more clearly distinguished although the man is not what is called sober. The Hoipolloid develops so truthfully before life, so sickening and clear at the same time but at the same time so indifferent as to the will that his state rather resembles silvery moments of poetry where man sees the bright shadow of things without having them excite his will.

(176) *The character of a fool*

To take metaphors *ad litteram*... A beastly manner of persuasion... To persist in a stupid thing. Non-enlightenment. Petty hatred shown in very tiny things. When in conversation jumping from one subject to another without mixing them; I should have known... I should have... there is a biscuit left and I am going to eat it.

2275 B

(83) Let us imagine for example that on a pair of boots made in this country we spend 30 francs, but that in Vienna they would cost only 15.

In other words what have we done?

I have $30 = 15$.

Is the equation exact?

Is it possible that I have received the double sum of 15? Can 30 be equal to 15? To a human mind this seems absurd.

So we have to admit an equation $30 = 15 + N$, that is an unknown.

(84) What is this unknown? It is an aptitude born in my own country and whose existence represents a surplus of productive power that comes to the benefit of the entire nation. Consequently: $30 = 15 \text{ Fr. the price} + 15 \text{ the value of the aptitude gained by my people}$.

But they will say: You, the buyer, lose the 15 and you are the most important thing.

Yes! But every man lives according to his own rules. I do not live like the British or the French producer, I live alongside Pavelcu and Budu, with them all together. I pay a service for myself, that of putting (85) black letters on white paper, and I have to pay for the services they offer me. But if these services are dear it is not their fault; the fault is everybody's, it is of God who does not know what trade to teach them. And thus responsibility is joint throughout the entire history of the Romanian nation.

2257

(61v.) *Collecting our folk literature*

It is a pity that Romanians have come to see in a fairy tale just a fairy tale, in a custom just a custom, in form just a form, in a formula just a formula. The formula is but the palpable, felt manifestation of a *certain idea*. For example, what does the historian do with the myth? Does he cite it as such or quote it mechanically in his history compendium in order to turn it into a mnemotechnic toy for children? Nothing less than this. He is looking for the spirit, for the idea of these forms that consequently are deceitful and show that the myth is but a symbol, or hieroglyph which it does not suffice

to see, to remember in shape or to be able to paint on paper, but must also be read and *understood*.

As to customs, it is a certain thing that only by degenerating do they turn into simple formalities. Primitive, they are the exterior expression of a profound sentiment or a profound internal idea. It is true that the idea does not have to decipher but on the contrary to encode a poetical idea in symbols and hieroglyphs of sensitive images – just as these images should constitute the cloak of an idea because otherwise they are colours blended without any meaning – an unintelligible patch of colours cannot constitute a painting, just as a heap of marble chips does not make up a statue. The idea is the soul and this soul carries in itself as already immanent cogitation of its body – (although in the real world it often happens the other way round and the exterior bears in itself the idea of the interior.) If we believe Lavater, that he could deduce from the traits of the face, from the structure of the skull, well, from the body not only the character, the soul of the person but also the life happenings that influenced that soul, then we could say that in the same way the soul of a poem carries in itself the idea of its body just as the cause bears in itself a compulsory continuation. This development from inside outside, this axiom that turns the soul of a man into the man's own fate, so that happenings, deeds and suffering do not stem from external and unexpected circumstances that could also happen otherwise, but only from the soul alone as the sole source, so that all the action is (62) a result of the natural predisposition, and it *must* happen as it does and in no other way; this is the development admitted by the classical poets; the other one that leaves room to external happenstance adventures is characteristic of the so-called folk or plebeian drama.

Asserting in a back number that drama should be moral like the Bible I did not say only that it ought to become the *means* of religion in order to attain a certain goal. Art cannot get degraded to the core, it is its own *goal*. The purpose of art is art – beauty. The artistic creations that are a means only for a goal that is not immanent to the art are called tendentious (*Theorie des Nichtanderssein Könnens*).

The things that have such a fundament that they cannot be other than they are, those are imperishable, and I use this word in a relative, human sense.

2275B

(74) We are not the masters of language, but language is our master. As in a sanctuary, stone by stone, we reconstruct what was before not according to our momentary fantasy or inspiration, but according to the idea in general and in detail – that prevailed upon the building of the sanctuary – this is how we have to behave with our Romanian language. Not just any incidental inspiration gives a pass for touching this delicate and beautiful building in

which perhaps some words belong to an old architecture, which, however, by and large, is the very flower of the ethnic soul of Romanians.

2257

(242) That untranslatable part of a language forms its actual dowry coming down from the forefathers, whereas the translatable part is common to human thinking in general. Just as in a state we all enjoy certain rights that are proper to all and to nobody in particular, say the right to use streets, gardens, markets and other such things, in the republic of languages there are trodden roads that belong to all – still, one keeps one's real personal fortune at home; at home, the Romanian language is a good housewife and has everything it takes.

2258

(222) When the development of literature comes to that point when writers conquer and dominate the language although with some deployment of strength, then they *write* better. The moment preceding this stage is battling with a still barbaric language, the following moment is already given leeway with a language already defeated and the style becomes everyday, *broad*. This does not prevent the two moments from meeting in time: so that they are found only in the objective nature of the written works; nonetheless, it is easy to prophesy that the phenomena of the former will withdraw and those of the latter will crowd public life ever more markedly. That is to say that the moment a language gets emancipated from etymological and syntactical domination of another or of other, foreign ones, is the happiest and the most fertile as regards the language itself. I do not mean that the development of the language necessarily brings about the development of sciences, arts and civilisation. History teaches us that these moments in the mental life of the peoples are entirely uninterested in the development of the language as such; because the language is subjective it depends on the people as such, and sciences demand to deepen the nature of the objects themselves and of their relations.

2285

The Romanian language strayed so much from Latin because for quite a long period nothing was written in it. The consistency of a language starts with writing. The elements received in this new writing are clear, they become consistent and stay in the language if they do not run counter to the spiritual line of the people. They should not coincide with the nature of the language, but simply not contradict it.

(68) To those who desire an absolute purification of the language we will answer that the words *they* want to discard are so correct, so ingrained in the fabric of the Romanian language that one would have to tear the entire tissue to get them out – and that the language might get unravelled by chasing away words of an illusory Slav origin, as proved by our Latinists.

To those who do not desire this purification we will also answer that they themselves are inconsistent because they have shed a lot of Greek and Russian words that their fathers had still used – and many of the vocables written by Messrs. Florentin, Negruzzi and others, very talented authors actually, will go their way and not even their lordships will miss them. It would be somewhat foolhardy to maintain that our language has by now been purged entirely, that it is organised, that it has come to the last stage of its development, that now what is needed is just a formal notification of its development through etymology and syntax. The Romanian language is long-lived and therefore it really needs a long development. Its polishing goes on although it is better to go slower than too fast. We, the present generation, are but filling the gaps, we give *notions* for our people to think; the classical language is the task of the future generations.

It is a rare thing that culture and literature with Romanians do not go in the same stride – more, are even heterogeneous. The culture of the privileged classes is much above the literature of the country but is alien; the literature is national but is behind culture. A people of contrasts – such goes a phrase.

(32 v.) In general, new words take an abstract meaning, the old ones preserve the concrete meaning; except for those words to the sounds of which a totally material sense is related and which have not a synonym in Romanian.

Let us see.

Satisfactory, unsatisfactory – grateful, ungrateful.

Satisfactory and *unsatisfactory* seem to me to have already designated their strict circle of meaning. They touch the subject, they touch individuality, the ego of the subject – whereas the object as such can be ungrateful. A father is grateful to be able to love his child despite the fact that the child is ungrateful, a poet or a painter is satisfied with his words although they, ungrateful, do not bring him either honour or money most of the times.

Finally, gratefulness implies a duty by the object, a sort of satisfaction. The satisfaction is internal – for oneself – original. It is because it is. Gratitude presupposes a duty, it exists because it has the duty to exist and by its absence it exacts moral ingratitude. Gratitude does not have the duty to be. The most grateful thing, the beautiful and safe fruit of the earth often implies the dissatisfaction with the state of farmer, it is a grateful yet unsatisfactory state while the most difficult meditation in philosophy, without

bringing money or honour, often fully satisfies one despite the ungratefulness of the work.

(*Work, labour, travail*) (Time - period)

(Mean, core, milieu)

Satisfaction or *dissatisfaction* are psychological phenomena, *grateful* and *ungrateful* are completely ethical. Man should be satisfied or unsatisfied involuntarily, just as he (33) must see because he sees, just as it is because it should be so. It is not the same with gratitude. Man *can* be grateful but can also be ungrateful, according to the way he fulfils his ethical duty.

2287

(15) I fancy learned but untalented people, that is the carriers of a dead science to be like a dark hall with one entrance and one exit door. Foreign ideas enter through a door and go through the darkness of the hall, going out the other way, indifferent, lonesome and cold. The head of a talented man is a lit hall, with mirror walls. Cold and indifferent ideas indeed come from outside, but what a company, what party they find inside. In the brightest of light they find those that resemble them, oppose them, dispute, – concessions and great ideas, the quintessence of the soul's life, they consider each other, if and how they could suit without contradicting each other. How do they get out of this lit hall? Many that are at first inimical, escape together, having all come to know each other, aware exactly in what relation they are or can be and thus communicating to the public that feels confronted with a harmonious world that attracts him. On the contrary, in the narrow-minded public it perceives faces not understood. Therefore many learned people will feel they have a dark background deep in their soul to where all their knowledge descends from the ear with which they heard it to the mouth with which they convey it to others. They themselves are left untouched by it. With talented men the background is luminous. They are great for their own cogitations in their head; figuratively, the people of the house are much more significant in rank than the guests that come and go, and when the guests get out it is somewhat visible that the society where they had fun does them honour, and hence the dignified tone they put on. In general, any human head resembles a room, the question is what kind of room, what air, what light and what society you find there. One is a tavern enlightened by a very sombre tallow candle and the company is mean and cynical, another is the clean tidy room of an old lady, where small things are placed and arranged carefully on the window sill – (15v.) but for big things the old woman though has no head. Such comparisons could go on for ever.

2285

(113) They say that the fantasy of youth is much livelier than that of people more advanced in age. *C'est une question*. On the contrary, the prod-

ucts of great talents, if prone to measure – are pale when young; with those having a fantasy prone to grandeur the icons are exaggerated, a sign that they try to strengthen a fantasy in itself still pale by endeavour. If fantasy is the living, more visible reproduction of a thing or of a circumstance, secondly their co-ordination in an entity, it could be said that in the first place, in the faithful reproduction of all things, the fantasy of ripe people is more faithful – for the young ones these are either too colourful or too obscure, in other words their contours get lost in the dark – or too pink and the contours are mixed up in the light. This quality of seeing everything in a sort of haze makes the poems of youths be so full of abstractions. And this at a time when abstractions are for them still so unclear and unspecified because they do not master perfectly science or the capacity to define the contents immediately and correctly. They turn the reality spiritual and materialise abstractions in a thick fog. [] It could be said that the young people put on thick colour on everything, otherwise they would not see anything at all. But perhaps it is something else. They do not master the language perfectly, they do not dominate its finesses and distinctive material and call many things by the same name, just like the Rhutenians have the same word for green and blue, although they distinguish colours. Then the wise men are right who maintain that the language and its laws foster thinking and not the other way round.

2257

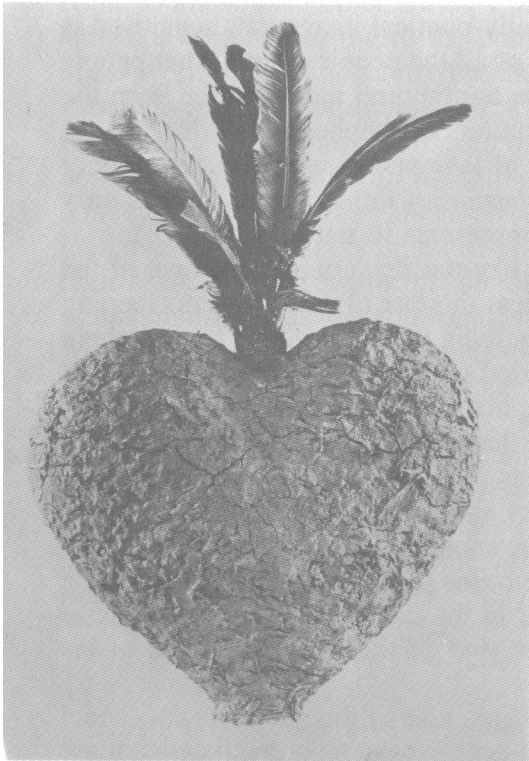
(62) The material where the eternally-poetical image gets sensitised is represented by images – not the images of all the peoples, but of that people where it got sensitised. The tropes of an agricultural nation differ from the tropes, from the images of a nation of hunters or shepherds. In what images will one people clad the eternal feeling of love and in what images another if not in those that they possess? This manner of thinking that reflects only on the body, not on the idea of a poem represents its nationality.

(52 v.) Smelling yet wild flowers like the flowers in the crown of the mad king Lear. The seemingly meaningless mixture of wild flowers creeping into the locks of the old king – is it not a living metaphor of his brains where the images, the flowers of thinking mingled savagely and without any sense? And how much profundity in those thoughts, and what a smell in those flowers. So are the wild flowers, folk songs. Shakespeare collected in those fields like any other national poet, yet the poets who speak of heaven and hell, of angels and demons, of the stars in the sky and the gems on the bottom of the sea picked from other fields. Shakespeare spoke of man, of man as he is. His drunkard is a drunkard, his hero is a hero, his joker is a joker, his sceptic a sceptic and each man is thickly painted in the colour of his own character because the people conceives as it sees, and Shakespeare belonged to his people par excellence.

(9) When I face the old ones, the literature of the past decades, I feel like in a heated room... one senses these people have an unmediated contact

with a certain public, small or big, but a public anyway. With the moderns I feel like in a cold room, and in a cold room, anyone must have noticed this, it seems there is something *missing*, not the heat itself, but something felt, as if on the clean wall there had been something and no longer is, or the feeling of someone who died in the family. It is a sort of a desert felt by everyone, a sort of breath that blows over all the objects. It is as if things, not only the body of a man, are missing from the house. Another man comes there but the feeling does not change in you. Seemingly, you are used to seeing the wall with another portrait and the portrait with another wall. Faced with most of Romanian modern writers you get the feeling that they are not for the public, the public is not for them, well, that they are not rings in the chain of historical continuity of the Romanian culture but as they say, *extra muros*. This is the destiny of any culture imported as unnaturally as ours. The long road of ideas getting consolidated inside the skulls of the people has not been covered; therefore these ideas are something that cannot be *grasped* nor *conceived*; these are rings in the development of a foreign head, a nut-tree branch which, grown by half, you would like to turn into an oak trunk. But it is only by the decomposition of that branch in the earth that atoms could emerge that could create an oak.

English version by Alina CĂRĂC



MIHAIL EMINESCU (1850-1889) counts as the greatest Romanian poet. Yet especially when young he was extremely interested in philosophy, natural sciences, in theatre, history, linguistics, law, economy and ethnography. Later on, he was an assiduous journalist, publishing (even as an editor) mainly in the conservative newspapers of the time. As a 19-year old student in Vienna he studied with R. Zimmermann and Th. Vogt among others, and his preoccupation with the systems of Kant and Schopenhauer lasted throughout his life. Eminescu seriously started to translate the *Critique of Pure Reason*. He intended even to work on a doctoral dissertation, and although this was not materialised, he nonetheless taught philosophy and logic at the Jassy University. After Vienna, Eminescu studied in Berlin with E. Duhring, H. Helmholtz, and E. Zeller. He settled in Jassy and became the director of the Central Library there, while contributing in reviews and literary associations too.

Eminescu's notebooks of that time, from which the selected fragments are extracted, are filled with references ranging from medicine to geography and from the history of religions to sociology and aesthetics. His encyclopedic curiosity makes him to mix up abstracts from the most various fields with his own thought, producing an amalgam in which originality was the less significant issue, surpassed by far by the rich, diverse nourishing substance he was preparing for his poems. Mythology, cosmogony, history, ethnography, linguistics and philosophical criticism are the very tools that inform his poetic matter. The notebooks witness how these tools have developed and expanded. At the same time they display Eminescu's fundamental conceptual topics such as the social and national problems in the emerging Romania, the investigation of the establishing bourgeois taste in culture and the arts, and especially the exploration of the fascinating linguistic and stylistic particularities of the Romanian language. Eminescu's researches, original or not, and his literary or philosophical applications finally constituted the proper medium for the rising idiom of ideas and writing practices that will stamp the modern Romanian culture in the 20th century. (See also *PLURAL* 4.1999 and 2.2000)