

ADDENDA TO THE FAKE TREATISE

The following pages had been primarily meant to be a simple list of chronological notes at the end of the third volume of the present conclusive edition of "THEATRE". Developed by successive interpolations, they bulked out over the initial framework, so that we reckoned we had better add them to an old chapter referring to the same studies, even if their initial structure could no longer be altered and thus we were in the wrong with respect to chronology.

Actually, since Racine and his prefaces, through Molière who had - in his ad-hoc comedies - bitter controversies with his critics and opponents, and up to B. Shaw, the notes of the dramatic author over his theatric works have been a tradition and a necessity. Obviously, this is also due to the fact that, contrary to the lyric poetry or the novel, for instance, the playwright does not normally reveal himself to his audience, except through interpreters, as if he were a proscribed person, who had to borrow another civil status in order to practise his profession. The development is therefore from the written word to its stage representation and, along this crooked trajectory, there may arise deviations, which impose long, subsequent explanations, and the desire to avoid them in the future.

THE FAIRIES' DANCE

Hardly could I ever forget the social roots of my career as a toiler of writing. One Saturday evening, in May 1916, when I was a student, challenged by all the contradictions and mirages, I was returning from a "flower fighting", from "the second round", from the "Şosea"¹ my cheeks flushed with envy and disgust, my fists tight with excitement... The last carriages, their floral adornments tattered by the "bombardments", were also returning, stirring the curiosity of the passers by; standing on the cushions, fans of young women and maids, their cheeks flushed by the fighting, were emptying the baskets of the remaining carnations, lilies of the valley, peonies... Crushed by feet, the corollas were being pushed towards the drain of the sidewalks, among newspaper bits on which the sharp looks of a twenty-year-old could discern, while walking, even at that late hour, the titles which he actually knew by heart, referring to the gigantic slaughter at Verdun... I would realize then that this is not "the best of the worlds", that Leibnitz was wrong. That Saturday, the playwright grew out of myself and within a week, eagerly working day and night, in my furnished room by the Arsenal, I wrote the first

draft of *The Fairies' Dance*, which was supposed to be the drama of the violent and downright imperative of "social justice"... The second version was written by mid-June and it entangled me in the intricate game of antinomies to such an extent that, just like my hero, I got stuck forever in the "game of ideas" which I caught a glimpse of in the blue spheres of the pure consciousness, that appeared to me, as early as then, like a "fairies' dance".

MIOARA

The episode of the 1926 opening is actually known from *Fake Treatise for the Use of Playwrights* and I am not going to deal with it again, here. Contrary to what has been written, *Mioara* was not what is usually called a fiasco. A play possessing a creative material can never fail, even if not sustained by a theatrical technique, since the participation of the public is a matter of intuition. It is only the plays founded exclusively on theatrical ability that can equally meet glamorous success or irremediable falls. But it was choked by an unprecedented reaction of the local intellectuals and the world of professionals. The ideological "pretensions" of the play seemed unacceptable, insulting the aesthetics of the day, otherwise unyieldingly pretentious.

There were days in those years when I was grieved, hurt by this fierce, persistent and inflexible hostility, which I used to be met with wherever I turned my eyes and I wrote about this with irritated bitterness. A poet, when misunderstood, can go on, turned towards his own self, and find his achievement on successive but intermittent white pages, but a prolonged isolation can not constitute a favorable climate for a dramatic work, which is a wide modality, with complex implications in the epoch. I was poor like nobody but a Romanian writer can be, lonely and pestered by scabrous needs and trivial impediments; the long years of rabid toil, similar to that of a man sentenced to hard labor, were only rewarded in the theatre by insults and stupid schemes, which sometimes trenched on cordially smiling baseness. I had written along these ten years, 1916-1926, the first six plays of the first two volumes of the present edition, *Strong Souls*, *The Fairies' Dance*, *Venetian Act*, *Mioara*, *Danton*, *Mitică Popescu*; I had the feeling that I had made an essential, meaningful contribution to dramatic literature; but in all these ten years and in the twelve years to follow there had only been allowed 15 performances with *Strong Souls*, 7 with *Mioara*, and 5 partial ones with *Venetian Act*, the plays being arbitrarily cancelled. A dramatic author cannot do the work of an amateur, in his spare hours of reverie, as it is the case with lyric passion, that often puts up with just a bit of paper on the corner of a café table, or with ten, or twenty insomniac and inspired nights. The playwright is bound to a socially paralyzing single idea, condemned to an excessive, overwhelming, exhausting and particularly well organized work (the material being difficult to consult, the files, the ways of transcription taking long

work hours at the desk), which excludes any other job and even other preoccupations. It therefore means indirectly the investment of an entire capital, the equivalent of the material existence (at least during the years a play is being written) over this while. The writer's health is at stake, his life as a social being is ruined.

Naturally, there are also plays built exclusively on the lyrical or intellectual skill of the speech, on collections of so-called "mots d'auteur"², or on herbaria of essences; such plays are obviously written with a happy easiness in a few weeks of work in the study, but, no matter how brilliant, they are not authentic creations. The perception of the playwright should be much ampler, in order to catch the dialectic dynamics of life at least, his intelligence should be able to solve the more complicated equations of history, surpassing the asthmatic brilliancy or the concatenated speeches, however amazing in their lyric verve, but just glued to one another. Such findings can not prevent me from plainly acknowledging that it is of much use to the dramatic author (and even to the novel writer) to go through an apprenticeship-to-lyric stage which should teach him the value and craftsmanship of the word, for the sake of its own beauty, but they should not stick to the preciousness which is inherent to such a pursuit; this practice should be preserved and this skill should be used only when the structure of the characters allows verbal virtuosity. The art of the engraver is surely most valuable, but an engraver cannot build palaces and domes, this takes an architect's dominant view, the latter only being able to create meaningful perspectives. Similarly, the symphony and the musical drama surpass and imply the solo singing, however skillful it may be. "Romanian celli is doomed" a critic had once said referring to the pitiful waste of the Romanian poets, candidates of mad-houses and hospitals around the age of 40. What about the playwrights, then? As for myself, in the twenty years, from 1916 till 1938, because of the aggressive and particularly vigilant hostility of the intellectuals of that epoch, the six plays, written with a fierce will, had not refunded even the cost of the paper used in the numerous typewritten versions. Because of the high expenses involved, playwrights generally can only be rich from other sources, or subsidized, or in the simplest case they may earn a minimum from the theatre in the beginning, and get rich after three or four plays, as it is the case with foreign dramatic writers. (Molière was making an annual equivalent of 400000 gold Francs, one billion and a half a month, when we are writings these lines). To say nothing of the moral support that can be brought by the understanding and reliability of a group of friends. But I was too isolated, having no support, no subsidizing and not even were my plays on stage in the applause of the dramatic critics and full houses, because the friends of my writing, with one or two exceptions, were troubled, worried and dissuaded by the insults and direct attacks which they were exposed to if they dared utter a praising which the authorized representatives of the day would blame; all those who had the courage to express their opinions were nominally denounced. It is only after World War II and particularly after Călinescu's *History of the Romanian Literature* was issued, around 1942,

that these few scattered friends had the courage to express themselves and recognize one another.

When, in 1943, due to an interview given to a literary magazine, Liviu Rebreanu came to me to ask for a play to be staged by the National Theatre, I showed him my drawers filled with manuscripts on mathematics and I reiterated the decision I had stated in that interview, to altogether break with literature and the stage. I explained to him that the atmosphere in the theatre was so hostile to me because of the so-called specialized press, that, practically speaking, none of my plays could be staged without bringing about another scandal... I also reminded him the terror that removed my play in 1926. He answered that he was not the manager to be impressed by the aesthetic hysteria of the theatrical press. Finally, as a decisive argument, I reminded him that, in the notes accompanying the volume publication of *Mioara*, I had announced that, because of the hostility of the Romanian intellectuals and their total lack of understanding, I had made up my mind to quit writing and never get involved in the theatre any more... He retorted that it was 17 years since then and that any decision might be subject to revision. He also mentioned that in 1937 they had staged *Strong Souls* again, which was on for a significant number of performances. I answered I could not find any reason to prevent the National Theatre from staging again the plays in their repertoire. He then suggested they should stage again *Mioara*. "There will be another scandal." "It doesn't matter as long as you accept being your own stage director."

I packed the bibliographic books, I filed my manuscripts on mathematics and I decided to interrupt for a while any other activity except for the theatre. There has been much talk on my wide range of activities, but I do not think the main aspect has been pointed out, namely that my attention could be focussed on various areas of art and science, some quite far apart, despite their seemingly contradictory bringing together within a creative plenitude, but never did my attention split simultaneously, and this activity has not been a multiple one proper. I could never do several things at the same time, not even two similar ones. For the last ten years I had not had any kind of pre-occupation with respect to literature. From 1933 till 1936 I had studied only phenomenology, the obsessively focussing upon one idea, obsession characteristic of a student in polytechnics... Two years had been dedicated to my thesis for a Doctor's degree, another two had been spent on the bitter work of writing a work of strict ideology, *The Doctrine of the Substance*, and the two following years I spent fourteen hours a day in front of my mathematics books... Never will I be able to render the terror that seized me when I realized that I would have to evacuate from the little space in my mind the immense material I had amassed within ten years, without any certitude that I would ever return and possibly resume everything from the point of interruption... For it was a breaking of structural tissues, which turned the work of a decade almost useless ... The fact that nobody had taken this work seriously did not matter too much, as along the years I had got used to it and I knew that here, "at the gates of the Orient, nothing is being taken seriously"

and, in fact, I was overwhelmed by my own inner drama, the anger of being forced to do something different from what I could nourish then in the depth of my conviction and was worth mobilizing my little intellectual means. I knew that although the literary and dramatic aims could no longer find within myself the echo of the old days, as if an abolished love, I was too honest a craftsman not to do my best in full self-abandonment, even if the object of my abnegation was not what I had strived for and different from what I considered necessary. I had to accept Liviu Rebreanu's generous and friendly offer because I was at the end of my material possibilities and inflation was already showing on the horizon.

Yet, objectivity obliges us to acknowledge that whatever one might reproach to these people, this is not the sincerity of their indignation, the persistent belief in their own taste (good or bad, that is another problem), their devotion to a particular artistic ideal, however obtuse or inconsistent it may be; this ideal would (rightfully, in their own opinion) push them to press backstage schemes and attitudes, whose excuse - and therefore explanation - was an immense echo and no opposition in the public opinion.

For a long time, I found it difficult to bear the permanent hostility of my fellow men, in spite of the comfort brought long ago by my career as a novel writer, less vulnerable to "vast campaigns", although these "campaigns" of "radical destruction" had a, let's call it, "seasonal" character, repeating at that time every five years only, seemingly according to the Saturnian revolution time. By and by, I realized that people were way less guilty of their lack of understanding, that the difficulties lay elsewhere. If objectively looked upon, this resistance now appears to me as inherent to the works themselves, which were dealing with a hardly approachable field. Being keen on overcoming both the tragic character of that *Fatum*³ of the antique tragedy and the tragic biological and hereditary fatality to the same extent, modern theatre identified drama with the act within pure consciousness (as much pure consciousness, so much drama), the whole dramatic viewpoint of the time was taken by surprise and bound to a twist upwards. But for myself, these opaque, eye-stuck things took all the access ways out of my sight and hence the disappointed perplexity which I perceived the contemporary detachment with. Only later did I realize, when I got in contact with phenomenology, in which I found myself again, as in a natural environment, ("Yes, indeed, I have seen ideas") that I had asked for an almost impossible thing from some people who, certainly were not all unfair, but it was simply beyond their means. Husserl mentioned somewhere that keeping the viewpoint within the field of pure consciousness is so difficult that actually, he himself, its theoretician, could not always easily keep it there, on that horizon, having even made mistakes in his first works. So, how could I have believed that imposing authenticity and substance to a theatrical work this would make a dramatic reviewer understand what I was aiming at? Notice that along ten years and then another fifteen, if we are to count the recent period, the university circles themselves failed in their attempts at getting to the meaning of authenticity (authenticity is still presence inside consciousness), to say nothing of the fact

that, the other day, one of the dialecticians of the new generation of philosophers was blaming me in a series of articles for competing photography, or something like that, and, for returning – as he put it - to Aristotle's theory of imitation in art. Increasing the intensity of the drama by successively revealing new horizons in the consciousness of the primordial characters, through this exclusively interior feeding and not through motives which are exterior to consciousness (in this sense, it is neither the tragic expiation, nor the biological impulse and not even the avalanche of crimes that are dramatic in themselves), the participant is imposed a view that goes beyond the material character of facts, into their depths, without the helping intervention of ritual dogma.

Because, and this has to be said, one serious reason for resistance has been that, in the period between the two wars, the western world of the theatre, the "revolutionary" branch, was most emphatically rediscovering the themes of the antique tragedy, taking pride in updating them to the dimensions of the day. There was an avalanche of Antigonas and Electras. For this epoch, O'Neil's work, otherwise not deprived of a deceivingly naturalist vigor, "is a force which has fundamentally overturned the patterns and means of expression of an art, by building an original universe, meant to face time as an accomplished aesthetic and spiritual reality". For such heralds of the artistic revolution, *Mourning Becomes Electra* is, from the standpoint of the pure theatre, maybe "the most powerful work of the new dramatic poesy, the richest and best technically accomplished one in the whole universal literature".

The motive of the tragedy in O'Neill's theatre is presented as "man's fight with his own biological destiny" when "nature and biology are stronger than human capacities". The individual is the victim of his own heredity. "Destiny on the lurch..." Since so impetuously beseeched towards a totally new direction, the attention of the epoch could no longer preserve its valence with respect to a theatre striving for an absolute drama, whose essence is not man's fight against the exterior data of his consciousness, whether they be a theogonic destiny, earthly fatality or just a biological conflict among characters... Even if the intellectuals of this epoch had had some good will, they could no longer make the effort to understand an absolute dramatic causality, that is, something inherent to consciousness..., where action is exclusively conditioned by acts of knowledge and the dramatic evolution is built on successive revelations. Here, the conflict resides mainly in the consciousness of the hero, in his own representations, instead of being controlled by a *Fatum* from beyond or by the biological determinism, being placed as usual among the characters of the drama. The need for absolute is turned here from the theoretic exterior to consciousness itself, the eagerly wished for absolute being searched for inside, this very inner need being a generator of conflicts. It is in this sense only that drama can be authentic.

Within the strongest strain, the eternal need for absolute, instead of being directed outwards, to certitudes and theomorphous explanations, is turned to the deepest spheres of pure consciousness itself, the support of the absolute

being requested inside; drama is generated by the impossibility of finding certitudes here.

Some distinctions are hard to make and the difficulties are further enhanced by the fact that we are not dealing here with simple esoteric states with a key, which are the delight of those who enjoy apparent conflicts. One of the few previous, absolute dramas, *Hamlet*, also the most substantial of all, has been subject to so much controversy over three centuries for the very reason that the hero of the drama does not come into conflict with heavenly fatality or the biological determinism, and, surprisingly enough, not even with the other characters in the play. He is a son who cannot accept the idea of not punishing his father's murderers, but, along the four acts, he cannot make up his mind to turn this decision into account as his will can only be triggered by his consciousness... He is in a permanent interior hollow because inside his consciousness there is a struggle between contradictory images and judgements about the guilty ones, about the sense of guilt in the world, etc. It is this incapacity of learning, knowing and detaching the truth from its concrete multiplicity, when one needs it most, that Hamlet's drama is about (to be compared with O'Neill's *Electra*, who is so rigid, in spite of facing the same problem). When, after successive revelations, he reaches the certitude about his uncle's guilt, the drama in his consciousness is over, and the denouement starts, a hecatomb of deaths, a tragic finale, but not a dramatic one... Hamlet is the drama of lucidity. It is one of the most thrilling representations of the world. From our point of view the only dramatic aspect is the confrontation at the level of pure consciousness, and the dramatic intensity depends on the extent of this level and of its knowledge. That is why a drama cannot rely on average individuals, it should have in its center powerful personalities, whose view covers contradictory zones. Hence, a consequence that may seem surprising: it is because of this ample and therefore dialectical reflection of the world in the consciousness that the personages in the drama cannot be "characters" in the usual sense of the theatre, and that is why Hamlet is not a "character". A character does not depend on the hazardous revelations of his consciousness, and therefore on acts of knowledge, he represents a unitary force above any influence. Neither Andrei Pietraru is a character, like those around him actually, as an absolute drama sends character making in the background; that does not mean he lacks will, but his capacity to act depends exclusively on his own representation about Ioana Boiu. When, after successive revelations, in the second act, he comes to know her, he is so determined and capable of action that his overwhelming decision overturns the rigid "character" line of the heroine and of the other characters around him (Matei Boiu). As much lucidity, so much drama. People sentenced to death, like patients operated on in the past, have always had the right to ask for some alcohol, before the execution, but Danton toughly turns down the drink "so that he can see everything till the end".

In order to avoid confusions, it is also necessary to point out that absolute drama surpasses even the ethic conflict within the sphere of moral consciousness, classical debate in a certain type of tragedy, where duty faces feelings, considering it as dramatically not essential...

I also have to add to the explanation of this 25-year-old adversity, among the facts that created the premises for the incapacity of understanding, that, besides the “naturalist tragedy”, the theatre between the two wars admiringly proclaimed, obsessed by the need of originality, a theatre of pathological zone (Freudian psychoanalyst, or touching upon earthly forces, physiological sexuality, alternating with plays about the loss of personality, or “double personality” and other “rare”, gratuitous cases). This was a theatre opposed to the plenitude of personality, antipodal to the strain within the consciousness requested by absolute drama, the latter finally refusing the anomalous cases as a central motive, as they could not display a dramatic interest. Under these circumstances, the very maintaining of the theatre within the concrete and essential zones and particularly the lack of originality, instead of being acknowledged as a merit of my works, were turned into a reason for refusal by a frail intellectuality which nourished its interest with anomalies. But one can not fight against these issues of contemporary playwriting, so attractive by their illusion of profoundness and singularity and yet interesting, due to the experiments of exterior staging they are suited for. This is not the case with, for instance, *Hamlet*, about which a Romanian stage director wrote that “he was very upset while reading it, because he realized he would not be able to make anything original out of it”. So, the representatives of various trends were extremely proud of the good taste proved by such preoccupations; their belonging to an intellectual elite had to be exhibited high up on their forehead and on the visit card, pushing them to showing off and being aggressively intolerant. The passage would have been too difficult for these people (who were turning a little capital into a good aesthetic and professional business), towards the arid heights of a mentality which is hierarchically concrete, essential, structural and at the same time substantial (if we are to finally name things properly), which constitutes the theoretical premise of artistic creation. Here, the difficulty is pushed up to the embarrassing incapacity of going beyond the fragmentary and of perceiving the substance in its authenticity. And maybe the most difficult moment, the threshold of this modality, consisted in the very overcoming of the liminal condition of concreteness. Translated into an approximate cypher, this condition imposes the creation of a concrete framework of natural understructure similar to the relation skull – thinking. I mean those “colorless” passages of poor writing that are boring to everybody in Shakespeare and Molière, the endless descriptions in Balzac and Tolstoi (usually skipped when reading), the penal code style in Stendhal (kept anonymous for half a century under the argument of stylistic platitude), the two-page jumbled sentences in *Swann* (which so bored even André Gide that he recommended the N.R.F. publishing house to reject the publication of Proust’s novels), etc., etc.

In fact most novel writers and playwrights have not been understood and have been mistreated namely because of their so-called flatness and lack of originality, of their insufficient style. This statement may amaze since everybody knows that geniuses are usually not understood because of their very originality, at least this is what the tradition handed down to us through the supporters of aestheticism... Actually this is just a paradoxical judgement, justified by the intellectual laziness of literary historians, by their incapacity

of rounding up significations. It was only the exclusively lyric poets that have been rejected for their hermetic works, the so-called "pure poets" of the latter half of our century. As a curiosity, I mention here the fact that neither Baudelaire in France, nor, for instance, Arghezi, here, had to face any resistance for their hermetic poems, but exactly for an alleged "prosaic" character (Arghezi's "slime", "booze" and "fin'er"⁴, his grammar too, were too "vulgar" for the aesthetes of the time). The beauty-loving ape will disdainfully throw the nut as its shell seems disgusting, thus missing its unexpected kernel until later on, when someone pops up and offers him a broken, analyzed nut.

Yet, this arid, dull area is as necessary to the work of art as the root is for the tree, as the backbone for the spinal marrow. It is, actually, the most difficult part of artistic creation, but offering an essential illusion without its concrete structural support is like offering a condensed solution instead of a child, a pill instead of a beefsteak or a minimum abstract instead of *Hamlet*. The presence of this concrete substructure, in conjugation with the essence, is the sign of creative power, because free essences belong to a relative faculty and can be industrially achieved in elevated workshops, in as large quantities as one wants to, but still, a tree has its own laws of growing. I would like now to say something, which my pen has been avoiding for the last fifteen minutes, distrustful that it can be expressed briefly, as it should, and also distrustful that it may meet the proper understanding. This is it. The condition of concreteness is the sign of creative giftedness not by itself, but because it is the proof of an activity conditioned by individuality... This achievement is subordinated to a limitation by subordination. It is here the liberty of throwing the stone and there, the apple-tree. The stone can be thrown anyway, at random, because it will hit something anyway, but this mere fact is no sign of skill. If it hits the tree and randomly throws down some apples, this will mean more than nothing, but, if, out of a single, announced throw, it hits the only apple on the tree, then we can speak of real skill. What should be pointed out here is the fact that the merit stems from the conjunction of two liberties, that of the throwing act and that of the act of being itself... The two liberties in terms of creation are concreteness and essence. A concrete framework is hard to achieve, but not excessively deserving; on the other hand, the elaboration of a free essence is equally difficult, but hardly more deserving than the previous. A framework without essences is what good, realist, naturalist literature creates; essence without a frame is what expressionist literature attempted at, deceiving itself about the merits of its own exploit. I remember the pride taken 20 years ago by a "revolutionary" playwright in proclaiming the "need" for an "exclusively essential" theatre... Both these modalities, proving relative merits, are by far outdated, separately and together, by the conjunction of the essence with the concrete. It is the very notion of conjunction that, we fear, might be misinterpreted along its lines of boosted signification. This does not consist in the addition of two figures, not even in their simple multiplication, it is an operation ranking within probability calculation and if we are supposed to find a comparison, it would be more familiar to gamblers in horse-racing, to whom one would explain that a conjunct is equal to getting a "double-event" in two

ances in which the number of horses were not limited, but quasi-infinite. — Moreover, this would mean guessing, that is a mere game, but when it comes to the integration of an essence we talk about certitude, the certitude of creation, and that is why in the work of a genius, the integration of the essence within the concrete is infinitely more rare than the achievement of any race event. The fact that two data, irrelevant but indispensable in themselves, give something altogether exceptional as a conjunct is most difficult to understand and hence all the delusions of the critics along times.

One should be very keen on pointing out that the condition of structural concreteness, implies a conjugated framework of the essence, i.e. a certain ontogenetic substructure (modified sense) presenting all the modalities phylogenetically outdated (modified sense), and this surpasses the previous modalities, which are mere aspects of the substance, exclusive with respect to one another. Therefore, in an absolute drama, neither the motives of antique fatality, nor those of biologic fatality are excluded; and nor are the “typical” personages, representing “characters”, the pathological, earthly or even deviant cases. It is that they are all subordinated to the essence and in this sense they have a secondary role, which is valid for the novel as well. (With respect to the term “character” as being outdated, see *The New Structure And the Work of M. Proust in Theses and Antitheses*). For the drama, the difficulty is enhanced from this point of view because of the limited space available to the theatrical work; it does not allow developments that would lead to overwhelming the main hero by more consistent, better drawn, secondary characters, necessary to the structure of a drama inside the consciousness, like the skeleton is a necessary support for the brain cells. This is why the absolute drama, like the newly structured novel abound in “character” types, particular cases, theological and thematic modalities; yet, such works can not be solved in a climax, except through the immanence of consciousness, in the peak personage who follows the vacillations of his consciousness, as if an alpine ridge, further on implying all the normal topographic modes. Such works can not be achieved as essences except as astounding convulsions of rocks, ice and perennial snow.

Offered by themselves, at the very center of the work, and meant to be promoted from a secondary to an essential role, these modalities, exterior to consciousness, these pathological or deviant cases, these types and characters will still be secondary personages and the work introducing them will still remain at the periphery of substantial art. Othello as a “type” of the jealous is a secondary character, but the fact that the Shakespearian breath amplifies it in the immanence of the consciousness, keeps it among the great creations. It is what Molière achieves in *The Misanthrope* and does not in *The Miser*, for an essentially dramatic character can only be, and this has to be said, an intellectual (but not deceptively so, as the current meaning is), because no modality of the consciousness is possible outside intellectuality. We know that by identifying the essentially dramatic personage with the intellectual, whose consciousness is fluctuant, we come into conflict with the century-long tradition which opposes the intellect to passion, turning the former into a hindrance of passion and even of the capacity to act, or which regards passion as an annihilation of the intellect. At the degenerated, acad-

emic level, criticism ostentatiously opposes inside the work of art the “vivid” type, that is the exclusively passionate, instinctive, voluntary one, to the cerebral type, considered as artificial, non-viable, inconsistent. This is not the place to discuss to what extent Bergson himself makes a confusion between the essence of instinct and intuition, opposing it to the intellect. We will avoid now to connect lines that we would still like to keep apart from one another, but we will hurry to point out the neocratic character of absolute drama and declare that its authentic personage is a man of a new species, capable of consciousness crises, of an essentially cognitive and not moral nature. For such personages, consciousness and intellectuality are not side phenomena, but generating motives for a whole inner life which is not made of “elements” or “fundamentals”, the intensity of the passion itself depending on the consciousness; this therefore happens in a reversed process than the one we consider normal. As much consciousness, so much passion, and therefore as much drama.

It is no use prolonging this beginning of a lightening start. This type of problem is today unsolvable by means of actual science, and the indications we received are just the first steps towards an immense perspective. Since theoretic light is missing, the only efficient approach here is the intuition of substantiality, but this is as rare as the act of creation, which it is congenial to.

(A. B.)

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NOTE

1. Name of a famous boulevard in Bucharest. Note of the translator.
2. “Author’s words” – French in the original. Note of the translator.
3. “Fate” – Latin in the original. Note of the translator.
4. Possible translation of a regional phonetic variant of the word “finger”, which alongside with “slime” and “booze” are used as examples of “vulgar” words, characterizing Arghezi’s poems that illustrate the aesthetic of the ugly, which he developed in part of his creation. Note of the translator.