

Emil CIORAN, PATIENT TEACHER, Humanitas, 1991.

EMIL CIORAN was born on April 8, 1911, in Rășinari, where his father was a priest. He completed his high school studies in Sibiu, at the "Gheorghe Lazăr High School", then attended the courses of the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters in Bucharest (1928–1932), ending with a thesis on H. Bergson. After a scholarship in Germany (1933–1935), he was, for one year (1936–1937), a philosophy teacher at a high school in Brașov. From 1937, the year when he obtained a scholarship from the French state for his doctorate (which will be extended in 1938), he settled in Paris.

In Romania, he collaborated on "Gîndirea", "Vremea", "Florea de foc", "Calendarul", "Philosophy Magazine", "Literary Conversations" etc.

From 1947 he starts writing in French.

He published five books in the country and more than ten in France, all at "Gallimard". The debut book won the prize of the Committee for the Award of Unpublished Young Writers (1934). For **Decomposition manual** (1949) obtained, in 1950, the "Rivarol" Award.

Writings: **On the heights of despair** (Bucharest, 1934, 1990); **The book of delusions** (Bucharest, 1936, 1991); **The face change of Romania** (Bucharest, 1936, 1941, 1990); **Tears and saints** (Bucharest, 1937, 1991); **Twilight of thoughts** (Sibiu, 1940); **Passionate straightener** (1991); **Summary of decomposition**(Paris, 1949); **Syllogisms of bitterness**(Paris, 1952); **The temptation to exist**(Paris, 1956); **History and Utopia**(Paris, 1960); **The fall in time**(Paris, 1964); **The Evil Demiurge**(Paris, 1969); **On the disadvantage of being born** (Paris, 1973); **Quartering**(Paris, 1979); **Exercises in admiration**(Paris, 1985); **Confessions and anathemas**(Paris, 1987).

EMIL CIORAN

ÎNDREPTĂRĂTIMAȘ

HUMANITY

BUCHAREST • 1991

Text edited by CRISTIAN PETRU

Cover by RADU STEFLEA ©

EDITURA HUMANITAS, 1991

Piața Presei Libere 1

79734 Bucharest,

Romania I.S.B.N.

973-28-0289-8

Note on the edition

Written between 1940 and 1944, **Passionate straightener** it has two variants. The first - of 117 pages in large format (A4), plus an unnumbered final page, on which a large II (Roman) has been written - is written in black ink and has an extremely varied, oscillating, nervous, tense handwriting. It shows numerous returns (deletions or additions, sometimes on the verso, sometimes on later interspersed pages) and seems not to have been preserved in its entirety. On the first page are written: the date "March 12, 1940" (top, in the left corner), the title "Indretar pâțimăș" (center, steeply following to the right, exactly above the initial title, crossed with a line: "Breviar pâțimăș"), as well as the signature: "E. Cioran".

The second version is mostly a transcription, but there are not a few passages that have been reset or reformulated, those that have been added or abandoned. The initial page includes, above and obliquely, the definitive title (double underlined), as well as a fixation in

time and space: "Paris 1941–1944/ Hotel Racine/ rue Racine" (in the lower right corner). Between the two notes, one more appears, much later: "Illisible, instilisable [sic],/ impubliable./ 20 Oct. 1963". In its entirety, this manuscript has 156 notebook (A5) pages, numbered, plus the title page. (The notebook was available to us in the form of a photocopy, the original being lost). His text is the one reproduced in the present volume.

It must be said that this edition is not a critical one, in the philological sense, although it was worked by confronting the variants. The only contribution of the caretaker to the form in which the volume appears editorially is the table of contents. (The two original paragraph headings were highlighted by differentiating the letter characters).

As for the actual text, I carried out the usual operations (standardizing double spellings, expanding abbreviations, updating spelling and punctuation, etc.), but I avoided excessive morphological or orthographic updates: what might have been gained in terms of temporal freshness (which would be relative and only partially achievable anyway) would have been lost in terms of stylistic consistency and, perhaps, unity of impact. Thus, I preserved forms such as: „*întunerec*” (for "întuneric"), „*miragii*” (for "miraje"), „*peisagii*” (for "peisaje"), „*paseri*” (for "păsări"), „*perini*” (for "perne"), „*fiece*” (for "fiecare"), „*săului*” (for "seului"), „*sufăr*” (for "suferă"), „*dorinți*” (for "dorințe"), „*țintirime*” (for "cimitire"), „*lăcate*” (for "lacăte"), „*acafist*” (for "acatist"), „*răzimat*” (for "rezemat"), „*reflexie*” (for "reflecție"), etc.; feminine genitives in *-ei* („*baltei*”, „*patimei*”, and so on); and the long forms—now in the process of being eliminated—in the indicative conjugation of certain verbs such as „*a trebui*”, „*a dezvălui*”, „*a vîntura*”, and others.

In several cases, the words used by the author have the gift of puzzling (not to mention difficulties in deciphering). When it was possible, I made a small clarifying intervention, but there were still two or three situations that we had to leave as they are ("to muse the Error" from §66; "grinning muzzle" from §42; "desmetic" from §62).

A final aspect to highlight is that of the punctuation marks (commas and lines), particularly numerous in the manuscript. In general, when two such signs were found together, I suppressed one of them. In a few situations, however, strictly and obviously imposed by the text, we allowed ourselves to replace one sign with another or, very rarely, to

insert or remove one.

I

With yearning and bitterness, I tried to gather the fruits of the sky — and I could not. They rose toward some other unknown heaven, just as my hands reached into their ripeness.

The branches of the vaults bow beneath the hopes of our prayers; and as these fall silent, the branches shed their fruit.

No flowers bloom in the sky and no trees bear fruit. At his home, God, having nothing to guard against, from trouble and hate, desolates man's gardens.

No, no; I will not blind my sight to these stars. I have lost enough of my light begging for alms from the heights. Satisfied with all kinds of heavens—I let my soul be conquered by the world's ornaments.

"Then he placed cherubim with flaming swords to guard the way to the tree of life" (Genesis, 3, 24).

Along this road I have begged many times. And the passersby, poorer than I, held out empty palms into which I let fall the alms of my hopes. And as I walked on, amid the cursed throng, the path sank into marshes, and the shadow of the branches of heaven faded into the tracelessness of the world.

Not with timidity and with patience will we master what escaped the fatal ancestor. We need fiery thought — and sharpening weapons and madmen, the hostile cherubs will melt away from the pear of our soul.

Has the Almighty closed off His paths to us? Then let us plant another tree, here—where He has no guards, no swords, no flames. We shall give birth to paradise in the shadow of torment—and gently shall we rest beneath earthly branches, like angels of momentary perfection. Let Him remain with an eternity empty of souls; we shall go on sinning, biting into the apples that rot beneath the sun. Loving the sciences of error, we shall become like Him—and through the agonies of Temptation, greater still.

He thought through death to make us slaves and to serve him. But we leisurely advanced in life.

To live: to specialize in error. To laugh at the certain truths of the end, to ignore the absolute, to turn death into a joke and the infinite into an event. You can't breathe than in the depths of illusion. The simple fact of being is overwhelmingly serious, compared to which God is a poor toy.

Armed with the accidents of life, we will let go of the cruel fears that haunt us. We will rush into certainties, we will rush into truths, we will become enmity with the unborn lights. I want to live, and everywhere my spirit jumps against me, defender of the causes of non-being. ...Thus, self-loving, man draws his sword in the crusade of error.

I know my fellow beings. Often, I have read in their absent, hollow eyes the futility of fate, or rested my rebellions in the pauses of their gaze. But their torment is not foreign to me. They will—they will endlessly. And since there is nothing worth willing, my steps tread in their footprints like into thorns, my path winding through the mire of their desires, whitening their futile search with a halo of uselessness.

They do not know that heaven and hell are flowerings of the moment, of the moment itself, that nothing is beyond the strength of useless ecstasy. I did not meet in their mortal march the eternal stop on the arcs of the blinks.

I see a tree, a smile, a sunrise, a memory. Are they not boundless in each of them? What am I waiting for beyond that definitive vision, beyond the incurable vision of the temporal lightning? People suffer from the future, rush through life, run in time, search. And nothing hurts me more than their searching eyes, vain, but devoid of futility.

I know that everything is **final**, that there is only one moment, every moment, that the tree of life is the eternal burst, reversible in the acts of being.

And so I don't want anything anymore. Often, when I stay in the nights, in big nights that raise before the mind the bottoms of the world, how would I know if I am or no longer? And can you still be then or can you not be? Or, caught in the obscurities of music, lost in them, cleansed by the events of breathing, how would you resemble your peers?

To have only one aim: to be more useless than music. In it, you find neither being nor

non-being. Where do you find yourself, as a storm-tossed victim of its charm? But is it not a sonorous nowhere?

People do not know how to be useless. They have paths to follow, goals to reach, needs to fulfill. They cannot savor imperfection, when the very 'meaning' of life is the ecstasy of that imperfection! But how can we reveal to them the surfaces of this secret, how can we enchant them with the sheen of a mystery, and intoxicate them with a fascination so simple? Certain nights and certain days come to mind... The nocturnal silences in the gardens of the South... Toward whom do the palm trees bend? Their branches seem like tired ideas. Once, when my blood held more alcohol and more Spain, my fury would have turned them skyward—my passion would have straightened their earthly weariness, and the throbs of my heart would have hurled them toward the neighborhoods of stars. Now, I am happy to separate myself from the stars by thinking branches, to taste in their breezes a gentle solitude, to annihilate myself in the splendor of a night-divinized earth.

If we lived in gardens, religion would not be possible. Their lack made us long for heaven. The space without flowers and trees urges the eyes to the sky and reminds mortals that their first ancestor temporarily rested in eternity and in the shade of trees. History is the negation of the garden.

My hopes I owe to the nights. On wings of darkness, expanses ceased to exist, and alone—between matter and dream—I would raise the scents of disappointment into fragrances of happiness. Nothing seems impossible to me in the night—this timeless possible. Everything may well be—but the future is not. Ideas become birds of thought—yet where do they fly? Into a vaguely trembling eternity, like an ether gnawed by reflections.

...That's how I came to look at the sun with a strange interest. By what misunderstanding did people steal his troubles and turn them into benefits? What lack of poetry degraded a pure star into a utilitarian monster? Haven't we all approached his rays too humanly and, believing him to be a source of reality, have we given him too much reality? Why we will be designed **the purpose** even in the sky?

I do not know how far the sun stretches. But I know all too well how far I am no longer

beneath it. — Whoever, on sea shores, for hours on end, with half-closed eyes, parallel to time, horizontal upon dream, and vanishing like the fleeting foam upon gilded sand, has not felt the blend of happiness and nothingness in the waste of radiance — that one knows nothing of the perils that beauty has brought into the world.

I thought I was young under the sun, and I found myself ageless. And if in the middle of the night I still had years, in the afternoon I no longer had them. All ages flee and remain being and non-being, vibrant prestige in the mystical nihilism of sunshine.

As I was descending from the Transylvanian fortress, at some hour of dusk and some year of youth, unhappy and craving misfortunes, too proud to think of the sun—the revelation of the sunset suddenly broke the pride of my knees. My limbs met the weariness of twilight, and what remained as sun within the patches of my heart knelt at the feet of a golden agony. And my gratitude sent to the star also reached the Egypt of my own soul.

Since then I have constantly incensed death and the sun — as the great-grandson of who knows whose rose from the immemorial banks of the Nile.

As you love the books that made you cry, the sonatas that took your breath away, the perfumes that whisper to you of renunciation, the women lost between body and soul - so with the seas: you fall in love with those that ripple the drowning.

I did not look for poetry in the Mediterranean, nor violence, nor terrible whirlwinds of waves. I found the answer to these calls on the rocks of Brittany. But how could I forget a sea in which I left my thoughts?

In a memory shorter than the premonition of eternity of the ephemeral, I would still keep the icon and the gratitude of the inhuman blue of the decadent sea. On its banks, empires have collapsed - and how many thrones of the soul...

When the air has suspended its restlessness and the meridian undisturbedness has smoothed the waves into an abstract sheen, then I know what the Mediterranean is: **the pure real**. The world without content: the base **effects** of unreality. Only **foam** — actuality of nothingness — continues as a striving towards being...

None of us have any greater options than to go to sea. No need to anchor. Isn't the point of instability a **exhaust** the sea? No wave should survive the odyssey of the heart. An

Ulysses — with all the books. A thirst for freedom, an erudite wandering. **To know** all the waves...

Aesthetic piety: to have a religious respect for appearances, to tread on the earth without nostalgia for the sky, to believe that everything is a possibility for a flower - and not an absolute.

If you have never regretted not having wings, so as not to pollute nature with the cruel steps of man, you have never loved this earth. As many times as I discovered it, as many times as I felt it in my heart and not under my feet, the stars to which I looked in uprooting turned into wax and they melted into a blood that then forgot the sky. You can look up as much as you want, you will not know the tenderness from the rare encounters with the earth that you despise while walking. But, face to face with him, face to face with his passings, what a sigh of fraternal sorrow, of intimate bitterness does not bind you in a moving embrace! I have tortured my eyes enough with you, angels, saints and vaults!

Now I want to learn respect for Bulgarians. I could watch **down** with the passion that raised my eyelids in vertical shivers? What vice and what torments in vice pushed the eye into the supernatural? Religion stops him from his natural purpose: to see. Since Christianity, my eyes no longer see.

The same man, who walks tiptoe on the slabs of the church, spits in the gardens - when only under the branches the joy of thoughts mixed with the senses should raise a temple and weave a mythology of sensation.

What can I do with the sky, which does not know what is decay or the torment and the ecstasy of flowering? I want to be with the things meant for nature and die with them, just as much meant for death. Why did I speak to you of extinction, you unextinguished stars? I searched too much for nothing **elsewhere**. But I return to the lands where the toils blow. To walk on them like a wanderer thirsty for sin.

From everything that is fleeting - and nothing is different - he gathers essences and intensities through sensations. Where to look for the real? You have nowhere. Only in the range of emotions. What does not live up to them is as if it does not exist. A neutral universe

is more absent than a fictional one. Only the artist makes the world present and only expression saves things from their fatal unreality.

What have you lived, what do you remember? The nameless joys and sorrows - but you found one. Life lasts only the duration of our thrills. Beyond them, it is vital dust. What you see is a vision, what you hear is music. For nothing is in itself. Our vibrations constitute the world; the tensions of the senses, its pauses. As Nothingness becomes God through prayer, so appearance - thread through expression. The word steals the prerogatives of the immediate nothingness in which we live, robs it of its fluidity and fickleness. How would we manage in the thicket of sensations if we did not stop them in forms - in what is not? Reality is solidified appearance.

The negative turmoil of the flesh, the biblical protests of blood, the image of immediate death, and the disastrous spell of disease—all pale before the despair that emanates from the splendors of the world. And even if I were to recall the most precise and piercing pain, the surest madness of matter subjected to the self, they fade beside the ecstatic torment of earthly adornments. When alone in mountains or seas, in calm or sonorous silences, beneath nostalgic firs or immanent palm trees, the senses would rise with the world above time; the happiness of being in beauty and the certainty of losing it in time tore me cruelly apart, as the landscape dissolved into the ambiguous and sublime substance of an untouched admiration. Only ugliness is painless. But the charm of appearances that betray the heights is more shattering than all the hells conjured by human gentleness. It was not the torments of man that cast me out of the world, but from having seen paradise on earth too often, my senses melted into misery. Why, in the perfection of the absolute moment, did a murmur of temporality turn me back toward the cruelties of time?

If you have seen a blossoming almond shake gently under the insinuations of the breeze and the irremediable southern sky lowered between its branches, so that the eye can imagine nothing else above the immediate flowering - then you too have shaken for a moment, to fall more bitterly into the deserts of time.

The fear of an end of thrills poisoned my heaven of feeling, because nothing should be accomplished in the senses planted in the nature. The splendours of the world stabbed me

harder than the fury of the flesh, and I bled worse in happiness than in despair.

The mystical rarefaction of time in the absolute nothingness of beauty... With it, let me feed the expectations of my blood, with the undulations and harmonious upheavals of eternal futility. Joints exist only in appearances that you would like to die for... Will petals take the place of ideas?

Time demands another sap, wines another murmur, meat other deceptions... A direct world - and completely useless; roses within everyone's reach, and which the nymphs of thought would not dare to pick...

Why will we have looked for salvation in other worlds, when its ripples can immortalize you in sweeter destructions? — I will pluck an intoxicating nothingness from all the blooms and create for myself a bed of slumbers on the corollas of the fields. And I will no longer run to the stars, nor will I take refuge in lunar distances.

The Aesthetic Nirvanizing of the World: to attain the supreme through supreme appearances. To be nothing and everything in the foam of the immediate. And to rise to the edges of the self, in the unmediated and the fleeting. Doctrines are lifeless, teachings are stupid, convictions are ridiculous, and theoretical embellishments barren. Of all that we are, only in the heights of the soul is there life. If through them you do not render music superfluous and do not elevate ugliness to the rank of oracle, in what mystery will you bury yourself? Doesn't the very mystery of matter throb in our pulse, and doesn't its rhythm call us to the melodies of the undecipherable? I am awake, and I don't know what to believe; darkened by harmonies, even less. But why, when I am like this, absent of beliefs, does life transfigure into *I*, and I become everywhere?

The end of the inner music is a melting into one **andante** cosmic. The storm that trumpeted in ideas calms down, and a horizontal calm trickles down like a sunny absence. ...I often felt my soul next to my body. I often felt it far away, often pointless and pointless. And how would I have followed him, in sudden elevations, torn from the bed of the heart? Is it not his purpose to wander in the beds of the senses? What then pushes him to the expanses, where I cannot follow him? People him **At**, they have him, he is theirs.

Only I remain under me...

Leave your soul unguarded; how it goes crazy to the sky! His natural direction is a stepfather. By what nets shall I bind him to the earth? Would that his storms would catch the passion of passing things and, restraining him, I would put shackles on his body! A moment of insignificance arrives and in flames it is released towards other worlds. Where does the sudden blaze come from that rushes him to heavenly lands, while you remain a victim next to a body in abandonment?

It is a murderous rage that defeats earthly ties, a thirst for happiness apart from happiness, a longing for astral fainting, for loss in trembling, for drowning in foams of divine regrets. What wings have squinted mysteriously in him, so that suddenly he flinches beyond the sun and in his flight leaves behind the springs of light, engulfed in a life without meaning, beyond life?

You want to die a thousand times—and he tears into the vast nowhere.

...I looked for the peace of the soul in landscapes, in smiles, in ideas. But he, a wanderer, did not care for them, but fluttered on the tops of the world. "When will he get off his boil around everyday non-beings?" If only I had another soul. A more vain soul!

I know that somewhere in me a devil cannot die. I don't need sharp ears for subtle torments, no taste for blood vinegar, just the deaf silence in which a long wail is heard. Then I know the danger. And as I turn to the despotic and humiliating Evil, he rises in the air, in the brain, in the walls — sudden, harsh and ruinous divinity.

You stand still and wait. You expect. But what to do with you? What can you say, surrounded by so much unspoken?

What passes through silence? Who passes? It is your evil passing through you, outside of you, it is an everywhere of your negative secret.

To think about what you will be? Your regrets have no future. And no future is yours. In time you have no place, in time lies horror.

And then you leave. Leaving you look. You are different when you are walking **being** — you're not anymore. Man has two attributes: loneliness and pride. He lives on earth to bring them out into the world. — But religion appears: a system of cures that undermines

existence. Why would the individual have invented it? What need organized so much poison?

I see the sun and wonder: why religion after all? I turn to the earth - and catching myself in his rushes - I don't understand why I would run away from him.

Every time I took it to the sky, the bitter sub-lunar smiled at me and I descended towards it, with thirsty envy. When he becomes full of ideals, then having no room to be proud or sad, I will leave him. But as long as it remains the space of inspired torments, what nonsense would I seek?

Religion tries to cure us of the evils that put a price on life. Loneliness and pride are bad **positives**. Absence — through which you become **more**.

I wasn't **sure** in the fragrant insecurities of the earth, than in the ecstasies without faith. My heart was pouring out to the whole world - and I wouldn't expect any answer. Thirsty of prayer filled with his own strength.

The hands have joined too much towards an absent sky: when will they return to the sweet and bitter infinity of time? The introspective ecstasy of clay, the earth touched by narcissism...

Man has not invented a more precious error and a more substantial illusion than **eul**. Breathe, imagining **unique**; your heart beats, because you are **there**. How would you stand upright in pantheism? Or how have you **be**, with a God above you? — In any form of religion, you cannot bear fruit in nature.

I wanted to save myself. And all mortal faiths demanded that I renounce myself. From the Vedas, through Buddha and Christ, I found nothing but enemies of my necessity. They offered me salvation in my absence; all of them asked me to be deprived of myself. To be them, or their God, to be anonymous in nothingness—while pride claimed my name even in the void.

And not only that. They also asked me to overcome pain. But without it, there is no taste in nature: the salt of life; its unbearable— the blood of existence.

To love, to have mercy, to wait, to perfect myself. A ladder of monotony, when you didn't want to be an animal under the sky and not a milog in the barren vision of some

absolute. To lose my suffering in others? To keep discovering peers and again peers! Shall I be happy in cultivating their folly, cultivating their vileness—and killing my drive to scorn? The self is a work of art that feeds on the suffering that religion aims to appease. But the nobility of man is only one: the esthete of his own individuality. Through torment, let the beauty of its borders be established and through burnings, let its substance be warped.

The man is **art** because he is proud and alone. He uses the earth as a more valid pretext - to master his existence - than the sky.

Religions have no sense for the charm of immanent nothingness, for appearance as such. They are strangers to perishing in itself and to the enchantment of uselessness. They are strangers to the earth. That is why they seek to save us from the *self*—the strangest blooming under the sun.

Individual existence is of such a cruel attraction, because it was born from a break in balance, from an inequality of the original fund of life. Religions want to level diversity; to suppress individuation. The meaning of salvation is the disappearance of the pronoun.

I can't stand anything other than absolute **the accident** *my*. That I happened to be, the illusion of my being seems to me to be my ultimate meaning. I will not correct anything from this incident. Each of us is a native convalescent of our own individuality. Since you don't get rid of it, you stay **in you** without a cure, you are **about**.

To melt in nature, in humanity, in God? But before any will, you drowned in yourself.

I dreamed that I died in everything, I was looking for my bones in the stars — and I found myself at the feet of the Ego, lamenting my identity.

The shadow — in relation to the dream — expresses a vague addition of existence. After you have invented worlds and lost them in space, you find yourself longing for something that would be — the Self — a shadow of nature in a general lack of nature.

Religions showed me the path to happiness, with a price **my**. But the illusion of being **here** it is more strengthening than the reconciliation of not being anywhere, of being in the heavens.

...And then I turned to earth and gave up salvation.

"Truth never dreams," said an oriental philosopher. - That's why he doesn't look at us.

What would we do with his minor reality? He exists only in the minds of teachers, in school superstitions, in the vulgarity of all apprentices.

But in his infinite mind, the dream is more real than all the truths. The world does not **it is**; it is created **every time**, a startling thrill stirs our soul's passion. I'm a promontory in nothing that dreams of a reality show. Courage places you between a being and a non-being—flitting between worlds that are and are not. Until I'm a coward, they all exist, but in the armor of a knight of the spirit I flatten the furrows of nature and trample the seeds of illusion.

We willingly instilled the things that are seen. Isn't existence a comfort of breathing? - How **to be** it seems preferable to its opposite, we have created its habit and feel better in it. What interest would it have for us to know that we only hallucinate it, that we live it in the prolongation of our semi-awakening?

The light of space, where does it scatter like a graceful demise? From the sun? — From the reflection on a blue background of burning blood. Also from them the dazzled sparks are sprinkled at night.

The universe is a dynamic pretext of the pulse, an autosuggestion of the heart.

The smile is incompatible with the law of causality: it emanates so much fascination with futility. Through its "theoretical" value, it is a symbol of the world.

The difference between cause and effect, the idea that one thing could be the source of another or have an effective connection with another, satisfies a mediocre taste for intelligibility. When you know, however, that objects do not **ARE**, There **float** in an aerial whole, the links between them reveal nothing, neither for their position nor for their essence. The world was neither born, nor died, nor did it stop at one point, nor does it become another with the support of time — but indulges pointlessly in an undefined Forever. Fugitive conqueror of eternal evanescence, only the Ego usefully deceives itself from time to time.

Through shadows he carries the burden of his distinct existence and stains the white nothingness that surrounds him with reality. The figures that seem to be alive, his dream force pumps their sap and pinches them beings. Because life is a glimpse of the spirit yearning for things, a prisoner without escape

of unwavering unreality.

Thoughts have temporarily fallen in love with existence - and we are proud to be. And our steps, devoid of dreamy shyness, pollute the shadows, treading on them with confidence and security. A moment of awakening, just; and the nets of the vulgar real were untied, to see what we are: imaginations of our own thought.

Is it a flattery that pride offers itself, when I think I understand Caligula? Suetonius, wanting to defame him and expose his madness, slips into an involuntary confession: "He (Caligula) suffered especially from insomnia, because he did not sleep more than three hours a night; and this rest was not complete, but disturbed by strange visions: once, among other things, he dreamed that he was talking to the ghost of the sea".

The same historian tells us that he did not kiss his wife or mistresses on the neck without reminding them that it was within his power to cut off their heads.

Do we not all hide in the mire of the soul desires that are possible as confessions only in the mouth of sinister emperors? To make your horse a consul — isn't this a valid judgment on people? And then in such a large empire, it would have been a lack of taste to believe in your fellow man. The Roman emperors of decadence, monsters inspired by the genius of boredom, had so much style in madness, that the world's aesthetes are scroungers and improvisational poets of shadows. If I lived in the Rome of Christian infiltrations, I would have guarded the statues of dying gods or defended with my chest the nihilism of the Caesars. The spell of decadence is the undulation suggestion of historical efforts and the need to fill the void of glory with absurdities and the sunset of greatness with madness. No matter how much the air tempts you, the ancestors of dementia bathe in the blood. Cruelty is immoral for contemporaries; that **last**, it turns into a performance, like pain locked in a sonnet. Leprosy itself becomes an aesthetic motif, if history passes it on its pages.

Only the moment is divine, infinite, irremediable. The moment you are living.

How am I to pity Caligula's victims? History is a lesson in inhumanity. Not a drop of blood from the past disturbs the present in which I am. I am more moved by the ghost of that sea, which terrified the dreams of the unfortunate emperor.

Unjust history speaks with greater pre-fall of the persecutors of the Christians than of

the martyrs. In every memory Nero is alive and seductive; we remember him with more emotion. And from having defamed him for two millennia, he is less trivial than Jesus. - Pilate with a simple question remained in the world of philosophers, who are not ashamed to quote him, while John the Evangelist, having no doubts, could not survive the adoration. Christians liquidated him through love. Judas became a symbol; betrayal and suicide gave him eternal relevance, while Peter remained a rock of the church.

Today we all know that Anna and Caiaphas **they were right**; they could not judge otherwise. In the theater of the passion at Oberammergau, as I watched the ancient drama with Christian and non-Christian eyes, in the objectivity of disabuse I was as much on the side of the Savior as of his executioners. Anna and Caiaphas had character, they were **no**; if he understood Jesus, he would have canceled himself. With their so rational questions, only **crazy** would have admitted the sublime and inaccurate answers of the Lamb.

Just like any Christian today or tomorrow, I cannot die for Jesus. Crazy about him, less. His sacrifice paid off and none. We all ended up neutral. Christianity is at an end and Jesus comes down from the cross. The earth will again stretch out in front of man and, before he discovers other errors, void of faith, he will sip its aromas without the punishment of heaven.

It is difficult to specify the date when the churches will become simple monuments, and the crosses, purified by the symbol of Jewish blood, will smile unnecessarily on aesthetic curiosity. Until then, we are still forced to endure the winds of suffocating faith in the return of the soul.

Whenever Christianity gives way to my doubts, a painful hostility takes the place of skeptical pomp and aromatic upheavals. I can't breathe in it. It smells like baking. I shut up. His mythology is worn out, his symbols empty, his promises unfulfilled. Sinister wandering of two thousand years! In the old furniture of the soul, there it wakes up a vague echo, in rooms with closed windows, with a macabre air, in the dust of life. It was of no use to me, in any moment of turmoil, in any blockage of anxiety. I turned to him in a hurry, knowing from the beginning what impotence hides a past, too past.

This Christianity—so touching in certain transient gentlenesses—contains no culture of pride, no exasperation of the passions, and no shadow of ego multiplication.

In the harsh loneliness to which the flight of thought forces you, if you took his precepts to help, you would ruin yourself in anonymity, you would collapse into the others. There are so many germs of decay in it, so little fresh air— **a religion without mountains**, of hills without peaks, of seas for the hungry!

When he approaches me, I need reserves of music to stop the poisonous emanations of his vicinity. I can't make a house with him. Or then I turn it into a pharmacy. I searched in books, in landscapes, in songs and in passions, cures for the evil of the soul, because those infused by Christianity are honeyed poisons with which people die not knowing that the evil of the soul is Christianity itself.

Reading any prophet of **the Old Testament**, the blood is suddenly more active in the veins, the pulse is felt, the muscles push you to action, to decisions, to insults. There, the man is present. In **The new**, you soften under a destructive charm, under insinuations of divine sleeping oil. Evangelists are masters of killing the will, the desires, the ego. With St. Ioan, I dream of pillows on which to mourn the weaknesses of the creature or caresses with publicans, paradises and spoiled women. Mankind has never known a source of hysteria more durable, more inexhaustible and more equivocal. For centuries in Christian swoons, man consoled himself with his own swoons. But today? What could be more boring than them? An irritating show, without surprises, without emotions, nothing in Christianity vibrates with the thirst for the alive, the absolutely immediate and strengthening. At his springs, the lips remain dry and, no matter how many icons we kiss, the eyes, the piety, the hopes burn more persistently towards other horizons. The mirages of the Jordan have exhausted their shades and there is no longer any possibility of air in all its contents. The scents of the Crucifixion wafted towards a heaven whose springs no longer quench any thirst or mortal. Who else is Jesus' universe stealing?

Oriental medicines have embalmed man for two thousand years. Catholicism — Latin Judaism — spread a penetrating soot on the exuberance of the Mediterranean. How could he "bloom" on its divinely sunny shores? Christianity is a reaction against the sun, and in its Catholic form a paragraph attack against it. Isn't the unambiguous purpose of any religion to protect man from the sources of life? Jesus casually replaced the naive Star — and for centuries in a row in the field of longing for endless and warm gaze sat the disembodied body

of the most skillful visionary. Through tears, the man no longer saw sensual and happy nymphs, but the hanging skeleton, reprimanding vain sweets. Catechisms and testaments aimed at the being of time. That

their reading did not inspire disgust at the infinitely rotten Christianity, how sad the sun would be if it found out! Would he allow a single Christian under his reach?

The soul of Spain willingly crossed itself with Catholicism. Was he afraid to stay face to face with the sun? Was he afraid to run into the sun?

Italy built churches, for fear of becoming superficial from **too much light**. Should Christianity be for her a tomb that will protect her from heaven — from the earthly heaven, vacant, fortunately, from God? - Because there is a sky of the earth, an azure that does not kill, but that man risks loving too much. The Christian nuisance protected the southerners from this. And in his place he deluded them with vain and dangerous imaginings, feeding the imagination exalted by eternal springs with delusions of invisible heavens.

Without Christianity, the southern peoples would have been doomed to happiness. Why didn't they bear it? two thousand years, **the eyes** they didn't use them for anything. They lived out of sight—in the midst of splendor. Christ offered them what cannot be seen. No flower, only thorns; no smile, only regrets. The appearances of the world have turned into e-sentences of torment, and the mistake - the smell of nothingness - into sin. Charms decayed into remorse. Everything has become **moral**. No place for the spell of useless being.

...This explains why the wood of the Cross rotted and the famous nails rusted because of our negligence.

I partook of the fruits of death more often than of life. I did not stretch out greedy hands to pick them, nor did hunger squeeze their sap with vain impatience. They were growing in me, through the gardens of blood they were enjoying their blossoming. I dreamed of oblivion on the land of the waters of the soul, I dreamed of quiet seas of nothingness and peace - and I woke up in waves enlarged by the waves of fear.

I will be filled with substances for funeral fruits. When I want to bud, in my spring I discover death. I go out into the sun, full of infinity and hope - and She pours out the sweetness of the rays. In the dark, like music, revolve around me and I die of the majesty of

death in the night.

I am nowhere; through it I am everywhere. It feeds on me and I feed on it. I never wanted to live without wanting to die. What am I more stuck in: in life or in death?

The desire to disappear, because things disappear, poisoned my thirst to be so harshly, that in the midst of the flashes of time, my breath was stifled and the sunset of nature enveloped me with a multitude of shadows. And as I saw time in everything, I hoped to rid them all of time.

The need to immortalize beings through adoration, the haste to raise them from their natural demise through excess of heart seemed to me the only precious exhaustion. I don't know that I have loved something and not hated it for not being able to save it through the fiery uproar of the soul of its law of destruction. I wanted all of them **to be**. And all of them were only in my temporary colds. My world was slipping away, because there was no world. The unwept tears did not congeal invisibly for the miseries here; they were dying in me, saddened by the ineffectiveness of ecstasy. Why don't "mouths of heaven" chain together over time? Or has not enough eternity dwelt in me?

With the world you must be generous. To spend yourself wasting your being. She is nowhere. Through our giving she breathes. The flowers themselves would not be flowers without our smile. A stinginess of our gifts reduces nature to an idea and, with deafness in the senses, the trees no longer leaf. The soul maintains the appearances that reality is jealous of. Because the world is the modification—outside—of our loneliness.

Adoration deified God. She also makes absolute shadows out of views. The effluvia of sensations pale the sky before the earth; the charms of nature are nourished by the melodies of the soul and you listen to the harmonies of the stars in the valleys.

I have served many masters in my life and I have carved a face for myself from every moment. If they only knew how much I loved them, they would find a soul just to mourn me. Nothing of the world I defamed through carelessness. And so I slipped, chilled and labored, on her nothingness.

In the thoughts from which the earth was missing, the human's call and its melody rang out. I was, like the Apostle, buried with Jesus in God - and a flash of the most accidental

passing suddenly silenced me in time. On the edge of abandonment, I was picking flowers, and the heart in its peeling sketched unseen signs of embrace. - My master was the Father and maybe the Son, the Devil and Time, Eternity and the other losses. I worshiped the faces of the world, engrossed in obedience, slave of the vain, subject to idols. For becoming is a series of temples through which I kneeled fugitively, leaving my mark through their ruin and remaining with this soul - ruin of satiety.

Why is the heart not able to save the world? Why doesn't she move things into a scented non-move?

I remember the words of that friend, at the foot of I don't know which Carpathians: "You are unhappy, because life is not eternal."

Suddenly the universe is on fire in your eyes. Their twinkles throw stars into the day. The burning of the soul brought down the sky.

By what miracle does the ego warm itself in the coolness of space? And how does so much soul rest on a time like any other?

You have raised your limit to everything and the signs of everything adorn you with their weight. You don't have an end, in a world that doesn't have an end.

You were alone and you will remain alone. forever Through your senses gushing the incomprehensible, neither the joy of matter nor the sweet shores of health circulate. Your love was written in black on the tablets of the bear: with no mortal you should not forget the infinite.

Revel in strife and condemnation; be fierce in the rotten time. You will not open any gate of heaven with any key. Misfortune is the vestal that watches over your unquenchable fire of misfortune. Bury yourself alive in it, dig your grave in its deep flame; for no delusion under heaven will make you parallel to fate. Love sinks you deeper into it, love—supreme disaster of the bear.

Being on top of yourself is not easy. To be of the world, less. If only I were a port of my navigations! But I am more like the world and the world is nothing!

I read the words of the man. I roamed its pages, skimmed through its ideas. I know how far the nations have come and how far they have gone in the temptation of the spirit. Some

suffered for the discovery of some formulas, others for the emergence of some heroes or for the elimination of hatred through beliefs. They all spent their deposits for fear of the vacuum. And when they no longer believed in anything, their vitality no longer able to support the fumbling of fruitful deceptions, they surrendered to the longing for the sunset, the fading of the exhausted spirit.

What I learned from them, the devouring curiosity that carried me through the meanders of becoming - it's a dead water that destroys the vagaries of thought. I owe everything I know to the fury of ignorance. When everything I learned disappears, then empty, with the empty world in front of me, I begin to understand everything.

I have been comrades with the skeptics of Athens, with the disbelievers of Rome, with the saints of Spain, with the Northern thinkers, and with the scumbags of the British poets—dispossessed of useless passions, vicious worshippers, and forsaken of all inspiration.

...And at the end of them, I met myself again. I resumed the journey without **no**, explorer of his own ignorance. He who bypasses history is cruelly wallowing in himself. At the edge of the toils of thought, man remains more alone than at the beginning, smiling innocently at virtuality.

It is not the temporal achievements of the creature that will put you on the path to your fulfillment. Be brave at once, be relentless with your toil, not men will reveal to you the secrets that lie in your ignorance. The world is hidden in it. It is enough to be silent in listening, so that in it you can hear everything. There is neither truth nor error, neither object nor imagination. Lean your ear on the world that smolders somewhere inside you, and that doesn't have to show itself to be. In you there is everything, and plenty of space for the continents of thought.

Nothing precedes us, nothing coexists, nothing follows us. The isolation of doing is the isolation of everything. Being is an absolute nowhere.

Who can be so devoid of pride as to indulge anything but himself? That songs rang out before you, or that after you the nights will continue in poetry, with what strength would you bear it?

If on the defeat of time, in a miracle of presence, I am not contemporary with the

making and unfolding of nature, then what I was and am is not even the thrill of a feeble wonder! Yesterday, today, tomorrow. Categories of servants. I followed the paths of people and I met only them. Servants and maids.

Look at the words with which he anticipates frequent fainting fits — and wonder! Love grows in the ardor of banality and shrinks in the awakenings of intelligence. The ecstatic dobitocia repeats itself easily, because no hindrance intervenes from a brilliant brain. "Grow and multiply" — he commands in a universe of servants, open to horizontal passion and incapable of pleasures without rolling.

Impermeable to music — the man touches the ecstasy on his belly and indulges himself with a whimper in passing, calling happiness the unequivocal essence of the absolute from the spine.

...And so you spin in the infinite mortal anthill, with yesterday, with today, with tomorrow - and look for bridges to the immediate futility of easy fevers. The maids are ready. You also enter the choir and, arm in arm with the vileness of everyone, you bow to the easy fate and forget your scythe and forget. **The Parisian, southern and Balkan ugly...**

The moldy weather on the houses, facades on which history has sprinkled soot... Venice is reinforcing against the glamorous hopelessness of the dissolving streets of Paris. I pass through them, and all the troubles related to the vacillations of fortune seem to me subtle sways, flattering titles that place me in line with the tired city. What should I believe here? In people? But them **they were**. In ideals? After all, it's a lack of style. Thus I rest in the toils of France and rise to the prestige of the boredom of her heart.

The fog casts its shadow over Paris and becomes an expression of history rather than of nature. He is in the age of fog. Why can't I imagine her under Ludovici? It seems to translate a moment and not an essence. Nature takes part in a historical sunset.

I turn to the houses and look at them. And each of them turns to me. "Come closer, you are not more alone than us", is the whisper of my companions in empty days and long nights. You can enjoy the cities of Italy, but nowhere will you be closer to things that integrate into a person.

When late, purified by nocturnal sobs, you turn without expectations and without

disappointments, around the church of Saint-Séverin, St.-Etienne-du-Mont or clocks in the square of St.-Sulpice, in view of a morning you don't want, the city without people rises with you towards the vast futility of silence. Will you know how far the ivy, scattered in the place where the Seine mirrors Notre-Dame, has been mirrored in you? I often drowned with her the virtual drowning of her melancholic inclinations.

And in broad daylight, under the earthquake of the suggestion of absence, the emptiness of your mind was refreshed by scents. This is His charm, to pour consolations of beauty over the incurable nuisances of the soul, to fill the voids born from living in time, with impalpable spells. **His city understands you.** It is deposited on your wounds. You think you are lost: in him you find yourself. You don't need anyone; he is here. Only He can save you from a lover—like her he climbs into the heart—and, by a strange delusion, people love more here. I was so much in him that, leaving him, I will part with myself.

Through its narrow streets, I was haunted by obscurity, and I never saw, as from their bottom, a more distant sky. But on the boulevards, he suddenly stretches out above the city and prolongs in his indefinite the ugly that dreams of thinking houses.

And if I were to relive all the azures grown over the Mediterranean seas and the generous pique[s] on the Breton lands, together they would not violate his memory. And when I want to define its charm, I fall into myself and define it: **the inability to be blue.** — The clouds are breaking up slowly; look at the azure threads, which do not meet. They cannot compose a heaven, which is sought and not fulfilled. The rays creep through uncertain vapors and land in a crowded space. Gray and white expanse, it eternally covers something: **heaven** it's beyond. Paris has no "sky". - And as you keep waiting for him, you blend into the luminous fog, you lose in it a disappointed longing for the azure, you lose yourself in the sour and capricious range of the apparent vault, with the vague thought of a **beyond**, which you don't know whether you want it or not. The Dutch sky of Paris...

I always got along with him and if I didn't have the same understanding with anyone, I had it with him. Raising my eyes to his inconstancy, in every appearance he translated my uneasiness. From hour to hour it changes, forms and dissolves - hesitancy of altitude, skeptical demon of blues and clouds. Left too often in the twilight of the people of the Citadel, how would I have come out of the immediate nowhere of love, without the

consolation of its neighboring height? He is an autumn in bloom, an auroral end. You carry it with you under all other skies.

...And when you are fed up with the afternoon evenings, you go south, longing for the springs, the happiness in the revelation of the blue finds too soon the poison of satiety. The hopelessness of the identical days, the abuse of azure, the satiety of the immaculate take hold in you and you look towards the source of the caresses with hatred and hatred. Where to hide from so much sky, from unyielding sun, from the sinister repetition of splendor? When you have no heart for so much blue and no space in your thoughts for the candors of light, boredom sweetens with the venom and strength of the cruel radiation and projects thoughts on the monotonous desert. How would you find happiness to measure up to such a sky? Its perfection kills a soul born in uncertain imaginations.

...That's how you return to the rotten Balkans, where - of nothingness - huma smokes with the people. Turn your skull intoxicated with perfumes and embroidery of thought, crush your dreams from the shadow of the cathedrals, bathe yourself in the odors in which human rags roll, and forget the lucid graces of the spirit.

That sky covers no one, for he has gone astray with men with everything. Why would beings born with dark circles and folds, aged by nothingness, worn out by a native impotence, stop on the banks of the Danube and in the shadows of the Carpathians? They all glide towards the Black Seas, but they are inhospitable and leave them face-to-face on the shore, woefully short of drowning. Full of troubles in the world, what would you comfort yourself with among so many bitter people? Nature there flourishes on corpses; the springs smile on despair. The black earth, without the sweet trace of a single step, rises in your blood. And your chest turns black. And you look to the sky. And heaven becomes hell.

Cursed corner of the world, time has laughed at your wretchedness, and your misfortune has not moved any delicate heart, seeking funereal charms! — From the point of view of the Balkans, the universe is a slum, through which venereal tits and murderous gypsies roam.

Their passion for vast garbage — in which a joy with burying horns is hurt — has not

even scorned a libidinous god. What star eager for the periphery would have fallen there? — Noisy worms dancing in a leprosy chorus!

Pure rebellions will never find celery for heavenly blushes. Hopes are bubbling up and thrills are raging. The wretch unfolds its immensity.

In the madness and in the chills of inconsolation, walking on those borders unforeseen in any plan of Creation, out of sight of God and shunned by devils — the mourning of the mind remembering other spaces raises gallows to hopes and everything that is in the heart ties its dream to a rope.

By what miracle, in a body composed of all the happenings of matter, does the rejection of the irresistible accidents of the days sprout lastingly? Sudden inspirations throw you — above your imagination — above life. But you can be **consistent**, that you remain in positions in I don't know how many times, it is so difficult to understand that I understand an eternal drunkard more quickly than an uninterrupted savior. After reading the Buddha or some other sublime profiteer, you would be asking for belly soup everywhere.

Shouldn't the prophets feel sorry for themselves? How does one not feel sorry for the reckless slide down the slope of elevation without exit? The sublime has no taste, while the aromas of imperfection wander the mind, with their suggestions of fall. The monotony of continuous revelation makes religion a such an unfriendly occupation. The earth benefits from not having a system. Stepping on it, you know very well that you will not anchor anywhere, because its unbearableness surpasses that of the sea. Philosophers, guides and benefactors, running after steadfastness and faith, took refuge in nonsense and despised it. They knew it meant earth **straight to the accident** and, as the caprice deserted, what would he have done in his wild heaven?

On him I drag my bones, on him to stay. Where the hell would I go? Where would I vent my anger with a more towering and crueller hunger? With the silly fools around, happily taking pity on their gaps, you suppress the longing for distance, and in enmity with your peers, you pour work into illusions. A wireless ruckus across barren continents.

In order to deviate him from perfection, the Demon sends in front of the Buddha female slaves skilled in love. They perform the 32 magics of desire. I can't make it. Then the 64; not

even then. The Blessed One remains careless and the spell possibilities exhausted.

He who knew so much—and first of all the nothingness of the flesh—refused the only way to err that verifies his doctrine. By desire you conquer the earth at his home. Killing her is killing me against nothing.

The detachment of the divine prince biting the perishable flesh—what a symbol of the union of eternity with nothingness! If the Buddha succumbed to the temptation, the picturesque equivocation in the absolute landscape of his existence would have proposed him as the only model for his descendants. The ineffectiveness of the temptation compromises all these enlightened ones, who did not want to betray Nothing with Life — nothing, but with more juice.

Music replaces religion to save the sublime from abstraction and monotony. The musicians? **Sensual** of the sublime.

If only the azure would light up and its flames would bend towards the heads of men! Not the silence of the vaults, nor serene spells or soft smiles under the moon! But the whirlwind of maddened stars grafted onto the frivolous figures of thought.

Why are things so, when your fire throws thunder to the heights? On the park lanes you watch the motionless trembling of the leaves. But your boughs caught fire in the blaze of the stars! How many heavens have you buried in you, that, descending through the archeologists of cemeteries, so many sunset gods wail towards the light and angels, what in the blood do they flap their wings with an echo in the soul?

I will not look at pasts in which lie deserted idols and accidental Jesuses. Why would I wake the ghost of cries from the nights killed in vigils? We would have no sprinkles to scatter on crosses and hills and no desires for fleeting resurrections. But in the invigoration of the world, to be a rioter of melodies, to pour out the voices of my blood in the sound ruin of space. Why would I hold back a pulse started to roar and a red meat of immensity and song?

I don't want to dream of the earth on dead waters, but on rocks crushed by foam hugs.

The niceties of the spirit spoil existence. But then, with what delicate steps we do not tread on its fragments! We punish our excess of courage and the impudent search for truth in warm affection for the remains of nature, ground by the predatory spirit.

What is more magnificent than the pride of thought floating over everything and descending from time to time with inspired malice among things! An adventurous spirit is unyielding and cynical, full of doubts and sneers. We rise through the vast gall that drills aspects and throws poisons into appearances, to taste their disintegration and strip them of a vain fascination. Knowledge becomes enterprise and action, in the passions of a philosophical hyena and in the lucid delusions of a jackal. Suddenly you stopped your flight and descended with your wings folded to dig your claws into the reality below you. The spirit is eagle and snake, claws and venom. How many fangs you have left in things is a question for the depth of the spirit. In knowledge the instincts of the beast of prey are revealed. You want to master everything, make it yours—and if it's not yours, smash it to pieces. How could you miss anything, when your endless thirst breaks the vaults and pride raises rainbows over the abyss of ideas?!

Once you have desolate her nature and faces, semetia tames and envelops with regrets the deserts behind her steps. Then you begin to be **human** with dead things and the gall turns into oil on the wounds of the being. Knowledge bleeds reality. The pride of spirit hangs over him like a murderous sky.

But of how much tenderness we are not capable of, when we return from the fierce adventure, we lean with moistened eyes towards the gardens of appearance uncovered by our hunger for truth! Do we not take in our arms the beings struck by the spears of the spirit, and do not the arrows that we sent towards them return to us? You reconcile with the world and bleed. But in your suffering there is a joy so generous that it sends away with invisible wings all the fallen of your murderous awakenings. At the end of the devilish adventures of spirit, you transform yourself into a magnanimity, which redeems the rape of vain charms, without which you cannot live!

Those reddened by the inadequacy of the landscape of being, eaten by the vain succession of hours, with what joy do they not give themselves to the flashes that throw a burning content over things! In a soul touched by the emptiness of the world, the obsession of revenge is a sweet and strengthening food, a substantial element in moments, an anger that gives birth to meaning over the general nonsense. Religions, in their hatred against all that is nobility, honor and passion, have infected souls with cowardice, stripped them of new

excitements, stormy contents. They hit nothing worse than the human need to be **he**, by revenge. What an aberration to forgive your enemy, to offer him all the cheeks invented by a ridiculous modesty, in order to spit and slap the creepers around, which instincts make you trample fiercely!

Man is man, in his mercilessness. Did someone wrong you? Let the hatred rise within you, twist your secret bitterness, scald your boiling veins. On nights when vast silence overtakes you, do not fall into the destructive forgetfulness of meditation — burn, with pain and fury, the sluggishness of the flesh, drive your violent venom deep into the enemy's guts. How else could you prolong this bland existence?

You find enemies wherever you want. The thought of revenge maintains a continuous flame, an absolute thirst and, more than any pleasure, it makes you present in the world, flattering your ambitions and years, because young, bad, greedy for joints and upheavals, to what you would grow the winds of hatred and angry anger!

The warlike peoples were not cruel and adventurous because of the lust for prey, but because of the identity horror of the days, because of the lack of an ideal of happiness. The obsession with blood derives from the infinity of boredom, from the unbearableness of peace. So do individuals. How would they allow themselves to languish in a yawn of indifference and petty pleasures?

What would I do with gentleness and with the other worlds to which a religion without active despair directs me? What would I do with my peace? I can't come to terms with myself, with others, with things. And not even with God. With him in no way. To lie adoringly in his cold arms? But I don't need a bed of tired babes. I rest better on the thorns of this world, and when I get hot I also become a thorn in the body of the Builder and his buildings.

I love England's bloody past, piracy in morals and literature, the pathetic rush of crime and poetry. There is a writing of some nation in which splashes of blood may break out stormy in stanzas? Or some wilder inspiration, more divinely immoral, more toweringly murderous? But how lamentably this people ended at the gates of the parliament! Where are the pirates of yesteryear, who carried on the seas eager for blood, profit and the unknown?

A people gains renown in ages of adventurers, of vagabonds, of uprooted nostalgics, when hatred, revenge, and honor open hearts toward new horizons and turn conquest into the foremost call of existence. The moment the English ceased to be cruel and chose instead the happiness of daring, the wealth of fervor, the money of madness, they entered — irrevocably — into a shameful decline: into calculation, into the stock exchange, into democracy, and into agony. Reason took the throne in their lives — reason, which kills the momentum of nations and individuals alike. A settled people is a lost people, just like a well-behaved man is a wasted one. Empires are built by men without roots, by scoundrels, by aggressive riffraff; they are ruled — and ruined — by deputies, ideologies, and principles. Napoleon was a madman from beyond the horizon of common sense. Under him, France suffered “without purpose.” But a country exists only through adventure. In the times when the French loved to die for passion and glory, a Parisian paradox weighed more and meant more than an ultimatum. Salons decided the fate of the world, behind intelligence hid flames, and style was the civil blossoming of the thirst for domination. The spirit sustained its subtle insolence through vital excesses. The Age of Enlightenment translated into tapestries and lucidities the futile boundary of force and the scholarly disillusionments of power.

A nation begins to die when it clings to preservation, and when, in its spleen or spiritual fatigue, only the exhaustion of glory and courage breaks through.

The desire for aggrandizement and futility is the supreme excuse of a people. Common sense—the death of it.

Born from an unlucky family, why would you condemn the ugly bear and sweeten with clarifications the harazire coat? At the foot of the Carpathians, the march of the world passes by man and the sun drowns in dung and vulgarity. No ideal sprinkles the mortuary joy of the subjects of the time, in that vicinity of the East.

Awake, the ugly is killing you. The aggressive emptiness of the painful Motherland and the desert that blows in the soul of her sons, drives you to the tavern and the brothel, so that in the trance of the periphery you can forget the bitter age of the country and the lack of decorations on the coats of arms and the steppes of the heart. That's how you get drunk and swear, so you don't kneel and pray.

Troubled by so many non-humans, with glades and orchards you deceive the native desert. In the woods, the Wallachian consoled himself from the plagues; in the woods, you would console yourself with him.

It was written that the descendants of the Dacian blood and other insecure gins and turbids should not understand a single thought in happiness and that our sprinkles should be bundled in a string of uncomfortable inheritances of the opposing tribes. Sighing and cursing were our strategy, shepherds torn from some star of disintegration, ordered to ascend to heaven and be degraded in time.

The native bondage has extinguished the breath of glory in a people long tried by condemnation. The pride of being is foreign to them. Not even pretense is known to the shepherds of herds — and not of ideals. Even if I had the naiveté of an angel and the faith of a child, I still would not be the hopeful offspring of such a people. Born with eyes wide open — and awakened further by lands where the spirit breathes — I tread, bleeding my pride, on the shackles beneath which, from the very beginning, arches a people of servants, defiling its own purpose. It shall reach no harbor. Distress is its destiny. I can no longer invent callings for it that it keeps denying. Its way of life wounds all that rises above disillusionment. Every hope is folly, and to be a prophet is an act of cynicism.

And it's as if he put a leash on the heart, little dominas, and the generous Time twisted its straps so that it wouldn't run away with rapid steps towards the future.

- What nation is this? — asks your chilled mind. Her walk is not heard in the world. - He can be heard in my despair.

Gîrbovită fate, who will straighten it? And the sky twisted as if disgusted by the Wallachian misdeeds - and from the height, with disdain, threw them, like a desired cloud, release from any purpose.

Where to look, who to be proud of?

A race of the needy, unmoored in misfortune, created to increase the sadness of those born sad... In a conscience dimmed and tired in countries rotten with glory, which no longer need a future, the Wallachian misfortune adds a heavy shadow to the infinite darkness of the soul. That's the only way the people of shepherds breathe in the thoughts that made the

circuit of Nineveh past and present. What other purpose would secular hats serve in the negative spell of spirit falls?

...Ancestors who moaned your years in the whistle, you are no longer in me. Your songs did not resound in longings full of sweet estrangements and lucky lands. Next to you, alone i will go out and my bones will not tell you where I lost the honor of my marrow and the glimmers of my brain.

II

If I were to lead armies, I would march them to death without lies: without a homeland, without an ideal, and without the theft of any reward — not even heaven. I would tell them everything — and first of all, how worthless life and death truly are. Honestly, one can only inspire courage in the name of the unnatural; as long as something exists, any sacrifice, however small, is an irreparable loss.

Death is a ghost, like life. They can only die knowing that there is neither loss nor gain in their end.

They were, with all that, army chiefs on the way to not be mistaken...

It's hard to love Marcus Aurelius; not to love him, just like that. To write about death and nothingness, at night in a tent, to measure the small things of life in the clatter of weapons! As a human paradox, it is as strange as Nero or Caligula. But what a great thinker the emperor was, if he didn't go to school with the Stoics and didn't confine his feelings to a second-hand teaching! All the doctrine in it is mediocre. The conception of matter, of elements, resignation as a principle — I no longer regard anyone. The system is the death of philosophers, even more so of emperors.

From all his reflections, only the thrill of isolation is alive and fruitful. In the greatest empire, the head has nothing to lean on; in the greatest domination, the strongest has only the idea of the end. Marc Aureliu is the pure symbol of the oddities of decadence, of the spell that emanates from the sunsets of culture.

The earth is yours — and you have no other abode than vanity. If he had followed the Greek tragedians, unchained in doctrine, what exclamations the human spirit would not have

recorded! Stoicism imposed a modesty on him—which embarrasses us. And he himself, if he had not been embarrassed by the teachers, if he had not suffered from the plague of apprenticeship - how many of the despair of the deeds of arms would not have mixed in the thoughts that deny them with a goodwill that disappoints us!

It is hard to love Marcus Aurelius; and just as hard not to. To write about death and nothingness, at night, in a tent — to measure the smallness of life in the clatter of weapons! As a human paradox, he is as strange as Nero or Caligula. But how great the philosopher-emperor might have been, had he not become a disciple of the Stoics, and confined his feeling within a second-hand doctrine! Everything doctrinal in him is mediocre. His conception of matter, of the elements, of resignation as a principle — none of it speaks to anyone anymore. System is the death of philosophers, and all the more so of emperors.

Boredom's answer to all our questions is the same: this world is a breathless world.

Thus, you decide to do everything against Her.

The new exists only within us. Not in things, and not in beings. The “real” is a phantasmagoria of appearances that enchants you, so long as your song sustains the rhythm of their dance. Without our attunement, the veil that upholds the parade called life tears into drifting shreds of illusion — and from all that once unfolded before our eyes, not even the shadows of the deceptive real remain.

The function of boredom is to tear that veil. - Would we have enough song power to wave it further over a fictitious world, **existence** in the wildness of our imagination? The whole thread is a decorative deception of the inner music.

Behind the world, there hides no other world, and nothingness conceals nothing. No matter how deeply you dig in search of treasures, the effort is in vain: gold is scattered in spirit, but spirit is far from being gold. Should one scorn life through useless archaeologies? There are no traces. Who could have left them? Nothingness stains nothing. What footsteps could have passed beneath the earth, when there is no beneath?

Stay at the helm on the waves of appearance and don't descend into the soil of hidden layers. Unreality is the same. That you are on the surface of the sea or in its depth, you cannot know in any place more than in the one [in which] you are. And you are nowhere,

because nowhere is vast everywhere.

The dream is no longer deceptive as a sign of sleep or of the day's labor. Dream is everywhere. The impalpable visions of the night as if jealous of the ghosts rumored in the map among mortals?! The formations of the world run into delusion.

From entertaining passions in a ghostly universe, man is worthy of fame. You, however, follow your path and with thoughtful fury bend your rays to illuminate it, like a skeptical sun.

When you don't aspire through natural inclinations towards accomplishments and deeds, what pushes you with a strangeness towards accomplishments? And not finding any evidence against the truth, what drives you to the fever of watches and documents? Whence the remorse of wasting time, after you have glimpsed the substance of time's vanity?

Every moment is lost forever. A **soon** of the non-being you care for when the breath intersects with the world. Why are you procrastinating, you've been procrastinating forever. Death is here, and you cannot stay **possible** in it — incurable elimination of the possible.

If he hadn't followed me **soon** fatal, I would have added nothing to the records of the senses. I would have left everything to the elderly. He who is not worried about the calls of the end has endless time. And that's why nothing fulfills. All achievement—and primarily your achievement—derives from the constant obsession with death. Her calls create the will, give accents to the passions and stir up the instincts. The chills of the action are its echo in time. If I didn't feel that I'm open to death at any time, that I don't have cover and reinforcements from it, I wouldn't know anything, I wouldn't want to know anything, I wouldn't be anything and I wouldn't want to be anything.

But I see that she is here. I see her. I flee from her and draw her near. I am her and I am not her. What is wound in me is the ash of her fire. And I am wound everywhere.

I often glimpsed, carried on the songs of insomnia, the yellow light of the mornings and the undecided things to wake up. Birds chirped pointlessly to a nature estranged as if forever. And my thoughts chirped too, but back to the night. Then I saw the violet glint of death and tried in vain to press on the eternity of the dawn, to believe in the mornings.

...And if I carry my memory to all those, from whom I learned something, it seems to

me that the secret of their attraction started from the proximity of death. Being forever on the edge, they were in the natural realm of knowledge. In their voice the scholarly agony of matter, with its frail and painful destiny, raged, and their words came out grave and useless, nervous and bitter—concepts in disaster, in final flourishes. I only found warmth in their souls. Thoughtful scents emanated from them, sentences carried on an aggressive perfume. The mixture of disease and vitality strangely overturns the natural formations, for they were in no place and were in everything. The evil hidden in the fragility of life — what a coexistence of autumn and spring in ideas! I loved only those who did not freeze in any season - and around them, surrounded by death, I forgot the climate of the spirit, becoming spirit with them.

That people are not ashamed to exist, I have known it for a long, long time. I couldn't stop marveling at their confident walk, their questioning eyes, but without torment, their proud attitude of vertical worms. I did not see them grateful to the earth, nor worshiping with devout gales

its fleeting fruits. Adoration is a fruit of isolation. And the daily mortals - how eternal they would be if they spent their strength in joyful sighs, if they had so many illusions that their steps would tread on a velvet universe! But no! Where man passes, there is nothing but ruin and rape of appearance. I did not see in him the colds with which to fill the space and make the sky pale. Life together is only to be endured in a shared ecstasy, and nothing is rarer under the sun than ecstasy.

Is the sun shining to warm us? Do the nights cover us to cover us with sleep? The sea, to conquer it? - Since when **BENEFIT** appeared in the world, the world is no more. It is no longer in the charm. Only adoration respects things in themselves, and life is not life without the tears of happiness of the sufferings occasioned by it. On her deceitful meadows I soared with her with everything, when the dancing heart was crushed by a ruinous song. - How would the earth that I embraced with tears and despised with blood swallow me up? Shall I rot under him, under him, which is not eternity except as a grave? Not a thrill to move the cemeteries to a purer land?

...That's how you get to bathe with equal passion in birth, in youth, in death, in nothingness and in eternity - careless of goals, hungry for goals and perfections. Wherever

you go — it's the same. You say: **eternity**, because your thrills defeated time—and when they were defeated by time you say: **nothing**.

The vines swell with a warm breath — and then you tremble with hope, and you say to yourself: **life**, **youth**, and you think eagerly about love and the future. - Or when only thoughts circulate in them, and gusts of fear, with painful silences, then you say to yourself: **death**, and all the troubles of time are burdened in your soul.

This is how you realize your passion for appearances. With a suffering fervour, you continue to stick to and detach yourself from everything, wearing out according to the circumstances, blinded or disoriented, the boundless time to which you have given yourself.

If the evil of nocturnal passion did not dig a weak mind, I would end sleep and surround the darkness. But I don't have enough sap for the buds of the nights... Too often I'm forced to watch over their barren silence, with me in front of me, I'm stuck in thoughtlessness.

What would I invent in a flurry of ideas and in a mute zero of feeling? That's how you want never-before-seen fangs to bite your tired flesh, so that your blood boils and becomes your soul. Without passionate poisons there are no dawns—nocturnal outbursts of our wounds. "Blood?" Then the dawn waits and the sun shines in you.

Everything that is born and is alive starts from the tightening of suffering in the fight with the light. Day? Health of our vices.

And **decadent** of the dawn...

Tired of knowing so much and even more tired of clarifying them, you envy Jupiter for replacing words with madness.

To put voices on paper and mysteries into words! The spirit wants to explain the soul. A vicious mistake that defines man; its scope—culture.

The disease of interpretation — crime against virtuality and music...

Through words, we lighten ourselves of burdens that might have made us more. Those who do not write, those who do not write themselves, exist untouched—they are infinitely present.

The spirit gnaws at the possible. And what we call culture is a renunciation of our

sources. The non-beings of the world become beings through the word, at our expense. Expression gives life on the corpse of its creator. Nothing you have said is yours anymore. And you no longer belong to yourself. No night I have understood is mine anymore. Nor any love.

I see the flesh around me. I see my flesh and that of everywhere else. Sweet and tender thief. Through it the spirit learns what is hot and cold; through it the worms climb into ideas. The purest reflections, taking the opposite path of immortality, will not end up giving us the icon of the endless mortal as a sudden thrill of it. There is something sublimely rotten in this flesh. Vain weather accessible to the touch. Absolutely finally revealed to the sensation. Pleasure in crying and crying in pleasure — that's all its secret and substance. I feel her here, so close, so little eternal, within the reach of whims - and then I see her lying in the underground bed, violet, green, bevelled dream, spoil of former existence, grinning liquidly at the rebellions of the past, defunct house where the loves were leavened.

To be: alternation of hot and cold. And a few extra hopes. To step over the body, to crush the germs of worms that grind and swarm under the thoughts, and carry in their invisible juice the immense non-being. Oh no! **With them** I will go forward on earth, on their native space.

The "disease of desire", which religions oppose, I will know how to take care of it. I will not put an end to the fatal tumult and proud suffering of the flesh. I will follow her tragic apostolate with victim resurrections. Why would I fix my eyes on the heavens, when around me, in me, in what is most mine, she struggles in such cruel desertions!

And **or!** past in matter, an exclamation that took shape — that's the human body. And that's why his wrists emit a vague lamentation, which breaks into a heartbreaking voice in the creaking of the bones and then dies in the suffering malaise of his soul. - In his colds you feel slabs and all the absences of the unmarbled; desires crept into his deadness, into the stagnant blood, and in the fevers, desires fly like in an inferno of rays. Because his coldness changes the crazy upheavals of love into layers, just as his warmth lifts up the scum and its nothingness into love. - This is how you come to love him with pity, to touch his perishable joints - mercifully body to body - and say to yourself: what is the human body without anyone!

Wallachian destiny

You don't need diseases to whip your spirit, nor fatalities to grind your mind to sleep. Constantly take heed of the ill-fated nation and, if you make your soul the inventory of heaven, you will not find the strength to fall prey to relief. A thorn will remain under your happiness, sharper and sharper than the claws of demented shrews in stories, which will bleed you into the sweets of oblivion and will seep into your blood without ancestors a leprous and infinitely foreboding liquid. Side by side with so-called people, shoulder to shoulder with ideals gnawed by caries, mired in disappointments that lie like dirty laundry, life becomes a thorn in the side of resignation, becoming a cosmic stench mitigated by ridicule. Who killed the future in a nation without a past?

Wherever you go, his curse follows you, works your vigils, you suffer for him, because no matter how much you hate those Bears who canceled his destiny for centuries upon centuries - the universe does not comfort you from the space of unhappiness in which you were born. The wretched wallah felt in his veins is like Pascal's disease - and, being up to your neck in it, you are automatically Job. What need do you have of leprosy when fate has plagued you both sober and wallah? A drama twice has no denouement, the action being a funeral from the ground up!

If only you could despise that bastard. But he is much too big. It crushes your irony, destroys your smile, shatters the lightness of your wit. You would like to have goodwill. But how? You say to yourself: your country is a superficial cemetery! - And the more you sweeten the irreparable, the more your grief increases. Every Romanian is a master of time.

You know your fellow Vlachs and their honeyed sneers—horse thieves polished by salons. Defeats spanning a thousand years have bred scoundrels puffed up with barren cunning, and in the peasant, drained by breathless pain, a vision of the world made of mud and plum brandy — and crooked wooden crosses guarding the dead without pride. From the rural desolation, you extract symbols for the country itself, for nowhere else in the world have so many weeds covered the memory of those who once were with such a generous display of forgetting. Did Rome leave not a single drop in that nation's blood? Did it not bequeath, along with its few words, traces of pride, elevation, power? Are we not even worthy of its

slaves? Our passage through the world can awaken no mercy even from the dregs of Rome.

You encounter your homeland out of a need for an added despair, out of a thirst for a surplus of unhappiness. I am Romanian by the very foundation of self-humiliation that exists in the human condition. Nothing flatters me about belonging to that space, except the yearning to wallow in pains for which I bear no guilt, and to strangle my pride in the incurable revelation of our non-being. Other people are — or are not. But none are as barely existent as we are! So barely! The diminutive is our divinity. Even death is second-rate in the “meadow-foot” of our national infinitesimal.

We love the country only as a source of discomfort. If only it would become a nuisance! And in evil we must be lenient with her, to grant her the honor of which she is not capable. - Destruction! Break my mind!

What bad market sealed our beginnings? And what seal imprinted the marks of purposelessness as an initial shame? No crown of honor ever graced the hoof of a wallah. With their heads in the ground, they walk their servile destiny, the supposed descendants of the most towering gin. Slaves of debauchery, they don't know that the creature achieves its purpose by humiliating the sun through flashes of passion and through delirium of superb seduction. Slavery is the puddle in which Balkan cowardice wallows, the voluptuous mud of the corner of Europe lying in delights, devoid of the excuse of nobility or vice.

Why would providence throw it out of its vast nature to laugh at us, robbing us of alms?

At the dismounting of the voivods, a cuckoo played...

...whose omen seems to echo, on the banks of the Seine, with a sense of doom, as if to measure a deceased destiny from the heart of so many glories.

Often I have taken leave of life. I said to myself, in the depths of my heart: nature is sealed. What more is there to seek in it? There is no place for you — break away from all things, draw a cross over who you have been, and an even larger one over who you could have been. Throw your body to the ground, tear your garments and your former beliefs, rip out your hair in a tangled knot that murders hope, and with fierce arms undo your joints and extinguish the memory of your existence. ...But when it came time to act, my heart answered: “You love your own carcass above all else. And even if you were to trample your last desire, even if

nowhere in time or eternity could you find a moment to breathe — abandoned by all, abandoned by yourself — in my beating there would still smolder a thirst through which you are, no matter how much you might no longer wish to be. Your blood, from which your thoughts and other demons have drunk — when you are most estranged from yourself — rushes into my empty depths, and from the hothouse of your despair, I become a garden of springtimes. And how many times have I not been your last spring!”

I wanted to subdue a thought, vaguely drawn on a body. And when no embarrassment appeared to improve the guilty start, a voice was heard from deep inside, the voice of hunger for being. From the killer of your illusion, from the saint of nothingness, the vicinity of the fatal act instantly transforms you into a servant of the events of the world, into a lad of your event.

Roamer on streets soiled by your fellows, by fellows you follow to run away, carrying the fatigue of the cities and still stretching the avenues of time, you return home - to your room alone, and in your bed even more alone, the land of thoughts moans: "I can't do it anymore, I can't do it anymore". — Sheets that smell like a shroud and a spirit bleached by final paleness. And when everything in you seems to break, the thrill of pure existence brings you back **beyond** of you, on the immediate lands of error, of nature.

If you hadn't listened in your early youth to the out-of-tune pianos of the province, with crippled ranges on which you sobbed in endless afternoons; if you hadn't stayed awake for consecutive nights counting the moments with an arithmetic of the incurable; if you had not sought shelter for your exile in stars, in tears, in eyes abandoned by the virgin - and you had not deserted from all the cradles of nature - would you know today the emptiness, of the world and of yourself?

The rarefaction of life changes everything into the unreal. I put my hand on things and they slip away, as they slip away. Even the yeast — **supreme royal**- it's just a more concentrated dream.

To the stranger — to the woman **next to you** — who complains to you about the difficulty of moving on and asks you for cures against negative temptation, you answer him:

¹(Inv.) Căpăîină, tigvâ, jeastâ. (Ed.).

— "Look at the unreal everywhere. That's how you forget the positive **apparent** of suffering." And she:

— "But until when?"

— "Until you lose your mind."

The more man constitutes an existence **distinction**, the more vulnerable it becomes. **Which is not** it can hurt him; nothing is an occasion for turmoil - while on a neighboring level the animal needs strong emotions and decisive circumstances to be **present**. You have arrived **yourself**, boundless in your boundlessness? Then who will remove your burning arrows from the poison of time? You poisoned yourself how many times you flooded the bed meant for eternal mortal breathing. **Any** it touches you, when you touch with thought the lands closed to the lungs destined to time. Reflections don't need oxygen, that's why we punish them so cruelly. The proximity of eternity determines vulnerability as a specific human phenomenon, and Uselessness — the charm of his nature.

Inasmuch as knowingly I revel in an absence of purpose - or I act with no benefit other than that of sweetening the ugly - that is how much I am human. A plowman in the Sahara, that's his dignity. An animal that can suffer for **what it is not**, here is the man.

That I still exist and still make my way through the affairs of the world, to please reason? Maybe they too. But in the last line. To the people? Appearances? Neither some nor some were present when I was gone. They always helped me **after**.

But when the uprooting of the world was raging in the Latin Quarter and you carried your exile among so many Ahasveris, with what powers did you endure the accursed slavery of the heart and the roar of loneliness in the dreamy fog of the boulevards? Was there a stranger stranger than you on St.-Michel? and more lovingly has any harlot or beggar sipped his vulgar perfume?

Just like the Spanish, African or Asian Venetians through the Rome of decadence, tasting the loss of culture in the confusion of systems and religions, and ideal vacationers reveling in the doubts of the Citadel - you too walk disillusioned through the twilight of the City of Light. Nobody has roots. The eyes of the passers-by are tired and the native sights are extinguished in them. None of them belongs to any country and no faith leads them to the

future. Everyone tastes a tasteless present. - The natives, dry, without options, still have **reflections** only in doubt. The Enlightenment had **spirit** in skepticism; at the end of civilization, skepticism is vegetative. Life, without horizons, remains only the revelation of sensation and tropisms of lucidity. The instincts are there ground. The great-grandsons of refined skeptics, **physiological** I can't believe in anything anymore. In the end, a people is only capable of the negative ecstasy of intelligence in the face of universal nothingness. On the streets you breathe the empty breezes of the sunset and try to wind your dawn, as if not to recognize that you are at the sunset level of the Citadel. And then you willingly rise above it. And you want to save yourself. In it, who and what to help you?

Nothing helped me, nothing. And if I didn't have it at hand **long-** from Bach's concerto for two violins, how many times would I have failed? I owe him. In the painfully vast gravity of swaying apart from the world, from the sky, from feelings and thoughts, all the consolations came down to me and as if by magic I started to be again, drunk with gratitude. For whom? For everything and nothing. For it is in that **long** a tenderness of nothingness, a thrill of perfection in the perfection of nothingness.

No book supported me in the neighborhood of learning, no faith supported me, no memory strengthened me. And when the houses were lost in bluish vapors, when, northern and desert, Luxemburg in the middle of winter was swimming in humidity and the moisture was moldering through my bones and through my thoughts, far from the present, I remained dumbfounded in the middle of the city. Then I rushed with tormented haste towards the source of the caresses and disappeared and came back to life carried away by the sound absences.

After you have tasted the poison of religion in disappointment, the companionship of music detaches you from the accidents of deception. Its vibrations are not connected to objects, beings, essences or appearances, but — in full thrill — it no longer hangs on anyone. In its over-extended space, the earth and the sky do not find a game of wandering, they are too small and do not have the substance of flakes to float in it. Sound—cosmic lie substituted for infinity—allows you any aggrandizement, and "or God or I kill myself" is a **common place** of music.

I will not leave the sky alone. I don't need decent clouds, the blue of time, the cheap poetry of sweet sunsets. Black and stormy heights, drifts of fuel oil that stretch out infecting the Serbian days with night, I will annihilate my cruel fate under the colorless sun!

I don't want you groping through bland realms weeding dreams of poisoned weeds and their swamps of a fatal warthog. Vegetation without light grows in the black blood, I'm tired of knocking down gentle stars and covering the mud of my sad life with fugitive dust. I will put seeds in the poison and wake those dreamers to death.

I do not know what killings have sprouted in my sap and how far the creepers of the spirit—the curses—have climbed into the spirit. I will not tan him with wisdom, but I will pour him more pungent aromas, not to extinguish the poisoned flame that sustains his nature.

And you, my soul, too often little soul, will not escape a fate that awaits heaven. You too will not die in the mortal pit, to which stunted ancestors consigned you. I will forge the merciless sword, with the cheerful edge, and I will place you to rest in its bloody cradle. You want to sleep, you wretched wretch from ancient stupidity, you want to sleep like the crying blue from which you too will have broken away like all the souls under the sun, afflicted by gentleness and kindness. But I watch between the earth and the sky, and you will lie in wait when your fatigue leaves the One Above, I will slap your wings with whips of fire, and you will fall, Icarus the craftsman, in the seas of the swirling self.

As long as I endure your longing for the transparent lands and bend under the law that leads you to the quiet stars, remaining alone with me, [...] ² from below — and you leafing, angel of the air, on a pale azure of calm?!

In a bed of needles I will put you, in the bed of the heart. With wounds I will fence you in it. Through the world, how would I still walk, you wandering in other worlds, smiling at my languid pains from there? Here, in hustle and bustle, here you will stay fugitive and traitor of torment! With the sword I will quench your zeal, zealous of heaven! And if you're going to leave me, you've made a murderer out of me!

Flame! — visible possibility of not being! In your game of is and is not, in your vertical destruction, I deciphered my meaning more than in all the teachings, with laws and ideas. You seem to be eternal and you rise animated by your heat, sunny death that steals the signs

of life. To what does your sudden anger fly? For what purpose?

Why don't you get over your consuming ravings to resurrect the pygmy from under my ashes? I would grow in you, in the delusion of your brilliance, and how I would then die with you in flickers that are eternal imaginings!

Like your cries that rise to deceive the fall from the base of growth, I also flew into the world, far from the grave, to be, by height, closer to it. The lack of any use is the treasure of your ascension. You don't cling to anyone or anything and you seem to caress

² Missing word in photocopy.

with the tender silence of space, but your breeze, sensitive to hearing for nothingness, is the very voice of non-being. Of the Being that wants to be and cannot. Of the eternal voice, you reveal to us that a split second is the secret that makes a thing be. We say that **it is**, when through beliefs and illusions we extend it beyond the instantaneous fire, beyond the radiant blink.

...To whom would I cling through the flaming Vague, myself a flame more perishable than all? But still, if the world is a night, magnified by the shadows of light, **price** you are anyway more than covering your head with the foam of peace and the ashes of mercy. God is a lie like life and maybe like death...

You remained to me, fires of the heart and appearances perfumed with vanity, in the world in which the flame taught me that: everything is futile, except futility!

Suddenly a witch disturbs the waters of your soul. Your voice darkens, your eyes widen and your tawny hair clings to the invisible particles of horror scattered in the air. The yeasts of light turn on and off. Who set fire to the senses, who gave a deathly glow to the vigorous and sensual thrill that splits the tenderness of the flesh, as in the ancient ballads with blood in poisoned cups?

You were passing among the people in springtime and here is the lightning ripping your guts under the clear sky: this is how it must be before murders. You bathe in a bright poison and startle red with a disappearance, sweet in its bitter celebratory.

What weed caught flower-in-heart, to walk through the stubble of nature with

voluptuous doom, clothed in sparkling purples of guilt? And where does so much happiness come from when you carry so much burden? Through time, ghosts from the future pass.

Fearing your fears, you go crazy among others. You are looking for party, wine and dancing and the world of touching. And as you see them spinning, deceiving their emptiness with gesture and their hate with movement, pretending to forget the easy means with which I cover the abyss from the fact of breathing, you say to yourself without wanting to: only those who realize do not lie. For only by dying does the mortal not lie. - And so you leave. And they dance on, happy with the shadow of reality, at which they cool off for a moment, giving themselves to the precious lie. Why would **wake up** them, so that everything is not? — With eyes open, existence evaporates. People lock them up to keep it. And who wouldn't agree with them? Scorched by nature washed by clear vision, how could you not want eyelids closed forever, with the lie of fresh reality?

I don't want to be a vampire of the hemlock anymore, and I don't want to gather the strength of my moments in weeds either. In the soul, crimes of conscience and thieves who embraced the sky are rusting. Who would shed the inner aims, survive its visible depth? We accept ourselves, because we have put slabs on our rot, nails at the gates of the heart, and we have let its fields flourish. The sight of the inner hell would put daggers in the hands of the scorpions that would return to us. In it, the archangel is nene and the breasts curl up, the pus flows in the maiden's smile and the shadow of a flower is not purer than the curse of the sublunar moth.

Unseen witches, stir my blood no more with evil juices, scattered in the air. Exorcise me from the curse of being my clairvoyant. I didn't know myself without you? Why do you plunge me into the swamps of secrets? Pick up the poison of space, I cannot absorb it endlessly. Or do you want to bathe in creature hell and turn the candid universe into a whore's spit?

Matter would like to sleep. You leave her alone. Let her drown in it. You showed too much. What grain should bear fruit in celeriacs blown away by the breath of barrenness? Death contained his dreams in embalmed tissues. Mummy in which passions are jamming, when will the sheets that ruin you forever break? Sleep — with cruel gentleness like the steps of the dying — demolishes the edifice of the ego and slowly returns it to the spell of

primordial absence. The wobbles of matter sink you slowly towards the land of inseparability of the being from its enemy. And death comes upon you.

I lit candles: But they did not light up my life. The veil of the spirit enveloped the islands of hope and we sobbed on the catafalque of the world.

I will stay out of the way of my peers, because sometimes I would fall in love with Cleopatra's charms. On women's breasts I dreamed of Spanish monasteries, and their bodies unmarried by thoughts rose like pyramids under which we read pharaonic legends. Their aerial and bestial embraces, their silky delirium, what a new you found them, when none of them left you where you left. They put you in a vacuum. Without the absolute falsehood of the weaker sex, I would not have humbled myself in search of heaven.

Subterranean visions haunt my forehead, she rests her horror on empty skulls, and my heart sits in my body like a ring on a skeleton's finger. And I run, torch in hand, running through the Olympic hells, looking for my death.

Nations without pride neither live nor die. Their existence is barren and void, because they only spend the nothing of their humiliation. Only their passions could pull them out of their homogeneous fate. But they don't have passions.

When I turn my eyes to the actualities of the past, of all that was, I am only delighted by the eras of monstrous pride, of gigantic challenge, of triumphant unhappiness, in which the spirit fed up with power cured its satiety in search of even greater powers. Can anyone imagine what was going on in the mind of a Romanian senator? So much passion for domination and wealth has exhausted a nation. But as little as he lived, he surpassed in strength the eternity of the anonymous nations. The love of money, of luxury, of vice, this is civilization. A simple and honest people is no different from plants. Violating nature, you grow beyond your natural law and effectively exist, collapsing. Everything that comes from pride is short-lived, but the infinite intensity redeems the smallness of time.

For the Roman senate, Rome was more than the world. That's why he dominated her, humiliated her, defeated her. A people - and especially a people - only creates by rejecting what it is not, understanding only itself.

Understanding others, you become gelatinous, wise and clever. But you don't conceive

anything anymore. Comprehension is the grave of the individual and of the collective, which is not **more** than blindfolded, with the senses on fire.

The Romans were breathing **absolutely** in their laws; they were not likened to others, for others were not **COULD** exist. Their type of humanity was humanity itself. Republic or Caesarism — two forms of the same pride, two ways of commanding: in the first you substituted yourself **legally** the universe, in the second **subjective**. Law and caprice decided - to the same extent - the fate of the others. The distance between a Romanian peasant and a Romanian senator — or from nature to man.

The empire began to decay when the tired individuals no longer had enough strength to replace the universe, when it became **a reality** and the Romans arrived **EXTERNAL** their. Decadence is a fact of understanding, of the excess of perspective. You no longer have the crazy, infinitely narrow and infinitely creative drive to be only you. The world **as there is** — you no longer **YOU**. Eastern religions entered Rome, because she was no longer content with herself.

Christianity — the most **unladylike** faith than ever existed—it was only possible through the disgust of luxury, of fashion, of spices, and of chosen deviations. If Rome she would not have lived with such intensity and spent herself so quickly, the ruin of her great pride would have been delayed, and the Christian law would have remained the unenviable privilege of a sect. We would thus have had the luck of some other faith, more sensual, more poetic, with the cruelties of art and with the comforting vainglorious.

That Rome has fallen so low, that she has renounced herself with such force by accepting the oriental virus, what proof by negation of her former greatness! Because she didn't miss, she collapsed. Only civilizations with minor pride die out slowly. Those with countries of brilliant fate, being, in their essence, **diseases of nature**, flies towards the end. Christianity gave wings to the Romanians' thirst for agony. **Aesthetic**, we may still be interested.

When the unsettling demon stirs trouble in your instincts, learn from the Romans what the imperial twilight means **the decadent fighter**. To struggle hopelessly, to fall in love hungover, to be hypocritical in naiveties! It is the only heroism compatible with the spirit, it

is the only form of being without deceiving the intelligence. Let your blood burn — and let your sight see. And you know what he sees...

...I often imagined myself gloomily and dreamily passing through the forum and through the temples, looking at the eyeless busts of ironic deities. The Christians did not come yet and the empty hearts of the citizens no longer trembled before the divine whims. The absolute had melted into art. And free with them, free of myself and of creeds, I flourished in hatred and melted in the boredom of the disinherited gods. Fate placed me outside of time. Citizen of the world, citizen of nothing. The slabs responded to the steps, devoid of adoration, with muffled echoes, and the space became too large, the city no longer had walls, the houses were swaying. What were we doing with so many expanses, why so much empire in the heart that only beats towards the future with the illusions of the city? Without roots, in the wasteland of the earth, my eyes were planted in the blind orbits of the gods, absorbing in them the other wasteland.

III

In you, leprous grains are bearing fruit. The burnt flesh of sleeplessness boils stench that squeezes the juice of gentle growth from the buds and turns it into a grinning museum. Place your temples on the cold milk and sigh for the heavens of death, drown your nameless sighs in rotten roses, sprinkled on the ends of the body.

Don't you see the majesty of death stretching out its peaceful arms to end your toil without suffering? Life is a trick of madness and whoever falls in its race steps on a road opened by his own blood.

I wanted to live and I lived, although I sensed that I was invisible. How can I keep myself in the moment, when birth condemned me as the executioner of time?

I loved and I loved myself. But the loves appeared dying, moldy lightning, ecstasies in the guts of pus, warm snake senses.

You, Lord, leave the signs of death on my head. I don't want to deceive you and neither do I. Look at me, how I sit here. Would you have had a gentler son in mischief? Shall I fall prey to oblivion with your daughters? Put an end to my last years. Because the moments you

gave me are black bugs, whose fruit overshadows the world of Creation and the hope of creation. Through them I see you, through their dark eye. And you ask me to love you? I will replace your scars with soul wounds. Why should we not sow leprosy in the sky, to give another appearance to the ignorant azure? I would like a rain from the countries with poisoned drops, because my heart longs for the diseases of the stars. Unhealed souls, tear yourself from your joints, grind your evil in the leprosy of my senses, empty yourself from the sky into the hell of the terrestrial island! Or are you not tempted by the secret need for nuisance?!

Fools build the world and wise men tear it down. In order to mend the rags of reality and to bury the poor things, you must not have the guilty suspicion of the spirit and your cheeks to smile like apples before temptation. How you wake up, you get rich at the expense of nature. It diminishes, because you are the dearest, caught in the nets of the clairvoyant breakdowns of the mind. Nature is always poor. We can only help her **Unsure**. To her initial poverty, ignorance adds patches of illusions that fill the gaps everywhere. Existence is the fruit of the inexhaustible benevolence of ignorance.

When we remember from **It is**, no one suffers more than him. I woke him up, I called him to his nothingness. The suffering of nature is the awakening of nature. We no longer allow complicity with it, the absolute condition of breathing.

Stupidity? To be **adept** with the world.

...And to us — wandering through the vast Nowhere — our worship at the altar of a towering Nothing remains. We cannot be dead. I sifted through life with my mind. She passed and left us Patima. A **to**without **it is**. That is why we are alive and laugh at beliefs; we wander and flutter through everything; wicked and unspeakable — and we continue to burn when all the flames have gone out. In the immediacy of a carnal nothingness we find the joints of the pulse. Because your mind only allows you to live during the spell of a bloody nothingness.

If only we could boast in the sun of stupidity! What warmth of reality we would not radiate in a fictional universe! Because gentle and sweet stupidity is a source of wisdom that feeds from the wells of the Creator! The world is the offspring of ignorance.

Like a beast lost in the caresses of nature, you find no peace anywhere. The chasm between the soul and the senses makes fate synonymous with doom. All the desires work you. In the absolute nothingness — the eye would create meadows, the ear sounds, the smell fragrances, the touch pleasures — for desires weave a universe, unceasingly denied by the mind. The soul says: nothingness, the senses: voluptuousness.

You are fed up with pains, and the world's appetites are driven by them. In vain you reject her buildings with thought; passion supports them further. Desire secretes the world — and reason, with vain efforts, spreads a veil of unreality over the warp of existence of the senses.

You don't feel that when you sink mercilessly into nothingness, nothingness **it is**, that it breathes, writhes and twirls? The curse of being is not weaker than that of non-being. What peace would you not find, if you let yourself be quiet or enamored in one of them? But in the soul and in the senses, equally great countries are struggling. You will not find ports in which to stop your wanderings. You want to die! But was there ever in the thought of death more immortality and more eternity in longing for the end?

I will also be crushed, with all of you, companions of baselessness, but no slab will crush an immortal heart in flame. Limbs torn apart by life will rest in eternal rest; but no grave will be the home of a soul - a sign of wonder that united an earth and a sky.

Death is the prison of pride, but it is powerless when fires melt its locks. Man's thrills will unscrew the doors that close in the moments of life.

Who does not feel in him the forces that stir up the sleeping hearts through the cemeteries of time, who does not feel that he is the ladder on which the tormented angels descend or on which the anxieties of the damned ascend to be reconciled with the tranquility of the azure desert - that one, before leaving the bowels of birth, shared himself as a slave of death.

Be like a flower in whose stalk a weary lightning would fade. Listen with jind to black songs and nurse through your innocent darkness the devil's convalescences. Through music, destroy the honor and constancy of the Star, bring it closer to the transgressions of the soul, transform its heat into destruction, so that the rays, returning them to him, reveal themselves

more deceptive than the heart.

Mortal women have only two arms. And hope for them to catch you. And they whisper words to you for a certain heart, they wrap you in random caresses, and you lie heated and awake, tender from the soul of the world. They know better than we do that the lies of love are the only sliver of being in the endless unreality. And they abuse beyond any measure in the blackmail of existence that nature has made easier for them. We fall into the race and waste the infinity we were not worthy of.

In you, the world mourns its break from eternity — and passing things drive you crazy. How to reconcile such a painful division? You hate becoming and you love it. Eternity, like time, is alternately sin and salvation. Around the flesh you dream of the foundations of the world and in their shadow the neighborhood of mortal drunkenness.

You can't fence yourself off. What pillars would you place around you, when sound breezes stretch you beyond the source of the fences—of death?

Red of contradictions in fate and cracks in the spirit, wrap yourself in the melody of restriction. You have no escape. All ends graze you and you will die of all deaths.

Is there a way you didn't get hurt? The heart beats in a sick time. You know yourself in moments and moments know you. An infinity of thorns becomes becoming. The springs of life have become polluted and in the fountains of the soul moldy black waters. How would you build a brain hospice on them? Both the spirit and the time have stank. Orphaned by nature and by you, madness is a safer roof than death, in the world where the mind has no place.

To love life fiercely — to then walk around begging for mercy for yourself in the limitless absence spied by your emptiness, wretched gardener of nothingness, sower of violins and pus...

Man is a hoard of misunderstandings, in which the weeds are just as fruitful and bright as the grains. And from the misunderstandings, the greatest rises: a sensual saint. Death drips on my head. Drop by drop. And in the space without shores, I have nowhere to hide. I have nowhere to go. It falls apart from the countries, in clouds of non-being it approaches the semous walk, digging the vertical and useless trust.

Shall I tear my grave in strips? It's her purpose again. Why should I go before her? She tore it into my soul. And I have long lain in it. I watch it, worms and all. I walk upon a matter that is a shroud. My feet are wrapped in it, and, wishing with my hands to embrace the vaults of seraphic carelessness, I am entangled in it, and I cannot fly upward. I have no paths but downward. My ankles have grown cold in the yeast of eternity, and the time that still breathes in you has passed through your aim, and in the moments you are still wallowing in the breath of the dead. I am oppressed under the earth. The soul reduces the sky to the soul. Where I look I look at myself. Fear is the bridge between desire and nature. What temper can I find in it? The present is torn from time, and time spills its moments like a sick man's bowels. Now, now, all that is now is an evil, and what was and what will be, an imagined cure for a wearisome affliction. The filth is thy bedding. The sun shines in a night-house for shameless beggars. Trust thy pride to the everlasting Never Never, feed thy thirst with the blood that keeps thee in the ranks of so-called beings. From thy heart make the cup of the last sip, before the space, turned into a dagger, smiles full of conquests.

Break the chains of your rage; no longer bark at God. What's the use of adding a halo forged from your bitterness, making Him more arrogant with ecstasies of venom? Better leave Him to His own fate. He will lose Himself within Himself, just like you. He is more rotten than all. Aren't the stars the fireflies of His decay?

Like a worm, without purpose, without end, singing psalms of a secondhand thirst for death, so you drag yourself through horizons without horizons. Alone. More alone than a spit cursed by the devil. Reviled by all, dig your grave in blasphemy. Make your coffin from tears, your pillow from madness. If only you could find words to compose a prayer that would carry shivers and fury into the bones of the dead, making their jaws clatter in the rhythm of subterranean eternity! But you find no words, nor can you find them. The mute venom spreads over the sufferings of the voice. Only the heart still beats the funeral drum for the mind.

Infinite days, how can I lose you? To endure the sadness of your happiness, I can no longer. To leave for other days, with other vaults, less. Sky of Paris, under you - I would like to die! I know your loss: I no longer have any will.

I've had too much under your kindly guidance, and the years I've wandered under you are detaching me from what I am to be. My future is dimmed in the eyes that have seen you far away. I have not humiliated you by dreaming of other lands, and in my ecstasy I have not humbled myself in my roots and in the desires of my blood. In its moaning have soot'd the plow's plowed souls, and no sound of a plow's plow has disturbed the melodies of your clouds, floating as in a minuet of doubts. In your homelessness I have resented the pride of my wanderings, and my despair - a hymn against time - is clothed in the blood of a cloud.

Life is an immortality of melancholy. That seems to me to be the last whisper of your teaching. Have you found the most faithful disciple like me? Even if fate ordered me to die in other lands, under you I will die. My last look at you will be chilling. And you will answer me, sunset banner, postponing my destruction.

Like a survivor of a great pestilence, which swallowed lovers and friends, you go through the watches, shining them with a bejeweled elegance.

And like an organ playing by itself on the ruins of a cathedral, the chords of your heart echo in the empty universe.

The infinite is peerless; he lays down on their absence. The cosmic sigh forgets the deceptive infinity of the breasts, on which the vague sigh of unfulfillment closes. The world dying, love also died with the maids of the world.

Shivers of doom run through former loves and from the lips that were sipping the breath of life drips a honey passed through gall.

...Why didn't I sink my forehead into the softness of flesh and the sweet sweat of matter why didn't I roll my thoughts? May I have laid down forever my expatriate dream in the worldly abodes of the Being bewitched by time! I longed for the eternal, when the woman was **aci**. Poor infinite in two! Memory kills charms without vivacity.

On those decks, on which desire awaits the companions of the supreme lie, I see nothing but the shores of unreality between which I have placed a tent woven of useless voices, until the waters, rising mercifully, would have the patience to take away my melody and its vast senselessness.

I spent my soul in vain. What seed has been worthy of his flame? And what seed?

From now on, I will scatter ashes on other people's springs. And I myself will bury myself under the ashes of my heart and love.

Sensations and ideas, that's all I have left. For I remained apart from myself. Let no feeling adorn the desert of the surrounding beings, and the stars we dreamed in their eyes die, the sky goes out from the bottom of passion. Hell rush over the Ideal, under it moan, you ridiculous and sorrowful hiker, who squeezed out of your blood essences of spells and crowns crowning nothingness! You grinded your thrills, to which no one answered, to which no one smiled. Steal your skull in the tearful thread, crush it with the matter of weeping, kill your future in the white nights of sighing. On the bald time the absences of the world slip, and from the pale life there is only a voiceless wail crept through the recesses of the mind.

You get out of yourself on the staircase of fatal awakenings in the Citadel surrounded by sound breezes and final hints. And you say to yourself without pity: what should I drown myself in? In the Seine or in Music?

IV

The substance of duration is boredom, and of the struggle in duration, despair.

People believe in something to forget what they are. Burying themselves under ideals and nestling in idols, they kill time with all kinds of creeds. Nothing would hurt him more cruelly than waking up, on the pile of pleasant deceptions, in front of pure existence.

Despair? — To live interjectionally. That's why **the sea** — liquid and infinitely reversible interjection — is the direct icon of life and the immediate embodiment of the heart. Neither health nor sickness: two **absences**, which are replaced by the vacuum of boredom. The universe has no other purpose than to show us that, disappearing, we can replace it with music—with a more unreality **true**.

Sliding down the slope of thoughts, too often you blamed existence. She did not sin in any way, except, perhaps, by not being.

It dries up the springs of accusations in the bitter spirit. It sweetens the inexhaustible venom and the bouncy cynicism of the flesh. Loves with dreamy impropriety the bad luck of fate. More useless than a comet in a world without omens and more vain than an archangel's

sword in one without a sky, walk your unnecessary destiny leaping into the marrow of illusions with the blindness of a man who knows the shortcomings of everything. With human blindness **without a bridle**.

Sucking the roots of deception, intoxicate your watchful scrutinies with the false science of nature. And **BE**, just as nature would be.

Happiness paralyzes my spirit. Fulfillment in life empties me of myself, and the luck of love erases the traces of greatness. The lack of me of happiness...

After you lose your consciousness - to the point of exhaustion - in voluptuousness, how violently you yearn for the chills of detachment! To be able to sit alone in your room: without the world, without a lover, sipping the sweetness of misfortune! And unfettered by any ideal, with eyes narrowed by existence, to stretch the toil of your dream beyond the sky!

You have fallen into the world and, finding no food in it, you feed on a substance of poison. True life is not in moderation, but in rupture. The universe not healing the wound of the heart, under the stars I must be drunk with nonsense. Because neither the shoulders nor the brain can bear the burden of misunderstanding.

Through ideas the breath of fate blows. And Logic, towards which the vacuum of thought tends, falters. The soul grinds the categories. And the cosmos becomes torment.

In order to get lost, the earth stretches under our feet. I looked up, I looked down and on the other dimensions of the great beyond, and I discovered in all the damage of my life.

Indulging my senses, I thought I would kill my vigil. And I woke up after hugs in terrible clarity.

I wanted caresses, increasing my appetite for increases. And I found myself a slave to the incurable meaning of the spirit.

Through dizziness, I tried to plug my ears. And the sight strengthened worse on the vast expanses.

The clogging paths of my mind stung me even more mercilessly.

Neither fala, nor milking, nor sipping swept my way of stopping and oppressing my spirit. In my moments it's true. They are no longer connected to each other. Their chain is broken and the rings of disintegration are ringing in my ear.

...Into whose hand shall I place my nature? And to whom should I pass the honor of discouragement? I would like to make my Idea a bed, to immerse myself in it, in a tight abstraction to fill my heart's entanglements. I'm tired of her. And more still, by **cheek** them, of the soul.

Feelings leave the nausea. In the bottom of the heart there is only pus and surrounded by warm odors. To a spirit rinsed by the juice of life and the leaven of feeling, to a marble of the mind, loosened by the soul, let me return my difference.

Let no hint of emotion cloud the search for judgment. You were quite a tenor of appearances. Seek now within yourself — without melodies — the harshness of separation, like a hedgehog of the spirit. Look at the events of others and of yourself as nobody else's, look at them exactly as an Impure stung by malice, as an Impure vacant. And by the objective coldness of the spirit, Becoming frightened to postpone its march forever.

Usually we all think we are full of life and boast about our efforts and their harvest. In fact, we carry an empty bag on our back that we fill from time to time with crumbs of reality. Man is a beggar for existence. A ridiculous salador in unreality, a rag of nature.

You make a place in the world. You think you got rid of it. You can't see anything around. And when you consider yourself more alone, the room has no roof. Who to spit at? Towards the sun or towards the night? You open your hands in space. And the fingers stick in the vacuum. They do not stick to the being, because the being burns. The real stings, the real hurts. A martyrdom is breathing. For the breath of life is sifted through the furnace of horror.

Religion and especially its servant, morality, have robbed the ego — and therefore culture — of the charm of distinction: contempt. To look, that is, **of their**, the human race that thinks you are human. It doesn't exist **the rain**, but only the fate unlike his fellows. Culture — in its ultimate form of intimacy — is a discipline of contempt. **Other** they need to be supported, advised, unhindered in their lives, struggling with expectations. By no means, wake up. They will never know how dearly the singular purpose is paid. Let the man sleep. As sleep is only in heaven, escape from oneself is the sweetness of fate. Isle of Transvezius himself has the right to everything. He can end his thread whenever he wants. **Destiny** it is a continuous postponement of suicide.

By watching yourself coming, you reveal to your pride the fate by eating the meals of the self, the fate over which you are master.

Child, you were in no condition. You beat the fields. You wanted yourself **outside**, far from home, far from yours. You blinked wildly towards the edge of the air and rounded the sky according to the measure of nostalgic longings.

Leaping from childhood to philosophy, the years have increased your horror of settlement. The thoughts took over the world. The need for a duke entered the notions.

The room presses you; you don't breathe - wanderer philosopher and idler - only on your knees. Outside, forever outside—there is no bed in the universe!

The ugly abstract bringing forth the emptiness of being alive, lurks in the streets - like a killer of moments - the oblivion of thought.

You don't have the zeal to spin a thread of thought, to tie it to the salvo of tender hope. Behind rots the thief of life. And the one who reads your steps, discovers the assassin in them.

Not to see in things more than they have. To see them for what they are. Not being you in them. **Objectivity is the name of this nuisance** — and what is the nuisance of knowledge. The evil of the soul is a spiritual evil. It is the lucidity lowered into the heart. You can't **choose** by no means, for your bendings are opposed by the absolute sight of the spirit. Lean to one side, he reveals the world to you as a space of equivalences. Everything is identical, it's new **same**. The reversible idea is a theoretical dagger.

And then it dawns **Passion**. It blooms the expanses of the inner drought. The throbbing fury of error **choose**. Through it we breathe. For she saves us from the greatest evil: **of the evil of impartiality**.

Clairvoyant you cannot live, you cannot take **part** nobody, you can't take part in anything. Belonging — creating that is **false absolutes** — the sap of becoming is reborn in the vine. Being with the circumstances of the world is an act of subjectivity, of hostility towards knowledge. Objectivity was the killer of life and the "life" of the spirit.

To think — that is, to take stones from your heart. Without the breath of thoughts, the mind and feeling would be stifled.

The expression is born from a sick fullness. You are haunted **positive** of shortages. The thought is born from the persistence of a shortcoming.

You don't need anything - and you carry with you the soul of a beggar. Something broke in the spirit. Like an arc of lucidity on the ruins of a kiss, the works of nature find no support in your oblivion. Autumn of Creation, initially sunset.

The only side of the soul is **various**. A soul that lost its dimensions, that dawned its destruction. And a thinker of endless possibility, a thinker of impossibility.

In sickness we confess ourselves through the body. We speak physiologically. The inner voices not being able to hide all the evil at our disposal, the body takes on the task of communicating directly to us the harbinger of trouble for which we have not found a name. We suffer in the flesh from an impossibility of expression. We have too much venom, but not enough cure in speech. Disease is an unexpressed evil. Thus the tissues begin to speak. And their speech, draining the spirit, becomes **matter** his.

From birth hovers over you the sweet curse of private existence. Incapable of finitude, eternally facing you and infinity. Not understanding other people's affairs, no one is ridiculing you of the selfishness of endless breathing in your room. You have always dreamed of a home where the universe can penetrate. Beneath your eyelids the fellows are rotting, killed by the vice of the infinite. This is the evil of the senses. He kills love, from which it deceptively advertises itself. Two eyes look at you — you see further; two arms embrace you — you envelop space; a smile runs through your body — you are gliding towards the stars.

My name it is the shadow that infinity casts in the heart. It is the ultimate basis of private existence. And he is also the basis of the game in love, of the theater in passions. You think you're fooling girls and mortals—nothing suggests an absolute mortal like a young girl—and you're fooling yourself. To be demetic — from infinity...

I remember being a child once. That's it. To re-embody the gentleness of life's sleep,

memory does not help me. I can see myself groaning under the fragments of my mind more quickly than **before** them. Nothing survives the time in which **we are waiting** the meaning...

Running away from childhood, I encountered the fear of death. That's how I started **to know**. And that fear was sweetened in the desire to die. And the desire broke through in a shattering of ravenous happiness of the pointless thought. If you had remained ignorant, you would not have put the crown of intellect on the vertical tree and negative pride would not have separated you from the threads of childhood. **The weather** it would not have shaken the lines of hope nor would it have grown parasitically on your sap. But she has calmed your must of living and the warm boiling has melted her into the hate. **An abstract heart** — it's the secret of boredom. A heart through which time has flown and in which only ideas live, stalked by mold, touched in their untainted coldness.

Where are the squints of life, illiterate of Good, omniscient through Evil?

...And I often ask myself: how did I dare to be a child?

To be alone until sin, to prolong separation until guilt, to know no divisible thrill of isolation. To be categorically alone.

A killing power, started from the spirit, pushes you to the maximum ins of you. The universe becomes itself ins. **It's enough for you**. Or you got it...

Acceptance of **personal**, which divides us as human figures, growing in some to a cosmic exclamation, gives birth to hostility in nature. Ins lack of moderation due to excess of self, a tree with its top in the sky, which forgets its roots..., the volume of the ego constrains the infinite, and the insightful and critical vision is drowned in the unanimous individual.

...Cherishing the hatred against me, I snake the sweetness of my nuisance under the fragments of time. Not a speck of reality to touch my forehead! Let the devil blow his kindness and suffering on her folds, let the breath of Evil penetrate her brain, in hope the moments turn upside down, and let his crazy debauchery rule in her. Madness no longer pays tribute to the mind, but storms unstoppably over the preparation of the mind!

I measure the depth of a philosophy by the longing for a duke that it expresses, which **flees**. The system of reflections that does not hide the inadequacy of each place suffices for

middle breaths, settled restlessness. Followed by **something else**, the building of thoughts diminishes the passion of wandering and imposes a silence on the obsession of space. To think is anyway **to this**. It is not for nothing that they say: I sit like this and think.

The fear of going mad and his bleeding spell **elsewhere** they arouse the response of mediocre instincts and we defend ourselves with theoretical shelters from the immediate infinity of the heart. Order in thought is its obstacle. Order in thought is the death of the heart. If we set her free, where would we be? It's her law **nowhere**, and of the system — **here**.

Ring the thoughts, the danger disappears. And the volatility of the ego disappears. We solidify. The hasty vapors of the spirit congeal. Unbridled inspiration takes shape — and freedom groans. And what a sigh of the heart in the connection of thoughts! They congeal on the corpse of infinity. Shall we leave them to their own devices, not to conclude them, to erase it in the world without conclusion? The temptation is as great as the fear.

Here is my blood, here are my ashes. And the funeral rumble of the mind. The universe remained — a bed for the dross of the spirit.

The sun sank into its own light and into the heavenly swamp.

The survivors' eyes stopped. Pupils no longer dilate in wonder. Because nothing smells like space anymore.

Let the dust of my being blow away, there are no more winds. The breezes froze mortal brains. And hearts in astonishment whisper ravingly the blooming fear of being. Where are the days?

to muse the Error? In the world, nothing is wrong, nothing is. For the world has embalmed itself in the Truth. The universe ended — from **to know** — of anemia. Not a single drop of blood breaks the threads anymore. He left in the blood **story**.

...Stirred by the general denouement, the island takes his hat, boarding his ashes to another universe.

As if we were carrying our Ego behind us, thirsty for splitting ourselves apart, we run away from identity as a supreme burden.

The air that stagnates in the lungs is breathed by God and His puff penetrates the mind,

poisoning its core with an infinite sickness. Under the urge of the divine disintegration, the Ideas languish in warm and slimy snow. And no lyrical nonsense envelops merciless death.

Shouldn't the conscience curse the Ego? May the spirit not strangle its foundation?

Vigilance not to cut off hope?

The spirit pours hatred against the one who carries it, poisons the island that wanted to be more than itself, dusts the matter that supports it. I'm the big victim, I'm blind. Without the premonition of love and death, the island would be bored of its mother's entrails and calloused nipples without a future. But he is secretly waiting for the two temptations, weaving threads into fictions. Love approaches, love fills the years. But in her crippled infinity, the cracks freed the eyes towards **Something else**. Painful curiosity condenses the time through which we crawl towards the end. The moments thicken: the dense time of death... And as through the lights of love we discover the final darkness, falling in love hides an misunderstanding, which turns passion into rotten thrills. An eternity on which worms enjoy themselves is the equivocation of lovers. Love cannot cure us of anything else. And this Something else is man's fatal passion. Taken to the end, she reveals something on her bottom **would be**, disastrous stop of curiosity. Perhaps we would not incline our hearts to Her, if there were not one **immediate capital**, if we did not endure the ugly contingency. Eternally seeking the Limit, exasperated by arbitrariness, Death deserves its capital letter through its thirst for security. Because it is the fiction to which we grant everything, the irreparable banality of time.

For the spirit, it exists as little as **any**. But he does **recognize**, constrained by blood, by old truths, by the traditions of the heart. He **go away**. I impose it on him. And thus he allows fictions more than they deserve. **If everything demands it, why not?**, he wonders with skeptic scowl. Why would I rob man of a supreme lie? He wants it, to have it. Unable to scorn a comfortable error, seize my arms to defend it. Die for Death! ...This is how the Spirit judges - and, separated from himself, he sits down in silence.

My fault: I robbed the real. I have bitten all the apples of man's hope. I glimpse towards the sun...

Red from the sin of novelty, and I would have turned the sky upside down. Stopping my teeth in the hiding places of the flesh and spinning ideas in abstract choruses, the secrets died in the mouth and in the brain. Where is the juice of becoming to refresh the pulse of spirit and blood? Behind only splashes of the dead, seeding my past like a milky way of junk. I'm deceiving his breath. And I'm looking for unstained bodies to spend my remains of warmth and untouched thoughts to dissipate my burning fatigues.

To nothing that beats the absence of the universe, let me add the sonic earthquake of the soul, tear the silence with a whirlwind of voice, let my music's nuisance lie in the air! To be the soul of emptiness and the heart of nothingness!

Will you succeed in defeating the negative purpose that you are working on? Never.

Will you heal the evil that eats your breath? Not at all.

Will you raise the bitterness of the senses to the essence of questions? Always.

Don't you want to squeeze your irreparable formula into the candy of beliefs? No way. ...In your blood a yeast of Never is reveling, in your blood time is being dissolved — and an upside-down acaftist saves you from the drowning of salvation. And the Devil sneaks through God's eye and you follow his shadow and trail...

Paris, 1941–1944

Racine Hotel

Racine Street

content

Note on the 5th edition

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In 1940 (on March 12), Cioran starts writing **passionate straightener**, which will be the last (sixth) book in Romanian. The definitive version — which remained unpublished — was completed in 1944. During this period, his cultural interests were mainly related to old Romanian literature, especially the religious writings he found in the library of the Romanian Church in Paris. He lives, all this time, as a "young rentier", in a city that he likens to the Rome of decadence; page **guide** he breathes a voluptuousness of being cloistered in the middle of a world in which he consumes his condition as a stranger to the point of exhaustion ("Was St. Michel a stranger stranger than you?"). At the end of the war, this marginal life reaches its limit, activating the resources of that huge pride that can only be born against the background of a long period of anonymity, humiliation and waiting. The author of the five books published in Romania is, here, nobody. For a year, he sits twelve hours a day, like a conscientious clerk, at the "Flore" cafe, the meeting place of the French intelligentsia.

Everything resembles a reconnaissance of the terrain before the start of the battle. In 1945, the bet with himself is finished: Cioran will show the French that he can write as well, if not better than them.

Conversion to Winword 2.0 IBM-PC

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