MIHAIL SEBASTIAN, JOURNAL OR THE REFUGE IN RIDICULE DREAMS

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Abstract: *The diary or little inside hell is started by Mihail Sebastian in a difficult time, (February 1935) and continued by the author until 31 December 1944, when he felt a old fatigue, due to the transition through a series of stupid dreams of which has not felt able to raise. Dreams of Mihail Sebastian, nocturnal, and diurnal, are diverse, some logical and precise, other complicated, absurd, confusing, of which he cannot remember too much. His dreams, as an extension of the state of wakefulness, often offer the writer a refuge from a life that he lives forever with a temporary status. Being considered, in general, signs of future events, his dreams remain for Mihail Sebastian common occurrences, which, as he transcript more precisely, do not consider necessary to interpret them, also.*

Key words: *Sebastian, journal, dreams, the refuge.*

Mihail Sebastian had began to log at almoust 28 years (February 1935), while founding him-self, after his confession in a *ceas greu* [Sebastian, 2005: 5], and it continues until 31 December 1944, when returned from a trip of six days at Chalet Vânători, on Diham, soulful landscape of winter in Bucegi, se *simte mai mult melancolic – aproape trist* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 577), forever under the burden of his loneliness and incurability.

Literature subjective, and in general the log of Mihail Sebastian, in particular is a *expresie a singurătăţii individului* (SIMION, 2001: 15), a data warehouse, a place of refuge, in which man is issued by a particular load inherent spiritual life profane.

Although its lack of confidence in this kind of writing, *jurnalul acesta nu-mi serveşte la mare lucru ... mă dezolează lipsa lui de sunet adânc*, filled with *lucruri consemnate fără emoţie, cenuşiu, inexpresiv* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 390), adept of Jules Renard's journal, which *consemnează, fără ipocrizie, tot ceea ce o conştiinţă de om poate cunoaşte de-a lungul unei vieţi care nu e totdeauna făcută din eroisme* (Sebastian, 2005: 6), author *Stelei fără nume, practică un tip de jurnal modern, folosind mai toate legile şi abilităţile genului* (SIMION, 2001: 225).

It is known that Mihail Sebastian expresses dissatisfaction with the ending of his diary, which he finds *uimitor de neinteresant … prea sec, prea rece, prea impersonal* (Sebastian, 2005: 511), *o proastă obişnuinţă, nimic mai mult* (Sebastian, 2005: 538). Impression that the log has not recorded its essence, that *devine absurd*, and all this trouble one turns into a rhetorical question: *Războiul trece prin mine, prin toată viaţa mea, prin tot ce iubesc, sau cred, sau încerc să sper – şi din toată măcinarea asta cumplită, eu consemnez aici, ce?* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 538).

However, Mihail Sebastian, sage and a special sensitivity, painstakingly recorded in the log air time, chronic intellectual morality, portray a world of melancholy and colorful politicians and writers. Has few friends and notes bitterly that is about to lose her and them because of politics, which separates the chip dramatic people. Worried about the political views of his naive Mircea Eliade, *prietenul cel dintâi şi cel din urmă,* Mihail Sebastian wonders awestruck: *Îl voi pierde pe Mircea pentru atâta lucru? Pot uita tot ce este excepţional în el, generozitatea lui, tot ce e tânăr, copilăros, sincer în el?* Single answer is: *Voi face tot ce e posibil ca să-l păstrez totuşi* (SEBASTIAN, 2005:

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85). Contents of a desire to record everything, despite the moments, not least, tired and deterrence, Mihail Sebastian left us, in fact, several journals. Besides the intimate diary of interior states of emotional experiences, when *trăieşte pe apucate*, are the creation of a journal covering notaţii laboratory scriitoricesc still a log of Hebrew drama, as an intellectual journal and political relations with complex and sinuous, full of tension and deception in the world political and intellectual attended by Mihail Sebastian.

This log, rather an exercise of inner freedom, noted author and passion for classical music, heard frantically and hope that miss to be happy is true. *Totul foarte frumos, grav şi liniştitor* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 313), notes the author after a night Händel.

One thing is certain. Mihail Sebastian's diary is not with the intention of publishing life. Intimate diary that occurred 50 years after the death of the writer, when most people left this world, is a telling testimony. Therefore we can never know exactly what would be the way that journal, had become a novel type of religion or a projected essay-proof, and if fate would have been lines, pass them to remain in a life in which, although felt alone *dezarmat, învins, resemnat, incapabil de un gest, de o sforţare* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 390), brought by literary creations, recognition of Romanian writer.

But the intimate diary of Mihail Sebastian, and contains the transcription of dreams, which, having no plan to publish the diary, no comment, but noted that such. About 30 dreams occur over a period of nine years of his intellectual trajectory of journal entries, dreams that might constitute evidence of a higher reality.

Experts argue that a dream is an unconscious psychological phenomenon that occurs during sleep: it consists of a series of images that play a role, either directly as an actor, or indirectly, as a spectator.

Visele noastre scapă voinţei şi responsabilităţii noastre morale (VAUGHAM, 1990: 17), no power to lead them somehow. Dreams evolve aspaţial and elegance. *Visez de la un timp tot felul de vise care se petrec – aproape toate – la Brăila, la casa din strada Unirii 119. Nu ştiu de unde vin, ce însemnează, ce vor să spună* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 394).

Because the dream house of Braila is repeated, this could be assimilated to *casei natale* (BACHELARD, 2002: 76), which appears in the dreams of every man, a refuge in which to find rest, by being a breath recuperative.

Mihail Sebastian realize that not taken, intentionally or not, other characteristics of the dream. In popular belief, and not only the dream has a meaning, hide a forecast, which ignores one Mihail Sebastian total. Not find in any desire to dream interpretation, to decipher, to disturb or to be convinced that what dream symbols mean hiding something.

Concerning dreams he has not adopted any position of serious people who smile dreams interpretation, because they know that *a visa înseamnă a te înşela*.

The only involvement of Mihail Sebastian is the transcript of dreams, a certain qualification and thus learn that his dreams are *lungi, scurte, complicate, absurde, stranii, teribile, multe*. Also noted the rush of giving evidence to transcribe the diary, not the other, but woke up to them looking.

Vise absurde în fiecare noapte. Mi le povestesc în gând, când mă trezesc buimăcit, îmi promit să le scriu, şi pe urmă le uit (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 312). *Vise multe şi scurte astă-noapte… Totul e prea confuz şi nu îmi mai aduc aminte* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 402). *Vis din noaptea de duminică, pe care am neglijat să-l notez la timp şi care acum se destramă* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 308). *O noapte plină de vise complicate,*

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confuze, de care îmi aminteam destul de bine azi-dimineaţă când m-am trezit – dar care s-au destrămat pe urmă aproape complet (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 417).

Lucrurile care nu sunt obiect de interes în timpul zilei nu devin obiect de interes pentru vis (FREUD, 1991: 29), says Freud, and thus understand why, during the war, he dreams SEBASTIAN Hitler: *E parcă un banchet. O uşă se deschide drept în spatele meu şi intră Hitler* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 420), *Două visuri teribile astă-noapte. Într-unul eram cu Hitler, care vorbea româneşte şi mă amenința îngrozitor* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 515), and on Stalin: *L-am visat noaptea trecută pe Stalin. Avea un aer de ţăran rus cumsecade şi eu mă miram de atâta simplicitate* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 256), war image being obsessive in his dreams.

M-am visat în război astă-noapte. Atacam o patrulă duşmană, care trăgea asupra noastră, dintr-un fel de casă – mai mult prăvălie – cu uşile şi ferestrele deschise … Vis care continuă seara agitată de ieri (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 221). *Vis complicat, absurd, din care nu mai ţin minte decât că România intrase în război ca să ocupe <Pocuţia>* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 170).

War, which marked the existence and about which most runs his dreams (the war itself but also the horror of Jews caused by Germans), the war, *durere vie*, physical pain, *un fel de sufocare nervoasă*, îl înspăimântă amarnic în vis: *Vis de astă-noapte: Sunt la regiment. Civil… Eu sunt singurul civil în toată mulţimea asta în uniformă. <De nu m-ar vedea cineva>. Fug înspăimântat, fug, fug, fug – şi mă trezesc* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 340).

And he wakes up in a world in a life *care nu trăiesc, vegetez, aştept, rabd* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 277), because *viaţa în regiment este zdrobitoare. Atâtea umilinţe, atâta batjocură, o atât de stupidă teroare (să nu mă vadă, să nu mă audă, să nu mă întrebe) numai într-o puşcărie se pot îndura* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 276).

And then, what's left to do? *De prea multă scârbă, de prea multă silă, ca să uit, ca să rabd, ca să mă ameţesc mă refugiez în tot felul de ridicule visuri, pe care le urmăresc zile întregi cu ochii deschişi* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 391). Mihail Sebastian dreams to become an extension of the state of wakefulness. With open eyes traveling from Geneva to London, New York or California or comfortably installed on a boat bound for Alexandria, the famous Egyptian city.

Dreams, writer refuge haggard war, but also dull life that lives, full of indigence, to make it out: *trăiesc într-o stupidă serie de visuri, trecând dintr-unul într-altul, şi nu sunt în stare să mă trezesc la realitate* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 390).

Pant to be happy makes the writer to ask simple things in life, but essential: *puţină linişte, o femeie, cărţi şi o casă curată* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 33). Home of your dreams there, but that is not his, but the mother Mary, which by visiting it, a house counted from dream to dream and all will see it for oneself to spend a vacation that *n-o să se mai termine* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 65).

Casei natale, present sometimes in our dreams, he joined Gaston Bachelard in his book, *casa onirică*, a dream home, house, in full peace and privacy, the man leave his prey reveriilor. *În visurile noastre de noapte există întotdeauna o casă unde se poate vieţui singur* (BACHELARD, 2002: 76).

In the autumn of 1943 when the cold wind beat,he think of la *o casă caldă, intimă, în care să citesc şi să scriu lângă o femeie iubită* devine *un vis irealizabil, după care mereu am tânjit* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 530).

It is possible, we, as intelligent and sensitive man, the writer Mihail Sebastian to be understood that the dream, be it with eyes open, no longer brings any hope? On Monday, 18 October 1937, the day on which reaches 30 years found in a bad dream,

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a product of random absurd - loss of the novel manuscript *Accidentul*. *Nu pot distruge în mine speranţa copilăroasă că visul acesta urât se va sfârşi* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 123). But, *sila de a fi treaz*, urges him to sleep, to forget.

Joy to find in Paris or in dream, *se amestecă straniu cu angoasa de a fi într-un Paris ocupat de nemţi. Tot timpul mă simţeam ameninţat, fugărit* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 427).

Acute lack of money to make that dream turn into a nightmare, which tends not to end in May. Even if we consider the dream a parallel existence, other than subsistence life, still we can not accept as a nightmare the night (which is still a final) to continue with one diurnal, whose end is difficult to foresee.

Sunt coşmare îngrozitoare din care te trezeşti brusc, gata să ţipi de spaimă – dar te trezeşti. Din coşmarul ăsta, când mă voi trezi?

As you can see, dreams do not think it disturbs the writer, not to change behavior, not complicate it, but i have no life easier. Considered prevestiri or signs of future events, dreams remain for Mihail Sebastian usual nocturnal happenings, which, as the transcript more precisely, not considered necessary to interpret them.

Let it not be concerned that it occurred in biblical literature that *visul în el însuşi este indiferent, interpretarea este cea care contează, care devine prevestire eficientă şi eficace care forţează realitatea?* (CAILLOIS, 1975: 335).

Mihail Sebastian was attracted to the interpretation of dreams, being aware that a dream can be interpreted differently, because, as they say, *visul urmează gura care-l tălmăceşte*.

Dreams are obviously an infinite variety. Some are logical and precise, others do not leave any impression, but all they want recorded in the log.

The Freud theory explains this dream by bringing wishlist *refulate*. But dreams of Mihail Sebastian not to fulfill the wishes of the author *Oraşului cu salcâmi*, has no part in the dream fulfillment. Mihail Sebastian dreams. His dreams are nocturnal, and diurnal. In the night they are friends and acquaintances: Mircea Eliade, Nae Ionescu, Camil Petrescu, close and distant relatives, even Jules Renard, whose innovative presence does not surprise you very much.

Fear is a writer not to forget the dream, before the record in the log: *Azi-dimineaţă, înainte de a mă trezi ca lumea, îmi repetam în gând întreg visul – şi era, mi se pare, mai plin de detalii – dar în cursul zilei l-am uitat* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 149). Chance to do remember him still in the evening, while hear a concert.

Diurnal Dreams, which I mentioned, are much fewer, more light and called the author *irealizabile*.

Here's what you said about them Mihail Sebastian: *Duc cu mine zece asemenea visuri pe care nu le termin niciodată, pe care le schimb între ele şi pe urmă le reiau de unde le-am lăsat. E ca un stupefiant, ca un somnifer* (SEBASTIAN, 2005: 391).

Refuge, or hypnotic drug, diurnal or nocturnal dream, the dream gave no illusion that our writer would bring a mysterious message, worthy of being read. Almost irresistible temptation of every man to give a sense of dream images is absent from Sebastian.

Dream, the spirit oddment human way to happiness or gloss?

Mihail Sebastian was not pronounced.

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