HERMETIC – HERMENEUTIC CONDITION OF LONGING (DOR) AS THE FIRST STIMULUS OF VIVACITY OF GENIUS OF MOLDOVAN ROMANIAN PEOPLE

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Abstract: *The uplifts (ascensions) by spirituality of the people covering us are first of all those of the identity imaginary reached at the condition of longing to return to nature (essence, core) and to cut through into universality. Thus, the hermetic – hermeneutical condition of longing is one of the conditions of vivacity at the level of sublime of our psycho-intellectual style. To wear and to bear with dignity your image throughout the world means to manifest yourself in the entire amplitude of the said and written word (speech). With this message of psychoanalytic range and spread we try/continue to detach the effects of genius depths of the everlasting Romanian people through the same M. Eminescu or his predecessor, V. Alecsandri, and even later through L. Blaga, …, L. Lari, N. Leahu, M. Sleahtitchi, Mircea V. Ciobanu …*

Keywords: *hermetic – imaginary, longing, Eminescu.*

Besides, all *longings*, started and arisen from a sensory reality, complement first of all symbolically, imaginary, on the wings of a dream world, as a relevant state (of sleep) when sleeping. Therefore, the dream/imaginary, conceived as a standby (sleepless condition) of spirit, represents its own work in the hermetized subconscious until the moment of spontaneity in productive reality.

As regards this fact, the *longing* by its pointing conditions and determinates the magic world of imaginary. And the imaginary, in turn, is placed by substitution at the longing's mercy as biased condition of spirit for getting out from anonymity.

The hermetic – hermeneutical or hermeneutical/hermetic condition of longing at the level of our concerns relates to the performing arts of the morality complex process at the level of Graciousness (1). Thereby, each hermeneutically well motivated process spontaneously conditions and determines certain hermetic situations of circumscription of finality and starting of a new beginning on the completion stage.

Out of those highlighted and suggested, we can say that, in our case, that *inner sensitive necessity* acquires phenomenal vivacity at the level of syllable, even at the level of interpretative phrase: *longing – longing for what it is more beautiful and more perfect.* The specific feeling which especially characterizes us at the level of the double human aspiration (*pleasure of pain* – C. Noica) is carried by longing on the wings of imaginary: behind the authenticity of becoming to that *stage of absolute philosophy*. Hence, it is the truth that we detach almost from/in all socio-philosophical poetry of Eminescu, starting with "Ode *(in ancient meter)*", which, according to the affirmations of Romanian critic Gh. Craciun, is *an emblematic text by which the meanings of* Luceafărul (Evening Star) *open and deepen* on the same runway of the rhetoric of inner struggles *"By my own dream, inflamed, I am groaning, / On my own pyre, I melt in flames… / Can I lightly revive from it like Phoenix bird?//"* (Ode…), *"But how would you like me to get off / don't you even understand / that I am immortal / and you are mortal?//"* (Luceafarul /Evening Star).

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This way or another way, *longing* – as a first condition of sublime resignations – characterizes our all-coverage got on the scale of genius. Rather to say that the vivacity of genius in the poem *Luceafarul (Evening Star)* is stimulated *by longing* as a state of the hermeneutic condition at epic-external structural level, on the one hand – sources of inspiration of poem – the two fairytales of Cuniş: *The girl in golden garden* and *The Beautiful without body*, also the folk poem *Flier*, as well as the antecedent Eminescu *Călin (leafs of story)*, and, on the other hand – lyrical/internal – the inner struggles between virtual and virtuosity; between death and non-death; between love and hate; between the everyday beautiful and transcendental sublime, towards which fact, in the poem bearing our name,– until the end, there following a story of an unfulfilled longing very well known by our reader. Here, the interest is directed toward invocation digression in two plans of identity opposite of which fact appear in a particular way the many graces/many attempts to return to the essence of the first longings. Taking it always from the beginning, the endless column proves to be as it can be – boundless. And the essence of things, conceived and arranged in a different way, reveals through poet's mouth, until the end in a hermetic image, the great truth known as the order of the world: "*… and I, in my world, I feel myself immortal and cold"* – the genius does not die, but he also does not have luck. Therefore, even the *luck*, which here our interest is directed to, in the meaning of geniality, is understood in a differentiated way as regards the re-consignments of efforts by means of continuous and ongoing whirl (storm) of spill in immortality. We suppose that it is a truth which the poet Maria Sleahtitchi also insists upon through that silent (mute) dialogue at level of poetic parallelism, concluded in counterpoint *"he smokes"(4, p.24): ,, he smokes a time at the window/contemplating a picture/of December with blinds// immersed in a huge armchair/she is consuming coffee//walking her look on the spring lawns (meadows)/ on the vis-à-vis wall//"*.

Speaking of luck; those who seek it unconditionally accept the differentiation (because the poem has to be first of all a harmony) and that which the hearts of protagonists geminate (twin) is actually what causes the effect – surprising the beautiful in a different image (face): *,,they talk poems/ about nevermore nuts călin/ metaphor of leaf and water from lake// his almond eyes/like the Arab poets dragged by hair/floating shyly (diffidently) on her face and smiling//* (of course, *a non/lonely Genius*, in the imaginary of *our third eye* – L.B.) *,,he smokes at the window / a poem about time//"* The main thing from what was is that which remains, which in Eminescu image worth to be followed: *that rod crowned with reeds*, being just the *shepherd rod* of dignity to whom we belong to, taken over by Ion Druta from our estates and our ancestors, but not taken over only by him … We shall turn and focus our attention upon V. Alecsandri, who greeted the rising of *Luceafărul poeziei noastre* (Evening star of our poetry) with a lot of admiring discernment (perception),, *– Is there anybody singing better than me?! – Better for his country and better for him!"* And in the poem *Dan, căpitan de plai (Dan, captain of region)*, at the moment of the final dialogue between Dan and Ghirai (Giray), we capture the scene when Dan, asking Ghirai (Giray) for permission *"to leave him, leave in the moment of heavy death, to kiss one more time the land of my/his country"*, and the khan deeply moved responds to the great patriot: ,,- *Father, take my horse and go!*" Hence, this would mean to take and keep up the Torch of Christian Sublime of the entire nation with wide openings towards universality, toward what we only today acknowledge as a transcendental factor of spiritual complements on biblical reason: *love your neighbor as yourself, and also love your enemy.*

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In fact, the mystery life of Lucian Blaga is also arisen/arises always from the *light* of the same longing of discovery and grievance (vindication) of bosoms (entrails), of the same phantasmagoric predeterminations: ,,*The light I feel/invading (rushing in) my chest when I see you/isn't it a touch of light created on the first day/of that light – deeply thirsty for life?//"* The light, at Lucian Blaga, as we learn here, carries the meaning of the mystery world quantified in itself and unfettered beyond the self at the level of piety (humility): ,,*and I, I with my light enhance the world's mystery/ and exactly how the moon with its white rays/ does not decreases, but trembling/ increases even more the mystery of night,/ so I enrich the dark horizon with wide shivers (thrills) and holy mystery/ and everything is not understandable/ changes into bigger non-understandings/under my eyes-/for I love/eyes, and flowers, and lips, and tombs//."* This poem, with a circular construction, is based on: cause and effect in counterpoint as regards the hermetic/hermeneutic functions of resignations:,, *I don't crush the corolla of wonders of the world-because I love eyes, and flowers, and lips, and tombs."*

At the mercy of interpretative art, the woman and longing are the two identity terms by excellence, regarding which fact, the poetic thrill gets and acquires new amplitude, the longing representing the priority stimulus of life through the tendentious affections to put an action into motion, the action of doing, accomplishing something, as well as achieving something. This is the fact of life (existing, given) of woman, being consented thereby with passion, with *pleasure and pain* or with *pain of pleasure.* In fact, *the woman – longing* is *the woman – muse, woman – stimulus, woman – pain, woman – pleasure, woman – love, woman – hatred – anger, woman – life, woman – beginning of beginnings, woman – poem.* Aware of this fact, in the poem Dorul (Longing) (Dorul), Lucian Blaga comes with the following admiring implorations:,, *Woman,/ what sea you carry in your heart and who are you?/Sing your longing one more time for me/ to listen to you/ and the moments to look for me like some filled buds,/ where the eternities really bloom//.* ''Thereafter, in his studies, the same Blaga makes the following confirmation: *"The Longing (Dorul) is a body for knowing the infinite"*, these also serving as an argument in addition to those already cited: *Sing your longing one more time for me.*

Therefore, singing the longing in our country also means to sing doina, to sing your walk (path), to confess your sense (role). According to M. Cimpoi, *"To be embraced of longing is to be penetrated by the thrill of existence, increasing in intensity and achieving the highest (superior) threshold of fullness" (2).* But in our opinion the longing is the prime "stimulus" of vivacity of our genius – the leap of self discovery/resignation at the level of multiple graces/multiple efforts of value* reconfirmation and feedback.

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* The M*ultiple graces* consist of many or multiple *axiological possibilities* (nine in number) of the phenomenology of native spirit at the level of Graciousness(1)., general axiological principle and space of human awareness (the daily concerns of the undersigned-L.B.), each possibility/capacity in part forming and constituting in its turn a nucleus or a core well determined by actions specific to the targeted generic. For example, regarding the topic of our approaches here … we shall rally the following competition possibilities (out of those nine): *Return of duality to the essence, Self creative re-consignment, Exaltation by spirituality,* by which we actually want to highlight one truth: all ways of *exaltation of our people by spirituality* come from Eminescu and go to Eminescu …

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In this force of resignations, we would like to mention that the poetry of Leonida Lari, based on identity, is one of the poetry of infinite, of boundless (the motivations belonging there to): ,, *Sometimes, when many days I cannot find even a man without the edge, my longing becomes so intolerable (unbearable) that I lie down on a corner of land, tightly close my eyes and become a pilgrim…"* Presumably, while being in such a state of mind of natural becoming, the poetess asks the one intertwined with her by vocation for the amplitude of self recovering (retrieving):

Lord (ruler) of shadows and lights, I call you/ With the voice of candle, and it seems to me a curse/ The mute (silent) falling of wax and the sleep which grows entering into the clot of stone/ and in any scale of fish.//As I am waiting and nobody is at home/I see the serpent (snake) of silence getting on the papers/ and if I move a finger,/ or I shout louder/ it would be a drop in all this sea//.And I am not marveled that you appear before me…/your face is pale//.You look, in the corner, at the clepsydra/ which is shaking the sand, As the yellow time is running, as the green time is coming,/ As the space swallows, but it nothing losses.// You would try to tear the sadness which burrows (digs)/An idol and a pit, an idol and a pit. But you will leave immediately and who shall answer that you stayed here for a moment and you wrote something on a leaf.// (Lord of shadows and lights …).

Hermeneutically and hermetically, this poem, as we see, is structured in five imagistic nuclei (cores) (the latter reflects a synthesizer-moralizing content regarding the predestinations of *calling* with returns to the natural – all the things having an end – including the moment of reviewing as the moment of separation …). Each one (of these nuclei), tailored through the enchanting musicality of the paired rhyme, lends a particular aesthetic elegance. In terms of mastery of undulating of the melodic verse to the mercy of the mystery jerky in period, a condition of interpretative art, in unison with other arts, it acquires suspenseful phantasmagoric preponderances, fact from which we are increasingly convinced that the poetry of Leonida Lari, by the nature of visual and auditory images of rare beauty, expels at the superlative way, in an interpretive sublime art: music, color, motion, sensibility – mystery!

How can we know the mood of the creator at the time of creation, it is easily to understand based on the panel in the foreground which projects the image. For example, we could say that when writing the poem *Baladă (Ballad),* the postmodernist poet Nicolae Leahu is within a state of obvious critical discernment as concerns the *reality starved to the filling of longing of self commitment/complement with soundings specific to the horizon waved by bitter Doina.* Specifically, "Baladă" ("Ballad",4, p.31) includes only a segment of the specific one at – the most important – the mood of temporary diversified fragmentary into / from whole. The rupture / sleeping here (anesthetic death) is enounced by post-defis as a private conventional sign of hermeneutic commitment (as a way of life of an intellectual nowadays): ,,*poetry died in a clear day/ with still dewy grass – had feed the birds/, had led the cattle on the green field/ and sat somehow tired/near to the pillar of porch/under the crowns of onions and garlic//* '' by which later, at hermetical level, there is portended a new dawn glimpsed/inferred by/of those consumed not long time ago, "*the twilight (dusk)/* (which) *was smelling of dried wormwood (absinth)/and smoke of corn cars/ and* (adverse/controversy) *the air of courtyard seemed to be smeared with cicada (cricket) song//"*. The point is not placed – the ballad undulations follow the *conjectured paradigm changes.*

The flounders of *getting out of myth(* 4.,p.26) of Mircea V. Ciobanu are also those of hazard (chance), those of a self-pharisaic game of hide-and-seek, who gets whom, who and who gets to foolish more, you being the first one to get foolish: ,,*left the*

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shadow from them but what a coolness – here/ from get in yourself a little bit/you enter in a lightning sphere of the public park/of public space/for rays for which the needles of conifers got thin/for you to get penetrated by the meaning of the world//" from the past into the present and vice versa; by which the reality passes in satanic roars: ,, *you wash yourself with light how beautiful/ how beautiful how beautiful how beautiful/the line (row) goes on another page and the next verse remains/ here/ but in this way you pollute the nature with the dust of your nothing flown in it//"*. These, unfortunately, having to be the representations of our today's world morally starved, which is part of a not too distant past-time – when: *"you were handsome like a black hole/ and you were caught in this hole/as in a sphere turned inside out//.* " The ellipse of punctuation signs in the postmodern poetry in general, as well as that of M. V. Ciobanu in particular, is motivated by its conceptual consistency thereof, *"a true poem,* once said, in his lyrics, B.P. Hasdeu, *it must be of granite."* Thereby, *a black poem, a rough poem, a granite poem* must be the one which, having something to say, do not support an alloy other than the alloy of words out of which the tear is draining in a hazardous manner, the tear … of the pain of a people that wishes to be heard and listened. And which knows, with no delay, to aim/aims at the reverse of medal in order to get cleaned of the dross (slag) of a shameful past and to lay the foundations for a new beginning. Furthermore, *Sabia lui Damocle (The sword of Damocle),* under the dyed plume of Mircea V. Ciobanu, in the crush or crowd of time machine from *Sentimentală (Sentimental)* with those three disillusive imagistic nuclei (cores), is moving toward the traces of the educational-training rut, *because,* today, as once the great Eminescu invoked: ,, *from the entire school there remained almost nothing./ In depot, the trolleys were binding wire by wire, light by light,/ the rejected ones remained outside/ to look at the eyes of stars/and to recite absurd poems of so much pain/the lamp of dreams is blinking of longing the eyes of baked ripe/ fluid bodies change in glaciers/vessels (boats) of dreams get broken in groove (spout)/ in dew the chaotic horses gnaw the granite as a night/ the vessels flow, the dreams are whisper shards/ under an Acacia the silence digs in a mute (sourdine)/ the skull is a vessel, the vessel is an Aladdin lamp/ the dream is broken, and the poem is also ready/who wouldn't give a frozen star for it?//"* And, the basement immediately directs to the target: ,,*The critics will note here (no less than teachers, when they will disassociate the text at literature, in the eleventh) at least seven metaphors, a reverse comparison, a rhetoric interrogation, a stylistic homonymy, a stylistic patronymic figure in period, the syntactic parallelism and two paraphrases, all of them constituting a superfine allusion …"*(ibid,p.27) no more, no less – everything like on the scales! The words of poet: "*… because if you have somehow illusions, you are lost and ridiculous!*" These, unfortunately, are the consequences of our historic past. The ellipsis of puncutation signs in the postmodern poetry in general, but specially in that of M.V. Ciobanu, is motivated by its own conceptual concistency, of the tear through which the history is trickling its pain... Or, ,,a tough poem, a granit poetry" shall be that one, which, having something to say, it's called to supply/fill the hermetic-hermeneutic condition of the vivacity phenomenology of our spirit by longing, by the himeric longing for Eminescu..

Towards this end, we add that, especially, the longing is the main stimulus of the vivacity phenomenology Romanian-Moldovan spirit, par excellence.

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