

**HERTA MULLER FACE TO FACE WITH THE TRAGIC OF THE TRIVIAL
PRESENT AND A "NOBEL" PRIZE FOR THE "CRADLE OF BREATHING"**

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Abstract: This applied study is dedicated to a great European writer, originally from Romania, Herta Muller. I have undergone this commentary, in a double registry (about poetry: In the bun there lives a dame and prose: The Cradle of respiration), because in Gheorghiu Dej and Ceausescu's Romania, she was ostracized, humiliated, marginalized, banned. Not belonging to the Romanian diaspora, Herta Muller integrated in German contemporary literature. She got the Nobel prize for the merit to have denounced the horrors of totalitarian communism but, first and foremost, for her extraordinary poetic openness towards the cutting edge trends of the XX century, encapsulating in them the temptation of the surrealist writing and the phantasms of the ludic re-conquering lost purities of language in postmodernity and, surely, by continuing the trans-avant-garde paradigm. By also dealing with the novel (The Cradle of respiration), I tried emphasizing new values, not as much fictional or diction wise, arhitextual and architectural, but more individualizing. Herta Muller's prose is at the same time one of the human condition that needs saving, but also one of survival through the ardour of beauty, through the inner tension of the dream about a better world in which the authentic humanism would defeat the bestiality of the dictatorial and exterminating power of any hope for the better, of any progressionist horizon. (IPB).

Keywords: meta-grammar, forced labour, irony, the happiness of the concentration camp, Leopold Aueberg

A lyric with a (meta)grammar of purely imaginary nature

The German writer originally from Romania, HERTA MULLER, was born August the 17th, 1953 in the village of Nitchidorf. After graduating German and Romanian philology studies, she worked for a short time as a translator for a factory in Timisoara, from where she

will get fired due to the refusal to collaborate with the Secrete Services. In 1982 she launched her career with the volume of stories *Niederungen* (*The Low Lands*), massively censored, whose original version would appear in Germany in 1984.

The threat from the Secrete Services continued, forcing Herta Muller to emigrate to the FGR in 1987. She published a few novels: *Der Mensch ist ein großer Fasan auf der Welt* (*Man in a big fazan in the world*, 1986), *Reisende auf einem Bein* (*A journey on one foot*, 1989), *Even then the fox ewas the hunter* (*Der Fuchs war damals schon der Jäger*, 1992; Humanitas Fiction, 2009), *The Animal of the Heart* (*Herztier*, 1994), *The Chamber of Breath* (*Atemschaukel*, 2009; Humanitas Fiction, 2010), volumes of essays, to name just a few, *Hunger und Seide* (*Hunger and Silk*, 1995), *Der König verneigt sich und tötet* (*The King knows and kills*, 2003), volumes of stories, as well as colage volumes of poetry.

She is awarded numerous important prices, to name just a few, The Kleist Price (1994), The Aristeion European Price for Literature (1995), The IMPAC Dublin Price (1998), The Price for literature of the Konrad Adenauer Foundation (2005). The Swedish Academy awards him in 2009 The Nobel Prize for Literature.

Concerning me, I read again, I go, return, as it is not clear to me after the first reading. Herta Muller's poetry mime compositional inability, more precisely in transposition, because they seem...to be written by a child for the younger ones. It is actually about the re-naturalization of language, about its return to the original, incantatory speech, about a game (which apparently refuses culture) of an unintentional diction.

This type of lyricism occurs, as do the geysers, from the icy mirrors of a prolonged surrealism, practiced in Romania by Ion Caraion, Gellu Naum, cezar Ivanescu, Petre Stoica, A.E. Baconsky, although it is my impression that it is more successfully practiced by Nicolae Tzone and Silviu D. Popescu.

However, the humour, the sarcasm, her attitude of a physically and psyche unused indignant – that are appreciated by the jury that grants the Nobel prize for literature (Herta Muller has recently received it especially for her prose) – gives you at a certain point the impression of a lyricism of a ‘classicist’ accuracy, despite the trans-rhetorical ‘madness’ and the automatic quotes of the unconscientious forced to signify, to go up the expressive form produced by the ludic trivial until the disappearance of literature. [1]

By comparing her transversalized, simulating...the trivial realism, as a depository of the infinite imaginary for the fantasy of a poetess who refuses with an unusual obstipation the high modernism, [2] of a superiorly aesthetic quality to that of Romanian commilitone (comrades of arms) invoked above, one could be reproached by the odd critique/savant, this anticanonical, antipoetic, ‘‘superficial’’ style as being too primitive?

Herta Muller’s poetry, I stand to repeat, disarms one with its noisy, extra sensorial semantics, although, in the subsidiary, it is irrigated by a heavy, metaphysical melancholy [3] undermined in its turn by an acute crisis of the being, which, dramatically fallen into history feels tragic [4], apparently not having the energy to find oneself in the temple and to re-in-temple.

Thus the poetess goes on the street, thinks in the kitchen, meditates in the park, self-contemplates in the mirror of the house on the corner, finds herself in Dadaist hypothesis, self-includes in the objective integralism, redesigns herself in the pleasure of the ego to be swallowed by the more sordid contingent, by the suffocating yet stimulating vicinity by its level of paradoxical socialization and by its ultimately redemptional atmosphere of existential anxiety ever more unbearable. [5]

I therefore leave notes on the sides of this book (*Im Haarknoten Wohnt eine Dame/ In the bun there lives a dame*) convincingly translated by Nora Iuga, from an ideographic and favourable German – if I were to quote Paul Klee [6] – the tracing of the line and its passing through the volume towards the three-dimensional, the tracing of the surface in space, or the interference of significant plane that words ostensiotically weave, [7] and I don’t hesitate to admit that I am also seduced by this somewhat Prevertian manner of writing (a)symmetrical, heteroclit, trans-avant-garde lyrics by excellence to an ultimate axiological re-evaluation.

I reproduce, by illustrating this essay, such a deconstructive, self-denying sample, however maintaining its philosophical profoundness in its infantile contours.

The art of the child is one of abstract schemes. With C. Brancusi we meet even the express requirement that the modern artist should keep his infant innocence sensitivity. [8] Herta Müller behaves in the same Kandinskyan way [9] promoted within the group; "Knight Blue" where the wish for rapprochement of simplicity and expressiveness of the infantile drawing was something self-evident; "Mr. Sterr's name is Franz / is like a broken loin / and mouth and put locks / salt on the glass in the ditch / not too small or high / make hole-n asphalt "(p.135).

Herta Müller also puts the trans historical focus on the quality of poets who, like children, can refer spontaneously to the inner sound of things of life and devise new schemes for the formation of the artistic image [10], behaving with a naiveté almost propaedeutic "The black wasp doesn't sting / the dot is small and life is hard / the brain closed in a drawer / brick and mortar / have to be will be / dusting them dust in the house / years wicked, and a boy / a Santa in his eyes / and a chess pawn in its beak / with an ant in its sheepskin / let-n stings conjunctive / white the neck and make it olive "(p.133).

Anyway, a persistence reader easily detects in the subsidiary of texts (parodying naturally and subtly the textualism), messages and indexes of expressionism, abstractionism, cubism ("the essence of pictorial space is the flatness of it" - Hans Hoffmann), surrealism, optical-art, pop art etc.

These "isms" are voluptuous, hazy, radicalized and synthesized total compositions of Pollock and Newman, non-relational, sectioned in a sound framework, relaunching into context the discussion of the phoneme / grapheme fraction and of the unity between the signifier and meta-significant "nine o'clock bell pepper / a man broadly / walks through the slum / withering as such/ and had grey lusts/and ties in the plates/ and syllables (s.m., I.P.B.)/very cold/ wondering in the cellar/ under the bed lamp / an aunt to be passed on / out of white sleeves hands come out/ two breads." (p.113) [11]

Drawing a parallel between poetry and joke, inspired by Carlos Bousoño, one can appreciate that in the poetry of Herta Müller there's an adequacy to life, a solidarity with the ridiculous being, an improbable clumsiness, a superior aesthetic pleasure resulting from its gratuity, but also from the comic effect that suspends the serious utterances. [12]

Therefore, there can be poetry in the language of "real" neo-poetics but H.M. can also challenge the reverse: a lyricism with a (meta) grammar of a purely imaginary nature. In the first case, that who speaks is the author from a real situation and addressing a real language audiences as real: "When the year comes / nods and laughs (sm, IP-B.) / when nobody comes / he seems a cat-n pliers / Jigar as a rick fish / and says what a figure / May are you just is not a secret / look like a mongrel / between forced labour and / a clarinet (p. 99).

In the second case, the speaker is an imaginary character who enjoys the accord of the author to identify with him. And if the character is imaginary, imaginary is also the polycratic language, and the audience to whom the character is addressing, this time transcending its

humble condition, challengingly autocratic and inviting him into her own world of revelation, of fantastic insurgencies, of co-substantializing between nature and culture, to turn one irreparably and permanently. [13]

The imaginary character can be a talking dog: "I said a dog / -n briefly forget it" (p.101); can be a stand of poplars: 'the poplars in black clothes go for a walk" or the moon itself" the moon changes lifts continuously / and cuts the courts with teeth of ice "(p.103); even the barber "trims all the plumbs from heaven," aboullic and phantasmagorical; and the dead "starts thinking/ from time to time and rises into / many occasions to take its hair of the tobacco box and then turns blowing-in the ashtray / that in tobacco pink guns blossom / and say farewell as he is shaved in the head without a razor / for a general of ants. "

The predilection for lucid [15] fantasizing [14] is a twin with irony, identifying the Urmuzian comic from the hazy quotidian. Appealing to the Bergsonian theory of laughter [16], I approach the end of the first part of the critical essay. Just as Henri Bergson, Herta Müller will take into consideration the inadequacy or camouflage that the flow of living undergoes, not eliminating the rigour punishment and pedagogical righteousness. The spirit being detached ("qui tout de suite manifest par une manière virginal") released from the care of self-preservation, will look at itself in the manner of contradictory work of art.

Under this deployment, the intrusion of the mechanical behaviour in the flow of the living, innuendo stiffness, gives birth to the comedian, that will be amended by the Rabelaisian laughter reconverted to Dali's oneiric in "The banishment of our social - and I quote from the preface of Stephen Afloroaei, the "Theory of Laughter"- the deformity, although disguised, can still become entertainment, the grimacing of the creature still offers eye a certain satisfaction, yet the automatisms of the neighbour still elate, the stiff folds of living can still distract. They induce a kind of absence of the serious time, a respite of forgetting the vast mechanism to whom we are surrendered to. " [17]

But in Herta Müller's clever poetry, there is a persistent grace, which being present, gives the time and thought of man a trans-physical immateriality, an almost ethereal fluency. Thus the troublesome vital iconoclast drive counteracts some stiffness or the mechanical body and the spirit touched by the frigidity of stupidity or by the deceptive comfort of mediocrity: "Du mécanique plaqué sur du vivant". This mechanical functioning throughout and behind the living one finds in the unpredictable poetry and yet mannerist of Herta Müller: under all that

uniformity and Convention means, duplicity, repetition and dissimulation, uniformity and artifice [18] empty identity and fixation in our worldly passing: "fingers on the wire the electrician / over a field of tobacco hung / the police arrives / with a truck / from the dead man's clothes there flew / three or four / mallard seasonal ducks / I could hear them laughing you tell me/ was there an accident or not" (p.23); "And in addition two quinces / my hair cut green / and I laughed far and wide / the velvet on the bed / and rick I shoved / branch up to their necks." (P. 153).

Or - to give him yet - for so it should, the last word to the author herself, the poetry in order to not depreciate, only so must it appear to the reader: as an appearance contradicted by the essence, like a real shooting of the oblivion, as a secret flowering of the figure of speech in the egg shell of immorality, as loneliness of the pregnant with song blackbird, as a cathartic and salvation laughter etc. Really?

II. The dislocation of the prisoner from his present festering of politics.

Therefore, I count myself among those who have written about Herta Müller's namely about her trans-surrealist/trans-ludic poetry [19]. I have not yet had time to reflect on the prose. But as in 2011, I got a novel for reading courtesy of a writer in Cluj-Napoca, Persida Rugu, that I commented on in "Jonah report. Mirrors in the Paradise Library "[20], I woke up suddenly interested in him as well [21].

The story intrigued me as another "Nobel" - had entered my "Book House" with all of my novels (exactly two). It's about Orhan Pamuk and his productions: "My Name Is Red" [22], "White Fortress" [23] in 2009 (year of apparition in Romania).

I confess I hesitated to book them in my little free time; always busy at the university, always drafting treaties, courses, seminars, curricula, sheets disciplines, always ensuring the headings of the daily newspaper (Gorjeanul) or monthly magazines like (Confessions, Conta, Polemika (Old), notebooks Column, IPB Bradiceni, Miracle at Bradiceni), and I kept postponing.

Meanwhile I reread "Robinson Crusoe" [24] "Ten tiny black men" and "Murder on the Orient Express" [25], "Orbitor" [26] and other masterpieces which again I did not hurry to take off, pressed by the urgency of one's dialogue in "Reinventing masterpiece" [27], to be launched in Serbia and in Basarabia.

Herta Müller's novel "The Hunger Angel" starts convincingly under the sign of the ridicule, opposite category of the sublime, into the grotesque, tragic complementary aesthetic category. I quote: "Leggings or leather laces, breeches, the coat with velvet collar of - none of this suited me ... The world, that's right, is not a costume ball, but nobody ... seems funny when it's forced to leave for the Russians in the dead of winter "[28] ie the Soviet extermination camp, which Alexander Solzhenitsyn described in the " Gulag Archipelago ", a documentary literary representation terrible methods of punishing genocide.

Look, to this novel of Herta Müller, I did not know much about the deportation of the German minority in Romania, delivered by Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej and his henchmen "internationalists" to the apparatus of Soviet repression - historical drama kept secret by Nicolae Ceausescu and his obsequious and primitive, demagogues and criminal deputies, for too long ignored.

Even the inter-human relationship of communication is circumscribed to the same visible-pathetic naivete. I quote: "The umbrella stands between me (Leo Auberg - alias Oskar Pastior) and him (an older man in the ceremonial hall of the Saxons - transformed currently into a jail) as a walking cane. I asked him: - Will you take it with you? - Well there it more snow there than back at our place, he said." [29]

The zany comedian seems unstoppable in the acid-corrosive writing of the Romanian-German novelist, holding, again, the 2009 Nobel Prize for Literature.

I quote another shockingly anticipating dialogue, if we were to compare it with the horrors of what will follow infernally (Dante) "- I feel as if we were in that trip skiing in the Carpathian Mountains, at the Balea cottage, when the avalanche swallowed half of a high school class. - This cannot happen to us, she said (that is to say Trudi Pelikan " her cloak with cuffs fur up above the elbows"), we did not even take our skis with us." [30]

I do not repress my inner laughter "laughing-crying" and invoke Descartes: "Undoubtedly, the intellect alone is able to perceive the truth; But he must be helped imagination, senses and memory ... "[31] The Tetrad in the case of the Mullerian hero was not up to ... reality: the cruel one, a history ostracized, Calpe, horrid, destroying human beings without regret/ mercilessly.

Nobody suspected as hunger would soon to give the poor "deported Russians" and nobody thought yet what might hide behind the two words linked by a preposition. Crammed

into a train wagon for cattle, in a hateful promiscuousness, Saxon minority realized "how infamous and silent the land was" who sinisterly laughed "at their physical needs." The man with the albatross buttons would notice, with a black humour, the scene, of a hallucinating density.

The novel uses allegory - parable - (of the weeds, of the cement), metaphor (as in some moments of escape in an uninvaded dimension of the daily monstrosities: "When I forgot about myself and managed to find the heavenly hook (on which Leopold Auberg could hang its bony skeleton on the top of a cloud), he kept me well"), in comparison ("Moon in the sky is like a glass of cold milk to rinse my eyes "[32] and in terms of composition it is linear, sequences flowing continuously succeed and welded together (as to generate a terrifying atmosphere), contriving as historical narrative, especially when language can be likened to a transparent window through which the reader looks to life that is environment novelist: Life in the camp is terrible conditions internees: bestial (see "Wood and cotton").

Reading this prose can only be suffocating and disturbing and the "unpacked" content - bloody. Herta Müller describes, with her focused lyricism and prose of a disarming honesty, the universe deprived of their human ego, their once independent intra-being-ness.

In places, the recovery of moments from the past (childhood hero martyr) doubles the emotional background. In the face of such fragments of existence, such as begging output episode in Russian village, stays horrified. And others are introduced into the epic by neutral preposition "on": "On car trips," "About people harsh," "About Angel hunger", "About coal", "About yellow sand," "About trees" "About poisoning Daylight," "About slags", "About chemicals", "About boredom", "About happiness camp," "About treasures".

These "about"-s seem to be the key to the whole "saga" of self-discovery, training / self-forging of the worker Leopold Auberg for five years. These "about"-s develop an unprecedented imaginary language. The story uses sounds that give rise to images of external reality and of emotional reverberations.

If in poetry these reverberations are organized by the language structure, in Herta Müller's novel they are organized by structure of external reality (camp, Soviet Communism, German Nazism etc.) portrayed / terminated / remembrance fully exposed - and never forget all - of the atrocities committed by individuals as Bea Zakel, Tur Priculici, Şiştvanionov (with 344 deaths per active in 4 years).

"Fancies" it is also a figure stylistic commonly used ("I also imagined that I will meet a second time on tour Priculici in a big city in America"), and the reason the window returns obsessively ("When I look in up street from hotel window on the second floor, and it will rain. and a man down just open her umbrella ").

This flight into the future, any such transfer in the future, this demotion is a technical productive and efficient ("I will have much to do and it will wet because its umbrella stuck. You see his hands are the hands of tour, but he did not know that. If they knew it - so I will say - would not lose so much time with open-umbrella, or should wear gloves, or had never come on this street. If you still would not tour Priculici, but would have his hands, I would shout from the window: Why not cross the street, there under the awning you will not get wet. But it looked up, maybe it would say: - How that you are addressing me directly? and I would say: I have not seen his face, I just hands on familiar terms "). In fact, so only intermittently so he could escape from the camp of people exterminator luck left them without stint.

I could claim also the moral dimension of such a crisis type novel and criticism of the system, in our case, criminal and oppressive. A first idea that Herta Müller's novel emits would be the responsibility literature bears to taking the side of life ("In whites under line writing") even one frustrated right to be loved by his own mother ("the Russians learned to village begging for food. the mother did not want to beg alms").

David Lodge generally believed that a good novelist possesses the ability to fully exploit the possibilities of life. But Herta Müller worth appreciating and appearance of being exploited possibilities of language. It's the language "work of art" (the irony is implied). In fact, its language, H.M. focus is twofold: the word art where oneiric ensure duplication liberating dislocation prisoner of this or gangrene policy ("That's why I told Trudi Pelikan only briefly of the dream gangrene policy always repeating about going back home astride a white pig ") and also on understanding life. Morality Romanesque - in "The Hunger Angel" - relies stylistically and figure repetition of the keyword that "can be behind all the words that fill pages and may contain incidentally enough truth to facilitate the moral discovery that ought to be the target of any stories "[33].

The meaning of repetition is synonymous with the reiteration of certain symbols and motifs determined by emotional pressures that are behind the actual writing. Its peculiar effect

stems from relationships established between the general structural scheme and the rich customization of local textual intricacies (e.g. 'About Angel hunger "appears twice; the expression" Every lap is a work of art "appears just twice in" fragment ")).

The conclusion - although it occurs somewhat impromptu - is that the novel "The Hunger Angel" is a masterpiece. Thanks to the revolting treatment the camp dwellers suffer from (see "Potato Man"), but also because of the vibrant poetry (see "White Rabbit"), writing to suit the stream of consciousness of the main character, a witness of the events - To quote Herta Müller herself - cursed, whose protagonist is must "overcome your fears of death, but you cannot escape the claw, it makes a vault and steal your minds."

Again, this writing that 'knows' the ebbs and childhood times of longing for freedom, expressed in a verbal form of conjunctive present times, conditional optative, you, the reader can decide for yourself as to avenge the convicted deprivation, mocking incredible humiliations, that had happened somewhere in the USSR: a roller in search of human bodies frozen on to crush them. "And super cold ... makes horror to gently weave". Being in the trance of degeneration - seems to be recorded in the slough by Leopold Auberg - "I conceded to the execution by firing squad."

I now advance yet another working hypothesis. The extent to which "The Hunger Angel" is a trans-modernist masterpiece and a work of postmodern fiction. According to Brian Mc. Hale "social construction of (i) reality" it includes a " central ontology and some peripheral ontologies" and some fictional-diction deployed ontologies - I feel the need to insist - from a collective reality, built and supported on the socialization processes, institutionalization and everyday social interaction.

The central character moves in a kind of puzzle that is the equivalent of significant sub-universes outside of integrated sub-worlds, and they, in a symbolic universe more or less "comprehensive"; just as in the conception of Karl Jaspers [34], evil is - and I work Herta Müller - committed by the will of evil, namely the will to destroy free from the impulse of torture on the other, the will nihilistic to alter and everything has value. Good it is, on the contrary, unconditioned, which is love and so will the reality.

"Love is opposed to hatred. Love tends towards being hatred towards non-being. Love arises in reference to transcendence, self-hatred down to punctuate to being selfish, broken transcendence ". In love and hate, the sacred and the profane, Herta Müller heroes feel the

multiplicity of particular realities or peripheral experiences (among them, the dream, dance group a quarter to 12 before midnight). Compared with the reality of everyday life, other realities appear as finite provinces of meaning, enclaves in the absolute reality marked by circumscribed meanings and modes of experience. This absolute reality envelops them from all sides, and consciousness returns to this supreme reality as an ugly "trip". These evasions of the world from absolute reality ranges from strategy historic mental disengagement to radical evasion, such as religious conversion, companies alternatively utopian and ultimately anti-Utopian (black: quote: "Beyond the wall bearing the watchtowers, snow it was a bier. That is, high in the sky as the tower a bunk bed, a coffin bunk in the room all seated nasal over each other, just as they did in bunk beds in the barracks. Over the top floor could cover lacquered black, watchtowers at the bedside and at the foot of the bier two more honour guard clad in black stood vigil"). It is a postmodernist fiction and Herta Müller's novel is a fiction because of its indisputably trans-mimetic finally, absolute ontological transgression on the border between life and death. Such postmodern fiction - stated Brian McHale - "really take a mirror to reality; only this reality, now more than ever, is a plural one. Instead of forms of modernist perspectives, postmodernist fiction substitutes a kind of ontological perspectivism "[35]. This effect of "swinging" continuum occurs between the text (language and style of the text) and rebuilding the world by its reader, a reader angrily bitten by the conscience fault, for almost the entire world today bringing accusations of Germany and Germans. Here - we live and see - when the same charges were thrown into the face of Russia and Russians.

Returned home from the concentration camp, the protagonist will write on some "books dictation" of life / concentration camp as like an autobiography. It addresses the specifications. "That means you'll remember." Describe the pages in a row, as a triumph own bread and bread cheeks. And then its resistance to barter saviour - with the horizon and dusty roads. Then folds. It was a great fiasco inner freedom that in their being is one, and even himself, irrevocably false witness. In 2001, for this fiasco, Herta Müller has built a masterpiece. Oskar Pastior helped with his memories, the details of everyday life of the bearing. "The Hunger Angel" was finished after 3 years from the death of Oskar Pastior in 2006, ie in March 2009, after 8 years of hard work. That is the right Oskar Pastior should mention: the author died posthumously [36]. In fact, on writing autobiographies or confessions - sometimes they use these forms as ways to incorporate our experience into fiction at the same level with any other data. Autobiography claims a

different ontological status of fiction a "purely" stronger one. Clearly Herta Müller leaves the postmodern paradigm accepting the trans-modern. Then the novelist illustrates the trans-mundane identity (M.S., I.P.B.) between real and fictional entities. These "visitors" from the world's autobiography - if only by Oskar Pastior / alias Leopold Auberg - works as a synecdoche of their place of origin (Timisoara, Sibiu, Medias, Kosice, Brasov, Copsa Mica, etc.), carrying his actual reality in the middle of the fictional world and triggering a whole series of ontological disruptive repercussions. The trans-mundane identity between fictional characters and real-world friends is disruptive enough in itself, but becomes even more disconcerting when your friend confirms (Oskar Pastior) that he was co-opted into fiction. If hiring a friend is more refined form of trans-mundane identity and therefore highlight the ontological, then hiring oneself (Herta Müller) is an even more elevated. The author as a character (or invisible trans-visible) in its own fiction (so as meta-character) signals the paradoxical interweaving of two realms that are or should be mutually inaccessible. Who will want to see how this chronicle book could continue, extended inadmissible, only has to go through the whole "postmodern fiction" by Brian McHale [37]. I stop here! One who will dare to reconnect the wire demonstration attracts particular attention to the chapter "Roman à clef" [38].

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