

THE ART OF COMMUNICATION

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Abstract: The art of communication is re-founding of humanism. It is transforming through speech and language. It is (auto)motivational and it assures success in society, and, through it's magic, in life and in business, in love and knowledge.

The art of communication offers the critical spirit a pedagogical accent, and to the intellect poetic depth.

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My God, I have to write another academic essay-study. About or of communication sciences. This terrible weapon of the Ego, that is always at risk of not coming out of the labyrinth....., from the Library Inferno, bigger than that of Alexandria, set on fire by the Romans, because of their stupid pride of starting over, with the making of the world, just like God, which, you see, punished them with their downfall. Yes, with their auto-devouring, but something remained after them: the rhetorical art of communication: between emperors and gladiators for instance, or between elephants and the hills of Rome. Yes, I dreamed those white elephants floating and the sea just like some ships with foamy sails just like Aphrodite's hair. And I say again, God, I have to write about how humans communicate between them. Do you know? Because, at this hour, at least a billion intellectuals, politicians and poets claim/ assure you that they know.

I, really, don't have this crazy courage. Something is holding me back: like, for example, the Bible that guarantees you as you open it that in the beginning was the Word. Frightened I consult a Semiology Treaty, (Klinkenberg, 2004), and a Symbology one. (Durand, 1977) I also turn to one that studies Meta-poetics. (Husar, 1983) Fierce, I take an old book from the book filled shelves and I randomly open it. Somewhere in the middle. But I do not recognize the letters, they have some strange drawings, they wear traces of skulls, they bear the fingertips of some creatures that liked them so not to lose the gloss of mirrors of the Original Elements, the Primordial Entities.

Did the Art of Communication begin like this? Or did it start differently, completely different, just like, one day, your Garden starts to bloom, which fills the air with beautiful perfume? From a shelf, small, as a Aleph, Immanuel Kant checks me out, constantly, with his gaze. Calm as he is, he judges every gesture I make, as a Ahasver, as a Alkahest. (Kant, 2002)

Oh, I have given in to my usual sin to versify. But poetic communication seems to have been the founder of speech and language. The clay tablets, papyrus, stone crosses, written with names, that became from common to owned, are witnesses.

"When it seems you are in a deadlock, you change the Language" - a magnate of

melancholy (named Novalis?) once told me, in illo tempore. (Novalis, 1995). "Fine, and what do I put in its place?" I asked him with a hint of desperation in my voice. "You put Benedetto Croce, who else?" (Croce, 1971). "Well, maybe Jesus Christ. He is above and much harder to relate". In my infallible infrastructure – I wish to entrust you – each notion can support any censorship motion. Even without hate, because not one foreign agency would want to cut his throat, thus the poor arbitrary sign to feel uneasy. And any potent enunciation anticipates Imagination. He takes her out of her straps, from her patience, that from her tits/ from her breasts/ the Milk of Thought, of Pearl like Quality. Her, devoid of modesty, a narcissist, she imitated the blackbird song, she opens the heart's straps, all the windows and doors. When she was a child, she crawled; today she has a spine that everyone envies: that she would reinvent, with a contagious enthusiasm, any se(mantics) (Here, my first poem ends beautiful!)

I have the unhinged conviction that the first poem, from this new series, truly ended very beautiful: From the Tree of Knowledge fruits were dropping in the grass. I have bugs in my beard, hungry, lizards as small as needles. My soul is awake... like never before. To communicate you must know yourself. And this is possible only through repeated readings, through anamnesis and transmigration, metempsychosis and creative labor; through auto-motivational instruction, through destiny and through the way you cultivate a rose, a lily. And by the way you become blood brother with a harlequin. To communicate, you must reveal your subconscious, through various methods (beware of heptapods!), through various juggleries (beware of archetypes, of quicksand). You communicate only what you have gained and conquered. Unobtrusive, volcanic, tempestuous, voluntary, or on the contrary claiming yourself from the collective memory, so high – so deep.

Is the self a cave? The super-Ego: a rock from cold lava? Love your neighbor! Giving yourself the beings overflow, just like a garland of yellow bedstraws, just like sheaf of wheat. A river passes by the gate of your house! Drink from it daily. Spatter your wife's body, as in an archaic ritual, and it will never become carrion, with a terrible stench that suicidal thoughts might come to you.

Have you noticed? For a while, in the city, people pass one another like puppets on a string. Like robots, cyborgs. All, but absolutely all, are empty inside. Their body is like the Tin-Man, and I, just like the swindler Wizard of Oz, will give them their flesh and blood, mind and the thirst for all. Ah! For a while, I became enriched: I model pots and people from clay. Am I destined to transform the future to the past? To return all of the City's literature to myth? (Cassirer, 2001)

But how and what do you communicate with a child? But with an old man? Which you have taken to the asylum, because you kept bumping into him throughout the house? But with your own shadow, that keeps asking, like a lunatic, to fix your distinction, uniqueness and relation to a (transcendent) model? To the child, first you smile, you teach him to play with three lemons, then with seven. You teach him the difference between a shell and a snake, between honey and salt; with patience you caress his curly hair, then, in a soft voice, you tell him a great story; and like a game, you read in the palm of his hand his future evolution, with a dissimulated fear, dictated by this futurological exercise, that is violent and sacerdotal.

But with the makers of functional universes how and what do you communicate? Especially when they want, out of the blue, to build a monastery, or a cathedral, or the dawns of the trans-modern era, a huge amphitheater the size of the Tibetan Plateau; where the winners of the "Golden Branch" Prize for literature, philosophy, science, art and communication will be crowned. Mastering the magic of communication is the same as mastering poetic art! (Popescu-

Bradiceni, 2014)

I ask you, very honest, do you know how to poetically communicate. Two ways? With a burning in your soul? Oh, we pass so simple and serious from earth to song. We pass beautiful and harsh from the Forest of Pain to the stars that we set on fire with our lips! Let us abolish the locks between us. When they were blossoming on the island shore, the tender corals rustled my lungs just when I was to buy a different twilight. Ephemeral hypotheses on my eyes. I let myself be covered by rare stones. The elephant's trees lost their ideas in the great adventure. Let us set our smiles after the midnight watch: maybe we will seduce our visionaries and unstable and variable the path between the swish of the grass and we will look stags in the eyes.

“You see even today – I confess -
My darling, I love you.
And I like to lose my self-
when I caress your black hair!”
“But Baudelaire has a saying:
Do you only have green in your bag?”
“I also have nouns – sheaf
For a great writing?”
“Where are you on your metaphors?”
“You know, I get mine from heaven.
From the heaven of language
as the Blaj Plain
You see even today you caught me being
My fairytale sweetheart.
I would passionately embrace you
To be your island, and you: my sea
that is crossed by ships.
We will love ourselves like sparrows
Like this will give birth to offsprings
That will travel the world
And we will die missing them
In a desolate time

The traces and voices

Do you see how beautiful my writing is, as it doubles my communication? Do you how it folds to things, moods, events, histories, experiences? Do you see how it gauges its message, how it places it axiologically? Do you see it splitting the grass two/four/six/eight ways? Do you see it how it blushes by the pleasure of dialogue or surprised in the middle of the interior dialogue?

It winks at me, impertinent, seductive (from her Venus, Athens, Aphrodite, Hera, Diane's forehead), how it slowly changes its clothes, as in the known “Emperor's Clothes” story, or “The Happy Man's Shirt” legend?

This writing rapports to a given reality, believe me, not the one who started the world, but this one that I say in the phenomenological simultaneity, in the immediacy of representation as will and will as representation. Who could have thought this metaphylosome? Schopenhauer,

Nietzsche, Cioran, Noica? I have no idea, at this time when just like AurelStefanachi said – The writer hardly finds “time to write” – with the “conscience degraded body” – the physio-psychic resources to enter in a competition with “the pianist” playing until the mountains start to walk or to reunify dreams with idea and idea with dreams, the concept with the abstract and the abstract with the concrete. (Stefanachi, 2011)

This writing is for anybody that communicating wants to achieve performance, then normal, to communicate, to research within themselves, in the hopes of not letting them be manipulated by the great lies of some counterfeit realities, inauthentic, (like doomed in what us Romanians are concerned – a.n.)

And if you don't communicate, disaster happens: you excommunicate yourself, you become stuck in the foul smelling mud of some illness: corruption, gregarious politicking, callousness, etc... The real political communication, to us, was not given since 1944, because always our democratic liberties were denied, cut, perverted, simulated, substituent inculcated in the form of slogans and demagogical promises. (Mucchielli, 2005)

Interpersonal and trans-personal communication is based on critical spirit, on firm demands, on auto-, meta- and trans-knowledge, on the assumption of the risk of auto-poetically resituating in a given professional horizon, forcing of yourself to not giving into itself, but with/ and under/ high sign, moral-esthetic, in a performing horizon of theoretic and practical waiting, in a stable laying. (McQuail, 2012)

Because you live on a “meadow lost in mud without meaning”, neither “on your knees looking down beneath the water” nor in fanaticism, but in a “light so bright” and however “half abyss – half pain”. You always fold, you auto-evaluate, you enter in the social-economic mechanism and you try to be glad of all the things you have and don't realize what an important, how capital this wealth is: eyes, nose, mouth, tongue, shoulders (from which angelic wings come out from time to time in flight), hands, with fingers and nails (with what to scribble on walls, your pen missing from the pocket of your violet, white, black, red shirt (but not green, because green must be given to the meadow, forest, mountain, sea, frog's silk, fir tree, etc.) and also hips, sexual organs (only those needed for reproduction), knees, legs, them to with fingers and nails, with what to write on eternity's sand words just in case, for building castles ... semantic-fantastic, fictional castles.

Look, I have collected them from all the beaches, deserts, abandoned places, and put them in a bag, the same size as the one belonging to Ivan Turbinca, let's assume, or in a tanker, in an universal cranium, that I The Conqueror to write “a book going back in the initial point right in this moment”.

In “terrible nights of study”, for real, “a memory of my thought, about me”, “takes outside the meanings of the verb” for them to mediate, for me, concepts, information, relationships, , projects, ideals etc.

From a paradigm of communication questions and answers, doubts and certitude, mythology and religion, symbols and signs, etc. must be present

Let us collect form wherever words are reborn, let us touch them, and we will sense they are alive, we will sense their heart trembling, out of fear, in their weak bodies, only then we will bound them with their second nature, to transform them in a irreversible transfiguration.

Recently, I have met a lady dressed in white. Her breasts, like whispers spoke to me, her shoulders like some opened roads to not being alone oriented me and I was following with fascination, remembering NichitaStanescu: “Tell me, if I would catch you one day and kiss your heel, is it true you would limp a little, afraid to not crush my kiss?..” (Poem). (Stanescu, 2007,

33)

And how I was telling you I stopped her to give her a bouquet of roses and to beg her attention:

-Today you thought that it was ok to step outside the walls of naivety, and you came close to a impetuosity of a brass statue. You furiously slammed the door on life's wall, saying: "today I will break free, I will pick the threads of love that are forgotten through the thistles by some Knights in armors made from snow".

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.....
-You are like an infusion of white in the grey of this city on Jiuriver. Look what I am prepared to give you: I will call out, one at a time, happy, my traces, with poppy seeds in dippers, naming them: Maria, Ioana, Ileana, Elena, Mioara, Celestina, Gabriela, Ela, Marcela, Ana, Constantina, Rodica, Mariela, Cezare, Veorinica, Iolanda, Crimhilda, Genoveva, Julieta. Or: your name will be, shining trace: favor, your name will be, deep trace: memory; your name will be, frail trace: melancholy; your name, trace that is woven in spider webs: existential incertitude; your name, furious trace, will be my name, Ionaion from Alexandria. Then we will travel, funeral caravan, through citadels with white towers, with streets linked to one another like some ships on which I can return to my ivy infested porch from home. But first we stood on the green ships, the sea in our eyes, and the sand pouring sunshine into us as it was childhood. And I did not know where all the wingless seagulls came from like some wind deserted trails from an unending forest. Still, without fear I watch how the masts are violently blossoming, as evenings just as some stray gods go over our shadows stealing our life.

At the light from a candle I wrote my first "Poem in white":

"In white you are as silence, in white
Like a condor with wings of silence.
Let him come, The Miserere Knight
To ask you from your parents
With a brier flower in his teeth.

In white just like a bride and from white lands
Scents picking and merging
In the crucible installed in Ram.
In palm only I can fit
Your words that hums lilies.
Even them enveloped in the light's lace.

In white to kiss you, and you cry
And float on the unmoved shadow
Of the naughty and silly snails
That don't love you like they used to.
But I am so in love you.
I would duplicate you.... forever....

In white longing for the honey's warmth
And seducing the storm's wonders
And amplify your violent libations

You are the eternal coup of wonder
That bows over my eyes
To frighten me with her vibrations.
Oh, let me get ideas!

You were coming out of the summer's drapes
With pure body, thin-transparent,
I changed and gone mad year after year;
As the tear's profane oak
I hesitated to give you a dream.
Curse me because I did not know
How to be your ideal man!"
Then I wrote my first "bohemian poem":
"Today, poet, you cannot be bohemian but your nature
Sometimes asks to cry.
Drunk, of wine, of flowers,
My lover's shoulders you brake.

There are holidays today and tomorrow
And the books are filled with horses in the wind:
They kill themselves in a divine absinth
And cry within ourselves, but not too loud.

That is why we walk the streets
Indifferent and resigned like generals
In times of peace, bitterly proud,
Dreaming of parades and one again parades."
Instead of a conclusion, this "Poem of Voice":
"The voice, only she is to blame,
When the scents hear
How her suave light
Trans-mutes her blind and cruel,
Destroying the Creator
It seems I am pleading him:
To return her to the depths of the sea:
A unicorn communicating
with the metaphoric realm.

The magic of language

You know, I am an authentic magician. I take words and I make them disappear, I make them unseen. Or, on the contrary, I underline them; I make them seen, so much, that in the full glow of the sun, I make the invisible. I say a formula and, in what concerns me, I transform from an old teacher with a grey beard, in a beautiful and romantic prince, and you, the student of an imaginary amphitheater in capable fairies, and if I ever upset you, you will retransform me into a Dark Ages alchemist, with burnt hair from my never-ending failed experiments, as a fairytale

horse, like in NichitaStanescu ludic poetry, that is, in fact the mythological Pegasus (Balaci, 1966, 197).

But how can you become a magician of the word in communication?

By resorting to a book, which is a dangerous instrument, you can remove a much greater danger: poor language that limits and undermines your success and happiness. We use language so that we can understand others, to start a business, to negotiate, to persuade, to sell, to resolve problems, to express creativity/ But for another thousand activities.

The impact of language, like our communication abilities, suggests us why the way we use language determines our happiness, efficiency and self-control. The three meta- (eventually, but not obligatory, trans-dimension) grafts the hypnosis on a hallucinating precision, but can also hypnotize through the shocking punctualizationof demonstration.

Meanwhile the process of communication self-defined as a meta-process (because above, below and beyond the primary experiences, there are all sort of things that we can do through language). In any communication, words do not have meanings, but functions (abstracts resulted from the way words function in diverse contexts – a.n.)

This course contains its own strantry: it invites you in a trip – off course real-imaginary – in the land of the art of communication, in which the body and mind function as aautarchic system, as a reply to symbols. However it is easy to understand – and to explain, even interpret- the model in which language influences our body-mind system, daily. Let us verify together, in terms of structure and form, through two questions:

- 1) Does magic hide inside the structure of words?
- 2) Is it possible that these amazing transformations came from the unique way of speaking theories, even those of theoreticians that are behind a desk?

Let the first meta-magic round be to become the boss, not the “subordinate” of spoken words:

- To hold the magic rod in your hand and not to know anything about this fortune telling aspect?
- By calling out the rigorous meta-model (known inside out, the concept as a model that models subjective experiences, on the basis of which you become truly competent (a master) you can claim some scientific “objectivity” (but fatally relative since Einstein).

I will give you a better version of the meta-model. It can be used in therapy, in semantics, therapy through semiotics, in hermeneutics, therapy through persuasion. With one condition: science and psychic to promote themselves reciprocal, through those extensive tools that are: autotelic verb, the avoidance of absolute affirmative, the kindling of meditation and curiosity based on lecturing a text at first sight.

This is how L. Michael Hall appreciates verbs:

- They help the making of things
- They reveal the dynamic universe of processes (that become meta-processes)
- They permit seeing things clearly
- They transmit that magic of a triadic and tridimensional language: Functional, behavioral, dynamic (Hall, 2008, 9-16)

I finish this first transversal of the course with five hey-questions:

1. Are you ready for a magic touch?
2. Would you like to touch your loved one with the magic of precision, clarity and

ingenuity?

3. Can you communication abilities give you that power?
4. Are you gifted with the magic of hypnosis, so that you can communicate in a way that your partners can access new conceptual worlds?
5. Can you become an excellent hypnotic and convincing story teller?

In conclusion, magic is at your fingertip.

It is noticed in the language you use through:

- thought
- imagination
- hope
- dreams
- problems statements
- problem resolution
- expression
- relationing
- making dreams come true

Therefor in the context of psychotherapy and hypnotherapy, some magicians succeeded through a simple conversation, speaking in a certain way, to bring modification in the lives of men and women.

But you know how and why?

These modelers come from a paradigm context:

- linguistics
- transformational grammar
- general semantics
- mathematics
- psychology (psychoanalysis, behaviorism, client centered therapy, humanism)

They moved it, in a trans-disciplinary one, with four therapies:

- Gestalt
- family systems
- hypnotherapy
- reflexotherapy

Thus, here are some answers:

- magic is in the structure and syntax of words, pictures, sounds, smells;
- the maps (models) of our world in whose virtue we do not operate directly on words. (but indirectly, through our maps a.n.) govern the magic of influence, of persuasion and transformation;
- focusing on the client's model of the world, and not on modifying the client's world (the process of non-magic and prosaic communication) that, sometimes attracts magic transformation
- the modification is made through the set of verbal and non-verbal tools, that we each have;
- through the use of language and relational games.

Linguistic mechanism for modification:

- The game of precision: questions of linguistic specification: when? where? how so? with whom? etc.
- The index game: the repertory of time, place, events and person references: when? where? how? etc.
- The game of explaining the process: How does it work? How do you know?
- The game of exposure: the provocation of the structure of words, sentences, phrases: And if you could? Who says? What else can it mean? What do you propose through these affirmations?
- The game of report: The identification of the map on reality to a person starting with some said words
- The game of unfit pairing: using opposed words to challenge a change of representation
- The game of “entering the mind”: the guidance of the mind through fantasms to other resources
- The game of inadequate comparison: the examination of para-messages at a higher level in order to detect adequacy and inadequacy.

Non-linguistic mechanism for modification

- The rhythm game: the repetition of the other’s physiology in a matter of rhythm and tempo of speech, breath, posture, hand gestures, volume, tone, visual access, etc. to create an immediate rapport.
- The game of leadership: The utilization of rapport to influence physiology, mood, the buttons that set off a person’s representations, etc.
- The game of reaction: the proposition of a re-living of an experience in order to reprocess and modify it.
- The game of frames: The benevolent imposing of double alternatives
- Pavlovian game: The consolidation of new answers and moods in order to develop new resources and choices

These communication tools or games offer a large view of the core of this book that discusses the structure of sense and magic. The participation in these types of games allows us to make magic through words and proper communication

Abstract

- Words, sentences, metaphors and other linguistic expressions can and will influence us in a magical way. This makes communication influential and incredibly important in our day to day lives
- The structure of sense and magic sustains the fact that anything can be justified and presents a rhythm. Things are full of meanings. They operate in accordance with the principals or “rules” that govern the functioning way of language
- This also justifies the fact that we can learn magic and we can reproduce it to then influence our hearts and minds, as well as other’s

Today I am the magician on duty. Maybe the last one lost in Gorj? It was but a simple wondering.

Any positioning and any poetic phrase can be a delight, as well as can be eating ... soup. It was also some irony displayed on entry.

But what entry am I speaking about? Into a trans-relationship between thought and language? About a communication between the Gods in Olympus and us, the present ones? Wanting to redefine the place and sense in the space-time continuum?

Although Homer was, as you know, blind, he believed in his mind-body system; he was conspicuously a magician of neuro-semantic reality, just as I try to be one of mantic poetry.

I have a silver rod, and you are absolutely sure that I don't lie. As in the meta-poetry of Nichita Stănescu, from which I quote: "And I said pear of an apple, / a lie of a truth." (Stănescu, 2007, 142-145).

In the structure of pupils is the logos. The universe is shown to us with their trans-disciplinary help. In any ritual, there is a cane and a dinar. In any fable or fiction, the story can anticipate a miracle; at first a small one, then a bigger one as a antidote to an ugly, anti-utopic reality.

Were you paying attention to my seductive topic? At the analog systems of communication, at the dreams that make us sea foam?

In this third millennium, how is our talent, our intuition, our genius? For this language to be happy, it must enter the state of grace, of poetry and dream, and of dreaming the dream, so of paradisiac meta-dreaming. It is alternating between two states of pleasure in an overwhelming state; the other margin is the other happiness: another word, another festival. Language (re)builds in another place through the haste flux of all the pleasures of language. Where? In the paradise of words. Here we have a truly paradisiac text, utopic (without place), a heterology through platitude: all the signs are there, and everyone reaches his mark, the author (the reader) seems to say: I love you all (words, phrases, adjectives, ruptures: signs and mirages of objects that they represent: a way of franciscanism calls out all the words to be seated, to make haste, and then leave again:

Text speckled just like matostat
durablelike in the Chinese fabrics;
we are overwhelmed by language
like some small children, that nothing
said no to them ever
or even worse, "allowed".

It is the wager of a continuous joy, the moment when, through its excess, verbal pleasure suffocates and goes to full delight (Barthes, 1994, 14-15).

Next to this poetically infused meta-text, belonging to Roland Barthes, my own text about happiness named: Heraclitic Happiness

Heraclitic Happiness

I am happy that you are here,
like Ghilgames and Enghidu,
Orpheus and his Eurydice.

But who can tell me
what happiness is made of?
From the way our mood is?
From the path we took in the morning
Sometimes randomly?
Hazard guided us to it
or up, in the sky, own star?
That is a falling one!
Is I am happy, are you also?
There were and happiness will be
like the wedded pair clothes
On the day of fairytale wedding
like hawks always on the peaks
You lose yourself on a meadow:
Childhood as a Arcadia
To freely romp like you use to
to another Metanioe Arc.
And your words are like honey
signifying a Revival.
And your words are like ambrosia,
they keep chasing their tail
and in the morning or the in the dusk
I'm happy, that time passes.

Conclusions

The art of communication is an autonomous and heteronomous institution. It is a guarantor of conflict resolution through negotiation and not through genocidal war. The art of communication offers the joy of vision about the future, being the way to progress. The art of communication passes from word to fact, because any inter-partnership understanding leads to creativity and performance, to civilization and culture, to transitivity and reflexivity.

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