

Constantin Brancusi – The Writer

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Abstract: Few know that Brancusi wrote poetry in tune with fashion and in fine tuning with himself. The peaks / reflections / his thoughts, metaphor and metonymy are queens of a writing of a conceptual density rare among artists.

With the gift of narrative, the great sculptor guessed half a century earlier about quantum physics. It has emerged directly as a giant of the Renaissance and... was expressed in a language accessible and yet (self) reflexive gifted with an admirable tension (Eminescu, 1932).

Hermeneutics of literature should emphasize the first revelations, then the means of science to penetrate its fundamental meaning; finally it should recollect the essential meanings and reconstruct a poetic grafted on a reconstructive transaesthetics. (Popescu Bradiceni, 2012)

The writer Constantin Brâncuși had not been found yet. Undertaking a step in this direction, after a rigorous ostensiotics, of a punctual semiotics, I will celebrate demonstrating and show by celebrating one of Europe's major literary works ever.

With unquestionable references on my work table, my essay-study will end up waking up all sorts of surprises and perhaps salutary awakenings. Designed with its iconoclastic writing, in the area of European experimentalist trends yesterday and today, my arsenal écriture acquires really visionary meanings.

Keywords: Hobița, spoken word, fireplace, synchronicity, art-in-being-alive, abstract style

1. A beneficial invitation to (re) reading

In the "Hermeneutic idea of literature" Adrian Marino speaks of the literal-literary recovery of the spontaneous and innocent spoken word. The letter, the writing are just graphic forms of orality. From a-literal, Constantin Brancusi literature grandfathered ever a living literature (litterature vivante). (Marino, 1987)

On the other hand, Brancusian literature can be hermeneutic, involving a sacred-secular relationship. Note that Brancusi's spirit rests solely with spontaneity and freedom. His voice seemed that of a transcriptor of the "writing of the gods" sitting down with a godly nonchalance himself in the sacral and cultural tradition. The self-referential and auto-poetic "Sayings" of Brancusi, translate the ethical orality of the ontological aesthetic experience, sacral-profane in a science applied to the body work of creation.

Literature with a value of legacy of Constantin Brâncuși is not that of a scribe inspired by all but a secular past in the cultural cycle of a champion practitioner of an art finally released from captivity be it of late modernity.

In "Thus Spoke Brancusi" (Sorana Georgescu-Gorjan as the author of the anthology of aphorisms) Florea Firan contends that the true concepts of wisdom can be read like a diary of the band, and Sorana Georgescu-Gorjan remarked aspect of fiction of some sayings, he would have spoken Brancusi character which is not too far from the idea of apocryphal text. (Georgescu-Gorjan, 2012)

Brancusi's spoken word - Petre Pandrea believes - would have actually been Socratic (Eric Satie renamed him the "little brother of Socrates") and Peter Neagoe introduced him as "The Saint preacher of Montparnasse". Petre Pandrea always noted his record, proverbs, arguments, convinced that Goethe is in front of a statue and these were old meditations, syllogisms and clear lines of the genuine speaker / orator. "C.Brâncuși - P.Pandrea profitably summarizes his memories - was a born orator and a stoic philosopher with a message which handled the most fascinating spoken word with the craftsmanship of an artist/warrior/philosopher" (Pandrea, 1976).

Octavian Greavu addresses a beneficial "invitation to re-reading" on the traces of the more able Matei Călinescu, the one from the tome "To read, reread. Towards a poetics of (re) reading" (Calinescu, 2003). I accepted it for the same reason that beauty and wisdom these thoughts seem to close as a warhead secret, the secret of his art. In this trilingual anthology "Revisiting Brancusi", Barbu Brezianu comments on Brancusi as being a writer-moralist (a parable entitled Histoire de Brigands and about nine aphorisms and advice in the journal American "This Quarter", 1925, to which James Joyce also collaborated, along with Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, William Carles Williams et al).

Cristian Robert Velescu refers to a platonician Brancusi, dialogues' reader of the Greek founder, very current (apparently preferred the "Symposium"). The statement - I think - would be valid. That's because "for Brancusi, a problem of representation, sculpture becomes a matter of communication." It is also known that the sculptor conceived the act of creation as a transpersonal effort (as in the dialogue "Ion" of Plato) that is taken "unwittingly" as would not know what it is doing.

The ipso et de facto, Brancusi knew what he was doing because he had a very ambitious creation program as for example ideologemes "reality is not the external form but the idea, the essence of things." The platonic idea subsequently became a model for the artist. Today Brâncuși is also a model / landmark in the evolution of the spirit world - why not? - of the poetry planet. The texts published in the magazines "Confessions" and "Tribuna" by Constantine Zărnescu gave me the opportunity to score and I'm among those who fall "bewitched" by the "intension" (about Eminescu - n.m.) of Brancusi's avantgarde text. (Zărnescu, 2013, 2016)

2. Home at Brancusi's

Home at Brancusi's, rocks, trees, rivers, springs still bear their gods in their material and spiritual breath.

And all the time Brancusi returns home to his people. Perhaps in the very cave of Zamolxis / Zalmoxis as possibly his last avatar.

Home at Brancusi's, the Mothers of the land still interpret archetypes / symbols / signs. Ritually - like priestesses of the temple Virtual Indore - people today communicate events that have happened since the world began.

Brancusi returns home with a laurel wreath on his forehead. And tastes the other laurels from the Garden of mint, populated with unfinished sculptures, one tiny drop, that becomes closed to the somewhat offensive nature in his body now immortal.

Home at Brancusi's, seasons change almost mechanically, substituting four times: the genesis time, the childhood time, the time of poetry and time of cultural wisdom (and transcultural - N. M.). Grass pays tribute, as well as the trees, as well as the forest do.

Constantin Brancusi, at once returned to the millennial hearth contemplates inside of some marbles, some essential forms whose secret language he learned to decipher with the chisel of gaze and only then with a feeble but masterly tool.

Home at Brancusi's the steam clouds of mist and shadows blend into a mysterious substance through which the creative thought swims like an abyss. The houses have replaced one another, but the magic spot persisted in their walls painted in white, milk or sponge's swift. With the ear onto the moist clay, the dog of the land listens, barking somewhat sad. Rhizome roots whisper a metaphysics still unwritten by some transmodern or tardoromantic genius.

Constantin Brâncuși from Hobita does not hesitate to give voice and body to ghosts residing in the void of his memory, in caverns of his subconscious, haunted by all sorts of increate creatures which annoyingly obligate him to give them the substitute image or any poem still rough and unpolished to reflect light like a Venetian mirror.

Seated at the table of the family farm, he thoughtfully considers all days that have passed since the creation of the world. He recollects them diligently after the voices of analogue universals' own blood. Vivid metaphors attract the giant birds of the air in living aesthetics as well: of Nature itself, finding its salvation embanked in informal esoteric doctrines. Removing them, the great Brancusi, powered by protoromanianism, carved ideas in the form of visions, he has reinvented God from the Nothingness in all its post creative and yet again transcreative potentiality.

The language of Brâncuși's works is the same as at that home in the Gorj mountain areas (also the north). "The Home of Romanian language » precedes/ predetermines / conditions it, projects it into the absolute beauty of celestial harmonies ever reborn and transceleste. Certainly "My home is in a word thought of another. My home is in a kiss that I thought in the other two teenagers ". These lines belong to Nichita Stănescu (Stanescu, 1990, page 200). And "two mouths kissing, the infinite" (Stanescu, 1990, page 200).

But to the same huge poet he devotes an essay stating that Brancusi's stones stand firm as some monsters in a living space. Richard Schusterman asserts that this living space contains "art in a living state" and related aesthetic is one pragmatic and fundamentally paradoxical.

Was Brâncuși therefore a pragmatist (that is, the idea of a practical attached sculptor)? Well, yes, he was, as the artist originally from Gorj Hobița, noticed that the boundaries between fine art and popular art, involves a lot of philosophical abstraction and simplification, but useful to the art for pleasure, optimistic, successful to "mass consumer". (Schusterman, 2004, 107-160)

Taking the aesthetic challenge of folk art, Brancusi hijacked the esoteric in the most alienating exoteric and gave the blow to the totalitarian pretensions of fine art. Similarly, thus behaved Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides in ancient Greece, as Shakespeare, Cervantes, Eminescu (with his romances.), in modern Europe.

3. Broca's brain and synchronicity

But so, did Nichita Stănescu, in Nicolae Ceaușescu's Romania. And here is the poet of the 'inexpressible' sensing – with the same meta-aesthetic energy – Schusterman's efforts: "A simple man suffering the brutal and divine shock of seeing art can give light on concrete work, can assimilate itself". (Stănescu, 1990.267). Or, by identifying The Heroes Gate or The Gate of the Kiss – I quote – "the goal of all things and beings of the world as being solitary as a sphinx onto which ineffable beings have scratched their secret hieroglyph".

Paul Ricoeur would consider this analogy as "an enigma: a metaphor and a comparison (eikon), but be careful! – it is but a minimum one, however, rich in teachings. "The metaphor as such, gate-sphinx, the transmodern sculptor sees two things in one (Ricoeur, 1984, 45). "To perceive, to contemplate, to see the resemblance, here what it is about, for the poet, but also in the case of the philosopher, genius of discursive metaphor, which will be linking the poetics to the ontology" (Ricoeur, 1984, 83).

"Old motifs, signs of a Romanian alphabet adorn the dowry of a young man entering through this rock to the horizon. Spheres that balance the stone to the right and left spheres cut and facing each other like two facies as two chaotic bodies that seek to be one like two halves of perfection that can never exist, or as the nostalgia of a divine dogma impossible to make" (Stănescu, 1990, 61).

Jacques Claret considers that the left hemisphere of the human brain is the seat of logic and language, and the right hemisphere is the seat of intuition and imagination. Brancusi unites two spheres in one sphere having the apparent disappearance of duality idea / shape.

In any Brancusian work, we have an intersection between idea and form, it is the symbolic thought and expression which are established simultaneously. This aspect makes it possible to communicate Brancusian ideas-forms, a communication about the being of visual language of objects about which we do not know clearly whether they disclose or hide primordial reality (Claret 1982, 46).

Thus – Nichita Stănescu correctly interprets – “The Gate has an abstract style by the simple roughness of the stone in the idea ... The language of stone, its striving to be, suggested by the Table of Silence, is a psychic language by which the words we perceive not by a lowly organ of hearing, but by all organs suddenly and overwhelmingly. “

This language of the Table of Silence is just like folklore, an open system that claims affiliation, ritual communication. The natural language of stone and Brancusian language (i.e. the original style of Brancusi to suffer simply by standing stone, to enjoy with a roughness of it, to understand easily how it is when you are made of rock and what the stone sees in the mirror of the sculptor’s psychic language nm) are a practical report to the world and a creative synchronicity. (Combs, Holland, 2008, 26-28).

Of course the two spheres are two brains that communicate with each other socially and transcendently and that is in a quiet resonance: the psyche and brain. Thus, if the left side of the brain controls language (which is not vital tool of human communication, but the very substance of logical thinking, without it there would be no science, math books, thanks to it information is transmitted from generation to generation. Human culture exists in progress – its right side is that of perception and holistic, coverage of global understanding of a situation.

“The current scientific knowledge of right and left hemisphere suggests an overview of the left side of the brain responsible for logical, analytical, rational thinking. The right side seems to answer to the holistic, perceptual and creative thinking”(Combs, Holland, 2008, 90-94).

The one who first sees the Table of Silence, enters the world of mystery, sitting at the table with the apostles, forced to be alone and think; in that plain, the table is our life, The Great, The Lovely, The Gentle, The Beautiful, The Powerful, The Divine that keeps and rotates the lands around it; a cosmic system and inferred material.

Only the table is perfect and continues, it is a sphere, it is in itself, and its enough; is the divine dogma, the mystery throughout, and the lands are small spheres, cut and put conversely, discontinuous, never perfect, without hope of the whole because their settlement was thus; never to be a whole sphere”. (Stănescu, 1990, 267).

Amazing coincidence? Aaah no! Not at all! For nothing is closer to the core of the synchronicity as human experience than the impression that the world itself is expressed creatively through synchronistic coincidences. Often, such coincidences are more like poetry than physics. We can remember the arrival of this beetle to the window of C. G. Jung during the discussion about the scarab dream. “The case of Mr. Fortgibu and plum tart gives the impression that a clown or a trickster found backstage, the mythical image of a playful god, beyond the veil of coincidence.

Here we find a guiding thread mainly in the sense of synchronicity: the idea that chance can express itself through the mystical theme of a divine Trickster, embodied, for example, by the god Hermes in Greek mythology (Combs, Holland, 2008, *ibid*).

4. Dada is both good and bad.

How does Constantin Brâncuși define poetry? As nonrepresentation, just as his art is from (non) abstract into (non) figurative. And what is she, the poetry, then? It is knowledge. But also, transknowledge, that is, possession of the beingness, that is (trans) being. I quote: "That being means something else" (means alternative to science and the alternative to being is the transbeing, that is art, and in which Brancusi is concerned, non- and anti-art. Brancusi denied art, then denied negation itself, and one can see for themselves what the result was.

With a slightly ironic nonchalance he claims to come from the Dada Movement that, I quote "will return things back to our time", that is to say it will force future itself to regain its always "present", i.e. live art / metaphor living / aesthetic living (ontological-phenomenological and Phenomena-praxeological - nm).

When one resignifies the events as posters, one transfers the phenomenological in the ostensiotic, as shown and seen by the naked eye, I daresay between the brackets of Brancusi ("images", "reflexes" and "self-reflections"). But the free eye is the second eye of the sun.

I quote:

"If the Sun would be the enormous eye of Someone,

That would prove powerless to see us,

And to tell us that we can see it ourselves ..." (Variants)

Ah, the crazy beautiful of the big city of Paris (Fănuș Neagu: The beautiful mad of the big cities) Constantin Brâncuși states that Dada brings joy because he is not doing business! You would tend to be let yourself fooled by the denotative meaning of the noun, but the context forces you to understand it correctly, associating it with the following verses: "Dada entertains you! ... Dada grinds your double-hemispheric brains out. So Dada is not to turnover, or not doing business, because doing is the same thing as the new body of work, the po (i) einic and simultaneously poeiesixtent. God Dada is bifold, is androgynous, is oxymoronic, is coincidentia oppositorum.

I quote: "Dada is good and bad," "gives you the keys to Paradise" (ie the transgression of the limits of the material into transascendence and spiritual transcendence) but "is calin and fierce, that is to say - my translation (thanks to the keys provided by hermeneutics literature - nm) - it is violent, as in "Sacred and violence" by René Girard. Because the sacred was embodied as an expression of violence. Sacred and sacrificial violence are almost synonymous; I did not say it but Eliade, Durand, Otto, etc., did.

The verse "Because, when they invented artists, arts fled" must be perceived paideic - formativist as firm advocacy to scare off artistry / modern visual symbolic aesthetics, and the recovery of the "naturalness of Arts", but I mean the archaic nature, archetypal, primeval, when the word that denominate the thing was the same as the thing itself (it's about a magical-mythical age of art, in which the identity and non-identity cohabited in a freedom of meaning, indifferent to signs that were arbitrary".

So Dada is the pure idea, downward from the Platonic eidos, and "the rest is slavery" in the amorphous matter, and hardly significant if not insignificant. The sign, the body of the work may be suspected, guessed, but the terrible mission is that of the sculptor who frees one as "a

sculpture", which "represents all that lives without any obstacles". Well, yes, one that removes these obstacles is intelligence, be it emotional, be it creative, but especially antimimetic.

The triad: "Idiot! ... Queen! ... and slavery" is self-explanatory. Because one cries like an "idiot" (I mean the sincerity of feeling, to art as a sentimental experience ") because she "pees" like a queen" (the sculpture, as a poem, as po (i) ethics simultaneously endogenous and exogenous, esoteric and exoteric - the queen of all arts").

The symbolism of "pee" leads to emptying the recipient, as a ritual reception cleansing, as a ritualic game of full and empty. And the "slave" - that can only "poop" just any ordinary man, a living stranger in this world, just passing through, banished to an alternate land to the Eden he would have left forever - Heidegger would say (Heidegger, 1995 313).

To recap: tears, urine, faeces can be transcended through transfiguration. As a poet, Brancusi relies on an aesthetic of ugliness. Well, yeah! For "Dada also loves" is that a disturbing eroticism.

It seems that after he lost his sexual vitality, Brancusi lost "datum", "grace", "gift" creativity. Well, yes, for "Dada is everything"! Absolutely everything.

Just like that, I will practice this old-new (meta) criticism both intra-, meta- and trans-textual while leaning towards other poems by Brancusi.

The poem "Fish" one may apply a grid of (re) reading books, based on the theories of Bachelard, Durand, Eliade, Heidegger, Proust, Todorov, Capote, Joyce, Pound, Tzara, Eliot etc.

Let me quote to you in integrum:

"The fish (such as sculpture and symbol)

Is a creation (a creature of
plant").

She moves through the water! ...

And is a creature, a taciturn creature,
who never tells us,

never,
anything!

An animal with cold blood! ...

But if he were to heat up -
and gobble him, as soon as

(Unfinished poem written on a
yellow tab of an Italian book,
small format) ". (Poems Dada)

En passant, just to point out that Brancusi praised the surrealist and absurd Urmuz, imitating him somewhat (see the drawing "myself somewhat" as to refound the ipso et de facto its own transphilosophy with a poetic text "about the existence and appearance" .

Whilst the "Literary portrait - written by a poet" really is a masterpiece of Dadaism that, really, Gellu Naum would praise (if it has not it be celebrated already, and I do not have the information necessary - n.m.) surely:

"(Literary portraits - written by a poet)

Imagine that you're visiting

on some poet

and asked him to write

a portrait.

And that poet chasing you all

the time from morning until night!

And that you see,

start dawn,

waking up and having cerumen.

Finally,

that your eyes are glued

and cheek skin hanging,

like some softened canvases.

After,

just imagine

that you go to pee,

either you be strong or weak.

And that

entering the bathroom,

the poet

He sees you as a man of straw!

And having a swollen

and gelatinous belly.

And out of there,

you look like a fat calf head,

with some hard thing up your nose! ... "

Of course, I'll continue my present essay-study for announcing a hermeneutic adventure but also a challenging metapoetics exercise.

5. The Prolegomenes of the sign (rather than conclusions)

1. Art is not an accident, because it is a inter-happening; the being goes into the Temple and rebecomes transbeing.

2. What do you mean art does not lie, if the Absolute Truth takes cover in Relativity as its prisoner permanently?

3. If art gives way to my good mood (though pleasure - Roland Barthes believed - is an indispensable attribute of any reading (Barthes, 1994)) than it falls into "bourgeois" consumerism; if it applies to a saeculum, as a mark of the historical demand it falls into a procustian paradigm (read: a canon) (to understand: ostrakonic); but if it leaves itself be borne on the waves of Kairicity, overcoming time (Cronus), she is its own measure (categorically and attribute of value).

4. C.Brâncuși carved "becoming into being" as Constantin Noica writes in "The feeling of being Romanian." The philosophical conscience, both popular and cultural of Brancusi guessed the character of universality that creation must have. Every work of Brancusi has within itself the self of the thing disclosed and it is in the universality of the being, in its essence, reflecting the becoming into being of a general order (Noica, 1981). Substances of the world are the same, and the movement that animates them is unique. Between it and the forms of essential beingness one establishes mutual ties of great profoundness: "The Table of Silence" is a manifestation of a double presence and of an absence of retaining the relationship between unity and multiplicity, between death and life, counting the birth of living beings and rational thinking. And why would not the being be as a being the "Endless Column"? One can see from it, the full growth the vertebrae and the organic, the image of movement, the chain reaction of the thought, the infinite itself encapsulated in the smooth line of the rhomboids. And why would the "Endless Column" not be the Romanian space unbundled to embody immortality? For the son of peasants from Hobița, the sculpture is the art of being, of her becoming, dialectically intertwined.

Brancusi expressed through sculpture its opposite, fluidity, up to the generality of matter, to its essence, to propose through it the opposite, feeling Romanian in severity and freedom, the particular ethno-folk and architectural rural Gorj settlements, the reality in all its simple direct concreteness.

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