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TRANSLATIONS

**poems, sketches, essays
in
English**

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Explanation
On infinity V

Anytime and anywhere
there will be a number
and beyond, whichever this may be,
something that has nothing in common
with that number, never to touch it.
This is Infinity.

Flower anthem

And when spring comes
And the fields turn green,
Trees blossom ungratefully,
 the flowers and the dreams
Are falling to the ground, I do not know
What to pick up first:
The ray of sunshine, the May flowers,
Or the mystical ray from your eyes –
For I believe in all of them, but do not know what to do
And then I kiss you and say: Lucky to
Have you afar, lucky that you are
And that you delusively carry me to you.

You

You still go back to the dream, wishing that life
Transposed praise into shadow, the sacred
Became emptiness, not hanging your moment,
Dreaming, to the mirages of the gaze.
To believe in the wheat field and flower scents,
Ostentatiously turning away your gaze.
The blue – bitter grapes have ripened.
Muddy waters like your eyes, what they think of this
To depress them from the light or powder
To return to them, and then, kissing your lips,
Bitter mouth, breaking the spasm of your body and dreaming of me
With you, beyond death.

Existential cliché

Pontice II

I woke up in this world
holding a rod
in my left hand,
kicking everything around
with my left foot.

My first visit was,
in my imagination of course,
at the city's mental hospital:
owner, the state.
I didn't understand how many of them
had their heads wrapped in bandages –
they were crashing them against the walls
believing that of the walls of the building
water was pouring out in waves.
A few dozen were dead, placed in coffins
a poor sarcophagus forest;
they had thrown themselves off the narrow, precipitous edge
into the building's stone basin,
where there was never water.
I left there terrified
and saddened.

.....

In my helplessness,
I lift my eyes to the stars;
smoke or wait –
all the same.

Sonex

to the poets George Trakl and Rainer M. Rilke

Spring.
Colossal, not-human
powers
rise
in me.
As long as I'm
dust.

March 28, 2005

PROSE

Revolution in Russia 2

A big, main, long street, almost a boulevard, with hurried, modestly dressed people, with soldiers among them, some with moustaches, some without, a sloppily dressed (and) almost dirty crowd, as in spring the city reveals its faded emptiness, and here and there fir branches and garlands of fir buds. There had been a Revolution, a few people were standing by a shop window, on my way west on that street. Some people were standing there, there had been a Revolution... But where is Comrade Stalin?

My father

Beyond the brick factories - the hills where I smelled the smoke of burning household garbage, I could get close, no matter how many friends or enemies I had, I would leave behind, to my home village.

The house was dark blue, sober in its coloring and its stillness, and my father stood in front of it. Serious, black-whiskered, young. I was very puzzled and that's why I asked him, even though I could see him there, real, in front of me:

- How come you are here, how come you exist, I just buried you, (for) you died once!

He smiled slightly, certifying with his smile his existence and presence there.

*

In a sunny atmosphere, beyond the house, there's a paved, curbed road leading to the East.

My father, on a roller-skate, is pulling away from me...

My grandmother and the fallen vestments

Someone was throwing big chunks of rock into the air, beyond my home village in the mountains. You could hear the thud, actually a crack or more, short ones, and then you could see large coils of bluish smoke slowly rising from the ground.

It was in a valley that cut across a more mild area at the foot of the mountain. I was at the entrance to the village, in the river, and it was summer. But, in addition to those distant blasts, I was also disturbed by the fact that it was about to rain. So I'm heading home.

Near the house, in a field, in a short grassy pasture, there are a few vestments, a few scattered pieces. What's strange is that I recognize my own shirt (yellow), a blue sweater and something that looks like a grey scarf. All in duplicate. Which would, in fact, be mine? - I think to myself. And my grandmother seems to guess my thought, seeing me puzzled, and says:

- The ones that will withstand a spell are yours. And she quickly says something. Indeed, three of the six pieces of clothing - the fake ones, ignite on the spot and burn, curling and turning to ash, without flame. Three remained whole, untouched. They were mine. I could pick them up.

Sudden death

When, forced to sell my only electronic device in the house - a beautiful silver stereo, my neighbor scornfully reproaches me.

I see her, on a gloomy morning, when it's deeply quiet, before dawn, coming out of my room.

I go downstairs. Her husband, in a very young transparent bathing suit, is climbing the same stairs. With a cheerful light playing in his eyes, he asks me:

- Are you on holiday - and he smiles, as if he knows the answer, or is enjoying it. I am surprised and cheered by the fact that his sexual apparatus was missing, like the cosmonauts, but I don't get to say anything more, because suddenly he falls backwards to the top of the stairs. He falls suddenly and, hitting the back of his head on the concrete, I see in amazement that he is beginning to die. Yes, he is dying, and in that moment, the fantastic thing is that, in dying, he becomes a child.

I have a fear: that those around - some children were on the stairs - and downstairs, might have heard that the question had been asked of me and that perhaps I was the one who had caused the fall, the death.

Beyond the fact that I didn't get to answer the question, I tried to go unnoticed. No one must know that the question had been put to me.

Suddenly, perhaps as an obligation, I quickly jumped to his aid, giving him artificial respiration, flexing his hands, bringing them closer to and away from his body.

But how did he become a child, dying?

His body had suddenly become thin, light blue, but not too washed out, with similarly thin hands. Just as you would draw a child, with arms like two blue-white bands. The eyes were an extremely serene blue, but fictitious. He was living, then, but in reverse, that fantastic transformation of life and death called existence.

The whole tension of the happening floats in the air, for, it seems, the one who was preparing to die spreads his shrinking, childlike personality in the air. I rub it in, but someone says from the sidelines: he's dying. And, indeed, he doesn't even move.

With a few arm movements I make, air starts to come out of his chest, as if he were exhaling it, and suddenly his body, from light blue, turns scarlet, a washed-out brown, but not all over, as if he's coming back, lightning-fast, to life.

But though I continue to help him, his body is blue again. This time, he, the child that he was, says one word: I'm dying, being firmly determined to do so, and doesn't move from his spot. He dies indeed, after all.

Blue atmosphere

In front of the church from my home village, in a dense, tense atmosphere, lies, in a coffin, the village madwoman.

I appear, from the opposite side of the church, in the wide courtyard. And I suddenly become aware of that glassy, icy blue atmosphere. I get acquainted with both oddities at once, the coffin and the atmosphere, only I approach the coffin. A dread lingers in the air and in my heart when I suddenly reach the coffin. Everything is blue, even the air, including the glass coffin. It's a terrible, strange atmosphere, a harbinger of who knows what extraordinary events. The church is beyond the coffin, but I can barely make it out - nor do I care. For it's tall, with no windows and no paintings, just frightening blue walls that look like paint dripping down.

Even though it's a normal, quiet, morning light across the river and the houses there are red brick, with lots of bits of metal in the yards, trinkets, in fact, as if the village were very big and rich, that's not where my escape is, although I do get to that bank, beyond the houses, by crossing a narrow bridge that swings over the deep water.

It is not my salvation, though to the north-east I glimpse dense green grass, which gives me a sense of tranquillity, waving in the gentle, balmy wind, for all the way there are deep, yellow ditches of torrents from who knows where, from the surrounding hills. The streams, which are quite thick, all have very high, alluvial banks, made of small, light-colored but unstable clay, in which you can easily get stuck.

I don't feel safe with all the soothing yellow light around.

ESSAYS

On nothingness

Someone once asked me: - how could Nothingness be represented?

Indeed, Nothingness should not involve any dimension. But, dimensionally, we cannot imagine it as anything other than something that, spatially, could include something. But, beyond this appearance of including something dimensional, we are forced, once we want to set foot beyond, to simply not be able to take any step (beyond).

Could there be, however, a total Nothingness? This would be the ideal representation of Nothingness, that is there is nothing, or there is something that has no time flow and no scroll in any space. Not even the abstract, unique existence of nothingness, as before that something that exists, was the unique Infinite existing, this should be Nothingness. But whether it could exist, as I described it above, or whether it could replace this Infinite - temporarily or forever, we find it very hard to determine now.

Ca. 1994, July 26, 2017

Doru I, Pop

On God

From the books of Christian philosophy itself, there appears a double image of God, or rather two interpretations that have nothing in common, each of which could form an independent image of the Supreme Being.

The first refers to a total, infinite and perfect God. In this conception, God is the Infinite himself. A perfect symmetry reigned in the beginning. No fissure pierced that original ocean (of eternity, of timeless totality). (J. Guitton). God was Perfection itself. An existential pantheism, frozen, glacial, brilliant, could represent that idea of God. It was, as a skeptical philosopher might say, and somewhat materialistic: An Infinite universe, perfect and cold.¹

But this Universe, identified with God - although we do not know what it has done so far² - more than that, it is alive, it has feelings, and here there is a break in the original symmetry (Jean Guitton). To that imperfection of the beginning - the Big Bang - then the concentration of matter in other irregularities, but uniformly distributed, galaxies (S. HAWKING), we owe our existence; (something like cosmic strings).

God has just created an image of himself.

This is the version of the perfect God - identified with his own creation and with the Universe, therefore with everything that exists beyond nothing and bears the name of Infinity.

But there is also the other version, that of the God outside the world, the God who creates the world but does not identify with it. Is often superior to it. It is, implicitly, a God limited in space but unlimited in time and power. Here God has, to some extent, human attributes. The most important is love. God created the world out of an act of pure love. An ocean of pure love was the basis for the creation of the Universe³ or, in this version, an act of pure love. So God, being considered the Infinite, perfect, and our world means a breaking of the original harmonies into which we tend to reintegrate⁴ - or God finite in space, creating the world separately from him - out of necessity, perhaps out of an act of pure love.

Ca. 1995 – September 4, 2017

Doru I. Pop, Ferneziu

¹ They could be conjoined, if we grant God everything, every appropriation - and then it would be useless to treat them separately, logically, [(from a religious point of view)], but the fact that Christians treat them separately, denotes not so much confusion or lack of maturity of ideological consensus, but that either can be good.

² Nor even where it comes from. (n.m.)

³ Though there would be a different, dualistic, interpretation, even: Love being God himself, mistaken by the Infinite or that creative raw material love.

⁴ In the case of this totality, pure as it is, paradoxically, also enters the negative, the evil, the darkness, the cracks. Subsumed, however, to the final goal, when only the positive will be everywhere - will prevail - or the perception of the whole - there being no beings affected by evil.

On the matter in the Universe

There are two acts, equally strange, not so much in similarity, for they represent two antagonistic positions, nor in symmetry, but simply in the fact that they proclaim something hallucinatingly strange, something our senses refuse to believe possible.

One scientist (P. Davies - The Last Three Minutes) says that: there is no point in asking what will happen after the Universe disappears, (matter, mainly,) than it is pointless to ask what was before the Great Explosion of the Universe.

Let's start with the emergence of the Universe:

To paraphrase Jean Guitton, I'd say that tiny point, billions of tons and degrees of temperature, was there, containing all the later grandeur of the Universe. If we don't ask, and especially if we don't find the answer to what was before the Big Bang, then we don't justify the presence of that dot there either. Or, that point was already something real, giving birth to the later Universe.

This existential reality of that point leads us to think that something, something has always existed in the Universe (beyond or other than NOTHING).

So matter could not have arisen from nothing¹. The disappearance of matter would be strange again. Something concrete, really existing, cannot disappear without a trace² ; therefore, these two supposed processes cannot explain the presence of matter here and especially its disappearance and appearance, because these acts link matter to something that is not characteristic of it, nothingness.

Take for example the collapse into black holes, the particles 'squeezed' into each other in an astonishing density, let us suppose that this force, gravity - or another, from outside, would continue the squeezing/pressure indefinitely.

But how far? If there is a divisibility of matter and time up to a limit - called Planck's Constant for time and space - between 10^{-43} , 10^{-47} , beyond which you can no longer perceive the alternation of moments or the division of matter, the same with compression, no matter how much we press, we still couldn't turn matter into anything. Something, no matter how small, would always remain beyond nothing, to exist indeed, for there is no transit between nothing - vacuum, therefore, and something real, material.

Both - though antagonistic - representing different events - nevertheless negate the presence of matter here. Therefore, it can neither arise from nothing - nor disappear into nothing.

Ca. 1995 – September 4, 2017

Doru I. Pop, Ferneziu

¹ The relevant comments would sound like this: Why 9-18 billion years ago and not earlier, what Force, what magnitude of it - the expansive one - threw it into existence, a supreme Being, even, for what purpose.

² Here, however much Westerners make a case for the relativity of motion, the existence of quantum particles, the uncertainty of their appearance - one thing is clear: there is no transit between being and non-being, as we have shown even forces of immaterial nature, the expanding force of galaxies, the motion of particles at temperatures when they no longer depend on force particles, spin 0,1,2,3/2 - are something, by their motion, plus motion as something immaterial, i.e., the intrinsic energy of particles endowed with continuous motion.

On Infinity and God

Three considerations make us seriously question the image of God, as it emerges from the attributes assigned to him by an ultra-advanced religion.

God is supposed to be the Infinite Himself. Indeed, being delimited, concretized in a single place, his omnipresence is seriously undermined by the attributes granted to the Infinite, by a logical research and that it must have, regardless of our will. But that would mean nothing, He could exist regardless of our descriptive will, or our ability to "paint" the image of the gods.

But from the grandiose aura with which God is invested, seated on the supreme pedestal in the Universe, his confrontation with Infinity is clear.

But God has all the attributes of a limited entity, so He loses in the confrontation with the Infinite. First, it is certain that a finite thing cannot generate something infinite¹, then, He Himself, dimensionally, is inferior to the physical Infinite of this existence, to something beyond Nothingness, which stubbornly persists in existing alongside God.

If we admit that the visible Universe was created by God, then this very idea, or through this idea, God limits himself to a given surface. For a place in space must be occupied by his creation. And then, even if God represents Infinity - creation, then he is no longer infinite, because, subtracting from the total of Infinity, that Creation, implicitly that God is not infinite. And then, it would be subordinate to Infinity existing.

Inferior, therefore to Infinity, even if it had different origins (or even if Infinity was created by God, but we saw above that this is not possible).

Why this harsh indictment of God?

Because we know very well that a being endowed with the judgment to create cannot, physically, be infinite, but only a finite entity, of course. Conversely, we can affirm: God is everything, but then we would be dealing with an impersonal, hostile and cold God. He would indeed be Infinite Himself, but then He would be illogical and could not bring worlds into existence. Moreover, overlapping and confronting the Infinite, his creation could not take place, exist side by side, distinct and independent with it. (His creation would be included in the very body of the Supreme God).

Today's scientists have come a long way in researching the universe. Far and not too far, we would say. Not out of a tendency to always look for something else, or to seek perfection, even at the cost of upsetting the given order, might we, after a few glances beyond Planck's constant, be forced to admit another order, but only because in this way we might find the

existence of the Supreme Force of the Universe. Thus, since the same laws exist in our Universe and it is very difficult to understand from the above - that God could be finite, but generate infinity at the same time - or to believe that by emitting rays, divinity never decreases quantitatively (Origene, Blaga) - and especially, by creating from its own substance something, then, logically, it would decrease quantitatively.

Thus, we see that there is a hallucinatingly beautiful and grandiose Infinity. Its magnificence would be of use to us. He - the Infinity - would be God. Then, according to a good and loving God - the immortality of human spirits - and beyond - would be assured.

Ca. '93-'94 – July 28, 2017

Doru I. Pop, Baia Mare, Ferneziu

¹ Just as I was to find later that, yes, let us accept that the Universe had a beginning - the Big-Bang - and will have an end - whatever that may be - but how, within this Universe, can there be an infinite number axis?

² Even if we know how vast the Infinite is - of course without end, however, an Infinite from which something has been subtracted is smaller than another, intact, just as, conversely, there are smaller or larger infinities, see the totality of even numbers, the totality of prime numbers, etc.
