

# Unconscious Language

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LORENZO

....., the music!

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls...

.....

JESSICA

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO

The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods...”

SHAKESPEARE

*The Merchant of Venice*

“Gnose te auto”

Pitia!<sup>1</sup>

Is there a specific means of communication for what we call unconscious?

In other words: our psyche operates, in general, with a conscious part which allows us to relate to what surrounds us, an intelligent part, a part which enables us to think and feel (as we have both reason and feelings), a part which makes us speak, hear, fight, argue, love or feel

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<sup>1</sup> “Know yourself”.

despair; however, beside that part which lets us know that we exist, there is another part which does not seem as noisy, as present, a part that appears to be hiding somewhere where we don't really know how to find it and therefore we call it the unconscious. In our daily life, the unconscious does not cry "I'm here", doesn't seem to exist, although we do exist, it is not a presence. It becomes a presence when we go to sleep and dream. Upon waking up, people have always asked themselves questions about that realm they feel they cannot control, which actually controls them, which they cannot drive away, as they cannot drive away the nightmare obstinately haunting them, as they cannot chase away a thought that annoys them, that keeps them prisoners. Little by little people have realized that not only dreams carry with them something hidden and difficult to seize, they have also realized that when they walk, they don't really think about walking, and this is why they often stumble in the holes in the ground, because of their carelessness. Little by little, they have understood that every conscious action, every considered action in which the will takes part deliberately, even every step, is influenced by something that comes from deep inside us, seems to be guided by something unseen, yet very much present.

Tell me: how does a dancer communicate with the public? Or a dancer with another dancer? How does a young man communicate when he asks a girl to dance with him? How do two young people that are attracted to one another communicate? When I was a student in the final high school year, I used to go to tea parties, and it was such a pleasure for us, those from the 1947-1948 generation, right after the war, to organize and to attend to those tea parties! I used to take the girls I liked by the hand, I gathered them in my arms a little closer and I felt their thighs with my thighs; some of them recoiled from it, others liked it, too. We hardly needed any words, we communicated so well by simple touches and by holding hands! In the end I would try and kiss them, when the light was turned down. None of us ever thought of doing more. This is sexual behavior, certainly, but not only that; it is also a moment when conscious and unconscious activities go together hand in hand.

There is a body language that says a lot, any professional dancer knows it. This is why Nijinsky fascinated people. He knew to communicate enormously with his own body, that he used like we use a pen to write on a white sheet of paper. This is why we leave early from a show where a talentless dancer exhibits their "skills". Is dancing all about foreplay? Maybe, because this is what psychoanalysis and psychological analysis professionals say. Nevertheless, I believe we are not wrong if we say that here there is something more. Maybe the dance of a rooster or of another winged male is something more than foreplay. The rooster (the bird), by its dance, by its colorful plumage, asserts, confirms its species, emphasizes that animal beauty that we admire. When two giraffes entwine their necks as a sign of prenuptial tenderness, they also assert, unconsciously, the beauty of the species. From that point of view, a prenuptial dance, a prenuptial festivity, such as the celebration of a country wedding, is a cultural phenomenon before being a simple foreplay. In the same way, a couple of flamenco dancers, him wearing a red blouse and black trousers, her sporting a purple dress, when dancing, transmit something with a strong sexual load, however, the entire dance is a cultural phenomenon. The more dancers know how to give on stage, the more enticing their show is. Of course, if you want to fan your sexual instinct, you can go to a nightclub, where half-naked dancers can satisfy you, taking their clothes off, with a striptease show, which may also be vulgar or artistic, maybe even a cultural phenomenon. A beautiful nude is not only an invitation to sex, but also something else. Otherwise, I cannot see why the greatest painters in the world have depicted nudes with their charcoal or their brush, on paper or canvas.

However, what does that body language mean? In other words, what are its specific means of communication and how is that communication deciphered? Of course, if a dancer reveals too much of her flesh, that is a sexual communication. The old eros-thanatos dyad tries to explain everything about our human life. I don't think it can. The singing of love, of parting, of death, youth and old age is accompanied by music and dance, and these are themes sung and danced on by everybody, from flamenco to all the world's romances. Do they only communicate sexuality? Or, in other words, can sexuality explain everything, our entire human life, from our birth until our death? This is what psychoanalysis wants us to believe, but I think it is a big mistake, a mistake that is possible specifically by excluding any other option. I also think that it is a mistake that may lead, undeservedly, to certain mistrust in psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis suffers from a severe illness, that of monopolizing everything that exists in connection with the human soul. This is a severe illness because the pernicious spread of the opinion that our unconscious, populated with all sorts of repressions and of attempts to sublimate those repressions, our unconscious soiled and stripped of its good, bright part, models our soul and spirit in a crippling way and does what it wants with them. Indeed, our unconscious can influence our conscious activity, our thinking, our reason as well as our spirit, however, that is our integral unconscious, in which its good, bright part, the *eumeros*, plays the leading role, helping us with our creativity, being the mark of our style, that no one can give to us, because we are that style, as the writer Mircea Cartarescu said, pushing the words very beautifully: “you don't have style, you are the style”, imitating Buffon's statement, “Le style c'est l'homme même” (“Style is the man himself”).

Certainly, men have complexes, all sorts of complexes: social, political, cultural and sexual. If Freud and Lacan think that every complex has its roots in the failure to satisfy certain sexual urges or in sexual traumas of the first childhood, this is their and others' opinion, however, it is a forced expansion which is hard to support with arguments. For instance, the interpretation given by Lacan to Plato's *Banquet* is simply hilarious: Alcibiades is a sexual magnet which orients all the ideas of the dialogue, and especially those of Socrates. Of course, one can give such interpretations, but we don't really gain anything in the economy of the dialogue. I believe that the only adequate answer would be to quote Thomas Mann: “...a shameless hippopotamus, the last time being suggested by a rumor coming from Egypt, according to which that animal used to kill his father in order to mate with his mother”<sup>2</sup>. Psychoanalysis with its pansexualism seems rather to spring from such a tale, than from that of the unfortunate Oedipus, who in the end has succeeded, despite all the gods' curses, to defeat the gods, because he was never present with his will in his actions. Oedipus signifies the freedom of human will, its strength against blind determination. He is a symbol of man's victory, even in the most wicked circumstances.

We will remain, of course, in debt to Freud for having discovered that hidden world within us, which was so celebrated by the romantics, however, we will especially remain in debt to Freud for having revealed certain secondary access ways to that concealed empire; psychoanalysis, or the psychological analysis proposed by Jung, both remaining a useful instrument for the study of the unconscious. Maybe we should dismiss the search of a first cause, of a sexual root that would explain the entire mental pathology, as well as the entire culture created by mankind. I don't think it is right to artificially link dance, poetry, novels, painting, architecture or music with satisfied or unsatisfied sexuality, that urge or instinct that is more of a physical nature, that certainly dominates us just as hunger, thirst or the need to breathe dominate us. The entire creative power of man, all the splendors of mankind, science,

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<sup>2</sup> *Iosif și frații săi*, vol.I, p.116, Univers Publishing House, Bucharest, 1977

art, culture as an all-encompassing name, all these cannot be related only to an instinct. A hungry, tired person is as good as asexual, just like a person who is dead scared. Let's not forget that hunger has driven entire populations to migrate during the Antiquity, just the same as it has corrupted the religious Aztec cult, transforming the Aztec people into cannibals. Blaga was right when he wrote that every instinct can develop its own psychoanalysis (in the novel "Luntrea lui Caron"-The boat of Caron).

I would like to remind you that there are studies done in zoos, showing that instinct, the sexual instinct, which certainly has a genetic dominant, it is not enough however, to lead to a sexual act; if we want that sexual instinct to appear and manifest efficiently, the animals need to live as they do in the wild, in their natural habitat, together with other specimens of their species, from which they learn a sexual behavior that would ensure the reproduction of the species. This is why lonely couples at zoos do not stand too many chances to have offspring in the natural way. I think that observation is very important. For the sexual instinct to work like it should, both men and animals need to see how a sexual act is fulfilled, need to be taught by someone older or more learned or just to see it happen.

We wonder about the multiplication, in our time and especially in civilized countries, of the number of *gays*, of lesbians and of homosexuals, but we are not disturbed by the fact that young and not so young people have countless visual examples in box-office movies, from where they can learn how a woman can offer a sexual caress to another woman, how two men kiss or even have sexual intercourse, how a woman or a man can satisfy themselves. Maybe this is the same as with the aggressiveness instinct. Anyone can learn, if they have a favorable genetic conformation, how to satisfy their own aggressive impulses, by watching the countless movies spreading aggressiveness in waves, even giving execution details. Maybe there is also a gene for the people that we call *gay*, however, it is certainly brought very close and to life by images. What can influence our brain more strongly than images? It is true that the same images, violent movies, even porn movies, also have the effect of satisfying certain urges and as a result the inhibition of those urges reprehensible. I don't know what would be the optimum dosage of radio transmissions, cable transmissions, books, music, however, I know that I myself am satisfied by an art movie, by the music that suits me and by a good book, as I am satisfied by watching a sunrise or sunset, a sea or mountain landscape, hills, fir trees, forests, plains, the smell of a flower or visiting a museum and other beautiful places, which, it's true, are beautiful to me, and not necessarily to others!

Let's not forget that young people and teenagers of both sexes have their sensibility under the control of the old brain, of the nucleus of the cerebral amygdale and of the surrounding regions, part of the brain that stores instincts and primary sensibility, whereas adults are more under the influence of frontal cortex, where instincts are diminished by the intelligent activity of that part of the brain. This is the reason for which so many misunderstandings spring among generations, the reason for which the "elder" cannot possibly understand young people. In the same way, it is true that there was a time when I seemed to need, from time to time, to go to a bar with loud music, alcohol, sweat, beautiful girls skimpily dressed. During my first visit to Paris, my friends took me to musicals with a strong sexual load, which I liked. I myself used to have instincts that were hard to control.

Regardless if you think that the human soul with its unconscious is under the rule of complexes generated by dissatisfactions or by the satisfaction of sexuality, or if you think that the unconscious also has another function apart from strangling you and reminding you that we are sexual animals, the problem remains: how we communicate, or how we can

communicate, possibly directly with the unconscious? Maybe that communication, as a possible language, occurs only in one direction: from the conscious toward the unconscious, and is based on thinking and natural language, through words. Freud has shown us that this is possible, words have an important role in psychoanalysis, and still the problem remains if this is a relationship that goes exclusively in one direction: conscious – unconscious. Don't we also have other possibilities to communicate from an unconscious to another, a possibility of communication as language, I insist on that aspect. It is known that empathy is a way of communication at the level of the unconscious; however, we are not able to decode its intimate way of communicating and the meanings of a possible language that it might conceal. At the same time, in its work *Orizont si stil (Horizon and Style)*, Blaga proves to us that we are having a permanent communication, this time, from the unconscious to the conscious state that he calls *Personanta (personance)*. Through personance, the unconscious can shape certain thoughts, can shape actions, and can influence our sensibility as it can influence our reason. The problem remains, as we don't know how that influence is achieved, what is its intimate modality? Is this about an influence that is hard to define or can we decode a language?

The aim of the following rows is to prove that there is a communication language, of course hard to decipher, however, in certain circumstances we can try to decode it, at least partially.

If such a language exists, it has to have certain specific and general features. The specific, even individual, ones, are the most important, because they represent the manner in which my unconscious perceives, for example, the message of another unconscious. That would mean that this is about a possible communication between one unconscious and another, at the level of the unconscious. Maybe that would also be a first general characteristic.

Another general characteristic would also be that we can learn a lot from animals. It is known that animals have a language, can communicate among themselves, and can even foresee disasters – earthquakes, floods, tsunamis, fires. We should pay more attention to the animal world, because it would be beneficial for us to turn to them, as ethologists do.

Maybe the most important general characteristic would be, and we are still in the realm of possibility, related to transmission and perception. This might not be a communication exclusively between one unconscious and another; it could be a broader communication, addressing both the conscious and the unconscious. Such a communication would also be achieved through the sense organs, just like the articulate language, and this means that especially the sight and the hearing, but also the other senses can participate. An example would be hearing a familiar noise, when we know what happens, and we don't even have to be conscious; automatically, so unconsciously, we are calm, because the cat jumped on the windowsill. This is a noise that we note, however, paying it little attention. So, it is a communication that we can address both to the conscious and to the unconscious, and which however, occurs more in the realm of the unconscious. The connection between conscious and unconscious seems to be one-to-one. Perceptions, more of a conscious nature, can be unconsciously processed, and unconscious “thinking” may influence reason.

The understanding that us, people, have about ourselves should be completed a little. We should see ourselves as a conscious-unconscious complex only working well together, each of them helping the other. The unconscious is some kind of auto pilot that continuously exchanges information with our conscious activity. We wouldn't be able to walk, speak, think or sing if we wouldn't be helped in every second by the unconscious, as the unconscious

would not have something to process, to “think” about, if it did not receive information supplied via a conscious route, through our sense organs.

Lorentz has attracted our attention that the neck dance in geese, those especially intelligent birds, is a means of communication. The waving of the body, of the arms, hands and fingers in a dancer does not also communicate us something? The legs of a ballerina or of a male ballet dancer do not speak to us by moving? The association of dance with music is not accidental. A melody may support a story. Music was probably born with humanity, as soon as humans as animals stopped living only in order to subsist, its life principle gaining something more than the simple fight for existence; they started to understand that they lived in an unknown world and felt the need to know it, a knowledge deeper than that of the animal that knows its hunting territory which ensures its livelihood; that human need is the need to comprehend the *mysteries* of the surrounding world, as Blaga says, an existential leap taken by humans, an *ontological revolution*, an *ontological mutation*, a radical change of the being which was becoming human, a becoming of the human being.

Of course, we cannot detach music, the music being born in those first moments, from the waving of the human body, from dance, from the expression through drawing and colors of certain feelings, and later even of certain sensations. Humans, becoming thinkers, with a good head on their shoulders, rational beings such as the Thinker of Hamangia, also needed, in their humanization, artistic manifestations, and not only thinking. Their fighting with mysteries hard to decipher was helped by what we call art and by belief. Children find safety in their mother, in their parents, as defenders, until they understand that those are also vulnerable. Then they start looking for something safer, they search for the incorruptible, for the gold of the spirit that they are hunger for, because without it they surely feel alone on earth. I don't think that we have evolved too much since then, since the beginnings, and on this very day I feel the need for that power sustaining me, I feel the need for belief. This universal power sustaining me is a reality. Is there a God? or is He just my invention? Who can answer that question? I believe in and am certain of God's existence; however, I cannot give you any proof. I feel God inside me and that is enough for me! God?! Each of us should find Him inside themselves, in their “soul”, and I do not think there is need of a rational proof of God's existence.

Let us not be intrigued by the need for God. Even the demon, such as the Dutchman in Richard Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, prays to God to get him rid of the curse. No matter how high we are spiritually, or how far we have descended toward hell, every one of us is entitled to belief and to salvation because, it seems, humans cannot live without God.

Art; painting, singing, dance, building a shelter, every manifestation that we call art, has been with us people from the beginning, has come to life with us, has accompanied us and continues to accompany us everywhere, we cannot live without it, as we cannot live without God.

We wonder why primitive people used to draw on the walls of the caves they lived in. And we answer: for religious needs, which at present we would call “paranormal”, because they were attempting to obtain “the right” to kill an animal without being wounded. This is almost the same practice as that of the Amazonian Indians, or that of the first Europeans who wanted to tame the spirit of the mammoth, of the deer or of the bison. They also probably did incantations, songs, ending in a true celebration of the hunt, by which they thanked the same spirits that had helped them gain their food. This is what happens currently during hunting

and not only. Things are different with the dance of the goat at the beginning of the year, of the masks, of the *calusari*, which are all older than Christianity, and which have been taken over, however, not completely, by Christianity, because they were too deeply rooted in our spirit. Those are dances celebrating the New Year, actually the winter solstice, after which the days start to grow longer and spring will come, followed by plentiful summer.

Let us go back for a while on the Roumanian territory, where the greatly commented ballad *Miorita (The Little Ewe)* which stimulated the creations of so many artists and thinkers is considered by specialists in folk spirituality a proof of the Wallachian fatalism which has, probably, ancient roots. I believe that this interpretation is wrong, somehow resembling the indecision of King Arjuna, in *Bhagavad Gita*, who, in the dialogue had, at the beginning of the fight, Krishna being the adviser, refuses to kill the enemies who only recently used to be his relatives or friends, because he would rather let himself killed by them. This is not about the fatalist attitude of the Wallachian, of the Roumanians, it is about a totally different sentiment, of the joy of living in a certain space. The poem starts with "...at Heaven's doorsill...", a wording which, from the very beginning, places us in a certain area, a certain territory, the Heaven, a preChristian word, however, also present in any other religion, a word denoting the most beautiful and wanted place. Maybe humans have been dreaming of heaven since the beginning of the world. *At Heaven's doorsill*, the place where we can enter Heaven, a lovely, enviable place, is the place where the shepherd in the song lives. The main character, the charmed little ewe, is some kind of *alter ego* of the shepherd, his adviser, the one who warns him and at the same time the one who will get his message to his mother. She needs this so that she wouldn't be sad that her son is celebrating his marriage with the stars, with the fir trees and the maple trees in that wonderful place where he wants to live, to die and to be buried next to his sheep. The shepherd from *The Little Ewe* never says that he will not defend himself, and that he will not fight to defend himself against the Transylvanian and the Vrancean shepherds who envy him for his sheep. On the contrary, he says to his charmed ewe to go to his mother, in case he is defeated ("and if I die"); he does not exclude the fight, however, he thinks of the worst possibility: his death. But although he will die, his death is beautiful like a wedding, because he will rest among his sheep and among "firs and maple trees", remaining among his own and close to his mother. He will not depart for a faraway place, but he will be married to a *princess most noble*, remaining *on Heaven's doorsill*. This ballad is about the pleasure and the happiness of living in a certain place, a mioritic place, on Heaven's doorsill, where you are in the company of all that is familiar to you, where you exist even after death, and not at all about some fatalist attitude of refusing to fight, to defend oneself.

Somehow, something similar happens at the end of Wagner's opera *Tristan and Isolde*, in the passage where Isolde sings her *joy* to meet with Tristan again, in death. Wagner felt the need to write a song where he connected the *eros* and the *thanatos* in the name of love, in such a way that they cannot be disconnected in its opera. There cannot exist greater joy for two souls, that we sometimes call *soul mates*, after having drunk from the elixir of love, than be together, as they could not be in life, because life has denied them this joy. I believe that the title of the song *Isolde's Death* might have been *Isolde's Transfiguration*, because there's nowhere you will find more glorious words dedicated to the happiness of loving, of living love in an absolute way, than those sung at the end of that opera: "...Do you not see? How he shines ever brighter, soaring on high, stars sparkling around him? [...] Do you not feel and see it? Do I alone hear this melody which, so wondrous and tender in its blissful lament, all-revealing, gently pardoning, sounding from him, pierces me through, rises above, blessedly echoing and ringing round me?... In the surging swell, in the ringing sound, in the vast wave

*of the world's breath – to drown, to sink unconscious – supreme bliss!”*, lyrics led by the music, and oh, what a music, what a melody...! Death as eternally living the love of the two lovers! Then, why not accept the joy of living and of dying in the beautiful space of the mioritic shepherd, who sings about his possible death. Where is the fatalism?

I will try to remind you that art, which accompanies almost each step made by humans on Earth, is a need, a necessity that we cannot relinquish.

***Yes! Art and artistic manifestations are necessary, because they are the language of the unconscious!***

Art is the food our unconscious needs. Listening to a melody whistled in a forest and looking at the beauty of the mountains, the forest, the meadows, the rocks, the flowing of waters, you receive as many signals you are conscious of, although you don't care about them, which allow your unconscious to send you, in its turn, a feeling of well-being, a feeling that everything is fine. This is very important. In a completely different situation, for instance while driving a car, if you hear a noise, sometimes barely perceptible, or feel a smell, you become alert; the unconscious announces you that something might be wrong with your car, although you were driving it carefully.

I do not want to offend common sense and achieve nothing more. I once wrote about *the necessity of art*. Other people have written about it, however, with another meaning. Art, drawing, painting, dancing, and especially music have emerged from our hearts from the beginning, from the dawn of humanity; it could not have been otherwise, as the humans that we are have begun to exist as such with both their conscious and their unconscious. The conscious pushed them to be prudent while ensuring their survival and even to fear what they did not know. The unconscious bears with it the entire richness of previous lives, embedding the instincts which ensure survival as beings and as a species, carrying in our DNA the synthesis of the daily experience of millions of generations from protozoa to actinia, then to lizards and humans. The unconscious bears in itself the universal, the generals of the species, however, not only that, it also bears in itself the experience of individuals from their intrauterine life and afterwards, from our daily life. My unconscious is a universe which also includes the individual that I am, and it is the same for all, we are all built in the same way, although we are different.

Something much more important, a characteristic on which Lucian Blaga insisted in *his Abissal Noologia*: the unconscious mental activity covers a much wider area than that of consciousness. We are formed more of unconscious than of conscious activities. It would be wrong to make a false separation, or connection, between unconscious and irrational, as opposed to the rational conscious. There is no such connection. It is true that, as long as people believed that being unconscious is rather instinctual, a connection could be made between the unconscious and the irrational, as instincts bear in themselves a forceful impulse which seems not to be explained by any reason.

The defensive instinct, as well as hunger, is an instinct with a great urge, they both delimit an extremely clear reaction: if you are being attacked you fight back, if you are hungry, you have to eat! I don't see anything irrational, as irrational is understood, in those targeted reactions. It is true that, being human, we give a cultural appearance to our reactions. An attack can be fought back in various ways, and while hunger is concerned, some people prefer to eat

lobster, other – a beefsteak, a salad or fruit. When in danger, deer and hares always run, while wolves or lions attack. My cat is content with eating dried food, even if he gets, from time to time, something extra too, just like my dog. Animals cease to eat when they feel satiated, when their stomach contains enough food, whereas us, people, don't stop so soon when we are tempted with food. We often eat too much.

The sexual instinct also implies a great urge which, sometimes, defies the defense instinct. Animals, fish, mollusks, insects, they all have very strictly structured sexual relations, which are seldom and only accidentally broken. In humans, the sexual instinct has acquired a heavy cultural significance, which made Freud believe that it is the very unconscious he had just discovered. The irrational load is strongly featured, although the sexual act is also pretty clearly delimited. With all its possible variants, it includes the same repeated gestures, except that they do not bore us. Instinct protects us from that possible boredom which might lead to disease, to a pathological condition, and even to the extinction of the species.

I have said all these in order to establish, I believe indubitably, that instincts, each and every one of them, have almost nothing irrational, everything is very well organized, although nothing is conscious. It is us who enter the irrational in the picture, rationally, if I may say so. Love is a sentiment that seems strictly human and which accompanies the sexual instinct. There are animals and birds that have very stable couples; however, we cannot know if they can have what we call the feeling of love. Love is, therefore, a sentiment that we build rationally, however, which is completely irrational in its unfolding. Love or passion can perturb even the strongest instincts, and I'm referring to the defensive instinct and to the hunger instinct. Maybe it does it through irrational endeavors, totally irrational no matter how well thought. Certainly, that passion, the *pathos*, as the old Greeks called it, can have an unconscious component; however, the largest part of a passion is a conscious deliberation, the leader of which is the will. I want, want..., want..., because I cannot be without it, even if I will do the most foolish things. The unconscious part derives from the sexual attraction and can be *sublimated* in love, in passion for a certain being, for the physical closeness with it. Birds and animals have their own prenuptial dances and songs that are unconsciously connected to procreation, to instinct. We, humans, by sublimating that impulse, we bring it on the territory of the will care can take irrationality to the maximum. The unconscious and the irrational are two notions that do not overlap. Moreover, I would say that the largest part of irrationality that we show is conscious, conscious and even rational.

I have passed almost without realizing over a very important moment. Animals use prenuptial dances and songs. Why? Why is it that they need that trick that we call artistic? During the mating season of animals and birds, and I believe the same goes for reptiles or insects, these creatures undergo physical changes through the influence of gonads, of hormones that are released upon a command, I believe it can be called unconscious, automatic. Grouse and harts gain a new beauty, much appreciated also by us, humans, and begin, in the presence of females, their famous prenuptial dances associated with songs, and specific noises, such as the groaning of harts. I wonder, why do those creatures need such manifestations? Do they also need art to communicate? I don't see another possible answer. Moreover, those prenuptial and nuptial games have actors, but also spectators. Actors are adults or those prepared for mating and spectators are all the others, but especially the members of the same species, who, as I have said before, are in need of lessons. The entire nuptial show is in fact a nonverbal communication, because animals do not speak, enabling the inexperienced to learn what must be learned. Grouse as well as harts need a possibility to enter direct communication with their potential partner. Their sexual instinct organizes, in those specific cases, as well as in many

other similar cases, the possibility of meeting and of coupling of those partners. They have to know that both of them are ready for mating and those who are not ready learn to wait until their time comes. Only then they have chances at doing it. Even ensuring the reproduction of the species needs art as a communication possibility. We are talking about a communication addressing the unconscious, which perceives it, even if through perceptions. It seems that there are perceptions, such as the majority of those that we register, addressing conscious activity, however, there are also perceptions addressing the unconscious, such as subliminal perceptions, that we cannot receive consciously. In the same way, because we are only a product of their evolution, animals also have the possibility to receive perceptions, consciously or unconsciously. Committing perceptions to memory is a complex and hard to decipher phenomenon, both for humans and for animals.

Let's regroup a little. I have said that art is a way for an individual unconscious to communicate with another. I have also brought proof from the animal world that art is present next to the sexual instinct, is present in order to ensure the communication between one unconscious and another.

However, it is possible as a language. Of course, communication means language only if it is targeted, as it is in the field of sexual instincts. Let's be a little more specific.

I suggest we start with a route that might seem like a little detour. I don't think that this is true, but we'll see.

People have been talking, for quite a while, about nonverbal communication. What does this mean? Let's say that someone stands in front of you and talks to you, speaks about something...., that will move, sometimes imperceptibly, a leg, a hand, both hands, will change their posture, their facial expression, any time they say something of more importance. They will give all sort of unconscious signs or signals that accompany verbal expression. Most of the times, they will do that in order to support what they have said or to contradict them. You react in the same way, only you don't notice, you don't realize it. That communication lacking words is an unconscious endeavor through which we can externalize, sometimes in opposition with what we're saying, what we actually feel or even think at an inner level that we prefer to keep hidden. It may not be concealment, however, giving a certain intonation to certain words, by accentuating them or giving them a certain nuance, a certain value, we can deliver our speech in a fortunate or unfortunate way. Moreover, if that person is an introvert or an extrovert, they will react differently, if they are shy or aggressive, if they have difficulties of speech, if... for thousands of reasons, they will react nonverbally in accordance with their personality, with their temper, with their pathos<sup>3</sup>.

The study of the way in which deaf-mute people communicate is also very important. Some of them manage to read lips, which shows how important and practically unnoticed by those who hear is the mobility of lips in communication. Most of them, actually all of them, use the language of signs expressed by the position of hands and fingers. In that manner, they can form words or even letters.

Here we have a fact which has its own curiosity. By transmitting words, sometimes even complex notions, by the use of hands, they are close to nonverbal communication, i.e., they

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<sup>3</sup> In Roumania, Ion Oprescu, PhD, a philologist and anthropologist, as well as Virgil Enatescu, PhD, a psychiatrist, have important papers on nonverbal communication that support the study of personality or of the pathology of the various studied people.

use a way that we, the ones who hear, do not use consciously. Death-mutes consciously use and they are aware of, after much practice, the gesticulation usually used unconsciously. This is a takeover of a realm of the unconscious, of the communication used by the unconscious, a takeover in conscious activity. Death-mutes do not lie in their communication by signs; it seems that they cannot lie, unlike us, those who can speak, who utter sonorities that form words with various meanings. Death-mutes makes a great effort and have made great efforts to learn to communicate that way, so they cannot afford, as we do with great ease, to lose time lying. Moreover, by nonverbal communication we cannot lie. It is unconscious, so that we cannot really lead it as we lead verbal expression. Communication by gestures belongs to nonverbal communication. The impossibility to lie can have here too unconscious roots, even if in death-mutes those roots are conscious.

Of course, we can say a lot more on nonverbal communication; however, what I believe is important is to give it the right to exist, an existence mostly connected to the realm of the unconscious. Have you ever seen a TV broadcast from a snooker championship? The players do not speak while they try to get the balls in the wholes. I believe they do not need to speak during a game; however, nobody can stop them from making some gestures, from having various looks or certain facial expressions. Those who film the games hunt those means of expression, because they reveal to us the psychological state of the player, a state that they cannot otherwise express. When they do not like a certain position, they start to move their tongue, their lips and their face, which makes their attitude obvious, and easy to speculate on by commentators. This example shows us how strong and important nonverbal communication is to us, people; and this is an unconscious communication, because I don't think that any player would want to stick their tongue out and to move it, to rotate it as if it was a cobra; that communication unconsciously addresses those who watch. It is true that we consciously perceive the gestures and expressions; however, it is equally true that our unconscious reacts in a certain way.

Let me remind you that there is also an empathic communication between one unconscious and another, a communication which I don't think we can translate into language. Within the same species or even between species that communication exists, just as there is an unconscious perception of certain natural circumstances, in nature, such as floods, earthquakes, fire. Relationships, at the level of the unconscious, between various species have been signaled in people who take care of animals, in veterinarians, animal trainers or their helps. Otherwise, I believe they would not embrace such a profession without having a secret calling that involves a special relationship with animals. Plus, there are certain people who enter some kind of hypnotic state in the proximity of snakes, for instance. That is what used to happen to a pupil from a mountain town next to Hunedoara, Romania, who left the classroom, as I said, like hypnotized, and came back after a few hours carrying vipers that teachers sold for the making of serums and vaccines. That child was never bitten by a viper. Such true stories are told everywhere in the world, however, they are an exception. We don't know how that kind of empathic communication is realized, nevertheless it exists. Empathic communication has been also signaled between humans, and it seems that this is a field where it doesn't really matter the species, but the fact that you are apt for such a communication.

I would like to remind you about the communication that is established between the animal trainer and the animal that is to be trained. It is a conditioned reflex that is created, but that reflex is also favored by empathic communication. The same happens with animals, chimpanzees or other animals that start learning some kind of communication through symbols written. In chimpanzees, a record number of such readings and understandings have

been registered. Only that the experiment is repeatable just with the author of the experiment, or the animal trainer, the only who actually has an empathic communication with the animal. Special relationships between humans and animals can be encountered all around us. Our relationship with animals that we love is for every one of us an experience difficult to explain. My cat can manifest its personality in a way I can't argue with. He comes in, he asks for food by watching me intently, and when I put him dried food in his bowl, I notice that it had been empty; then he drinks water, and in the end settles in my lap and forces me to hold that position so that I don't disturb him. Sometimes, when he sits in my wife, Corina's lap, he stretches its paws lazily and finds himself a position that doesn't seem at all comfortable, but that he would not change voluntarily. When observing our pets, either cats or dogs, in spite of the fact that they depend on us, we can sometimes see, especially in cats, how they impose their personality, how they lay a possessive paw on the one who thinks it is their master. Of course, without their master they would not survive more than a few days, however, with their master next to them, by that small gesture, and dogs do the same, those animals declare their attachment, declare themselves connected to their master as if the master would belong to them. We may say that this is a communication, of course nonverbal, at the level of feelings, at a level which for humans is rather related to the unconscious.

Can we truly say that *empathy* is a predominantly unconscious communication? Why not? However, true unconscious communication, communication which has its own, well-determined role, is the one established through art.

A creator in the field of art, an artist, is someone who has something to say to their peers in an artistic way: through dance, painting, music, poetry, in fact, by every way of expressing that doesn't necessarily use words as a means of communication. When words, literary writing, are the means of communication, as is in novels and in poetry, words, sentences, phrases don't say everything. There is something said in between words, something that we don't hear and don't understand through words; the text says what the author has felt, at that moment, at that stage of their life, of their soul, something within themselves. Music either supported by words or alone, has the same effect. It is a direct communication between author, performers and those who listen to it. A new song, be it rock-and-roll or samba or in one of the many other styles that have dawned or still live in our days, was transmitted almost without time limitations, at the radio, at a certain time in the past, and all the youth used to dance rock-and-roll and samba. How was something like that possible? It was simple. The creator, even if anonymous, had a touch of genius and succeeded in transmitting their feeling, what they felt in their soul, to all those who were willing and able to listen, making them feel moved too, by vibrating with the creator's music.

A connection rapidly created between the creator and listeners, between the creator composer and the creator performer, between one unconscious and another, that of the composer (performer) and those of thousands of sensible souls that do not need to think because they feel, the listeners feel unconscious, like the music, a resonance establishes among them, between one unconscious and another, between two groups of unconscious (*of course, the listeners as well as the performers are present, are conscious that they are there, that they are hearing a music they like, but the pleasure, the feeling, is commanded by the unconscious, which operates without us being in an unconscious state, because we are conscious when we are listening, fully awake, fully there, to the music*): that of the creator and that of those who perceive music, who listen to it.

Please don't let yourselves mislead by the flaws of the verbal language: being unconscious is completely something else than the unconscious<sup>4</sup>. The language of the unconscious ÷ music, painting, poetry, novels, movies etc. ÷ cannot have that flaw because between the unconscious of the sender and that of the receiver a direct connection is created, only by artistic manifestations – *let's not forget that speech, a conference, a play, is an artistic manifestation that communicates lacking words with meaning and something else, by the modulations of the voice, by the charisma of the actor or of the speaker, by a placement in a certain space, through clothing, in such a way that all these help communicate something directly to the unconscious of the listeners, of the spectators, something that may be supported or may support the meaning of words*. It seems that we cannot lie in the communication between one unconscious and another; lies are tied only to words. This is why the language by signs of the death-mute, as I said, the gestures ensuring a large part of the communication and perception related to unconscious, cannot lie. Expressions and gestures, the so-called means, among others, of nonverbal communication, can sometimes contradict the flow of words of a speaker, can reveal that they were hiding something or lying.

That language of the unconscious somewhat resembles the song of the bird in the *Siegfried* opera. The song of the bird charms us, although we cannot understand its message, we cannot understand it as we understand the spoken language. Thus, Siegfried is attracted by the song of the bird that accompanies him during his fight with the dragon, just like our unconscious is with us in our actions; however, we don't always understand what it whispers to us. That situation changes soon, as Wagner introduces a moment of magic, the blood of the dragon Siegfried washes in, the blood of Fafner who had become a dragon after having killed Fasolt, and then Siegfried begins to understand the language of the singing bird, the language of flowers, nature starts speaking to him in words with meaning. The singing bird tells him only the truth, as it happens with our hidden inner self, with the unconscious, with our inner person, which, being stimulated by music, the music of the singing bird, can influence our thinking because the soul, our inner self, influences our mind. Often we understand with our soul the animals and the trees which sometimes seem to speak to us ÷ actually that inner person that we have inside speaks to us, or, as Lucian Blaga says, *the personance* speaks to us. Our communication with nature is one-to-one, i.e. it occurs both ways. This is not only about understanding nature, understanding what animals, flowers, trees tell us, it is also about the reverse situation: animals, trees, plants, flowers understanding us. I have a special relationship with my dog, as does every dog owner. Mika is happy when I come home, when I pet him, he comes right away when I call him, with only one exception – he doesn't like when I put his leash on, although he enjoys rambling alone in the street, he also loves to go out for a walk in the leash, however, he hates it when I put his leash on. When I call him to do that, he hides or runs away from me and I catch him with great difficulty. This happens even if I don't hold the leash in my hand, *it is clearly that I have thought of hiding the leash, in the beginning, then I used to leave it in its place and just call him so that he couldn't make any association with my possible intention of putting the leash on him. No good! He sees what's in my mind*. He reads my thoughts! I don't know how he does it or how is that even possible. The animal world seems to be much more apt for such a communication without words, without what we call language. However, this is a language. Mika understands, has a grasp, only on a general state of mind of his master – anger, joy, sadness, but exactly what I want to do, my immediate action. We should not wonder why some people, when they lay their hand on a flower or when they plant a plant, see it dry out afterwards. What doesn't it like about that person? However, there are people who, when they touch a flower or a plant, they have

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<sup>4</sup> See vol. I, *Lucian Blaga. Filosofia prin metafore (Philosophy through Metaphors)*, A.B. Romania, Bucharest, 2000, p.33.

the opposite effect – it seems to enjoy it and it grows better, it buds, it blossoms. Why is it that we can make a flower rejoice the closeness, the touch of a human being? Not anyone can be a good gardener.

You will say: this is an empathic communication, a direct communication of certain feelings or sensations, a communication that we can address to other humans, to animals or flowers, to plants. Certainly. We have spoken of it before. But what does empathic communication mean? It is true that we can have certain sensations that are hard to define, although somehow very clear. When I get to meet someone, I'm having such a sensation hard to put into words. I can feel attracted or not by a certain person. We all have such preferences or rejections. Instincts are very close to such communication; I feel sexually attracted by someone, I have a fear complex toward another, I get hungry in a certain company. Instincts, that are deeply planted within our collective unconscious, in the Stylistic Matrix – as Blaga calls it, cannot but participate in that empathic communication. It's just with us, people, as well as in many animals or insects, instincts are dressed in a *cultural* robe (even if that is genetically triggered), woven by dance, music, smells – *perfume is so important – both for humans, as well as for animals or insects – how important smells are in sexual relations or in feeding relations – or the touch – I caress the arms of my beloved, her breasts, her legs, in the way as I can appreciate the succulence of a fruit by touching it.* There is a language through which the belly dancer excites the sultan or excites the spectators; there is a communication of the music, as well as of body movements when two partners are dancing. Sometimes closeness settles in, some other times there is rejection. This means that a communication channel was formed, a language with or without words, as music, gestures, the dance itself can help to a great extent the understanding between two beings. The words, for us people, are very important; however, a handshake can have its own value. What do two young people walking hand in hand and chattering do? Speech is important not for the words they utter, but for its musicality, for their tone, for the sound of their voices, *as it happens in the musicals in which two people fall in love while singing.*

That communication, the one we have talked about until now, needs certain contiguity, a presence of at least two characters communicating through their closeness, human characters or a person and an animal, a flower, a plant. However, how can we explain that global communication? *Today we are in the globalization age, i.e. nothing can be created anymore in some corner of the world without arising the interest of all the human kind, no disaster can strike in New York, in the Indian Ocean or in New Orleans, no great discovery can happen in Africa, without us being a part of it, at least as spectators, but also through aids, through the interest that we show for those events. Nothing is local on the globe anymore.* However, how can we explain the way in which, the swiftness with which the music of the youth spreads? In the 1960s, as I have already told you, us Roumanians were caught in the communist regime, everything that came from across the ocean was a product of the decadent capitalism, nevertheless, rock & roll spread with an amazing speed. Orchestras, the bands, leaped at the opportunity and played that music incessantly, especially since there were no copyrights to pay. As a young doctor, when I went to restaurants where people used to dance, and of course rock & roll was playing, I was not allowed to dance. The music was accepted, because it was impossible not to, however, the dance, that decadent dance, was forbidden. In those times, communication in Roumania was done through the radio, and it couldn't be stopped or censored, as it was done with publications, as words were censored. This is why us, young people back then, used to give more importance to music than to written words. The dance was, probably, deemed the voluntary affirmation of the participation in that communication, that was why it had to be banned, as well as words. Today, young people do the same and

listen more to the music, today they can dance freely and however, they like. Of course, at home, when we partied back in the days, we were also able to dance without anyone stopping us anymore.

How is that remote communication created? What is it? That communication is a language has been connecting young people with the same valences from the entire world. They all want to have fun, to dance, rock & roll, cha-cha, samba or any other dance they like, free from political or religious influences; they listen to the same music and dance almost the same. Something pulls them together when they hear the music and start to dance, each one in another place on the planet. This is yet another proof that all people have something in common, that we all have a common soul, an inner person that advises us on how to move in life.

If music pulls young people together, especially those under 20, as if they were one, let's see what can happen with other kinds of music.

Country music in North America (which is derived from Irish music), and folk music in Europe, especially in Eastern Europe, is sung and danced to in the same way for several thousands of years. We don't know for how long, but it has been so for a really long time. Every region has its own characteristics, but they all have something similar that comes to support their persistency in time. They are danced especially in a *hora*, a circle, and less in pairs. Music and dance are associated, especially here, in the East, with the folk costume, which is also quite similar in general from the Russian steppe to the Carpathians, on the Adriatic shore and up to Greece, and stays equally unchanged. Sometimes, young girls wear at the *horas* blouses that were sewn by their great-grandmothers 100 or more than 100 years ago.

That music is loved by those who live there, in the countryside, but also by townfolk, who seem to live with the memory of the places they came from. I was raised in the city and my parents never listened to folk music. Much later, when I have begun to listen to such tunes, such folk songs, they have started to grow on me a lot. That doesn't mean anything, because I also like country music, although I don't have any Irish blood (unless the Celts and the Dacians were related?).

Waltzes seem to be immortal; however, they are more likely to be loved by romantics and older people. The Charleston, the crazy dance of the 1920s, was forgotten. Rock & roll was also eclipsed for a while, however, it made a convincing comeback.

Classical music, pre-classical music, the musical baroque, Oriental music with its prolonged inflexions, symphonic music as well as dance music, music that is just for fun, they all have their listeners who favor them, they all communicate something, they speak to our souls and we hungry for music. Humans feel the need to listen to music. Mothers sing lullabies to their babies, probably since the beginning of the world. Shepherds blow their whistles with sadness and with longing, because they are in the mountains, far from those they love, alone with their sheep. Since when? Since always! Humans' labor is associated with humming a song, and this is not only the case of trackers along the Don river. Africans end their day dancing and singing. Music, dance, the art of clothing, painting, sculpture have been accompanying humans for thousands of years, and humans do not seem to be able to give up art, because they need it and it seems they cannot live without it.

George Enescu, the famous Romanian composer, used to say that *music starts from the heart and speaks to the heart*. Indeed, art, in all its manifestations, starts from the heart, as creators are first of all sensible, not rational, and it speaks to all those who have their hearts open to it. Matisse used to paint only on an impulse and if someone disturbed him, he couldn't go on, plus he always painted while listening to music, the music he needed at that particular time, the music which was closer to his state of mind. Today we no longer know who composed a folk love song, but we sing it or listen to it with the same undying longing it was first sung, the same longing felt by the countless number of people who have sung it before. This is, it seems, a communion of souls, or, as Lucian Blaga says, our mioritic Stylistic Matrix.

We talk all the time about the soul, and psychologists think that it is even their field of study; however, we don't know what it is and especially where it is hidden. Somewhere in our inner self, we lose it when *we give our last breath*, the soul is close to breathing, because those alive breathe, but it isn't only our breathing, it doesn't seem to be our intelligence, nor it is our capacity of understanding the world that surrounds us, then what is it? The only thing that remains is the unconscious, as little as we know about it, the Stylistic Matrix Blaga used to speak of. Could our soul be the unconscious world? I don't know how conscious we are that we have a soul, however, I know that our affects, love, hatred, rage, melancholy, sadness, often they all are, or at least we believe them to be, the prerogatives of the soul, they belong to the soul. We now reach a delicate point, where questions about the soul resemble those about God. We know that the soul exists, but we don't really know what it is and where it resides, where we can find it and how to touch it, as we know that God exists, but we cannot prove it and we cannot give Him a certain place. We have never met Him. Only Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Moses have had such an encounter. Jacob has fought an entire night with the angel, whose face he did not see, and at dawn he let him leave.

Jacob's fight with Him is curious and unexplainable, as He was the angel of the night. This is the fight of all humanity, of every person who feels the need to discover Him, to find God, as well as their own way in life, the fight with their own inner double, with the hidden forces of the unconscious, a fight which should end with their victory, just like Jacob's, in such a way that *their inner person* would show them their bright, good side, which would advise them for the rest of their lives; that would happen even if, after the fight of a person with themselves – *better said with their double from God* – they will limp, remaining with a sign that would serve them as a reminder for their entire life. This is the God that we bear within ourselves. A religious person would accuse me of blasphemy! What does it mean, having God within me? What could be the connection between the unconscious, I repeat – as far as we know it, and God, a God so present, so desired, so close or so far from me, from the need for God? It is pointless for me to try and answer such questions, because God is a personal, individual, non-transmissible experience. Religion, religions, are trying to help us find God, they create a connection for those who have a harder time finding it or for those who don't know that they already have it, through prayers, penance, incantations – songs – what is *more loved by God, that God that we carry with us, than a beautiful song? What brings us closer to understanding Divinity than music, Bach's music, Mahler's music, Wagner's music or Bruckner's music? The ephemeral nature of music seems to be the closest to our individual searches. The great perennial art, the gothic cathedrals, sculpture, the painted abbeys in Bucovina, painting, they have all tried to immortalize our need for God and succeeded. Maybe the greatest success is formed by the pyramids in Giza and the Sphinx* – through dance, through a ritual that brings us closer to the desired encounter with God. *Maybe it would be best for us to be conscious that when we successfully finish an activity, when we labor, when we are creative, this is some kind of a constant prayer, just like the heart's prayer for monks.* An innocent soul, as innocent

as it can be, a continuous effort to be a better person, a continuous fight with the dark side of your soul, permanently asking for forgiveness to your double for the sins committed knowingly or involuntarily, that *is a way that may give you inner peace in such a way that you can travel through life as a complete human being*, you and God! You, trying to get closer to God!

God and our most hidden inner self are part of my own search. Searching for Him means also finding Him! Be careful! The road is not paved and you can fall in a hole or in a precipice at any time. You can always recover from any fall, even when you are being helped, only through yourself!

I have written a lot of great words here... Believe me, it is easy to offer advice, but harder to follow them.

But I believe that I have slipped slightly, the temptation was strong, and I have drifted from our topic: **the language of the unconscious**, art, music. Art *is*, music *is*, present everywhere in our lives. Just like the unconscious that we carry with us without being able to get rid of it. *We would sometimes desperately want to get rid of that terror, of that enemy that doesn't let us run riot without feeling a bitter taste in our mouth, as Freud told us, or better Shakespeare in Macbeth*, just like the unconscious, art, music, is something that we cannot escape, that we meet everywhere, that sometimes haunts us when we start humming a song, some other times we look for it stopping a little to admire the beauty of a leaf, of a flower or of a snowflake. We need art, we need music, we feel like they speak to us, something speaks to us, and we understand what it is said to us, regardless of the cultural barriers we still understand something, even if the song is sung by a Chinese, by a Papuan or a Norwegian. Cultural barriers, stylistic barriers, they exist, but are not insurmountable. What we can surpass by art, by music, is the shadow of our unconscious, that dark side where our instincts amalgamate with the elaborate will, with the dark thoughts, with hatred, and with what was called a **complex**, our older and newer complexes. This is Jacob's fight with the angel of the night!

Two humans who speak different languages and do not have a common language can understand one another only by looks, as lovers do, by signs or simply by showing the object they speak of, possibly by miming it. Music and art gather souls together, "speak" of the unconscious, are some kind of a common denominator of the bright side, of the good side of the unconscious, of *eumeros*. The unconscious is not made only of instincts and complexes, of shadows; it also has a good, bright side, which can be, in those of us who would rather not waste our time with undignified thoughts, the most important part of our unconscious. It is true that Sigmund Freud dealt with the dark side of the human soul, of the unconscious. The cases he described form the basis of the theory on the unconscious, even if he sometimes made generalizations starting from a single case. Psychoanalysis has evolved by feeding on the Freudian heritage of an unconscious full of complexes. The attempt of Freud, who probably felt that this was not the entire unconscious, to create a theory of sublimation, of transforming certain complexes into artistic creations, i.e. precisely into that beautiful, spiritual part of the unconscious, remains dependent on the shadow. C.G. Jung, with his psychological analysis, seems to be the only researcher of the unconscious, so far, who has opened a gate, through the **Archetypes**, to a good, bright side, that can take part in the spirituality of the individuals.

I believe that it is time for a new theory of the unconscious, a theory that would encompass Freudianism, which would be based on a complex unconscious and not only on complexes, an

unconscious that includes instincts, shadows, but also a good side. An unconscious that would take over the psychoanalytical inheritance, but would also develop its spiritual side, its *eumeros*. An unconscious introduced, although in philosophy, by Lucian Blaga. Psychologists could take over that research.

Going back to Freud, because he was the starting point for that narrow path that we are having such a hard time widening, I am asking for your permission of making the sketch of a psychological analysis. We know today, and maybe it was something also known at the time, that the father of psychoanalysis did not listen to music too often, he was rather non-musical, as Alma Mahler noted in her diary<sup>5</sup> where she described Mahler's encounter with Sigmund Freud at Leida, in 1910, in Holland, where Mahler was spending his holiday with his family. Mahler had gone to consult the most renowned healer of souls, sent by Alma herself, in order to receive a matrimonial solution, as his relationship with Alma was going bad because of Walter Gropius. For that reason, Gustav Mahler was in a state of depression. After four hours of discussions, walking together along the canals in Leida, Freud succeeds in relieving his anxiety by telling him that in his opinion Alma will decide, in the end, to stay with him in the place of that young man. Of course, the story is beautiful, especially since it brings together two of the geniuses at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Freud's lack of interest for music, which I have already pointed out to you, could be a reason for which, when he saw the human unconscious *in the cases he was treating*, he saw the dark side of that unconscious, its instinctual part, especially that occupied by the sexual instinct. The bright side remained for a long time concealed from him, and when he tried to approach it, he could no longer do it otherwise than on the shadow's path. If Freud heard *Parsifal*, he would have been surprised to find out that his theory of maternal sexual attraction was already displayed, with some major differences, in the splendid act of Kundry's efforts to seduce Parsifal, a seduction started from the love for his mother and from his lover's attempt to be, at the same time, his mother. Kundry tries to transfer that love to a passionate love. The maternal love is the most natural human phenomenon. The dependence between mother and son, a bilateral dependence, is pathologic only when it is broken; when the mother repudiates the child who still needs her care. The child can only afford that when he can get rid of his dependence and especially when he discovers the woman towards whom he will transfer his love for his mother, that being done through the intervention of sexuality. This is the lesson Wagner gives us in *Parsifal*, second act, and it is a very good lesson, even though it was never the author's intention. The sublimation of maternal love to the sexual attraction toward the loved woman is, as I have said, the most natural and common situation of a transfer of love toward the sexuality that is born in a young man and not its reverse, as Freud describes it, namely maintaining a sexual complex in favor of the mother, that will be the driving force determining the later sexual life, a force that will mark the young man for the rest of his life.

If Freud loved music, maybe he would have listened to *Tristan and Isolde*, and with his inquisitive mind, he would have found out much about love and sexuality, from the lyrics and especially from the music. The magic of the love or death potion changes the destiny of the two heroes who can no longer part, in life or in death. We can find the musical theme of the night of love between the two, transfigured and of an unrivalled beauty, in *Isolde Libestod*, actually the beginning, the prelude and the ending of that opera. Here there is, as I have said, a transposition in absolute – transmitted to us by the author even from the prelude, the death of the couple being the very absolute of never-ending love. The resumed musical motif of love reminds us the night of their love; nevertheless, those sonorities also communicate us

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<sup>5</sup> Max Phillips, *The Artist's Wife*, p.97, A Novel, Welcome Rain Publishers, New York, 2003.

something else, namely the power of love to infinity, which cannot be opposed by any human power, a love with celestial resonances, that love which can no longer fear, which is no longer frightened by anything, because it knows it is eternal. It is **The Love**, the most powerful feeling, the strongest feeling, the force that can move the mountains, or, as Saint Augustine said, “love and do what you want”, since those who love can never betray their love – and is something else than sexual love.

However, what does this have to do with the inner language, a language addressing rather the senses than reason? The music associated with lyrics addresses both conscious understanding through words, as well as sensibility, an understanding that is not always conscious, better said that is always underneath a state of wakeful attention, especially when you are not very used to following the notes and accents of music because you absorb it as a whole and let yourself conquered by it, while notes only interest musicians, professionals. Music is exactly that communication of the whole in which *we feel* rather than we decipher the author’s and performers’ soul, their inner nature which is close or not, depending on whether we like the music, to our own soul that also sings, whose melody is a presence for us, however, a presence that is asleep most of the time, and which awakes when we hear music that we like, when we listen to music that makes us shiver, that throws us amidst feelings that we could not even have anticipated, because we don’t really know ourselves. This is why music can sometimes reveal to us feelings we didn’t know that we had.

I have recently listened to the 8<sup>th</sup> symphony of Anton Bruckner. The first part was agitated, like the breathing of a tormented person: *Brrum... Brrum...* (The onomatopoeia tries to render the music that I cannot express...), followed by a second part that seems to gain amplitude, where the soul, somehow more at peace, reveals itself in musical passages of rare beauty, the inner beauty of the composer that surfaces. In the third part, a true fight of the soul with itself begins, the fight of the self with itself, the fight of *eumeros* against *the shadow*. The music imposes on us an inner restlessness, which is sometimes tempestuous, other times bright, tranquil, like a soul that regains its calm, its composure; then everything ends victoriously in the fourth part. Victory! For Bruckner, it is the victory of the inner person upon itself, and through his music, the victory upon our inner person. It is the sign of that victory, which reaches apotheosis through the brass instruments, the brass cymbals and other metallic instruments which produce imposing sonorities. The orchestra supports that victory. It is a victory indeed, because in Bruckner’s pathos we manage to find God!

Anton Bruckner communicates us his most intimate feelings, his hidden thoughts, by the music he composed. When we listen to it, and when it is well performed, we have a direct dialogue with that great composer through an orchestra and a conductor, who also contribute to the music with something from their own soul; we are in a direct connection, through music, our feelings are connected with the composer’s feelings. We are not very aware of that connection when we listen to the music composed by him, and maybe he wasn’t very aware of it while he composed. Maybe he was in some sort of creative trance, because I don’t think that a creator can create something without detaching from what surrounds them, without entering their own world, without daydreaming, without feeling something that starts from within themselves and that they can’t really master. Two feelings, two souls in hiding, that of the composer and mine as the listener’s. What sort of communication is that? It is almost a language, because by listening to the music I find myself, absent intent, thinking and speaking with myself, but actually with my interlocutor, Anton Bruckner.

This also happens when I listen to Mahler's symphonies, to Wagner's operas, to *Oedipus* or to *Chamber Symphony for 12 Solo Instruments* by George Enescu.

## **Conscience and being**

Conscience as a whole is what makes us feel beings, humans, it is responsible for the fact that we are present in life, it makes me be *conscious* that I'm alive, that this is *me* and no one else, that I'm a live, non-recurrent unicity. The conscience is what made me realize at some point in life that I had a mother, a father, that I live here, in Roumania, the mioritic space, made me know what I love and what I want, know who I am and choose my path in life.

Who gives me that sensation, what organ, what part of my body gives me the certainty that I am an entity, that I am alive, that I exist? Neurophysiologists give a clear answer: the brain. Is there a certain part of the brain, a nucleus of that *conscience*? It seems there isn't. The brain in its entirety, its full function gives us the sensation that we have a conscience, gives me the sensation that I am I. My entire cerebral activity, starting from my instincts and going to elaborate thinking would be the dynamics of those connections that are created in my brain. Such connections are established very early, in any case during the first days of life if not inside the mother's uterus. Those connections that dynamically link areas of the brain, link the oldest parts of the brain to frontal lobes, the intelligent part of the brain, a connection, I repeat, dynamic because it develops during the first years of life, unifying instincts, residing in the cerebral amygdala, with motor, auditory, visual, thinking and reason areas, that whole forming a functional unit that will make us feel that we have a conscience.

It is true that those connections develop, in small children, during a period where, from an anatomic point of view, the brain can establish those connections. It has been noticed that in children and teenagers, the emotional activity resides rather in the amygdalae than in the frontal lobes, as it does in adults (it is true that the hypothalamus – another part of the old brain – is on the phylogenetic scale the depository of affectivity, as it is true that the connections that are established in us, people, with the frontal cortex can transfer affective states, such as love, into a sublime spiritual state). That predominance of the function of the old brain in children and young people is an essential difference that justifies misunderstandings between generations, which have an anatomical and functional support. In the same way learning has such a support, first of all functional, because anatomy does not change too much. The dynamics and restructurings created during learning, especially in children and young people, are especially active. There is also another side of the coin – it is known that learning stimulates learning, so, the more you learn, the more your learning capacity grows, as connections that are no longer used can be lost.

Ageing means a decrease in the capacity of learning, and so some people think that we can fight old age by continuing to learn all the time, continuing to use your brain as much as possible. The slackness of intellectual activities, their limitation, the fact settling with what you have learned while you were young, is an ageing factor for humans, of premature ageing. Of course, this is only valid for humans. Animals, if they don't have an intelligent, rational activity, and settle with what nature left them, i.e. a schematic thinking, cannot become human beings, and they will age according to their genetic programming. We too are under a genetic constraint, but we have the freedom of our intelligent option to which we have been led by our wonder in front of nature. We, humans, have achieved an *ontological mutation*, as Lucian Blaga tells us, and the first ontological mutation is also the first ontological revolution. The tension created in our brain while it attempted to penetrate the mysteries of nature, the

human knowledge was what pulled us out of the world of animals, placing us into the world of humans. Knowledge, revelation, invention, in a word, *spiritual creation* is the engine of our becoming as human beings. If ever another animal species will also make efforts to think, to know, to reveal mysteries, that species could compete with us, be like us. For now, on Earth, that position is occupied by humans.

After all: what is Conscience? And what kind of beings are we?

I will try to answer the first question by going a little deeper. If we agree with conscience as a global function of our brain, let us see what its relationship is with what we could call the state of consciousness and the great field of the unconscious<sup>6</sup>.

Consciousness, the state of being conscious, does not cover the entire function of our brain, but only that in which we are present, actual, in our thoughts and in our deeds. This is called in common speech “being conscious”. Using negations, it is that part of our living when we don’t sleep, we don’t dream *either asleep or awake*, we don’t do automatic motor or intelligent actions *such as walking, driving a car, choosing words when we speak (Attention: there are deeds, actions, that we do and in which the participation of the unconscious can be greater or smaller, as it is difficult to say how much is conscious state and how much is unconscious state involved in the action of walking, driving, eating or speaking)*. Thus, the unconscious, in opposition with the state of consciousness, is that immense part of our mind’s activity to which we don’t pay too much attention, that doesn’t belong to our immediate volitional action even if it can use the will as a reminiscence, to speak in Plato’s terms.

The confusion between conscience and consciousness is easy to explain. Conscience, being a global state generated by the functions of our entire brain, is the one telling us, whispering to us that we exist, and our existence seems to us only connected to consciousness, as we are conscious that we exist. Does it matter that the unconscious participates in this certainty of our existence? Since we are conscious that we exist, isn't this sensation, this certainty of an existence unique for each and every one of us, our very conscience? Indeed, it is! However... let's not forget which the realms of our mind that take part in our consciousness of being are. I'm asking you this, so that we have a clearer and more accurate image when we think of thinking.

Let us go back: Conscience encompasses both our conscious activity, as well as the unconscious, a realm which has been arousing so much controversy since Freud has laid the foundations for its study. Furthermore: the unconscious and the conscious state are in a continuous dynamic interrelation, which means an ongoing communication between those territories; the unconscious **defines us/personates us**, influencing conscious life; the unconscious also has its direct possibility to provide us with subliminal information on the surrounding world, that we cannot call perceptions, because, even if they are perceived, this doesn't happen consciously. I would also like to remind you that conscious perceptions can be stored in the unconscious in certain conditions (short-term memory, even very short-term memory seems to depend on our frontal lobes, while longer-term memory may be largely spread within our brains. The hearing and the temporal lobes seem to have an important function related to memory and speech).

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<sup>6</sup> See my book, *Lucian Blaga. Philosophy through Metaphors*. In the *Foreword* chapter, p.18-19, we propose a clear separation between the terms of Conscience and Consciousness, each or them referring to different realms of our brain’s function.

This is why our intelligent activity is closely related to the unconscious territory in a one-to-one communication, a communication in both directions, communication which also ensures the unconscious an intelligent activity, not only automatisms and complexes. This is why I have proposed for us to talk, apart from a shadow where complexes reside – regardless of their type, a shadow to which the entire psychoanalytical literature from Freud to Lacan contains references, also about a bright side of the unconscious, a good side which helps humans in their intelligent activity, and this is why we can call it an intelligent part, a part which has access to the spirit, to spiritual living, because, unconsciously I'm making efforts to get closer to God. That bright and good side is the *eumeros*.

C.G.Jung describes such a part when he describes the world of archetypes. Archetypes are precisely an ancient, inherited unconscious structure, which helps us live in good relationships with the world, with the cosmos. The good part of the unconscious would be that which does not disturb our mind, as complexes do, terrorizing us sometimes for an entire lifetime; the good part, the *eumeros*, is a part that supports our daily living and thinking. It could be that part to which neurophysiology attracts our attention; neurophysiologists believe the function of the human brain to be like an orchestra performing a symphony, the symphony of a lifetime, in which every instrument, every note is part of a harmonic equilibrium. *Being just an amateur in this field, I might think that a note that sounds alone and another one that is also heard separately cannot establish any kind of connection among themselves. But that wouldn't be music. A sound isn't music; only an assembly of sounds in harmony makes music* – although sometimes those harmonies are peculiar, however harmonies, where dissonances can be dangerous because music is replaced with terrorizing phantasms, in which case a supraliminal mental shock, surpassing the functional coping capacity of the brain, can ruin the harmony by causing those fractures in the cerebral connections that can lead to the formation of complexes, the complexes Freud speaks to us about. If we could think in physiological terms, maybe we could deem complexes, those complexes where our mind isolates a certain negative stimulus, *that unbearable shock*, and sends it to a hidden box of our memory so that the symphony of our being can continue. Unfortunately, depending on the mental resistance of each of us, that hidden complex can undermine our mental activity, when we no longer think of it, by sending, from time to time, worrying signals that we are no longer able to decipher, just because the negative stimulus had been hidden with the aim of defending our conscious self from a complete disturbance of its functions. It seems that everything depends on the capacity of the frontal lobes to defend themselves or to fall ill, to become incapable of harmony, as that capacity varies from one person to another.

That was the root of Freud's brilliant idea of helping, assisting patients in such a situation by revealing them the concealed parts of their memories *that they were afraid to remember and from which they fled*. Assisting patients that way means taking away from them, relieving them from the burden that weighed over them, concealed somewhere in their unconscious. If the unconscious, that priceless help in our lives, has good parts and parts that are less good – *good being all that helps us live, exist, be, and bad being all that unbalances us, endangers our living and our individual being* – then we can have an idea of the constant and continuous cooperation between the unconscious and the conscious. That communication is ensured by the cerebral connections of the paleocortex, the paleo-brain, with its newer parts, a communication between instincts and the rational part, the equilibrium between those realms, a functional equilibrium that we can see in photographs or films of brain functions.

For those reasons, I don't think we can say that we are dominated by our conscious state or by our unconscious state. We are a conscience dominated by the communication, sometimes at a

speed that is unthinkable to us, between the unconscious and the conscious. It is true that we have periods, physiological or pathological, when we can be dominated by the unconscious, such as during sleep or delirious states. On the other hand, it seems more difficult to find periods of purely conscious activity. When we work or when we give a lecture, we have many automatic dynamic stereotypes that are unconscious. This was what happened with “the disease” of the assembly line in the 1920s, when a stereotype movement, repeated with great speed for hundreds or thousands of times tended to be replaced, in the economy of our organism, with an unconscious action which weakened the power of attention, and made it possible for flawed pieces to pass unnoticed. The same happens with lecturers who choose the words they need for their presentation. If they keep repeating the same lecture without changing the words, they can skip certain passages without realizing it. Something like that happens when I drive; if I am preoccupied with something I’m thinking of, the unconscious takes over and makes me choose the route most often used, the usual route, and I “forget” to turn right and go where I actually wanted to go this time. Animals can pass through something similar. Let me remind you of the peasants who can fall asleep in their cart on their way home, since the horse will surely take them home on the usual route. I don’t know the secret of this, if the horse is conscious or not of the route it takes, however, I know that habit is the second nature in the animal world too. Cows can get home alone coming from the pasture. They stop in front of their gate until their master comes and opens it for them.

I would like to remind you of the episode with Immanuel Kant’s rooster. In front of the room where Kant slept there was a tree where a rooster used to stay. At night and very early in the morning, he sang, exasperating the philosopher. So he asked the neighbors to cut down the tree, so he would get rid of the rooster. In the beginning, the neighbors did not agree, however, after many complaints, they cut down the tree and the rooster could no longer sing. Who do you think was desperate after several days? Kant himself. He could no longer sleep, he missed the rooster. A habit can be physiologically translated into a connection between certain territories of our brain, some older – loaded with instincts and with memories – and others newer, connections that link instincts to the memories stored somewhere in our unconscious in order to be used later on. The older the habit is, the more fixated the connection is. Kant was disturbed by the rooster, but the rooster had conquered, if I may say so, his unconscious, without him realizing that. When the rooster sang no more, the habit started to aggress the philosopher, who wasn’t able to get rid of that aggression, because we cannot give orders to the unconscious – as Freud taught us, it is almost impossible to command our unconscious by an act of will and in a conscious manner.

Another example that could support the importance of the connection, in humans, between the conscious and the unconscious territory is that of foreign language speakers, let’s say German and French, languages taught with great effort, however, without having a good command enabled by their current use. Let’s say that the German and French speaker travels to France and to Germany. Something curious will happen to him: while speaking French, similar German words will come to his mind, and while speaking German, French words will spring to his mind. What happens there? I am not aware of a study on that subject; however, it seems that, in our mind, in our memory, words are stored like a cluster, and not like in a usual dictionary. Regardless of the learned language, they are grouped by their meaning or because they name the same object; they are connected notionally. Certainly, the words of our mother tongue are better fixated, and those learned outside it orient by them. Searching the memory for a suitable word is sometimes a predominantly conscious activity – especially for a learned language – but also unconscious, for words in the mother tongue. An object that we see or a

thought<sup>7</sup> can make us recall a word, the word that corresponds to it. The words of a learned language can mix up because they are being requested both consciously and unconsciously from the same place in our memory which is, I repeat, the notional area.

I believe that what is important is the fact that we have a brain which functions as one and that it couldn't function otherwise. Every part of it, every instrument has its own place in the general orchestra, in the general symphony which is our life. Conscious perceptions are stored in an unconscious memory, the unconscious, in its turn, is structured on functional levels maybe we will get to learn about someday, if that will be helpful for us. The information kept somewhere in the unconscious can be, most of the times, activated and brought back in order to be used by our conscious activity. Those connections form our conscience that is our very being.

I don't want to linger too much now in that vast domain of our being. I will only tell you that we can speak of an individual being, of a *self*, as we can speak of beings as a generality or of a supreme being that we all call God, even if we don't know very well what it is, but we feel His presence as a personal experience. Between those beings, many other layers of being can form, if necessary! And what is necessary? It is hard to answer, but our mind is often in need of stations where it can stop and think forward. Only one being cannot be disputed, the Supreme Being. I have already said why. Because this is a personal experience, hard to transmit and for which there can be no proof. God is one for all people, while being unique for each of us.

The thread of that thinking, of the importance of the unconscious for the economy of conscience has its origin in Lucian Blaga, the first to have pointed out the importance of the stylistic factors of the unconscious for our entire thinking and existence. Of course, Blaga was accused by partial critics who were unprepared for philosophy of having exaggerated the importance of the abyssal realm. He did not support any such exaggeration in his texts. I believe that it is a bigger mistake than that of exaggerating the unconscious factor for the human beings would be to completely conceal those stylistic factors which are formative for the beings that we are.

Maybe it would be best if I drew a conclusion for everything that I have written above. When I shout and emphasize, following in Blaga's footsteps, that **the language of the unconscious is music, painting, architecture ÷ art in general**, I am considering the fact that those two realms, the conscious state and the unconscious, are all the time closely related from the functional point of view, they belong to the same person. Music addresses the conscious as well, reason, wakeful attention, when you listen to it, and you even follow its notes if you are a musician, however, it addresses the unconscious to a greater extent. I myself, who am not interested by the notes, only let myself wrapped in it, stirred, even if I don't know why. For people such as me, music is food for the spirit, for the inner equilibrium, and we are not really aware of how this happens. I feel the same when I contemplate a painting by Braque, by Gauguin, by Van Gogh or by the dreamy Rousseau le douanier. I will never forget what has happened to me when I entered the first, but at the same time retrospective, exhibit, of Tuculescu's paintings. I was completely astonished! I was analyzing the colors, the composition, because during that period I had studied painting to a certain extent, so all my

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<sup>7</sup> Most specialists believe that we think in words, that we cannot think without words. Just like the search for a word can be oriented after an object or after the image of that object, for a mind that can think in images, that thought with its image can require an appropriate word.

conscious attention targeted those canvasses, however, the effect inside me was devastating, ravishing, wonderful, and nothing rational took a conscious part in me feeling that way.

At this stage I should make a referral to the great esthetics, to the great esthetic theories. It is not accidental that I would like to remind you of the theory of esthetic sympathy (*Einfühlung*) launched by Theodor Lipps and taken over by Wilhelm Worringer<sup>8</sup>. That theory shifts the highlight from the feeling of esthetic pleasure or displeasure to our apperceptive activity by saying “What is decisive is... not the nuance of the feeling, but the feeling itself, i.e. the inner movement, the inner life, one’s own inner activity”. Worringer thought that this inner activity forms the basis of a feeling of freedom which, in its turn, gives us the sensation of pleasure. We need the freedom of our feelings in order to be able to feel the pleasure of admiring a work of art. Everything depends on the inner life. That way of thinking is very close to the acceptance of an unconscious territory that is important when assessing and assimilating a work of art.

Nevertheless, Worringer is completely stranger to the unconscious and drifts to other esthetic appraisals related to an art with abstract tendencies, unlike another kind of vital art. The theory of esthetic sympathy can be applied to the latter, but I don’t adhere to that theory.

I must linger a little more and say that that feeling of inner freedom when we come close to, when we like, a work of art is the very direct communication that can be established between the soul of the artist and that of the art consumer, of us who need art as food for our unconscious, a need that supports our inner harmony, the music of our unconscious. We don’t need to know the musical notes; we don’t need to be conscious of that music either, because we live it, we are wrapped in it. Of course, a theory remains just a theory and another theory will come to contradict it, so we are left with nothing but our unconscious soul and its music.

## **Singing songs**

That is a pleonasm. I would actually like to tell you something about the manner in which music speaks to us. Music can sing and at the same time speak to the heart. Music is a complicated language and only those well-trained can decipher and understand it. This is not my interest. Music can also be a language that addresses anyone, not only those trained to understand it. Think that there are music connoisseurs and music amateurs, people who simply love music, people who cannot live without music, but who are not learned in music, and although they don’t recognize musical passages by their authors, they are very impressed when they hear the music they like.

Does singing songs address rather the ears, creating pleasant or unpleasant sensations, addresses superficiality or a certain part of our mind, a part that is not always conscious and that resonates with the soul and the mind of the creators of music, of the composer and of the performer?

I have recently listened to an old performance of some sonatas for cello and piano by Beethoven, performed by Richter and Rostropovici. What a wonderful union: Beethoven, Richter, Rostropovici!

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<sup>8</sup> *Abstracție și intropatie (Abstraction und Einfühlung / Abstraction and Esthetic Sympathy)*, Univers Publishing House, Bucharest 1970, p.24.

Music is part of our being. We cannot exist without music!

What would be the universe without music? It would be a universe without living beings. It is a risky statement, but every now and then I like taking chances.

If our brain, as physiopathologists tell us, functions like a symphony, how could we live without music? It is true that, going out in the street, I hear mainly noises, but our ancestors used to hear the rustling of leaves – *we hear it too, when we search for it* –, the murmur of the rain on the roof or on the porch, they used to hear the song of larks, of nightingales, of doves, as well as the chirping of sparrows. We hear that music more seldom. Our brain has been shaped in an unlimited time into our current thinking and that happened in nature, a nature which sings incessantly, sings at dawn in one way, at noon in another way, in the evening and at night again in another way.

Yes! This is what needing the music means: our brain needs it in order to maintain its functional equilibrium, its inner equilibrium. Without music, without art, it would feel lost in a strange, incomprehensible world. We aren't conscious of the music surrounding us and neither do we need to be, however, its sound tells us that everything is as it should be, a sound that we hear, but without paying any attention to it. We become conscious only if we are placed in a soundproof room, where there are no more sounds, music or noises that we are used to. It seems that this experience is traumatic.

In certain circumstances we look for and want to hear a certain kind of music. We go to a concert, be it pop music, rock, metallic or Bach, Mozart, Wagner. Why do we want and have the need to listen to a certain kind of music? Because it is the communication channel between the soul, the unconscious of the composer and of the performers and our own soul, our own unconscious. Music is a language between one unconscious and another, however, a language that only the unconscious can decipher. It is a communication like in a parallel world, a world of the unconscious communicating to another unconscious and so on... sharing opinions and exchanging lines. Yes, this is a dialogue possible even when I am listening, because in its turn, my mind gives answers at the request of the music. But the composer's unconscious may no longer be present, although the music succeeds in making an unconscious immortal, and the unconscious of the performers does not perceive anything other than the possible applauses or whistles that are conscious manifestations of unconscious states. The fact that music sometimes stimulates my flow of thinking, of unconscious thinking as well as of conscious thinking, stands for that dialogue that occurs in my mind and that is stimulated by other unconscious that have arrived to me with the music.

Of course that it's hard to assert what you cannot perceive, what you cannot keep, because music as well as thoughts just flies.

Let us speak a little about sleep. What could be the connection between sleep and art? Of course, dreams remain a source of artistic creation. We will still speak about sleep, but using a slightly different speech.

During that sleep populated with dreams ( the REM dreams), when the eyes of the person who dreams move as a sign of the cerebral activity in charge with classifying and distributing the perceptions of immediate memory residing in the frontal areas, those perceptions being stored in a deeper memory, which is much more economical. **Without that intelligent, yet unconscious classification**, that occurs, I repeat, during the sleep populated with dreams

(REM), the restful sleep; this rest has the precise purpose of freeing frontal areas of the immediate memory, thus making it available for receiving other thousand, hundreds of thousand perceptions that will knock on the gates of the brain in the following day. That ordering can be done by a principle comparing and gathering events, images, words, and this is the notion with its surrounding notional cloud, the notion with its wrappings.

What happens when we are listening to music, a music that we like, when we are looking at a painting or a landscape? The brain receives perceptions that are harmonically aligned with its functioning. The brain of an art consumer receives consciously and unconsciously those perceptions that give us a sensation of pleasure, of delight, of satisfaction. This is why art is the food of our spirit. The unconscious can decipher that language of art because art is an intermediary, a vehicle carrying our feelings from the soul of the creator and of the performer to our soul. Art establishes that connection between the hidden territories of the unconscious of a person who had painted a painting, sculpted a statue, designed a building, wrote a book or a poetry, danced, composed or performed our favorite music, for every listener, viewer, or art consumer.

Art is the language that connects one unconscious to another, links our consciences, our brains, because each of us has, as C.G. Jung said to us, certain archetypes of humanity stored in our unconscious. No matter how different we are, the archetypes are similar. Moreover, the archetypes are only generalities of the human species; but why do we recognize immediately every work composed by Bach, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Wagner or Enescu? Because there is something that unifies the musical works of a composer, making them sound similar. A composer cannot write differently, but only in their own style. When Bach composed *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, and when he wrote *The Art of Fugue*, he put there a part of his soul. It is at the same time similar and different in every musical piece – and that cannot be explained only by the presence of archetypes. Our unconscious also has many other realms belonging to the *eumeros*, realms that involve both reason and spirit, and maybe this is why his music moves us, enrapturing us.

Chopin was a *poet of the piano*. What a beautiful and correct correlation between poetry and music! It seems that he had, as they say, the music in his veins. He had teachers who didn't teach him too much. His *eumeros* was very well developed, as it was with Mozart. Chopin did not enjoy appearing before other people. For him, music was something much too intimate, which had to be kept close to the soul. Wilhelm Worringer said: "True art has satisfied in every age a deep spiritual need..."<sup>9</sup>, sometimes too deep for being exposed with pleasure or without emotions. Have you ever seen a painter whose exhibit is being installed in a hall before the opening? Nobody is there yet, other than the organizers; the painter, the artist is overwhelmed with emotions, sometimes dissimulated, and would want to run and hide, however, they have to be there.

Harold Pinter, who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 2005, said: "Sometimes, in poems, I am only dimly conscious of the grounds of my activity, and the work proceeds to its own law and discipline, with me as a go-between, as it were. But as you say, if not conscious, so much the better."<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> *Abstracție și intropatie (Abstraction and Esthetic Sympathy)*, Univers Publishing House, Bucharest, 1970, p.29

<sup>10</sup> Cited by Lidia Vianu, *România Literară* magazine, issue 42, 26 Oct. - 1 Nov., 2005

The human being within us shares its conscious life with its unconscious life, and the two of them complete one another. That split – *a split not at all dangerous as it isn't a schism in its psyche, but a harmony, a fulfillment* – felt especially by creators, by artists, but they are not afraid of it. Some consider it, and they are not wrong, to be a gift from God<sup>11</sup>.

On the other hand, there is a constant **question**, the answer to which seems very difficult. It is, of course, rather related to the music, to the *singing music*.

If music, art, is the language of the unconscious, when I actively listen to music, I hear it and I am conscious that I hear it, actually that is the first step towards what it is said to be *the understanding of music*, do I think about the music that I hear, then where is the unconscious communication? Where is the language of the unconscious?

Difficult to answer, but not impossible. I will use an artifice, an example. I am listening to Mahler's 5<sup>th</sup> symphony. I am being attentive and I am listening to it with pleasure, perfectly conscious. I arrive at the *Adagietto* part, that divine music that lasts for 9 minutes, a music that stirs me profoundly. I hear nothing but the music now and my entire being vibrates. I repeat: I am perfectly conscious, but something is happening to me, something that I cannot control or master, something that escapes my conscious state, in spite of all my wakeful attention. My unconscious, better said one of the deepest layers of my unconscious, seems to *be hearing* more than I'm hearing and makes me attentive: you are in a communication with a *spirit* that vibrates very close to your own. This is not about a possible world of spirits, it is about that spirit, that entity that belongs to human beings and that is being permanently enriched by the great creators, by the great artists. The spirit as a *summum*, as a *being* that intermediates between humans, almost like Constantin Noica's vision of the *Element*<sup>12</sup>, some kind of entity which collects qualities and determinations, however, lacking the body of an individual being, and lacking the individual, as well as the general dimension. It is not someone whom we can touch, nor an idea in all its generality. Nevertheless, we have access to that spirit, and at the same time the spirit can descend upon us, it is in us.

It seems that the unconscious, too, although it is mine, has, at least at its deepest levels, such a structure: an agglomeration of determinations of the human species, maybe even older than our species, from our ancestors, has archetypal contents, *maybe even the memory of Heaven – as an Argentinian doctor, Alfonso Elisade Masi, says* – has the memory of the humans that had lived in caves and struggled to survive, but had also created splendid paintings – *it doesn't matter if they were used as a fetish attesting the need to believe in a force looming over humans and animals or if it was a simple need to reproduce the images of a hunt that had to be victorious* – and, when happy, had certainly sung and danced. The memory of humans who needed spirit. Maybe this is why our unconscious, yours and mine, as well as theirs, also embodies spirit in the *eumeros*, includes our usual lives, but also something more which, when being called, comes to us and allows us to feel emotions, to enjoy listening to the music we like, or looking with delight at a painting or a landscape over which the sun sets.

The emotion I feel when I am listening to *Adagietto* from the 5<sup>th</sup> symphony by Gustav Mahler springs from me and I couldn't control it even if I wanted to. That emotion is produced by the communication between my unconscious that was stirred by those sonorities in such a way that a *remembrance* occurred – as Plato said, deep layers that supported emotional reactions have been brought to the surface, and a connection was established between that part of my

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<sup>11</sup> We always **say God if we don't have another answer. This remains a difficult question.**

<sup>12</sup> Constantin Noica, *Ontologia (Ontology)*, The Scientific Publishing House, Bucharest, 1984

unconscious and the work of art, the music composed by Mahler also with the help of its unconscious. The spiritual *element* was activated due to the brilliant creator, I myself being just the individual receiver of that communion.

Isn't that a language? Of course, a language we haven't come across before, *the language of the unconscious*.

I have said and I have written that I was being conscious and consciously hearing music, but the communication is at the level of the unconscious. Through art, poetry, music, through every way of creating that we call an artistic mode of creation, a communication occurs between one unconscious and another, when art is received. As long as artistic creations remain in a drawer, in a lab, in a studio, there is no communication. Communication appeared when Homer sang the *Iliad*, when the pyramids and the sphinx were erected, when the rocks of Stonehenge were put in their place, when the andesite sun shines in the mountains at Grădișteța Muncelului, when I contemplate in wonder the paving from the same place and the remains of the antic cities of Blidaru, Sarmisegetuza Regia or Mycenae – the mind is stunned and the soul vibrates. One unconscious communicates with another. The *elements* which were formed around those works of art fuse in the unconscious and sing! This is the song of the immortal spirit, immortal for as long as humanity exists, because the fire of a new birth can burn everything.

I am conscious, however, the unconscious is also active, feels and even thinks, doubling my thinking – actually, this is still my thinking, but it unravels without me being aware of it. That unconscious thinking leads me, because it knows what the right path is. Will I follow it or not? I can feel it even if I didn't think of it very clearly.

This is where the FREE WILL comes in action. I wrote it in capital letters because it is very important. Regardless what I feel that I should do, I will follow the path that I myself will choose, voluntarily and consciously.

Now I am listening to Sonata no. 3, “with Romanian folk features”, for violin and piano, by George Enescu. I am excited, profoundly moved, however, I write. It seems to be helping. Maybe! Here is where the free will comes. I let myself led by that sonority, I want to be led by it, I abandon myself to it, I carry on. Even the choice of influence from the unconscious can depend on free will. I let myself carried by the waves of Enescu's music and I feel good while floating on those crests. Does this help me write? Maybe, maybe not. In any case, it doesn't break my rhythm as did the news on the radio which annoyed me. Sometimes music annoys me too. Luckily, I can replace it with a record or a tape if I don't like it.

I am curious, while I am listening to Enescu's music, my mind works vigorously and pushes me to write everything that comes through my head. It is harder, even impossible, to write after the notes taken before. The music I am listening to keeps pushing me and doesn't really leave me alone.

*Spirit* – a word hard to delimit. This is normal. Spirit can hide anywhere and can give birth, can manifest anywhere. It has no connection with money; however, it requires you to be able to be somewhere warm when it is cold outside and to eat when you are hungry. The spirit is ubiquitous. All human creations revolve around spirit. They are the bricks supporting its foundations.

Free will can make a choice between the right and wrong path, but also between two paths that are both right. Do we choose the best of them? We sure hope so.

Conscious state is doubled, at every moment, as Lucian Blaga tells us<sup>13</sup>, by *personnance*, by that control, by that help, that comes incessantly and that means a doubling of our conscious **life**. It is a doubling, as I have said, in two directions: the *personnance* receives perceptions that escape us for various reasons, helps us hear what we failed to, see what we didn't have time to notice, smell, touch, it replaces our distributive attention, supports it by introducing action algorithms and communicates to us directions it thinks best for us to follow. The *personnance* is also some kind of communication that could come to us from our unconscious, an unclear, vague communication, however, very strong sometimes, that we sometimes call our inner sense, the 6<sup>th</sup> sense.

The *personnance* with its back-and-forth function is some kind of diligent valet, a secretary who memorizes those perceptions which are close to the limit of perception, who selects them, puts them in order – *during our sleep populated with dreams* – and advises us on what we should remember to do, to decide, to say, and reminds us that we are hungry, thirsty, tired.

I think that the *personnance*, with its multiple functions, should be studied by us and be classified by us together with the whole field of the unconscious that we have called *eumeros*.

Maybe it would be good for me to say it one more time. The unconscious has its own thinking and has access to the spirit. In the morning, after a restful sleep, when you have answers to the questions that you had been asking yourself the evening before, answers that you did not possess, doesn't that mean that someone inside you has been thinking during the night, to give you in the morning everything on a silver platter? Sometimes it even happens that you wake up in the middle of a dream that cries out to you a solution that had never crossed your mind. Not to mention that instead of a constant and tiresome use of thinking, it offers you alternate algorithms that spare you the trouble of thinking when you take a step during your walk, provided that you aren't too absorbed with something else and step in a hole in the ground; it spares you from thinking every second when you're driving, helps you with what we call learning, habit, making your life easier, reducing the effort of living. **Is that little? You judge, in any case it is good to know that this is the *eumeros*, this and many others.**

Access to the spirit? **I thought we had already talked about it.** The art consumer, **the one who** feels the need for art, knows and feels that this path is a *royal* path toward the spirit. The Music of the celestial Spheres described by Pythagoras is our need, a need absolutely intimate, a need for God, for spirit, and this is why we have felt, since we've known that we were humans, attracted to art, we have felt the need to embellish our lives – or at least this is what we think – by painting and singing, dancing, carving stones, metals and bones in order to create ornaments for us to wear. We even like our food to be nicely displayed, beautifully arranged and offered; we need art objects, no matter how small and insignificant, even in our bathroom, or especially there, where we are alone with ourselves.

Maybe that should make us realize that together with art, **searching for the spirit**, we can never be alone. I am constantly together with the other self, with my extended self, if I may say so; the extended self is the archetypes that I carry along with me, the memory of my species, the memory of the lands we have inhabited, the memory of the people who lived

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<sup>13</sup> Lucian Blaga, *Trilogia Culturii (The Trilogy of Culture)*, The Art and Literature Royal Foundations Publishing House, Bucharest 1944, p. 41

before me and who still live inside me, the memory of Heaven, the memory of the Great Flood, the memory of hell, the memory of my father and mother. Ah, it is so difficult to carry with you so many memories! Luckily, they are all embedded, certainly, even if I cannot prove it, in a few molecules, in a few cells of my brain, in everything that is best in me, because my inseparable friend knew how to choose what suited me best, since I have led him so, me with my will, with my free will which is *so constrained and yet free*. My unconscious has selected itself alone, using the themes I had given to it, and I am I because I have formed myself alone from an amalgam hard to shape. Free will, again!

Computer and software developers had the idea to create a small character, the one I chose is a living staple, actually animated – i.e. it was given a life of its own – it is suspended somewhere, where it does not bother me, on top of the page that I am writing on. It sometimes has truly funny eye and eyebrow moves, as well as a way of waving its body, that make me laugh. Every now and then, when I am writing something difficult to conceive, with which I struggle, tormenting myself, that little staple looks at me with eyes full of wonder, seeming to take part in what I do; every now and then a small bulb lights above his staple head. I stop and wonder. Did I make any mistake? Did I write a good phrase? How should I know? Maybe I'll realize it later. That little fellow is, for me, a symbol of the unconscious I was talking to you about, a writing companion who never leaves me alone, who encourages me, who is present next to me. Maybe this is not only my impression, maybe the creator of that little character felt the need to offer us a symbol of an alter ego, that we actually have.

In search of the spirit, art has always been a connection we needed. Art is the language the unconscious understands and uses when we do possibly insignificant actions and as far as when we search for the absolute. Why have temples, churches, tombs always been art monuments too? Why has art been accompanying the search for gods and for God?

Because it is the language of the unconscious and our unconscious needs spirit.

Let me look for more examples that can support the need for art related to the unconscious.

I am at my house in the countryside, chopping and storing wood for the cold season. Not far from me, the radio plays its music. I am caught up in my physical labor. At a certain point, I am seized by emotion, by the curious sensation that something important is happening in my auditory world. I switch my attention to the music I am hearing. I seem to recognize certain sonorities. Is it Mahler? I cannot be certain, but it sounds like Mahler. At the end of the show I find out that it was Mahler indeed, a smaller musical piece that I couldn't name until I heard what it was. How is it that my unconscious discovered it was my favorite music? It probably deciphered its hidden language that moved me, warned me, without me knowing it, or being aware of it, comparing the music heard, while I wasn't too attentive, with others kept in my memory and gave the correct answer.

When I speak, I look for the most suitable words in order to communicate a thought. Who is doing that search? Do I do it consciously? I am conscious when I speak, however, the word search is done in a split second, and the search has the speed of my speech. The same happens when I'm driving. I am thinking about the places I drive in, however, I am not paying too much attention, everything happens fast, the unconscious serves my conscious life by helping me when I speak or when I drive.

If the brain works globally, like a symphony, the function of the unconscious might not be localized, but spread out everywhere in the brain. When I am doing an activity, a certain cortical area will be excited, around it we can see the inhibition necessary for a sustained activity. Can those inhibited realms keep a certain function that we call unconscious? Can the excited territory have a double function, one conscious and another unconscious? These are answers that only neurophysiologists could provide.

It would be risky for me to try to give answer, because it could prove a false hypothesis. However, taking into consideration that scientific truths can be pretty easily **rejected** by a new theory, I don't see why I couldn't bring forward a hypothesis of my own.

An inhibited cortical area can preserve in a latent state an unconscious function that is related to certain memory stores. In the case of a liminal or even subliminal perception, which can hold value through a memory relationship, that inhibited area, yet unconsciously active, can activate itself and become excited, more or less – depending on the importance, for the individual economy, for existence, of that perception and of the memorized data – thus entering the realm of consciousness.

Another case could arise when in an excited cortical area there are areas consciously, voluntarily coordinated, and other areas which answer to an unconscious activity. That is the case when we speak, when we walk or when we are driving a car. For instance: voluntarily coordinated motor cortical areas can be very well taken over, which happens through repetition, through training, through learning, by unconscious algorithms, so that we can walk, speak or drive without making too much intellectual effort, the effort to pay attention. Those algorithms considerably shorten the time needed to accomplish a certain activity. Let us descend for a short while in the animal world and let us make a mental experiment. It seems that a tiger who sits and watches the prey, a voluntary activity, and afterwards goes for the hunt proper, does that only with the help of algorithms learned since he was a cub and watched his parents, observing their moves and trying to imitate them. Even the games played by young animals help them create those absolutely necessary algorithms. This is why a tiger raised in captivity has very few chances to survive in the jungle: he could virtually do anything, however, it was not taught, and it does not possess the algorithms necessary for survival.

As for us, people, we follow the same stages of learning from childhood to adult life. We are genetically equipped with everything we need, however, we need to learn to speak, to stand on our feet, to walk, to write, to have sex. We start to articulate words at a certain age, we are able to stand at another age, and we start to walk at another age. Every act is possible in its own time, when certain neuronal areas mature, become active. We learned from the wolf children found in India that those possibilities can only become reality through learning and exercise. If the mother doesn't play with the child and doesn't articulate words, the child will never be able to say *ma-ma* or *da-daddy*. It will never stand up if it doesn't see that we can walk and if it is not supported when trying to walk. Lullabies will imprint in the mind of the child just like the rhythm of the rain or the rustle of leaves in the wind. The brain of the child will enrich by listening music or by watching, the perceptions coming to it from all the senses will form it as a human being. The memory of the child has to be assaulted with that kind of information for the various dynamic stereotypes to be able to form, from the most simple to the complicated ones. It is not easy to use a computer, however, you can learn. After having learned, everything becomes, as they say, second nature, which is your inner world and which means a dynamic interlacing of conscious, voluntary activities with those unconscious, many

being simple or complex dynamic stereotypes, others being sentiments, emotions, feelings. They all form a canvass, a thread between conscious stimuli and unconscious structures. By our will we are free and by our unconscious we are tied to what we have inherited and learned. Our self depends on those two twin factors that seem to be opposed in their function in order to be able to form the one being that we are. Our freedom, that wonderful word, will depend on the manner in which we have woven that canvass, on how we have formed ourselves, on how tight the ties are, on how sophisticated and rigid our stereotypes are, on how apt we have allowed ourselves to remain for the formation of new stereotypes, on how apt we are for keeping on learning new things.

Art as well as natural beauty have helped us, even if we did not realize it, while learning. That food for the spirit, which is communicated to us through its special language addressing the unconscious (the *eumeros*), has become for us a more and more conscious need. Maybe it is good to let ourselves led by it on the roads that we already have in mind. Art is the best adviser, an adviser that comes to us on the wings of beauty, and penetrates deep into my soul and yours. Through the art of great creators, as well as of the smaller ones, we are all the time in contact, person to person, regardless of the time that we live in, my unconscious speaks to the others' etc., asking for advice and offering it, completing one another, stirring emotions, and in the end we win something for our feelings, we learn how to preserve our freedom, how to support it, how to understand the connection with Jung's archetypes, with that memory of the human kind. Freedom seems to be based on feelings, but has its own unconscious roots. Of course, reason is of great help, but that shouldn't let us forget that we also have a thinking unconscious which can support us. Reason, the will, when freed from all the ties, has always been an individual danger, just like the aggressive instinct and the hunger instinct can be a collective danger which, when it becomes real, can grow into a bigger danger. A vehicle with no brakes can crush. The unconscious is such a useful brake.

Let us dwell a little more on dreams, in order to come closer to one of the important functions of the *eumeros*.

I have said that during the rapid eye movement (REM) sleep, when we dream, I suppose that everything we have perceived during the day is reorganized, in order to free the cortex where those perceptions are stored for a new day. Maybe this is the secret of the need for sleep, a need that all animals have, not only humans, of course in various proportions and in various ways. The memory functions, again probably, after a certain diagram. I have proposed a logical **latticeal**<sup>14</sup> diagram that I will not encumber you with, but what could be important is the fact that, in that logical diagram, there can be very many levels where memory information can be stored in such a way that every level is independent and at the same time in a relationship, only possible at a certain moment, not actual in its entire development, with all the other memory levels. This means that we can forget the information stored at a certain level or that we can be unable to update them, nevertheless the forgotten information can be anytime brought to the attention of our mind. The problem remains, because not always at the level of our will there can be an unconscious recollection because of possible relationships (that can update it through "sympathy") or an assisted recollection (in the case of psychological analysis sessions).

Probably, again probably, that during sleep, that arrangement of information, its storage, is done according to such a logical diagram. Thus we can achieve a quick discharge of the short-

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<sup>14</sup> See: *Filosofia prin metafore (Philosophy through Metaphors)*, AB Romania, 2000, p. 58 and the following pages from the chapter "Instead of logic".

term memory and we can wake up rested. It could be that the sensation of restfulness after sleep signals us precisely that release of the cortical territories of the immediate memory from the information stored in the immediate memory.

Of course, that is an unconscious activity. Therefore, the dreams. We should understand that the release of that memory is a sign of health, mental health. Why? It's pretty simple. When we wake up tired, maybe with a small headache, and our mind full, it only means an insufficient release of the frontal cortex from the stored information. Why? Because there can be certain barriers, certain refusals to receive certain information in the depth of the memory because of some conflicting circumstances, conflicts between what we want, what we think, and what we are advised it would be better to do, advised by our inner person.

Insomnia is too such a symptom of a lack of concordance between our thoughts, the will and the old unconscious processing of mental traumas. It is difficult to say, and this is not the right time anyway, what is the intimacy, again possible, of mental traumas and especially what is their true solution, how we can remove them, how we can get rid of them, how we can go back to a normal and restful sleep without tranquilizers (sometimes we take tranquilizers, and all psychotropic drugs, in order to be calmer, to sleep better, more restful) which sometimes have the reverse effect since they reduce the duration of the rapid eye movement (REM) sleep, depriving us from dreams, it is true, sometimes from horrible dreams, however, they leave us with the short-term memory charged with that information that is stopped from being redistributed because of certain complexes, of old mental traumas we cannot escape.

I will resort again to an example: "...hatred is like booze or drugs..." William Faulkner tells us in *Absalom, Absalom!*<sup>15</sup> What does this mean? That hatred can be equally intoxicating and dangerous like those toxic substances. An old hatred you can't get rid of is a mental trauma which could explain insomnia or restless sleep, like when you get up in the morning after having drunk too much in the evening.

It seems that it is very hard to understand a notion such as the *free will* when you find out that we, humans, are conditioned beings. Conditioned from all sides. There is a genetic determination that meddles with the physiology and the pathology of our bodies – *we can only get certain diseases that genetics, our inheritance, allows us to have. Some of us are prone to liver, stomach or bowel diseases, others to bone and articulation diseases, some of us are prone to diabetes, while others inherit genetic flaws which condemn us without us being guilty!* Where is the free will? Depending on the place, on the day, hour and even minute we were born, we have a certain astral determination that we cannot influence too much. We also depend on many other environment factors, social factors, familial factors our body is adapted to – *we cannot say if this is something inherited or only acquired. Maybe it is both inherited and acquired.* Even today, we adapt on the go to climate changes, to the toxic substances and to the radiations that surround us. Where is the free will? Nevertheless, it exists!!!

I would not accuse anyone who is far from such an understanding. The field of contradictions, of which Ștefan Lupașcu speaks to us in several volumes, is the natural environment we live in! At every step, our mind hits upon contradictions that do not seem solvable, although they are absolutely natural. This is why scholars, starting with the Greeks from the Antiquity, especially with Aristotle, even if he was not a Greek, have showed us how to split certain sectors of our mind in order to be able to think correctly, they have taught us logic, the correct

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<sup>15</sup> *Absalom, Absalom!* Univers Publishing House, Bucharest, 1974, p.363.

thinking which helps us get rid of the assault of contradictions. This is not very easy, either. The thinking world has tried several times until now to free itself from the dominance of a non-contradictory logical formalism. It hasn't succeeded!

Many believe that mathematics and logic are sister sciences. This is a great error! Mathematics is an independent discipline with its laws of development, of course it depends on our mind, but it does not deal with our mind. Logic is a science which studies the manner in which we think, which tries to decode our thinking. These are two completely separate fields. Logic is rather related to the conscious, while mathematics and music are closer to one another, and to the unconscious realm. Using logic we may lie - we may tell a logical lie, but in mathematics it is impossible to lie.

Logic, using words, even when it is coupled with mathematics and resorts to algorithms, cannot avoid the lies that are carried by words. On the contrary, mathematics, just like music, only uses calculations and numbers (in music – the musical notes), does not use words; we may even say that it avoids using texts formed of words, and, just like music does, it addresses rather to the unconscious; therefore, mathematics is understood rather through the unconscious. Let me try to be clearer, to the extent possible. Music addresses both the conscious state and the unconscious; similarly, mathematics is a conscious activity supported by the unconscious thinking, by the creative human thinking. Therefore, unlike logic, mathematics can't lie. The lies that are easy to spread by words cannot be contained by the field of the unconscious. Music and mathematics can never lie to us!

And in the end, to establish a connection between mathematics and the REM sleep, I would like to add that it often happens to mathematicians to go to sleep thinking of a problem that they don't know how to solve, and in the morning, after a good REM sleep, full of dreams, they wake up and write down the solution to that problem.

## Music

Again, music. I will ask for your permission to linger a little bit more on the subject of music. For me, music is the clearest example of language, I repeat, language and not only an indistinct emotion, lacking clarity, like a passing impression, something, an obscure, diffuse communication, far from a text written in words. It is true, the language of art, the musical language, differs from the written one, the notional one, because it addresses another level of our understanding, it addresses the unconscious. Art, music, apart from its beauty as an art object, is also a distinct, clear communication that crosses the barrier of expression through words in a certain language, and it addresses any soul that hears, because art is a transnational means of communication. The one who addresses a soul must only find the means of communication that can be received, because each of us has a certain appetite for art, is closer to certain artistic manifestations. Specifically, although I am repeating myself: there is no human being who is not either a producer or/and an art consumer.

Let us concentrate on the words of a musician who subtly links music to philosophy, namely Mrs. Despina Petecel Theodoru, in her volume *From Mimesis to Archetype*, about the *Art of fugue*, by Bach, about the theme of that masterpiece. She thinks that the theme of One is the main theme, even the only theme, multiplied to infinity: "...the theme of the *Art of fugue* is and **becomes**... giving birth to 15 fugues and (la) 4 canons, that speak about the becoming of the being and its merging with the spirit of time.... The theme of **One**, the theme of the first fugue, spreads, branches and entwines with other themes and even with its opposites, as in a

*Genesis* where the face of Divinity accepts to *multiply* in all the Earth's creatures"<sup>16</sup>. Those are the most beautiful words expressed by a person whose name, Theodoru, means *longing for God*. Those are the most beautiful words because *The Art of Fugue* is, certainly, a monument dedicated to *Uniqueness*, a splendid deployment of musical notes, an evolution in time which envelops us in a sensation of unity that nobody could ever render again, not even Enescu in his *Prelude in a Unison*, prelude which seems inspired by Bach's music. How Bach succeeded to render for us the musical image of the *One*, of *Unity* is a mystery very close to a miracle. Bach has spoken to us about it and about his feeling of merging with *The One!* A merging which, for those who can seize it, is a true mystery, a wonder. Musicians can talk to us about fugues, counter-fugues, canons, of the first fugue, the fifth fugue, of counterpoints, of the *n*<sup>th</sup> fugue, however, only music tells us much more every time, tells us everything. I am listening again and again to *The Art of Fugue* and I can't get enough of it, even if I don't really know how to decipher the musical notation<sup>17</sup>.

Is it a wonder that music speaks to us in its language? Not at all. It is only a reality on which we should dwell a little longer.

An expression used in music not for a very long time, although it expresses an artistic relationship as old as Adam, is that of *leading melody*, of *guiding melody*, and as a condensed expression it is called a *leitmotiv*. What is the first fugue from *The Art of Fugue*, a fugue that repeats to infinity in various ways, other than a *leitmotiv*? What are the musical motifs repeated by Verdi, by Glinka, by Weber and by many other musicians, other than *leitmotifs*?

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<sup>16</sup> Despina Petecel Theodoru, *De la mimezis la arhetip (From Mimesis to Archetype)*, *The Musical Publishing House*, 2003, p. 19.

<sup>17</sup> Maybe this is how J.S. Bach thought when he composed the *great fugue*, reading his own mind made him run up and down notes and the counterpoint canvas. Listening to Bach, we listen to his thoughts materialized into notes. When you hear the last note of the penultimate passage (the 21<sup>st</sup>), a note that seems suspended in nothingness, it's as if your heart stops. I wonder if he had the same sensation. Maybe the sensation is only in my mind. How happy you are when your heart restarts to beat at the beginning of the 22<sup>nd</sup> and last passage of this great fugue! It's as if the power of music can give life and can also kill.

Similarly, reading Dostoyevsky, Balzac, or Plato, you are in direct contact with the way in which their thinking unfolded, which, at least in me, produces an indescribable sensation. That's why literature cannot die, as music and all arts, because we need to enter in contact, to dialogue with these illuminated minds. The trivial way of thinking, or that of creators, be they small or great, constantly comes up against the unknown, and that's what makes man satisfied, happy, or enchanted, every time he surpasses a difficult moment, every time creativity is at home. Our intimate way of thinking is maybe not interesting, but that of great thinkers is.

Maybe similarly trivial or common is that when you solve a life problem you have a satisfaction. As a physician I can say that I experienced the greatest happiness when I was able to improve a patient's suffering who had come to ask for my help, just as sometimes I felt, like a suffering, the failure of the medical act. I did not like to feel *powerless* in front of a man in a difficult trial of health. Sometimes nothing is more difficult to solve than illness. In front of some cases beyond my control I could only resign myself to the situation, but there are cases when you *feel* that you should be able to find a remedy that you can't seem to find. It is the torment of a physician! Maybe the same torment happens to a painter, a musician, a writer, a mathematician, a chemist, a carpenter, a gardener, who feels that he cannot finish a piece of work, that he no longer has enough creative power, that his creative power has exhausted. Creative power, the maintenance of creative power, is maybe the key to man's being on Earth as Lucian Blaga tells us.

(I wrote this in the conclusion of the paper A SKETCH OF LUCIAN BLAGA'S PHILOSOPHY, published in *NOEMA*, nr.XII, 2013, and written in 2005.)

What are the color spots, in the field of plastic art, because the *leitmotiv* is a technique used by every artist, color spots which are repeated on a painter's canvass, as red is repeated on Bosch's canvasses, other than some kind of plastic *leitmotiv*? Nevertheless, people started talking about *leitmotifs* only when Wagner's music was performed (and Wagner hated the use of that word).

Why? Because music in Wagner's operas is developed that way. Because Wagner has succeeded in taking to perfection, and I'm not the only one to say it, that use of guiding melodies. For him, the use of *leitmotiv* was like writing it with a feather on paper, and he uses it much more expressively, as the musical writing allows for the creation of sound images better expressed than if they would be described with words. The *leitmotiv* is a musical entity that transforms all the time, while remaining the same. A notion can be expressed through one word, however, here is where the great difficulty in the use of the word language begins. A notion is at the same time something individual, an object, an action, however, it is also something general, even universal, to which we can add a possible infinity of determinations. We also call them qualities, attributes, complements. You can see to what volume of words, words needed in order to explain a notion, we can arrive. We can create a whole novel. William Faulkner has written *Absalom. Absalom!*, a sad story whose title takes over the story of David's son, who plots against his father, is defeated during the fight, runs away and lets himself caught foolishly by a pursuer, who kills him. Faulkner has written that novel to speak about *hatred*. Sutpen's hatred, the hatred of Sutpen's family, hatred in the Secession War, hatred in all its valences, hatred! The sowing of hatred, the failure of hatred, and in the end everything is extinguished in a violent fire, a *purification*, because *pure*, in old Greek, means fire.

It is time for me to resort to examples.

I will stick to Wagner's operas, a happy case of juxtaposing poetic and musical writing, which helps us decipher music.

In *The Flying Dutchman*, specialists have noticed the same basic rhythm in the choir of seamen and in the choir of spinners. A familiar association. At the other pole we have the themes, the demonic motifs of the ghost ship, accompanied by satanic chords. The choir of the crew of the ghost ship is spectral, has a demonic sound that haunts all of them.

The theme of salvation, salvation through love, supported by Senta. The theme of the yearning for death, of hope: the Dutchman, even the demon, gets on his knees and ardently prays to God to rid him of the curse. Daland's chatter; the duet of lovers – the Dutchman and Senta; Erick's theme. Alis Mavrodin<sup>18</sup> believes even that the motif of desire in *Tristan and Isolde* is close to the motif of the love between Senta and the Dutchman. Music tells us that love is the same everywhere.

In Wagner's operas we can find, we can hear, a drifting from one motif to another. This is a beautiful expression for what music can do, for what Wagner did with the music, as he built wonderful images. Those who believe words are infallible have to admit that you cannot achieve something like that through words.

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<sup>18</sup> I have used in this section the opinions displayed by Mrs. Alis Mavrodin with the occasion of the musical broadcasts from Bayreuth in 2005, opinions concerning the *leitmotifs* from Wagner's operas.

You will tell me that Wagner needed words too, poetry too, otherwise we wouldn't know where we are and why; we wouldn't know what is happening. It is true! This is why Wagner strongly supported, and composed almost exclusively music sustained by words, he favored operas as an artistic peak, because he needed words to give music the substance, the background for its story. That story in its entirety is not made only of poetry or only of music, as those who compose symphonies, concerts, quartets, sonatas etc. do; Wagner's stories are described with words and emotionally developed by music, sets and dance. Wagner has discovered that it is necessary, that it is good, if you want to create an artistic effect as deep as possible, to address both conscious understanding and directly sensibility, which is largely rooted in the state that we call unconscious, because we are not always conscious of what we feel. This is why the composing system which includes musical motifs, musical themes, each carrying their own meanings, every theme, every motif, as well as the combinations of themes, the alteration of themes, as well as other possible techniques, are as many ways of sending messages to our sensibility, which can form a language of the unconscious, a language that addresses our sensibility with predilection.

Going forward with my presentation, in *Parsifal*, which is, as Mrs. Alis Mavrodin says, “a sacred stage festival...”, we can find many musical themes: the motif of Parsifal being crowned king; the motif of the Grail which appears several times in the first act, as well as in the third act, with an apotheosis at the end; the motif of the charm of the Great Friday; the motif of salvation; the motif of emptiness – Titurel's death; the motif of healing Amfortas's wound; the motif of Klingsor's empire; the motif of suffering a Christian suffering for one's neighbor, but also in the grand finale. With all those motifs used by Wagner like he alone knew, a unique communication is created and transmitted by the *Parsifal* opera, that sacred scenario, which penetrates your soul from its first chords announcing the greatness, the splendor without equal, chords that we will encounter again during in the first and especially the last act, in the finale which delights us, possesses us and dominate us. I don't know who, beside Wagner, and as symphonies are concerned, Anton Bruckner, could ever create a musical monument dedicated to Christianity. The concept of “Savior” present in the tetralogy *the Ring (of the Nibelung)* through *Siegfried* is central in *Parsifal*. Here, too, the word is rigid, while the *leitmotiv* is transforming all the time. The theme of belief keeps on changing from Amfortas's morning bath to the healing of the same Amfortas, becomes glorious, gains triumphal notes. Titurel's apparition is accompanied by martial sonorities, the community united by belief and *the pure fool* who can save Montsalvat from the sin of Amfortas. The musical motifs accompanying Parsifal are bright, because he is the savior, a fool, but a pure one. The motif of the Last Supper is a fragment that derives from the theme of suffering. The Holy Spear has as its motif a fragment from the motif of the supper. These are thematic deviations from a unique cell. Themes are generated from an idea and from its contrary. The dilemma of Amfortas who cannot escape his sin has a descending musical line, the same as Kundry's fake balm. Kundry, that link between Klingsor's dark kingdom and the bright realm of the Grail, is supported by the musical score. The undulating motif of the Flower-maidens can be also found in Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*. In the end the good triumphs and the Holy Grail descends.

Let us see what happens in *Lohengrin*. The motif of the Grail is present. *Lohengrin*'s theme and the theme of his heroism are associated. What's new is Elsa's theme, the theme of judgment and, maybe the most important theme for that opera, the theme of the interdiction to utter the name. Sometimes the motifs derive from one another, are part of the same family, as it happens with the motif of Elsa in *Lohengrin*, which is derived from the motif of the Grail, because Elsa is the Hope for salvation. Alis Mavrodin thinks that there is a nucleus of the

theme of the Grail, of beauty, kindness, belief, that is distributed to those characters or actions resembling it; that motif, for instance, appears syncopated in the motif of Lohengrin, in the tune of the swan. The music describing those related themes and that will makes us, the ones who hear it, feel the same feelings, every time, because our unconscious, our soul, understand that relation and cannot answer otherwise than univocally to a musical phrase that resembles the one with a familiar valence. That way, the entwining between the musical themes connected to the poetry which accompanies them creates the artistic effect desired by the composer. That effect means the stirring of feelings which we are capable of by what we hear, initially through words, however, especially through music, that addresses directly an understanding that can no longer lie to us, because the conscious reason is slightly shadowed by what we feel and cannot control too easily, because art, the language of art, the language of the unconscious no longer allows us to lie to ourselves.

Maybe that here lies the great secret of the power of art, of the power of music, which can shape characters – if we aren't totally chained to what we call immediate reality, if we aren't completely dominated by the vanquishing and deforming reason, with the condition of a certain freedom that we could assume. This is why in Wagner, tells us the same Alis Mavrodin, all those themes, melodies, motifs combined create a fantastic, unrivalled musicality. In the second act of the *Lohengrin* opera, an act of darkness, of intrigues and of revenge, an act with a somber music supported in the motif of the intrigues by the basses and in the motif of doubt by the tubas, the main theme remains that of the interdiction of uttering the name that is associated with those heavy sonorities, because there are intrigues that gave birth to suspicions and which have originated in that interdiction of uttering the name. Music is a speech without words which sometimes tells us more than the poetic text can. I will cite again Mrs. Alis Mavrodin, who tells us that Elsa's sleep is created with a string of chords as in the tetralogy, chords of the sleep spell which resemble the music of the sleep that Wotan (from *Walkiria*) induces to his daughter: a string of chromatic, descending chords, the ideas associated with the spell lead to a music with the mentioned chromatic string. Mrs. Alis Mavrodin speaks to us about a *para-musical* language, a language of symbols that leads us to the motif of the spell. Lohengrin asks Elsa if the spell had an effect on her and she remains silent, but the music speaks, tells us that *indeed*, it had! I'd rather say that this is the very musical language which is, of course, symbolic, because our unconscious also *thinks* through images and symbols are, first of all, images. It is true that such a construct is not easy to create. The themes, the motifs are connected and form musical passages that have to have a thematic cohesion. Sounds have that function which is very important, because there must not be a competition, a superposition of the themes, of the motifs, in order to observe and to obey the architecture of musical themes and motifs. This is why Wagner's music is unique! Alis Mavrodin says: "Lohengrin is such a book that is read to you in almost 4 hours, and you also have pauses so that you can think of what you've heard and enjoy it! To rest your hearing so that you can use it to its maximum potential"; "It is an open book that we are reading with our soul". This is why the composer and conductor Pière Boulése said: "Wagner's operas are timeless and immortal".

In *Walkiria*, as well as in *Sigfried*, the poetic theme is the free human being, who must create himself. Wotan proclaims "a man freer than me"! The libretto forces us to recognize the lack of freedom of the god of gods! Wotan depends on the giants who have built Walhalla for him, depends on the word given to his beloved wife and for which he will fight with his weapon in his hand, abandons his most beloved daughter for her and in the end, in *Götterdämmerung* (*Twilight of the Gods*), he even condemns her to death.

Zigmund, the son of the wolf, will shout: "I would have liked to bear the name of Frowalt, I couldn't bear the name of Friedmund, Wehewald must be my name". Humans are constrained by a multitude of determinations that tie them in chains, so that it is difficult for them to conquer their freedom, often only by personal sacrifice, however, they cannot abandon the wish for freedom and are happy to be able to gain it even by death. That seems to be the faith of humans. Music, art, is such a hand outstretched to us to help us be free, because you are free only when you understand all your determinations and you are no longer frightened by them. The second act from *Walkiria* is on the future battlefield, the music is somber, mortuary, tells us what will happen before it happens. Brünnhilde is looking for Zigmund in order to try and protect him, the music changes its tone, has nothing grave and sad anymore, it is full of the brightness of hope. The sad music comes back in the third act, when Zieglinde has a monologue. Music dominates us and tells us everything. When Brünnhilde announces Zieglinde that she will have a son, she tells her "You are carrying in your womb the most sublime hero" and the music becomes triumphant, seeming to announce Siegfried's victories.

What can we say about the dialogue of Wotan with Mime in the first act of *Siegfried*. The deep, profound voice of Wotan contrasts with the high-pitched voice of Mime; the melody, the score he sings on is a staccato, with syncope, and speaks to us about a soul that is petty, lying, mean, and avid for wealth, filled with meanness, hatred, jealousy, abomination. Instead, the music supporting Siegfried's score when he sings of his sword, *Notung*, *Notung*, is bright, communicates us the fearlessness of an undefeated person.

"The whispers of the forest", the nature that sings to Siegfried, even if in the beginning he does not understand, delights us. After Siegfried washes in the blood of the dragon, he taste it and begins to understand the song of the bird, of flowers, of the forest. Even if it seems that we are in a magic universe, full of the magic of fairytales, we don't know how close we are to reality, of what we live every day, every minute, because this is what happens with us, too. Music speaks to us, tells us once more and much closer to our soul the same things poetry tells us, it speaks to us thrilling us, it frightens us, sometimes it dominates us, however, it always helps us. It helps us because it moves in us a memory that is maybe asleep or is not actualized; every day, we are too much in a hurry to listen to our own soul. Art, music, is our salvation, especially when it troubles us, stirs us, when something in us can call out, can suffer! Love and suffering; art whispers to us about everything, we only have to be sensible in order to hear it.

Kandinsky cries out somewhere, and not in vain: "Total freedom to creation! From extreme abstractionism to extreme realism, because the painter renders his own inner world in his paintings". The same happens with musicians, with poets, with all those who create something on this earth!

I will again mention Nietzsche, briefly, because he is a formidable example for his historical age, a strong example of the force with which music and art dominate us and can shape us, help us be and reveal to us what we don't know about ourselves. In his book *The Birth of Tragedy*, Nietzsche highly praises Wagner's music, which gives us the hope that will contribute to the rebirth of the ancient Greek tragedy, will restore to us the tragic image of life. In 1888, Nietzsche wrote *The Case of Wagner*, showing himself overwhelmed by Wagner's operas, which have the power to communicate to humans what they don't really want to hear; Wagner didn't shape the tragic despair of his writings, did not cry "God is dead!", more so, he contributed to the rebirth of Christian faith and not to its disappearance; Wagner troubles us, monopolizes us and doesn't let us live in lie anymore, and this is a

function of the entire great art, not only of Wagner's operas. At that time, Nietzsche dragged through the mud what he had once praised to the skies. With the occasion of *Parsifal's* premiere, in Bayreuth, he is there and writes Wagner a note, asking him to meet. Wagner refuses, and we will never know what Nietzsche wanted to tell him. We can only guess. He continued to be overwhelmed by Wagner's music and he probably had reverted to his first opinion. Great art can't be contained, is like a typhoon, like a tsunami for poor humans. You have only two choices: to refuse it or accept it, there is no option in between; if you are able to enjoy it, you're a happy person, darkness will not be able to harm you anytime it will circle you. When your soul is light, the black hand of despair and of neuroses can't touch you. Art, who speaks to your unconscious, art as a dialogue between one unconscious and another; a dialogue between your inside, that you yourself don't know too well, and a creator's soul, actually a dialogue between two creative souls, because one cannot enjoy art if one is not a creator itself; you may be a potential creator, but you're still a creator. People cannot live if they don't create, if they don't make something with their hands, with their brains, with their souls.

What I meant to say is that Nietzsche had shown a constant appreciation of Wagner's work, both when he glorified it and when he accused it of subjugating souls. He proved that by his final gesture of hesitating in front of a masterpiece. We can agree or disagree with Nietzsche's writings; however, we can but admit that his was one of the brightest minds of his time and that, regardless of Nietzsche's opinions, his soul had much clarity.

Nietzsche, admitted at Basel, with his minds lost, insane, appears to have been asked by someone how he was feeling. That person has written that he could not talk about anything else than music and that he would have said: "Wagner... something above all else... freedom... the power of truth... something in accordance your with nature, this gives you the Power!"

I have used Nietzsche and Wagner as examples; however, we are all the same. We all rejoice or suffer for our creations. Art helps us surpass pain, the pain that we aren't understood, that we cannot bring to life our creation, that we can't continue what we have begun, sufferings upon sufferings, our entire life we will endure pain, which, as the song tells us, "is written in the human laws". It helps us because it whispers to us that what is important in life is not the ending, but the journey; we are all going to die, so let us not be glad that someone dies, let us be glad that in us there is and remains an urge, a push towards creation, that we can't live today if we haven't created something and tomorrow will be the same. Art can help us understand our mission on this earth, our mission as creators, as humans who suffer and create. The rest is nothing.

Attention! Don't you think that I am abandoning free will, our freedom for which we have to constantly fight! Only by creating we have access to freedom, the gate to freedom, as far as we can aspire to it, is creation. I tell you now, as an individual, "I've only felt free when I have created something!". I will quote the novel writer George Bălăiță, who, during a show on the radio, said: "In music I feel free like a nomad"; it is true, for a professional of writing, writing is no longer freedom, the profession is a responsibility, and that doesn't mean freedom! The profession and artistic creation are difficult to reconcile.

In *Tannhäuser* we encounter again a group of leitmotifs, a canvass of leitmotifs. Wolfram sings the love sent by God, a theme which returns in the final act. Alis Mavrodin tells us that there is not a melody, in Wagner, which isn't guiding. This means that we will find it again, that every melody can be found again somewhere in the architecture of the opera. The theme

of the Venus's curse in the first act returns in the second act after the joyful return to the world. The theme of penance, of Tannhäuser's sentence, is a descending melody. At the end of the second act, the pilgrims sing the pilgrims' theme from the overture. The motif of the anathema appears: the Pope doesn't forgive him.

In *The Gold of Rhine*, there is the song of the daughters of the Rhine, of the light from the gold of the Rhine. Alberich turns down love in order to rule the world, and become the master of gold, because this is the only way he can steal the gold of the Rhine. In that first opera, Erda's song is, from a musical point of view, a break in the story with sonorities that seem to come from the very center of the earth. Erda reminds Wotan that he's not free and that he too is dominated by the human passions and sins, by the love of wealth, by the longing for power at any cost.

*Tristan and Isolde* is an opera of suffering, desire, love, nostalgia, death and beatitude, of the ecstasy of love. All is announced from the prelude, through music. The beginning combines the themes of the poison filter and of the love filter, then the opera unfolds with the first prefiguration of love, the music is agitated. The plenitude of love will be accompanied by a divine music and everything will end in Isolde's song, which is a true transfiguration of love, seeming to transfer it to another level; it seems that the heroes are pulled out from the immediate reality, in a transcendence of love that cannot be defeated by anything, not even by the death of the heroes. As George Enescu said: "Love is something terrible and final!".

The **Norns** of *Götterdämmerung (Twilight of the Gods)* remind humanity that the world has a beginning and an end, and that the thread of life breaks at a certain point. Wise men have nothing to pass on as teaching, and that may also mean that teachings are no longer able to save anything. Everything must end with the ending of the world of gods. The music from *Götterdämmerung (Twilight of the Gods)* weighs heavy on the listeners, crushes them, suffocates them.

Brünnhilde waits for Siegfried who has left for new adventures. The music intones the motif of love, which is suddenly interrupted and replaced by the motif of anxiety, then the motif of love returns and remains for a longer time, without any more interruptions. It continues with the motif of the oath on the eternal love, interrupted by the cavalcade of the Valkyries. The scene is moved in Hagen's castle. How cold the music is, the music accompanying the conquest – a new love subject to the filter of forgetfulness, the connection with Gertrude that Siegfried establishes in the name of Gunter, the master of the region.

Siegfried wears the cursed ring, which had been forged by Alberich; Wotan himself has worn it for a short while, but Siegfried doesn't know what he wears, is ignorant of the power of the curse, nevertheless, the curse will touch him. All those who have worn the ring will perish, even Wotan, together with the seat of gods.

The music in *Götterdämmerung (Twilight of the Gods)* is heavy, as I have said, sad, apart from the love duet between Brünnhilde and Siegfried. Hagen kills Siegfried, the melody is descending. The funeral procession that follows, bringing the hero into the city and in the end even the promised downfall of the gods, of Walhalla, in the fire set by Brünnhilde.

Art, music is such a great power! The human being that I am feels it, my inner person is shaken. Music contains such beauty! The beauty and the clarity of the heart that speaks to us!

We have dwelled quite long on examples from Wagner's operas, a delay which was imposed on us by the manner in which Wagner wrote his music, composed his operas. I will use again the words of Mrs. Alis Mavrodin: "Every opera of Wagner is like a book which we read page by page, a story incorporated in music", a story which seduces us especially through its music, its melodies, its themes, which describe each a certain imagine, a notion, which acquire variations – on the same theme or on entwined themes – that are clearly superior to the grammatical communication through words; this is a true language which addresses to the unconscious, it addresses to my inner person, it addresses to our sensibility, our feelings, the most concealed realms it may pull out to the surface, that it can update. This is the music in Wagner's operas, but the same happens with every kind of music, only in Wagner everything is clearer due to that "grammar", better said to that symphony of the author's conscience, which overtakes our conscience. "Speaking of gods, Wagner addresses to us, humans, and to the most intimate part of us", said George Enescu.

### **The Stylistic Matrix and the Language of the Unconscious**

Lucian Blaga starts to unfold his philosophical thoughts in *Horizon and Style* by saying that he would like to deal with what he calls "Stylistic unity", as well as the hidden factors which condition that phenomenon. Blaga asks himself how the "Stylistic unity" – either of a work of art, of all the works of a certain personality, of an age in the entirety of its creative manifestations, or of an entire culture – can be possible and maintains that "The style, the attribute which makes spiritual substance flourish, is the imponderable factor... We have enough reasons to suppose that human beings, manifesting creatively, can only do it in a stylistic framework... the style is indeed a force that is beyond us, that keeps our hands tied, that penetrates and subjugates us... we move inside a smaller sphere when we speak about the style of a painting, and in a larger sphere when we speak about the style of an age or of an entire culture... The formation of a style, a phenomenon written down on deep structures, is owed to factors that are mostly unconscious... The phenomenon of "stylistic unity" is not a conscious invention... from the spirit... Creators usually have only a peripheral awareness of their style..."<sup>19</sup> That is for Blaga his starting point, is the pillar on which he builds his philosophical system. The style is the unconscious.

Departing from style, Blaga will arrive to categories that he will call stylistic, those being categories of the unconscious. With those abyssal categories he will build the Stylistic Matrix, which is the major cognitive structure of his philosophical system. It seems a big leap; from style to categories and to the Stylistic Matrix. In order to see in a little more detail the philosophical convulsions which tormented Blaga before he was able to take that leap, we will have to resume the theory of categories and see what *the philosophical categories* meant for the human thinking.

In his philosophical construct, I. Kant needed *a priori* knowledge, without which his entire category construct would have remained unsupported. For that reason, he has proposed the field of *synthetic* judgments, which he defines as follows: "In synthetic judgments I must have, beside the concept of subject, something else (x) which supports our understanding, in order to know that a predicate, which is something entirely different from that conception, and yet belongs to it... what is here the unknown = X, upon which the understanding rests when it believes it has found, out of the conception A a foreign predicate B, which it nevertheless

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<sup>19</sup> Lucian Blaga, *The Trilogy of Culture*, The Art and Literature Royal Foundations Publishing House, Bucharest, 1944, p. 7-8.

considers to be connected with it? It cannot be experience, because the principle adduced annexes the two representations, cause and effect, to the representation existence, not only with universality, which experience cannot give, but also with the expression of necessity, therefore completely a priori and from pure conceptions. Upon such synthetic, that is augmentative propositions, depends the whole aim of our speculative knowledge a priori; for although analytical judgments are indeed highly important and necessary, they are so, only to arrive at that clearness of conceptions which is requisite for a sure and extended synthesis, and this alone is a real acquisition.”<sup>20</sup> He announces that all mathematical judgments are synthetic and gives the example, already famous, of the judgment  $7+5=12$  as a synthetic, a priori judgment. That is how his entire philosophy was possible, as well as his entire theory of knowledge.

I suggest that we penetrate deeper into Kant’s thinking, which is not expressed in his books.

Kant understood, from the experience of the thinkers before him, starting with Pythagoras, Parmenides, Plato, and especially with Aristotle, the entire constellation of great old Greek thinkers, that the proposed universals, the categories, enjoyed the participation of two great concepts: *Space* and *Time*. In order to have knowledge, we need the concepts of space and time that are, for Kant, *pure forms of sensible intuition*, of immediate, direct intuition. Those pure concepts of space and time make possible other a priori concepts – categories of our understanding. The great fight of knowledge continues to this very day. It is true – Kant took the most important step. Plato needed a supersensible world of realities that aren’t accessible to us, only the shadow of those realities remaining to us, which meant the possibility of knowledge, the possibility of the approximate knowledge of what is real and intelligible. The Bishop of Berkeley, whose thinking was not unknown to Kant, had proposed *esse est percipi*. Only what we perceive can exist, what we perceive are our ideas, we have in mind realities as ideas and this is why we can see them, touch them, know that they exist. Who guarantees to us that knowledge of ideas that we have in our brain? God! God contains the entire world in His mind and He gives us some of those ideas. It is again a world which transcends us, close to that of Plato, the only major difference being that in Plato we have a real, transcendent world, of which we can know only shadows, while in Berkeley it is only an ideal world, a world of ideas. Kant had the strength to refuse a transcendent world which makes our world possible, makes our knowledge possible, refusing a possible world of ideas; he (Kant) puts himself in the place of the human being who is not interested in what they cannot know, more precisely saying that the world which cannot be known is that of *things themselves*. That world is for us people an *a priori* concept, it is something that we have, we know that we have something like that; however, we are not interested in anything more about it. That world which is beyond us in a certain way, the world of things themselves, a world that is not transcendent, exists in our world; however, it is impossible to know it as it really is for us. Here he stopped and searched for a possible connection between those two worlds which cannot communicate among themselves, and introduces an artifice which seems foreign to his entire philosophy, however, it is all that supports it; he introduces, as I have said, the concepts of *Space* and *Time*, *pure forms of sensible intuition*. Coup de theatre! Sensible intuition finds its place in *pure reason*. Space and time are intuitions, indeed, *pure*, of the intuition that comes to us from the sensible world. We have those intuitions that are also *a priori*. In their turn, those pure concepts of sensible intuition make possible, also through synthetic judgments, so still a priori, the categories which help us understand the things, objects, that

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<sup>20</sup> Immanuel Kant, *The Critique of Pure Reason*, trans. J. M. D. Meiklejohn, the Pennsylvania State University, Electronic Classics Series, 2010; Introduction IV, *Of the Difference Between Analytical and Synthetic Judgments*.

help us understand everything, help us realize the true knowledge. Categories derive, as we have seen, from the acceptance of the pure concepts of our sensibility, of space and time, concepts we are born with. Kant doesn't tell us that, however, otherwise how could a small baby have the desire to grab something that it sees, even if it cannot yet appreciate the distance correctly. Little by little, we shape the concepts of space and time, we consolidate them, and thus we become able to use them for the rest of our life.

It is interesting to see that Kantian apriorism is some kind of censorship. The knowledge of things themselves is forbidden to us, we cannot have it. We can only know with the help of the concepts of sensible intuition, together with the categories of the understanding. That could be rephrased as follows: we attain knowledge only with the help of space, time, and categories; however, they also forbid us the knowledge of the real world of things themselves.

Let us rest a little and see what our knowledge is, in the year 2006, about animals. Do they also have those pure concepts of sensible intuition, the concepts of space and time? I will give only two examples, although the entire animal world, even insects, need those categories of space and time. Polar bears as well as brown bears have a vast territory where they search for food. A territory of approximately 160 square km per family. Even if they are on an ice floe, or if they roam the mountains and the valleys, they will always come back to their den. Bears have a perfect space and time orientation. Migratory birds and passenger pigeons also have the same amazing, for us, possibility of orientation in space and time. If animals have those "concepts" of space and time, of course we have them too.

With those categories of space and time we will built and shape, as we have already seen, all the other categories through which we get to know the world, the apriorism of space and time is enough to give us the entire knowledge. Those categories allow us phenomena, i.e. images, the knowledge of what we call reality, however, not of the thing itself. The true knowledge of reality is forbidden to us because we only know what the category bundle allows us to; we can understand the world through the category filter. Kant even calls them the *categories of the understanding* (Vershtand), because only through them we understand the world, and not through the categories of the reason (Vernuft), which would mean that we also have to think it.

Following that path, we have arrived again at Lucian Blaga. He does not declare anywhere that his philosophy is deeply rooted in the thinking of Immanuel Kant. He accepts Kantian categories and even diversifies them, enriches them with the category double of the unconscious. How does he get to the world of the unconscious? Very easily. He studied in Wien, when Freud was famous. He was seduced by Freudianism<sup>21</sup> until he realized that this psychoanalytical concept is a cul-de-sac for philosophy. This was the moment when he began to be concerned with the theory of style, which would open him another perspective on the unconscious, baptizing the science he laid the foundations for *Abysal Noology*. For Blaga, the unconscious doesn't only have a dark field, a shadow, as the psychoanalytical school says, it also has an intelligent part, has access to spirit, to the *Noos*. Maybe that is the most important moment of Blaga's thought; from here started a new construct of space and time, speaking to us of *horizons* of space and time, horizons of the unconscious realm, true shaping of the pure concepts of intuition proposed by Kant.<sup>22</sup> Blaga notices that those categories,

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<sup>21</sup> See his first plays.

<sup>22</sup> If we pay attention to the Kantian wording: *pure forms of the sensible intuition*, we could say that he prefigured what no one knew of yet, a spiritual world of the unconscious. What else is there when he speaks of

which can be more or less (he actually accepted an unlimited number of categories, as we can accept the universals), don't have unified features for the entire world. They can differ from a person to another. The categories of consciousness, not to speak of conscience which, as we have seen, also includes the unconscious, the categories of conscious understanding, are a little too fixed in Kant and seem to be the same for everyone. Then what happens? Can they be fixed, immutable, or can they acquire modulations? He will propose to diversify the categories, which he insists on calling *stylistic, abyssal*, but which could be very well unified with those of the understanding, because together they create what we call *the understanding* of the world around us.

Style has revealed Blaga that the unconscious, together with conscious activity, the conscience in its entirety, is an important presence which can have its own value in the human knowledge. He thought that this realm which participates to knowledge is also allowed to participate in the category function, even to have its own categories. Baptizing Abyssal Noology his construct in the field of the unconscious, from *Noos*, spirit, he opened the path for another kind of thinking. The unconscious participates too in the human personality, the categories of consciousness together with categories of the unconscious will create, will shape the understanding of the world, the knowledge. Apart from the categories proposed by Kant, unity, multiplicity, totality, reality, negation, limitation, substance, accident, cause and effect, reciprocal action between active and passive, possibility – impossibility, existence – non-existence, necessity and contingency (others have also been added), Blaga proposes some stylistic categories, categories of the unconscious, categories that are no longer clearly separated, that can be associated, diversified within the same limits, which introduce variety in the world of categories.

First, he uses the concepts of space and time as categories. Actually, those two could be categories even in Kant. He introduces the two horizons, a spatial horizon and the temporal horizon. Every human being can have such a horizon, which doesn't mean anything else than the fact that we don't all have the same "idea" (let's take that word in its broadest, most trivial, sense, and not limit it to the meaning given by Plato or Berkeley) about space and time. Those possible differences depend precisely on the way in which every one of us constructs their own spatial or temporal horizon. Blaga will propose to us as possible spatial horizons: a tridimensional *infinite horizon*; an *undulated spatial horizon*; an *alveolar horizon*; or we can have other ways of feeling a spatial horizon. The proposed temporal horizons are: the *spring well time* for those who have the feeling of living in the future; the *waterfall time* for the feeling of living in the golden age of the past; and for those who prefer living in a continuous present, there is the *river time*. I don't know if the table of categories (as Blaga considers them) of time and space could also have other valences (as we have seen and it is better for me to repeat until I get tired, nothing in Lucian Blaga's philosophy forbids the broadening of the category space).

Beside those spatial and temporal horizons there can be value highlights, axiological highlights: an affirmative highlight, specific, for instance, to the Europeans, for which everything has value, especially life, unlike the negative highlight that we meet especially in the Orient, where values are rather transcendent and people have the tendency of not attaching too much value to life. Indians wait for the cycle of reincarnations to be broken, in order to have access to Nirvana.

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*intuition* and of the realm of *sensibility*? True gates of access to the world of the unconscious, which establish the connection with that world.

Blaga also proposes the understanding of a feeling that life goes forward, the feeling of the conqueror, of the person who asks everything from life, an *ascending* feeling opposed to the *descending* feeling, of retiring from life. There is also the possibility of a *neutral* feeling toward life, as most of us have.

Those last two category groups of the unconscious are organized in couples that oppose one another or are in a moderate state of indifference.

The last group of abyssal categories would be those of a formative aspiration: the aspiration to *individualize*, to live in a *typical* or *elemental* way. Individual aspiration is most often met in the North of Europe and would correspond to the imperative *be yourself!*; the typical, typifying aspiration corresponds to the ancient theater and to the philosophers of the ancient Greece, while the elemental aspiration would be closer to the monuments of the ancient Egypt, of India or to the dominant thinking from Byzantium (let's not forget that the last emperor of Byzantium preferred to die on the walls of Constantinople, instead of moving with all his fortune and subjects somewhere to the center of Greece, as the sultan had offered).

Why has Blaga constructed those category prototypes of the abyssal world? Because those categories will shape categories of consciousness and will explain both human diversity, as well as our possibility of knowing reality, or, as we have seen, will be united with those of the watchful understanding.

Human diversity is obvious, as only one category characteristic is possible for one human being or for a group of people. The other category variants can belong to other humans.

How could those categories operate? Through a category bundle that Blaga calls the *Stylistic Matrix*. Stylistic, because it begins to operate unconsciously and organizes itself unconsciously. Matrix, because that category bundle is the origin, the navel of the living world, that of animals as well as that of humans.

Let us start all over.

Pythagoras and his school propose a table of opposed category couples; Plato speaks of the *maximum genre*, which is a category, and of the world of ideas, as we have seen when quoting Russell, the world of universals; only Aristotle fixes the 10 categories that help knowledge. Kant will broaden the range of categories to 12; however, other thinkers have added other possible categories.

Aristotle had shown us that we cannot think without using those categories. Kant detects here a great weakness of his reasoning, an impossibility to have a rational basis without resorting to God, as Berkeley has done, or to Plato's world of ideas. He found the solution in apriorism and in our sensible intuition. A field which is less certain if we want to find ourselves in a pure, rational knowledge. Nevertheless, his solution is the most solid up to that point.

What does Blaga do? Instead of apriorism and sensible intuition, he will introduce the unconscious, an intelligent unconscious; we could almost say a pure and rational unconscious, to follow the ideas of Kant. Thus, he no longer needs the Kantian solution and finds his own solution proposing a category double of the unconscious, of the abyssal world that this time is a **Noology**, has access to reason and to spirit. He avoids the transcendent world proposed by Plato, as well as that of a God who ensures us the possibility to gain knowledge proposed by

Berkeley. Blaga remains in our world, just like Kant, only that he will speak of another kind of transcendent. He will introduce the transcendent encompassed by the categories, will introduce the universal of categories as a transcendent. He will actually do what biologists have done with the genes that carry the universal traits of the species and that each of us we have, although we are individuals, individualities.

That artifice of a transcendent universal will support his knowledge, and especially *the transcendent censorship*, of which he speaks the first. Kant, based on his philosophical conception, could have introduced the censorship of categories himself; however, he didn't do it.

Blaga explicitly attracts our attention – although he does not refer to Kant, because Kant had kept silent about everything, not taking interest in the origin of categories, as he didn't take any interest in explaining the **a priori** concept – that those categories which enable our knowledge, that through the help of the Stylistic Matrix which makes possible the knowledge of the world that surrounds us, they are, at the same time, the limit of our knowledge, what he called the *Transcendent censorship*. Transcendent, because what is in our unconscious exceeds us, is beyond us, and because the limit of our knowledge is given by those categories<sup>23</sup>. The transcendent censorship means precisely the existence of categories of knowledge, the use of those categories.

Blaga will name the Kantian categories, *categories of conscience* (to be read as categories of **consciousness**), because we use them at a conscious level, at the level of reason, however, he names them so also because he proposes the *abyssal categories*, of the unconscious.

Plato had already named them *Megiota gene*, like I have said before, *Universals*.

This means that all the categories, either belonging to consciousness or to the abyssal realm, contain invariables that are valid for the entire humanity, as Jung said – the *Archetypes* – preserving the memory of human kind. Even if it seems hard to accept, that is what categories are: universals (as Bertrand Russell attracts our attention). This means that those universals, as I have said, contain something that is beyond individuals, contain something transcendent.

Blaga will also give other values to categories; for him, there is more than the categories of humanity, there are also categories for populations, for nations, for groups, even for families. This is a transcendent with various steps, but still a transcendent. Those are something else than the Archetypes, however, they belong to the same family.

Because the Space and Time are introduced by Kant rather unorthodoxly, from the point of view of pure reason, and because he uses them to construct almost all the other categories, Blaga will start from that point, naming the Space and Time categories, however, *horizon categories*, categories that can describe various horizons possible in different human beings. From here he constructs the atmosphere categories (axiological categories), the orientation

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<sup>23</sup> There is here another discussion which can pose many difficulties. The categories of knowledge proposed starting with Plato, and finalized by Aristotle and Kant, are they of the consciousness? Just like the categories proposed by Blaga as a double of the categories of consciousness, the abyssal categories and Kant's categories are, in fact, used in an equally unconscious manner. Maybe the category bundle proposed by Blaga is just a shaping of the categories proposed by Kant, all categories belonging to the Stylistic Matrix, so being at an unconscious level of usage. We use the categories without thinking of them, without choosing them consciously. Their choice and their use are perfectly unconscious activities, regardless of the type of categories.

and formative categories, all addressing our sensibility, which he places in the region of the unconscious.

Now, if I hope that I have understood what Abyssal Noology means, what the categories of the unconscious double are (or possibly of all categories taken as a whole), what a Stylistic Matrix means and how it operates, what Transcendent Censorship means and how is it connected to knowledge, let us see what the connection could be between Abyssal Noology and the Language of the Unconscious, between style as a hallmark of the unconscious and the Language of the Unconscious, between the latter and the destiny of humans.

The answer lies in the last sentence; the style is connected to the unconscious, but also to artistic creation.

If the unconscious is the carrier, the sender and the receiver of a communication through art between two or more unconscious, between two or more humans, of which at least one is an art creator, then the style of a work of art, which is determined both by the creator's and the perceiver's stylistic matrix, the style is a component of the work of art. This is why we like a certain painting and not another, this is why I like the music of Bach, Mozart, and other composers, this is why I like the dance, this is why I like... because I have a stylistic matrix that resonates with that of the creator and with that of the performers.

Because we are talking of works of art, of artistic creations, human creations, let us see what Blaga thinks about the birth of creativity, his opinion on anthropogenesis.

Animals live only to subsist, "for the immediate and for their safety"<sup>24</sup>, while humans have suffered, from Blaga's point of view, an ontological mutation when they first wondered before a phenomenon of nature that they did not understand, because they began living *for mysteries and revelations*.

I have said it before my first volume about Lucian Blaga, his philosophy has two pillars, the *Philosophy of Style, Abyssal Noology, the unconscious* and the *Mystery*. We have talked about the first part; let us say a few more words about mystery.

I am asking for your permission to quote from *The Critique of Pure Reason*, by Immanuel Kant, Introduction V, 1<sup>st</sup> edition: "Therefore, a certain mystery<sup>25</sup> is concealed here, and its explaining alone can ensure and consolidate the progress in the endless field of pure understanding knowledge: namely to discover with the generality which is its own mark the principle of possibility of synthetic judgments a priori..." Kant called mystery that attempt he made to construct synthetic judgments a priori that, in their turn, have made his critical philosophy possible. Kant used that word, *mystery*, for a construct of ideas that was hard to accomplish, which entitles us to say that mystery has been and it seems that it still is present in philosophy.

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<sup>24</sup> Lucian Blaga, *Trilogia Culturii (The Trilogy of Culture)*, The Art and Literature Royal Foundations Publishing House, 1944, p.476.

<sup>25</sup> Immanuel Kant, *Critica ratiunii pure (The Critique of Pure Reason)*, The Scientific Publishing House, Bucharest, 1969, p. 51. If it would have occurred to an ancient philosopher even just to raise that problem, it alone would have strongly opposed to all the systems of pure reason until the present and would have spared us all those attempts that have been made in vain, without really knowing what it was all about.

Blaga is far from believing that humans are capable of revealing all the mysteries, or at least the most important ones. On the contrary, he thought that the surrounding world, which is full of mysteries, even for the sciences, is a normal coordinate of life.

Confronted with mysteries, humans have awoken from their animal sleep and today, as well as tomorrow, they will still have to make peace with the thought of living surrounded by mysteries. That situation is not critical, it is quite normal, and we shouldn't wonder about it anymore. What is important for humans is to keep on raising the veil from all those mysteries that can be revealed with the help of science and art. We should know that we are living in a world full of mysteries, however, our destiny is to reveal as many of them as possible; moreover, we also have a creative destiny.

Blaga tells us that the purpose of humans on Earth is that of being creators. Here we may be confronted with a trap that has always been laid on humans. "The creative destiny, in all its greatness and complexity of its aspects, only manifests *authentically* when it is based on the subterranean impulses of a *stylistic matrix*", because "the most severe uprooting is that which tears you up from the horizon of the mystery and throws you into the horizon of the immediate"<sup>26</sup>, in the horizon of satisfying immediate needs.

That would mean a downfall, intolerable for humans, to the animal horizon, where we would feel like strangers, as we would also be, and for that reason we would suffer. Anytime, in any situation, no matter how desperate, the only salvation of humans is to live constantly in a horizon of mystery that places demands on them, asks them to fight, forces them to be creative.

There is something more to say. Maybe you were surprised when I have said that art, as well as science, has revelatory virtues. "The mystery can be revealed only through metaphors; i.e. through indirect elements... creation is the attempt to reveal a mystery"<sup>27</sup>. Metaphors are available both to artists and to scientists. When a mathematician uses a calculation artifice in order to achieve a demonstration, he does something similar, even if not identical, to what a poet does with the help of a metaphor. This is why I don't think there can be an essential difference between the manner of creating of a scientist and that of an artist. The difference resides only in the material they work with.

### **Instead of Ending**

Humans are creative animals; that is their destiny, which they can no longer change. What they could change is the way of entering, this time well aware of it, however, accompanied only by their stylistic matrix, the second stage of their ontological mutation. What does this mean?

If humans knew, found out that they have a stylistic matrix, an abyssal navel, a connection between any individual and the others, maybe they would feel less alone and they would understand their determination that they can no longer escape. Nowadays, humans have the absurd belief that they are completely free to do what they want, they do not know how determined they are through their stylistic matrix; they are not aware that they cannot understand more of the surrounding world than they are allowed by their own categories of

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<sup>26</sup> Lucian Blaga, *The Trilogy of Culture*, p. 497.

<sup>27</sup> Lucian Blaga, *Op. cit.*, p. 499.

understanding together with their stylistic categories, their stylistic matrix. Therefore, their only joy is to be creative and their salvation is to fight for being creative, to fight according to their possibilities, according to their stylistic matrix.

It would be good for them to understand that their only food that would preserve them as humans, of course, after their minimal biological needs are fulfilled, is the spiritual, creative food. The person who makes a chair is equally creative as the one who composes a symphony. Humans should understand that they need to communicate with the other humans and not only through speech, but through art, through communication between stylistic matrices, by what we have called *the language of the unconscious*.

The second ontological mutation would be precisely the one of which we have been speaking, namely *understanding their limitations*, enjoying their limitations so that they can truly be free. The only possible freedom is the creative activity. Be creative and you will be free!, that should be the slogan of our time.