

About Florentin Smarandache, again...

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We have written about him on other occasions too: when the Paradoxist Manifesto or the recollections of the prodigious writer in the volume Fled were published. The founder of the International Paradoxist Movement is full of surprises, of course. We realize that as soon as we discover the mathematician prose writer, poet, playwright, essayist etc. (because however being of a relatively young writing age, he has tackled all literary genres and non-genres defining (see for instance "Abracadabra", Salinas, California, USA, 2nd year, II, June 1994, and "Bulletin of Pure and Applied Sciences", Bombay, India, 1995) *Smarandache Paradoxes Class*, as follows:

Be "@" and "non-@" its negation, Then:

1st Paradox:

ALL IS "@", -non and "NON-@" TOO.

Examples:

E11: All is possible, the impossible too.

E12: All are present, the absent ones too.

E13: All is finite, the infinite too.

2nd PARADOX:

ALL IS "NON@", "@" TOO.

Examples:

E21: All is impossible, the possible too.

E22: All are absent, the present ones too.

E23: All is infinite, the finite too.

3rd PARADOX:

NOTHING IS "@", "@" TOO.

Examples:

E31: Nothing is perfect, the perfect too.

E32: Nothing is absolute, the absolute too.

E33: Nothing is finite, the finite too.

Notice that the three classes of paradoxes are equivalent.

More roughly:

PARADOX:

ALL (verb) "@", "NON-@" TOO.

Of course, in replacing (verb) and the attribute "@" some strange, but very beautiful too, paradoxes result. There is, for instance, the following pun, which reminds one of Einstein:
All is relative, even the theory of relativity!

Or:

a) The shortest way between two points is the wrong way!

b) The inexplicable is, however, explicable through this word: "Inexplicable"!

More general and more briefly, in the English language:

All is the non-a too; where 'a' is any attribute. And, finally: *All is possible, the impossible too!*

But we have to agree that in conceiving this system of paradoxes, Florentin Smarandache has shifted our century-old Balkanism to the south-west of the USA, maybe without realizing that: all is possible, impossible too; all is impossible, possible too; all is negotiable, all is deal; all is contestable, nothing is incontestable; all is compatible, nothing is incompatible. Here, in Romania - especially now, you can steal (aggravated theft), you can kill (as a medicine woman in Ploiesti has killed and cut into pieces, her lover's wife, and even she recognized that) and you can "discuss" withthe court; you can steal with the "mutual aid games", the famous Stoica (to steal thousands of billions, of milliards) and the "discussions"... remain possible ...if you are or you're not guilty. (I have a friend whose wife gave birth to a child...black; and there was an advocate who said "we should see more", certain "proofs", "examinations", "researches" are needed, who knows, a black man might have been among her forefathers, or maybe an explorer to Africa etc.). In these circumstances can we condemn for "genocide" (what word would this be?) that Ceausist potentate to 25 years of prison and, with "we should discuss more", "we should see more", "this way and that" etc., let's release him. Only that, the shot one, we can't "rehabilitate", because we again have that word: "The dead don't come back from the grave!".

I think that Florentin Smarandache doesn't realize very well how like are his paradoxes to those related in his Defect Writings, a *mixtum compositum* (as people say in Latin), *une macedoine* (as people say in French, but very closely to our Balkan Macedonia), a *hodgepodge* (as people say in Romanian, very Balkan are these words too).

Let's make clear this question: Why does Smarandache write literature? Well, simply because he despises literature, as a self-respecting neo-vanguard. From the very first sequence in the volume, *Introduction in the Kingdom of Error*, he introduces himself as "a possessed, an obsessed of the anti-literature as ... literature". So, mind it, even the anti-literature as ... literature is rejected by our nervous Paradoxist, having arrived, as it can be seen, in the biggest APORY which can be imagined, an absolutely Balkan one, carried in far Arizona, a permanent burden, an unrepeatable- repeatable national burden planted in a paradoxical and *paradoxist* individual, at least apparently. As such, Florentin Smarandache, the secluded one among the American runners, in the sense of the struggle *for life*, for money, for *well-being* (what would be this well-being for?), Florentin Smarandache, the chief of the Paradoxist Movement, thought for a moment very "in fashion", appeared to us as being very out of fashion, out of abuse, ..., Balkan, furious, because all around him are not interested in poetry, that they want only "money; and think of money and women". As if we, the crowd of Romanians from here and from now, would be better, as if he, Smarandache himself, would be better! (As he had decreed that he did literature, poetry, only because... he despised with great bravery, literature, as he himself says).

That's a decided thing; the man Smarandache is a ball of contradictions. That is what motivated him to send to us, from Arizona, these *Defective writings*, an experiment in self-explaining, of confession en queu de poisson: in fact he loves until losing himself, literature, a literature it seems to him to have betrayed him, as if he'd fallen madly in love with a woman, who, it seems (or it could be even true) to him, betrayed him. It is here, it seems to me, a possibility to catch sight of the paradoxical *love-hate* relationship: ALL LOVE IS HATE AT THE SAME TIME, IN EXTREMIS! Or, in Smarandacheian terms: all is hate, love too: and reciprocally: all is love, hate too.

Even if we like it or not, Florentin Smarandache's literature draws our attention (it has to do that), among so many more or less traditionalist, postmodernist, neo-traditionalist etc. books. For him, a product of a contradictory world, the nonsense has a sense, the "fallacy" seems natural to him, he bathes even in its waters, not only once the "phantasmagoria seems "touchable" to him. As well as the first avant-guard (Paradoxism's founder, as I said before, is a neo-avant-guard), as

Eugen Ionescu, for instance, subscribes himself against the academic literature. In fact, he is the Oltenian, disgusted with all, disgusted with the Ceausist communism which didn't allowed him to go to a congress of mathematicians, in the long desired, at that time, Occident- reason for what he has run in America, thinking that he could remove the Romanian dust from his sandals of a vagabond; disgusted with the neo or crypto-communism, disgusted, finally, even with his opportunist friends, even with the family that doesn't understand him. Here is one of the faces of a hero of our time! Ever since he lived in the country- obsessed with the article "non"- he invented the term *non-existentialism* (because he wanted to!) defining the notion as follows: "the way of not being of the inhabitants in the Kingdom of Error, of not existing, of not living - even they live apparently". From here the systematic mockery (which became almost a tic at the turncoat) of Ceausescu's country, called in a parabolic and pseudo-utopic style, *Pallilula* (the campaign will be resumed intensively in the drama from *Metahistory*), which made of Smarandache a ... "loser". "I AM A LOSER; I AM A DUD", exclaims with sorrow the involved one. It could be possible, being a loser Oltenian, reasoning in a paradoxist-Balkan style, as we know him, that not even America satisfies him, and he came to the same conclusion even there. Because, where's the Kingdom of Heaven?- if we would ask ourselves the capital question, in the well known biblical style- the answer couldn't be other than a fatal one, the Dostoevsky "In ourselves!". "I have died after that once again - ceaselessly kills me (Arabian and very Oltenian, and at the same time, a syntactic turn) - Destiny. Defeated in all plans, demolished from every place. They got me out of life, of space, of time...ONLY EXILE WAS LEFT TO ME " (The free world. I, no. 20, Feb. 18, 1989, New York). What "Exile"? Where? Obviously an interior exile.

As in such a sketch of Caragiale or Cehov, as in *The dog and the doggie*, Alexandrescu's fable, the persecuted one, the little one, the not taken into account one, the left at the mercy of the bureaucracy from all ministers and from all inspectorates one (that's what made him, out of despair, to run). Smarandache becomes a ... Samurache shortened by the all-powerful Ceausist Samsons. Have they disappeared now? Crossing the Atlantic became Samurache, among Americans, Smarandache? It's questionable! We are afraid that he came to a kind of "The back of beyond" there too. Otherwise *Smarandache Paradoxes System* wouldn't have worked so rigorously. Because, atop of the paradox, the world in the system is more true than the real one! Once again: the truth begins where the Paradox appears. That's why we won't wonder at finding Smarandache on an eternal ...queue: ...queue for entry to art, queue for meat, queue for bread.

Paradoxically now, in Romania there's no queue for bread and for meat. The bread and the meat are as in America! - and all other broad consumer goods and especially those narrow consumer goods, among which art too - became so expensive that we don't even dare to stand in a queue. We stay at home; perfectly conscious of where we stand (and we are, in fact) in an infinite queue, without any hope. And all these because "The two Chiefs of State, Comrade Nicolae Ceausescu, the master of Modern Romania, First Secretary of the Central Committee, Prominent Personality of the Planet, General Secretary of the Communist Party, The Fearless Leader of the District Prahova, President of the Cooperative Farm of Poplaca, High Man of State in Europe, Communist of genius, Miner of the Country, the Second Skier in Europe who enjoys a Vast Reputation and Gratitude in our Galaxy, Cultural attaché in Madrid, Vice-Prime Minister to the International Tourism Minister, Ambassador to the Paris Commune, Front Shoemaker in the Guild, and His Majesty, Mobutu Se Se Cu Cucu Bengu Vaza Banga, the dictator of Zaire shook hands brotherly and embraced cordially".

I gave this rather long quotation to see clearly the generous paths opened - in the field of grotesque caricature of the oral automatism and the parody of the dead language in the

totalitarian's epoch- by Florentin Smarandache forcing the doors of the style with the saw (not with some sophisticated keys), the paradoxism, invented by himself with generosity but with saintly fury too. *Because, si vis me flero, dolendum ipse tibi!* Otherwise it isn't possible. Literature (of any kind, be it even ... *anti-literature* or *aliterature* or *non-literature*) has to gush from life, from the revolted, furious spirit, gratuitously, of course. As in a curse! If we want, exactly as in the following verse (a little childish, but true):

When my mother gave me birth
(December, 10, 1954) with shyness
My little bottle
Tied a bottle to my neck
My little bottle...
Of ink

That is Florentin Smarandache's curse: to write, to write all his life; even if he would remain a Samurache in the (American or Romanian) real reality, he is going to be a Samson in spirit!

And then we could have a talk again.

And in order to not be forgotten that I said these great words,

I sign,

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