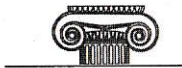


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Ella Leynard

**SEDUCĂTOARE,
LITERELE**

Critică



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descins, redându-ne pe noi beatitudinii noastre cotidiene, pentru că „timpul nu aude, nu vede/ timpul nu se sperie de nimic.” (*Timpul nu se sperie de nimic*)

Ochiul poetei, căzând asupra realității sporește, devenind o lupă purtătoare a unei capacități de a privi în profunzimea pe care, înaintând, îi dă deoparte acesteia, rând pe rând, fiecare strat ascunzând un alt nivel al cunoașterii, apropiindu-și astfel realitatea, o ia în stăpânire, anihilându-i încercările otrăvite de a lua în stăpânire slaba minte omească.

Cartea *Planeta stă acasă*, (Editura Neuma, 2022), este o provocare, de multe ori nu confortabilă, care dorește să fie închisă doar după citirea ultimei pagini, te apropie de cuvintele poetei care poartă în rostirea sa curajul unui chirurg. În acest volum de poezie, cuvintele sunt bisturiul care, lăsând în urmă întregul proces al durerii, aduce salvarea.

Moartea este pusă pe fugă, înspăimântată să își audă numele rostit, ea fiind „de fapt, o moarte frumoasă/ se teme să nu se îmbolnăvească.”

Stop-cadru în Teatrul *Masca vieții*, *Moș Crăciun* ne-a adus *Biletul de viață*, *Anul Nou - Altă lume* în care *Vrem fără protecție în fața iubiri și mereu Vremuri bune pentru poezie*, acum - Ridicați cortina! -

Love as Destiny

“You made me who I am: the seagull, the flyer.

You gave me a reason for tomorrow.”

“If I am your reason, you are my tomorrow!”

The wind and the seagull by Lidia Vianu

Eikon Publishing House, 2023

I started reading the book in the late evening of the 19th of February. I thought it was a good thing to put the book aside for a while. I finished reading it the next day.

The English language brought me joy and peace, the same feeling that embraces my brain whenever I take a deep plunge into its smell of blue. I have realized now, reading the poem that for me the colour of English has always been blue. This is how I read it. I believe all words have colours, the colour imprints on them its energy, and this is one of the wonders of language. All names have colours...

As I slipped deeper into the story, I started thinking that great love stories are never enough. There will always be enough room for them. And I feel the world remains uninhabited, as the evil seems to be hypnotizing more and more of the

human space, man's flesh, his brain and heart in one bite of its shapeless, bottomless eyes, of late, driving him on the blind alleys of the material, so in the darkness of the mind it could push him into the severe confusion between the carnal desires and the spiritual.

And as I am reading, I am flying along with the seagull over the sea, in Lidia Vianu's sea-blue eyes and I see her strong vulnerability, from afar this time, seated at my desk, eyes glued to the text as I am reading: III. "Thank God for the next to nothing he gave us in this life." I don't know exactly what I feel. I feel I am sighing although I don't hear my sigh. It must be my brain sighing.

There are sentences, passages I read many times, although I am pushed by the need to read on.

III.10. "Looking for you is the gift of this life. The child, the young boy, the thirty-six-year-old, the eighty year old. All in one. All inside me. I can see it all without seeing." And I know that if it is not like this that we love a man, and we do not find him in this search, love it is not. Lidia Vianu found the perfect words to embody the feeling. It is perfect. Only so very rare, close to almost never can such a moment occur in the life of a poet: the feeling and the thought in one, to find the best-sized words to fit it. This is the sacred moment when the Poet has received God's blessings for her struggle with words.

I must admit that this sentence made me feel happy. I had an instant of the feeling of happiness glowing in my brain. I was happy for the poet to have found these perfect words, I was happy for the poem having this treasure in it, I was happy for me, reading them, I am happy for all the readers of this poem. Manyfold forms of genuine happiness, indeed.

I read on, thinking of the universal language of love put into the splendour of the English language. Flowing naturally, floating in the breeze, like the seagull's soar over the blue sea, carried by a lover's soul, two souls that have become one. They are one in their hearts, in their thoughts, in their love for English, in their love for The Book.

"At the end of being, a me was waiting, slowly filling with the Light of you.

When the Flame burns this night, there will be no you, and there will be no me – just this book and the Light."

They are together in their adventure of the mind, brought together in one destiny, by each of their destinies. This is the story of Love. Love is complete, wholesome, carrying in it its singular beauty. Each great, real love is defined by its gestures that make it be, they are the foundation of the forever and ever edifice.

In the poem, the gesture of love are the thoughts of and with love, the continuous missing-presence, at the same time, since the beloved is always, forever present, besides, near, here. Love brings two people inside one being and the destiny of this being is to be Love and the two of them, inside this being called love. Love has its own time, as in its very way it does not belong to time, it is out of time, love makes its own time as it is creating its own life, its existence, its way of being. When time interferes, ruthless, indifferent, and maybe only envious, a thing we may not notice, love lives on. It is endless, sacred, balletic, adamant, passionate.

I read on: "Your hand in mine, my fate in yours." The light touch means so much, it is the very metaphor of the indestructible union of the two souls, it is the welcome, it is the caress that defines love.

I read on: "Would they both recognize that forever moment when, separated by nothing, they would never have to look for each other again?"

And I start crying. I had been fighting the tears for 97 pages, but I manage to read: "And what I have is you."

And an image appears, the first tears I fought, while reading a book, I was in the seventh grade. I am sitting on the side of the bed, it's the spring holiday, everyone is in the garden, the day is

golden, the sun is friendly, they call me but I can't hear them. I see Heathcliff before my eyes and I feel his love and his pain and I feel I could hold him like a child, and comfort him, I wished I had been able to do it, but all I could do was cry these blinding tears running and running bringing to my heart so much pain, so much pain. And I couldn't fight it and I could help neither of them. I could only feel their pain.

I have always believed love, although it is a feeling, let's say quite inevitably, or it could be said naturally, brings the urge towards 'the doing'. You do for the other because you feel love for him. A stative verb triggers concrete, dynamic words, in fact, meanings into the two people's lives. You want to do for the other, nothing is difficult, nothing is ever too hard, nothing is enough. Because the material will forever fail to match the height of the feeling.

"I cannot climb any more stairs: I am old."

I will climb all the stairs for you."

"I cannot go into the unknown any more: I am old."

"I will know it all for you."

"I cannot wait for the sun any more: I am old."

"I will make the sun stop for you."

"I cannot miss you any more."

"You won't have to: we are not two."

I've always sensed Lidia Vianu as a poet. I told her so when I found out she was writing.

Great poets you feel. There is a certain moving of the particles of air around them, a vibration of their being, a nameless call in the look of their eyes, a certain melody of the words they utter. Or don't. Even in their silence the language lives in a certain way, having a way of overflowing on the nearby, surrounding reality, reaching from there, to the farthest end of time, where eternity will never have lived enough for their love.

I came back and read two sentences again, and I feel that any love should utter them, at the beginning, on the way, always and forever: "Don't doubt me. Stop doubting me."

It is 1.47 a.m. and I feel sorry to close the book "The wind and the seagull" written by Lidia Vianu, but I am happy to have such a book to come back to.

The poem is haunting me, the blue of the sky, the blue of the sea, the blue eyes of the seagull... I have read the Story of Love come back on earth from other spheres. I hear the splashing waves, in the blue all around in this infinite of love, while my brain grasps the meaning, or this is the heart, it is most likely both of them.

This is a text that speaks about the language of love. Nothing will scare love away, nothing will be too hard for it to exist, to feel, to carry the other

inside, in you, in the thought of your brain, in your whole being until he becomes you, least of all an impenetrable wall of any dimension, consistency or even time. Until there is only us, for we can't tell you and I apart.

Love is as stern as the mountains, as countless as the sea, as deep as the human heart, this is why it fits it like no other feeling.

I cannot decide upon the one most beautiful fragment of language, it is entirely beautiful, as the language manages to capture the mystery-deep meanings of the feeling. It is devastatingly elegant, seducing the brain while touching the heart.

Lidia Vianu wrote the impossible text. Almost every line is a declaration of love for the man in her heart. I felt I needed to read on, as much as I wanted to stay a little longer on a verse, a sentence, a word, a sigh between the two hearts. I had the impulse to start writing down the whole of it, as a text we need to understand tugs at our hand to take the pen and start writing. I was reading so much beauty placed in the language and at the same time, with the help of it, that I had this need to write down at least fragments of it.

The grand character of the poem remains the thought thinking about the man living in her heart, the thought always, forever bringing him near, as it has kept them locked since they first met.