

✦ **MAGIC**

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What are we confronting with in the fictional space?! That's a troubling question that any magician with self-esteem should ask you. I've always wondered this. Is the magician a hero? Is he a hero of the imagination or of the reality? While running along this fragile border, I can't help noticing that neighborhoods announce the limit. The fiction game and the game of reality create an unsuspected whirl. Virtual spaces in which the one who lacks experience may easily get lost. As long as the appearance of solidity of the substance is given by the stunning speed of the particle, then things lose their consistency and importance of things, in a reference system. Magic may or may not exist. Perhaps this is not the most important aspect that I have to take into consideration. It's not the quantity but the quality, I state, making for a way I've crossed so many times, but it's the unbinding, the magnificence and misery of a text in the century ending. How do I build my hero in a world that demolishes the pedestals with such an amazing speed? Sure, everyone could build a hero. Daily food. Each of us is connected to a model of exemplary fiction. More or less. But accepting the fragile border between the reality and imagination, who's the hero? Whom shall I be like? Whom shall I follow? Whom shall I imitate? Whom shall I merge with? We are dangerously living in a world of images. These images swallow us, they clone us. They might be waving mirrors. Bent for fictional acts, human being seems to lose its sense in a world, apparently suffocated by heroes. Reporting yourself becomes the first step to manipulation. That's how you become vulnerable. Called to build images, magicians show themselves ungovernable. The magician eludes himself. He may just live simply, modestly, without the arrogance that spiritual wealth would offer you. The Magician doesn't work up the difference. Let's build heroes. The warrior shout of the writer, the Magician's smile. Writers build their heroes thoroughly. Some of them are more inspired; some others are waiting for the glory to come. Some of them are counting their books, others rewriting their début book, convinced that the Model Reader will seize the difference. But the Universe is Hero or Text. In this case, only the Magician may bring a small sparkle in his work. As a Hero, the universe has a secret action. But the pressure of eternity and the discontinuity of Time, in large systems, cancel the action, the way we understand an action. As a Text, once again, the Universe might be properly interpreted by a magic act. In a false way, mathematics supplies solutions to the mysterious equations. Why aren't beings immortal? If they did, then they could easily fill up the Universe. Moreover, why are beings so different?! Is this forecasting the universal interference? Today being a lion, tomorrow a jelly fish. Is there a boundary between fiction and reality or is it just interference? It's possible that the Magician, who started seeking the reality in mythical way, discovers that, in fact, all is just great exemplary fiction. In this, I would perceive the magnificence and the misery of philosophy. But if it's the time of New Philosophers or the time of a Hero, it is the acts that must answer, not the voices. Discontinuity could explain diversity. And diversity could show a certain fear. It would be a proof of the Hero's existence. The Hero does what he does out of fear and not out of courage. He is to fear the world's destruction and that's exactly why he does what he does and this act defines him as a Hero. Diversity puts in cause the magician's existence. And the magician doesn't have a choice and he may or may not accept the explosion of forms, not as a whim but as an indication of the hidden plan of the world.

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