

The Ego that Dedicated to Freedom in the Poetic World of Bui Giang

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Abstract Participating in as a sideliners, Bui Giang was strange in both his thought and poetry. For him, a poet did not express his thought and self in poetry, but poetry was itself. The denial of expression status of the language was a concept that "poetry was like aesthetics of another", where poetry or thing in poetry was what was signified. It meant that Bui Giang freed the artist from the constraints of language. Only when freedom and liberation must go above and beyond the fetters of words, a poet could be completely free in the meta-language of the poetic world. According to the assessment of many literary researchers and critics, Bui Giang's poetry brought the spirit of postmodern poetry through the confused and cynical language game to dedicate to freedom. From the theory and practice of the language game, Bui Giang gradually rejected the status of "a sideliners" to put the "periphery" into the "center", forming a human migration of a "minority" line of poetry.

Keywords: *ego, being, existential, freedom, Bui Giang*

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1. Confusion and Cynicism: The Game of Dedication

True to the spirit of Di Cao Poetry (VI), the journey to seek poetry or poetry's journey to seek the birthplace from the poet was as natural as the way he confided, right from its title: *Rốt hột phiêu bồng*. It was like indifference, like lethargy, like a game of poetry. In which, Bui Giang's poetry was like a deep and quite *ancient pond* of Basho's haiku, with the experience of "imbued with a sense of autonomy, freedom, self-determination and, ultimately, creativity" self [1]; practice meditation that burst the abyss. Be so silent that a falling object that created an agitation as light as the sound of stirring water was enough to make a dedication. The power of "silence of the abyss" had an intersection between Basho and Bui Giang. As said by Nguyen Van Trung, "any work is just a trace that had meaning of a silent voice" [2], then burst in silence was the consequence of the lonely poetry of Bui Giang. That poetic voice carried the power of speechlessness, but it was "thunder" speechlessness (according to the philosophy of silence roaring like thunder, it was the power of the roaring lion in *Thắng man giăng lượn*) [3]. Bui Giang's poetry could be seen as an unusual breakdown of pen's power, as a game in which the artistry player threw words freely and as if the soul of poetry was a burst of deeply hidden constraints. It's time to reorganize the world of language into poetic thought. Therefore, it was sometimes disorderly; sometimes orderly; sometimes both orderly and disorderly; sometimes sincere, sometimes

very cynical. Because in the poetry of that crazy poet, it was difficult to distinguish between the poetry from unconscious mind and the poetry from artistic intentions. And it's this ambiguity that created a game of words that was crazy but conscious; confused but cynic. True to Bui Giang's declaration, poetry was mysterious. It was implicative but speechless, narrative but dialogue, dialogue but monologue. It required readers to wait for reading with such a two-faced spirit.

Poetry was implicative, but sometimes it was speechless, speechless of the enlightenment of human thought forming a philosophical and aesthetic thought named Bui Giang. According to him, the language of thought only came into contact with the *true* crystal when it existed in the speechlessness and became ideographic and abstract through the speechlessness. In the vastness of the mind, unconscious mind collided with the conscious mind to form verbal world of transcendent emotion. That was the core poetic concept of Bui Giang that many of his compositions were proof of his very own philosophical and aesthetic viewpoint. To capture vibrational frequency with his poetry, readers must also start from that unconscious and subconscious realm and immerse themselves in that world for monologue and dialogue. But it's not easy for all recipients because his poetry had an "interpretable but uninterpretable" poetic structure. The way to read the text of Bui Giang's poetry touched the reader's expectations, on the interpretation and role playing of the relationship between creative subject - composition - receiving subject on the co-creation tendency. There, from the way to read in silence, you could thoroughly understand the beckoning power of the

speechless power in the primordial realm in Bui Giang's poetry. Like the way the poet played the role of a translator, he dissected existentialist treatises around autobiographical documents called Heidegger, Bui Giang interpreted speechlessness by his own¹. In the poetic world of Bui Giang, speechlessness became the diction of poetry. It's the source and also the circuit of poetry, also the poetic expression.

The poetry of "crazy man" Bui Giang was the "emanated quintessence" from the spontaneous emotional states, no parody, no dialogue with idols. Although we somewhere saw in unconscious, subconscious and conscious mind that the poet could "walk on the footsteps" of idols. Despite maybe from the "sunset of idols"², the poet gave birth to a "miracle source" for his creative world. It was an original dream, a dedication and an offering. The automatic spiritual writing style became a typical method of "self" Bui Giang. The dreams constituted the discourse of contemplation. In the structure, readers felt the disturbance of the unconscious mind, causing his poetry not to comply with the syntactic order; the order of words and meaning was no longer confined in a logical chessboard but still had a cohesion. The creative to modern self from the original was still linked with the recipient in the author - composition - reader relationship. Cynicism was therefore philosophical cynicism, the big question marks that came from life. That was, Bui Giang's poetic thought was through language: an expression to extract dreamy and realistic thoughts in order to philosophize a naked reality. Or if it was a dream, it was also a dreamy world full of philosophy. The signified then no longer needed to be distinguished from the signifier. In other words, the words in Bui Giang's poetry were a separate realm, but if only reading with eyes or express heart, the poetic thought could not be reached. Because his poetry was both sober and intoxicated, both realistic and magical... All of which formed an ideological clash between creativity and criticism when coming in contact with his poetic text. There, literary semiotics could be itself; when abstracting and demonstrating on literary personality³, readers would perceive a multi-personality Bui Giang. Although composing poetry, for him, it was just like a game for play. That game was easier to reveal hidden, mysterious, wonderful personality parts. And the

symbolic world was sometimes only latent in the language system of things as archetypes carrying community consciousness. It's a world of dreams but it's not absolutely far from mundane. Therefore, many "uninterpretable" poetic thoughts by Bui Giang were also due to this clash relationship:

*The lungs urge the future to return to the land
And cried the sea to the sky
About the meeting of the stratigraphy of the pure land
of the night
Have you heard the stream of hair prompting you to fly?
(Night of the Old District)*

Bui Giang's poetry was an intersection between two aspects that seemed to be opposing but compatible to create a consort/ combination between language and symbolism:

*Where did the fairy go?
Let's go to the season to move, the color of incense
fades
Going back the day after tomorrow
The dark night dreams of walking for miles of ice
I was sleeping under the moon
Going back very familiar with a girl
She went to the mighty wind
Lead her around wandering the way back
The way to the old district of Son Khe
How far away is the village near?
(Dream Stories (18))*

It was no longer possible to distinguish the creative journey to form poetic ontology or establish existentialism into poetry. There even seemed to be a kind of Bui Giang Doctrine/ Bui Giang existentialism. Be crazy in thought and in lifestyle practice; thereby forming the philosophical and aesthetic tendency of a crazyman, a drunkard of the beggar who was talking and laughing in mixed sober and drunk state. The divergent was then named "crazy". Poetic structure as "post-structure" was the expression of the legend⁴. It was no longer possible to distinguish between Bui Giang who translated philosophy and infected existentialist philosophy, or the poetic man was also the man of philosophical and aesthetic thought. Modern thought in Bui Giang's poetry combined many sources of religion, culture, philosophy and methods of East-West composition. Be the embodiment of Buddhism, the core of Zen, existential consciousness, psychoanalysis, existential psychoanalysis, surrealism, post-structure... through the language system that was also virtual and illusory, which were combined into a poetic essence, poetic destiny carrying a portrait of Bui Giang. With such poetic concepts, Bui Giang experienced in the entire painful and happy journey to entrust to decipher the poetic "go chess" that he devoted to life with self-aspiration and looking towards others.

Bui Giang, Bui Giang's poetic words, Bui Giang's poetic style were absurdities. The absurd to the grotesque. Flickering between dream and reality, sublime happiness and loneliness in faraway land, full of longing and disillusionment, crazy and sober, sober and drunk. The poet thought that he was separated on the boundary line

¹ Bui Giang discussed: "The significance is peculiar, only the fact that: the truth of existence is contained in language and thought reaches that language. What language? It is a language that reproduces new tone. It is the language that establishes the prosperity of the voiceless language in the Acinteyya Fold of Non-verbalism. Speak a thousand words to lead the non-word-thing to the non-verbal-thing. And the non-verbal-thing is also the dependent-clause, additionally attached, pendent as the saying-nothing that is interminable in being-thing [4]. This can be seen as a human with literary-philosophical complex in the formation of existential philosophical and aesthetic thinking in the poetic world of Bui Giang. Where the poet causes disturbances in language and its destination is language - the non-verbal expression that represents the Non-Verbalism. If, based on this interpretation, it is possible to interpret Bui Giang's poetic concept: "interpretable but uninterpretable".

² The spirit of philosophy about idols in composition and works, also known as "how to philosophize with a hammer" with many philosophical concepts that collided and encroached on literary works. In which, phenomena like Bui Giang, if put into such collision, would give rise to explanations of how he wrote poetry, played with poetry, "provoked" with the art [5].

³ Another expression way of Le Huy Bac, "literature is as a sign of Multi-Personality" [6].

⁴ According to R. Barthes, "the representation of the legend appears in an ambiguous manner: it is both meaning and form, full in one side while empty in other side [7].

between those opposing and strange pairs of catselfries but then he was helpless because the poet himself could not escape the notion of poetry which was inherently an eternal openness that could not be disputed between the self and the super-self, between the symbol and the shadow; was a lament for a tragic love status but also full of experiences. Like how the poet did not hesitate to shed tears for the muse of his life instead of a confession of love:

*Water slot fish piggyback on the field
The fields were bewildered and cried the night of the
first day of January
Dumb from December turned upside down
Press the history page of autumn endlessly
Leave the moon and wind for life
Letting go of the waves between flower promises
Leave the lover, leave the ghost
Abandon the form of the swan in the sky
Right now, in front of me
There are two eyes crying for one child.*

(Sad eyes)

Bui Giang was very fond of the way of calling *sử lịch* (history), as an artistic intention upstream of history, creating poetic structures like "a reverse current" (the word used by Dang Tien). This consciousness was an expression of Heidegger's concept of being and time [8]. Accordingly, time was the cause of subjectivity. Heidegger's concept of subjectivity was the entrance to Bui Giang's poetic thought of the philosophy of rotation, of *nguyên xuân* (intact spring) from the rebirths of memories. On the background of being and time with such philosophical consciousness, referring to Bui Giang's poetry, it's possible to see the essence of truth as the absurdity. The absurdity of the real realm but the "myth of sisyphus" of the elysium. Heidegger's concept of time delay or Camus's feeling of absurd time in relation to man⁵ could be the embodiment of the thought of time delay in Bui Giang's sense of co-existence. Not only delaying the cyclical time but also the poet aspired to wade against the current even with the existence. As one of the most existentialist creators among existentialism creators, a poet was deeply imbued with the existential thinking of existential philosophy, Bui Giang's poetry was surely an experiential feeling of an self that was irrational but knew to control so much in dealing with time.

Bui Giang was the one who had the fate of exile, in his own life and poetry, partly because he was influenced by the cynicism of existentialism even though the core of Bui Giang's poetic soul is a spirit of revelation, enlightenedness. And the doubts arising were also ontological doubts:

*Is that music? Is it poetry?
Is it a sudden hour of wine?
Is that crazy? Is that spy?
That's from the endless endless
Sir, what is the real language?
What is like a heavenly jade*

(It is)

Still in the sensory perception of *nguyên xuân*, he self-dissolved what are upheavals, consequences to continue being at the current world in the object/other, also shadow of the sad self:

*Hello between hands
There are five small fingers that expose the
baby's fingers
Say that the fingers are slim
Say hello to each other, we will still remember each
other
Hello between lips
There are red tears crying life oranges
Say that silver fate please
Happy hour, please make weeds*

(Hello Spring)

Breaking down false views, right in the words of love was how the self "confided" in painful state:

*Crazy people with double language
As bad as a dream, as bad as a dream
Dear crippled language girl
How can I say the profession of a madman?*

(Crazy man)

Infecting the existential spirit of Heidegger, Bui Giang always had illusions about the female divinity symbol in his dreams:

*Roaming the four lands and three heavens
Traveling alone for a long time alone
Missing a floating
Save a bone soft tired
Go back to eleven urgently
Ten loves my ~~Moi~~ you ~~All~~ one loves Mother God
God is too far away
And ~~you~~ my ~~Moi~~ will forever disappear*

(My *Moi* ☺)

The primordial realm was the place to nurture the poetic soul who could not find the world as the last abode. Someone had to come to the world of Nguyen Xuan where the self-built dreams even though the world was a house distilling fairy pleasures. Bui Giang was a crazy poetic fate like the poet's own confession. Crazy is a state of doubting Bui Giang's own fate, an anger from deeply hidden constraints. It was like the abyss of silence that was truly the cry of a roaring lion, bold and profound; quiet but shocking the whole world. That's when the inner world of crazyness in Bui Giang's poetic identity projected towards absolute freedom, dedication to freedom. Even within a certain limit, as said by Erich Fromm, human was "escaping from freedom" [10]; But in the concept of the existentialist poet Bui Giang, human convinced that freedom was the finality, fate to raise the voice to demand dedication:

*Heaven on earth! I came here to live
Where did I find the wrong meaning?
I look up at the high and wide clouds
I looked down at the black ground*

(Dedicate)

Bui Giang's existentialist thought formed rebellions to project and adversity was a projection of an untrustworthy world. Dream turned out to be only one temporary realm; the poet was permanent in the untrustworthy world. There was an exile, a loss of self in this world where the poet did not want to send his body. It was a rebellious Bui Giang, Bui Giang's words were disputed, improvised but also very calculated in the arrangement art. He both desired to

⁵When talking about "absurd walls", Camus put forward a convincing hypothesis about the impacted relationship between subject and time: "He admitted that he was standing at a certain point on the time curve that he must go to the end. He belonged to time and when terror suffocated him, he found his worst enemy. Tomorrow, he longed for tomorrow, while he had to deny it. That revolt of the flesh was an absurdity" [9].

escape from the reality and desired to neutralize the reality. Bui Giang's poetry was an existential complex, expressed through such expressions – words of cynicism and paradox:

*I'm from a foolish age
I've been unexpectedly precarious from a young age
Meet only to ignore
"Tian chewed the town..."
Silky hair can't stand
Blurred drops of blue eyes
In the future, dreams will become crazy love*

(Crazy love)

Bui Giang was "crazy" even in view of lover, raising the lover to the world of no worries, the upper world:

*You are from heaven
About playing the world to tell how much momentum
Now it's crazy color
Faint old scent of peach blossom
See you only for one day
The night of the moon is full of eternity
A few hundred years in the future
Quote from fairy moon, summer moon, crazy song*

(A hundred years)

Even when Bui Giang talked about the soul, talked about the shadow or talked about the dream and the heart, it was also his way of satisfying his thought and making philosophical statements with poetry in his predestined relationship with To Nhu's status:

*The weather is cold, and my heart is not satisfied
Send your soul to the direction of attracting thousands of pigs
The soul is bewildered about asking questions
Have you ever sat down in space?*

(Remember Miss To Nhu)

Bui Giang's craziness was also the consequence of a rebellious and transcendent human being. Crazy but conscious when joking, using slangs upon talking, equivocating, arranging images and confusing words... It was maybe the idea of a pun that was very feeling, very unique with artistic purpose. Sometimes he was no longer a "poetry writer" but was playing a language game of postmodern writing style. In particular, the concept of post-modern human was "another" in the creation of Bui Giang's artworks, was the concept of a creative human under the "continuous modernism" in the spirit that: human created literature but in its turn, literature also created human and if language is said to be the house of being, literature was the roof, it kept in the soul house of life [11]. According to such a viewpoint of the postmodern spirit, it's easy to see that the pen of Bui Giang touched the emotional intelligence game with language in the mixed consort and cynicism of postmodern discourse. This contributed to narrow the gap with the modern spirit itself in the art world of Bui Giang. Sometimes it's the self that seemed to be joking and funny but when peeling off, it's a torn, lonely, confused mass.

*Going back with the thug wind
Open the storm down to the realm of existence
The edge of the dome of fragrant grass
Open the page dancing on the ephemeral day*

(Going back II)

Bui Giang's style of riting connects texts with postmodern poetry, with a time synchronicity thought

paradigm. The poet mixed the being and the time; the past – the present - the future jostled the positioning of living order, confirmed the position of existence. Let the self-speak with overlapping three dimensions of time - space without order, without essence to return to the world that intertwined dream, reality and upstream the present to the past to live in the confidence of a golden stone period of time:

*Before returning to the nine streams
I would like to send gold stone
The door of a hundred years of sadness
Back to the human world*

(Before)

The author's intention was not to reveal the mental world of a "crazy" poet in the ordinary realm, but all were presented in the realm of impermanence, no worries:

*You from infinity gold stone
Back to drowning in the golden leaves of heaven
What kind of afternoon is this afternoon?
It's a strange drop of gold sprinkled with pepper*

(Going and returning)

2. Freedom Projective style of Writing: Clash between "center" and "periphery"

Bui Giang's poetry, even in the gentleness, far travelling, fun, jest and joking, was still *khép tà áo lạnh mưa nguồn rung rung* (the cold shirt was closed, and the rain was tearing up). The more the poetry was penetrated, the more he thought of the being, the reason for existence, the low self-esteem of exile, the worry of exile, the low self-esteem of being abandoned; of upheaval, impermanence, of the hidden corners that have currently been still left unclosed for the phenomenon of *đố tặc giảng thanh* (using popular, simple language close to life to create laughter or ridicule a subject) of Xuan Huong or the magic of the barbarian characters ... Bui Giang could be called an apparent poetic phenomenon, stemming from the existentialist subject with desire to be free, from the affirmation of anxiety as a human essence. And from the anticipation of experiencing the power of freedom, his poetry was the expression of a diversified style of writing. He incarnated into the mundane entities in the existential realm, conversed with death as a way to testify for the desire to live and to testify for the desire to hold on to time. To give, then the self was liberated and freed.

Bui Giang "drew the self", "drew face". The poet disguised, "camouflaged in clown" in the frenzied "street" festival. With much visualization of real-life and religious masks: crying and laughing in a crazy manner. Not debase religion but converse with the cross; dissect humanity nakedly. Not gloss over or cover up but display to others each part of the spiritual life in front of the religion as a human being who inherently belonged to and must be present. This was one of the themes of existentialism, committed human. The self of role-playing, involvement. It was the constant sultry situational state of lyrical faces in Southern literature during the riot period. There, people wanted to "revive", craved for freedom and "eating themselves":

*I am from the four islands of the three crazy islands
Thrilling four fairies contest
The word is well-mannered and majestic
Thai pain is even worse
I'm from a duck to a chicken
The mist of the face is lost beyond a hundred years
I went from unintentional to human
The maid has no bones and is an inadvertent prostitute
He was crucified
The snow and ice are innocent and smiling*

(I am from)

Like many Southern self-portrait poets, “buồn nôn” (nausea), “vẽ tôi mê muội của thời hoang sơ” (drawing dull-witted self in the wild days), “gọi tên tôi cho khản cổ” (calling my name to hoarse state) ... were a sharing of existentialist ideas that permeate the lifestyle, a style of writing in which Bui Giang was a phenomenon of self-confession through a being in an ancient literary work. It was a limitation but also a strength, old but also modern. Readers understood how he adapted words or short sentences of the Tale of Kieu, how he put himself in the shadow of Nguyen Du. It's all a deliberate selection to practice meditation in creativity:

*Ask name? That the sea is blue berries
Ask where? That the original dream was so far
Away
Call it one two three,
Counting is wonderful thought, measuring is doubtful
mind*

(Tang Giving Ma Giam Sinh)

This was a disclosure of dialogue in the mind of Bui Giang's poetry. He gave birth to poetry as if he didn't need a "midwife", thereby many children were spontaneously born out of his womb. As irresistible natural births, there was the impression in many anecdotes about Bui Giang that he wrote poetry like crazy, wrote crazy poetry and became a crazy poet.

If self-questioning “who am I”⁶, that mentioned many existential issues, such as Sartre's spirit of "existentialism is a humanism", the doubts in Bui Giang's poetry formed a new crystal with full of creativity:

*I died on the rice bank
Leave by the trail
A step footprints
A tiny foot
He passed through the highlands
Look at the horizon the other day
Crazy night crying crazy
Midnight moon crazy wind flee
Ten years later down the field
Counting back the rice fields
My blood is worn out
My bones are falling apart*

(Rice bank)

It's suggestive when the poetic world of Bui Giang was a primordial gift that was high, far and deep. Interaction. Secret. A temporary room. Surrealism:

*The bumpy side causes a lot of tension
A wish between mulberry sea berries
I smile happily as a gift
I'm touched throughout my bones and hair
I cried with my dreams for many years
I greet you like a dream on a full moon night
The only day to meet the new country
The poem I wrote today is messy
Between the rain, heaven and earth interact*

(Rain today)

Even the philosophy of death was also like joy, like play:

*I salute you, I'm dying
Is dying to play for fun
For a joyful day with leaves
For the days to play with leaves and grass
Give a dream about fulfilling a dream one or two*

(If you play, you will die)

Enthralled in the space of both dreaming and the realm of a hundred years, Nguyen Du and Bui Giang had both unhappy fate and youth, both enjoyed the spring and drew shadow, both died in existentialism and died in fate. Everything was a concentric circle of poetic souls who were not lost but even harmonized and carried each other between two magical and crazy regions:

*The steps on the road are still echoing
Echoing where there is no response
One's own whisper once and for all
The wind in the sky broods among flowers
I keep asking even though I know the answer
Never satisfied in a dumb life
I keep looking at the afternoons coming back
What to bring back in the world of a hundred years...*

(Afternoon)

The non-poetry in Bui Giang's artistic thinking was the enlightenment of the game writing style. It was a superposition of craziness, risk, illusion, confusion and collapse. The existential consciousness reached projections for a roaming and free realm and the traveler in temporary accommodation could be considered to the most complex lyrical character in Bui Giang's poetic journey. The yin and yang realms jubilantly connected:

*Red pants very ink stepped out
The school of the descendant of the land, flowers,
leaves, alcohol
Is it the blazing sun?
Or is it a lamp that pours out the soul?
Is it the moon in the middle of the full moon night?
The original waste leaves lying in a daze?
Since primordial eternity?
Since the beginning of the page drawing?
Since lifting weights up the road?
The autumn maple forest has been dyed in color?*

(The fork road)

Human in many Bui Giang's works existed in many primitive bodies/forms: orangutans, small animals or old nocrazyic souls; create primordial feelings of sadness. Return to the primordial being to meet each other again and sow dreams. That was the way the poet lost himself to try to be born from the danger of destruction. This was also the anxious mind of the existential human, "anxiety is seen as the utterance of human freedom" [13]. As a proxy that there was a "presupposition" of "another" self that

⁶ Bui Giang's poetic process could be likened to a "philosophical journey" to decipher the origin of human being/humanity's essence. Give the question: "who am I? - and if so, how many?", Richard David Precht raised many questions about humanity, about the self, about human identity; in order to see that the question could become Bui Giang's "eye of poetry", or it could also be the foreword from his poetry. See also [12].

attested to the dream foreshadow of returning to the root, to the origin of humanity:

Sow in perfect fall

Great is the end of our love and humanity

The ruins of the barricades are filled with moats

The perfect orangutan was born

Sow somewhere in the middle

In the middle of the dense forest, the moon is drying on the shore

The realm of unrequited loyalty

Dark Korean wind sways people

The wind goes out to open the sun

Clouds about the end of the sky spread

(Orangutan was born to sow dreams)

Orangutan was predecessor. Small Moi recalled the silhouette of barefoot, wild women in primitive times; was the starting place of the female form realm, was the model of the origin of the female way of life. These two primordial images were the embodiment of the primordial reborn self of Bui Giang's thought. Maybe it's the resistance to reality, the denial of the being to be absorbed in living with the rebirth of memories. As a rule of Oriental creative culture, when the language ran out, the writers would flow to the spring head to be watered, immersed and sublimated again. Bui Giang revealed the category of freedom in the human condition. As the concept of Jean-Paul Sartre, every person was born with a true freedom, responsible for free choice. And according to Bui Giang's poetry, the self-dedicated to experience/possess freedom at an ideal/ absolute level. Despite having to go through much "terrible meditation", one must escape the guilt of abandonment and project freedom. This could be seen as the original creative experience of the poet of the two regions of truth and fiction. Therefore, the existence in his poetry was never the thing in itself, the person in oneself; but it was the summation of the creator's experiences: Present continuous, co-expression, push, pressure, release and to go to freedom hermeneutics. The self that was still hiding in the guise of an orangutan was a true orangutan; was the "predictor" of humanity and also the shadow/ version of the core self. Return to the realm of play, escape the harsh life; hide or lose oneself in the shadow of existence. Play for forgetting sadness, play for satisfying with craziness and drunkenness. As a wanderer, also as a street beggar with music in the far regions where a person, despite wearing masks of many fates, still wanted to experience the orangutan's fate and considered it as the starting place of the oneself in ultimate free artistic space. Because that was the outset, wild, primitive world of mankind. The image of the orangutan was perhaps an innocent existential entry that the poet experienced deeply when he was helpless with the dry world of poetic language that failed to satisfy the extroverted mind of the poetic souls who wanted to interpret; break the barriers of rules, principles... to hope to reach the spirit of endless freedom: sublimation in creative state. Primordial, misty without any entanglement:

Ever since then, where have you gone?

There is still a time when he comes back tired

In the midst of the whirlwind, of the twentieth century

In memory of you, I can only feel sad

Hiding compassion in the orangutan's core

That orangutan, the laugh about the vein

Where is the orangutan, back to the ancient continent?

The human world in the poetic world of Bui Giang was always contemplated by the poet in views of "fate" but above all, was the spirit of dedication and the angle of the existential thinking paradigm to return to the world of no worries, of transcendent freedom. Walking in the footsteps of existentialists, the existential being in Bui Giang's poetry considered freedom to be the responsibility of existential ethics. In addition, the confluence between existentialism and the "religious" world was also seen in his poetry. There, the divine realm or the ordinary being realm was the place where one could step from the naked world to the floating cosmic world; and also, in the opposite direction, affairs of this world, misery, the blackened ground also moved to step into the divine place. The chase was like a game of creator, of words in Bui Giang's poetry; like interpreting the dreamland with poetic earthly details. Dedication was a way for the poet to hold on to earthly existence, at least for the poetic fate of freedom to create:

Why is it equal to only one lobe?

Crazy universe arbitrary rampage

Do not hesitate to cover the top

Skyscrapers stir water to melt flesh and bones

(Dedicate)

The way Bui Giang performed poetry was also enlightened by Do Lai Thuy⁷. Accepting the world of Bui Giang's poetry, readers can play the role of multi-style poetry because there, there is no longer a poetic core, but a series of collisions of non-literary text codes such as the presentation style. contemporary art's argument: there is sculpture, there is painting, there is cinema, there is a stage... as a game of installation and performance of the world of multimedia poetry. Subjects who take on many roles (reader, audience, audience - co-creator) have the ability to see a performance of Bui Giang's poetry rather than a style of Bui Giang's poetry that focuses on Thanh Tam Tuyen or To Thuy's poetry. Yen, Pham Cong Thien... all saw the same cry for affirmation of the existential spirit. It's a lonely show. But wanting to dissect that poetic process, sometimes the subject receives over the threshold with the polyphony and polyphony of his poetic soul. Each person creates a word game, each pen a set game; reaching out of the window of modernism to touch postmodernism in literary creation⁸. Bui Giang can be seen as a poet who practices automatic spiritual writing. Existentialism with Kierkegaard, Camus, Nietzsche, Heidegger, Sartre... was explained and clarified by Bui Giang. The poet attests to Camus' absurd persona, a witness to a free-spirited way of thinking in the solitary encirclement of a "nausea" existential spirit; is the expression of the spirit of projecting to dialogue with the

⁷ According to Do Lai Thuy's opinion, Bui Giang's poetry "language games are gradually taking over the mainstream", because the poet "does not pay attention to creative results, but focuses on the creative process, that is, turning poetry from words to words. spatial art to temporal art, from settled art to nomadic art. All are on the road, all are on the road: "hello in the middle of the road / Spring in front of the field behind". Only in the process can one see the playfulness of art, poetry, language play. The show brings creative joy, because players can be themselves [12].

⁸ Please see more articles written about some phenomena of Southern existential poetry by Bui Bich Hanh [15,16,17,18].

secular in the form of emotional intelligence of the creator of the word show. A wise Bui Giang as a philosopher has coincided with a wise poet, sometimes it is difficult to distinguish in the multi-styled poetic soul of Bui Giang. But this is the root of the interpretations because somewhere in his poetry, readers encounter the philosophies of Nietzsche tragedy, Heidegger or "Dam Tien tragedy" which is a dialogue with Bui Giang's poetic thought when in his poetic world, readers are traumatized many times when they see a very private realm of Bui Giang questioning, questioning and even making up his mind before the human sacrifices before the desolation and desolation. Going to the crazy and adventurous realms to be me and answer the philosophical question that haunts the human condition in Southern literature: "who am I?":

*Confiding in the vastness of gold stone
On the side of the spacious wish
The horse returns to the crazy rocky mountain and
reincarnates
I'm going to the snowy mountain tomorrow
The next day I will ask who I am*

(One hour)

From the plot of Tales of Kieu, Bui Giang sympathized with/ encountered the spirit of Nguyen Du in *Giving Ma Giam Sinh*:

*Ask name? That the sea is blue berries
Ask where? That the original dream is far away
Call it one two three
Counting is wonderful thinking, measuring is doubtful*

In Bui Giang's poetic thought, even adapting the Tale of Kieu (Nguyen Du) was also a way of reading and receiving in mixture with many "open" thoughts. There was even a postmodern writing style that erased names and blurred human fate. Let people be just self, the being in the wonderful universe. Homeland was also from there, not the thing without the origin, it was also a temporary realm, although this was the absurdity when in the human mind, "one's homeland was only one". However, if on Saussure's relationship between the signifier and the signified, it was the polymorphism of language (the polysemism of sign language in interaction with the language of things) in the way of language use of Bui Giang. Language was a sign but a double-sided and even "complicated" sign, as if there was no boundary between linguistic signs. It could be seen that language was itself or it was a literary sign. The language of Bui Giang's poetry was "autonomous". It was the automatic spiritual style of writing that made his poetry sometimes non-poetic, dramatic, knotty, and "infatuated with words" and "shadow of words" as a consequence of the mental traumas that would reveal the view of Bui Giang's poetic process from a psychoanalytic perspective, not a "clean poetic process". There, the flow of words sometimes made their meaning fail to keep up with and vice versa, sometimes the words are arranged not in line with the semantics. So it's speechless? Also make sense. And that was the absurdity of poetry. When the recipient had a need to understand, then feel. The way to enjoy Bui Giang's poetry was a reference/dialogue for traditional receptive thinking, careful selection of readers in marriages with literary intertextual ideas that Bui Giang's poetic text, as said by Julia Kristeva, could be envisioned as a "mosaic of

quotes". And the way Bui Giang's poetic text absorbed other texts was complicated in the relationship of dialogue, even "conflict". There is an extra-verbal attraction in Bui Giang's poetic discourse. It was a ghostly, crazy world with full of life love and human love. Longing for freedom but obsessed with freedom because it's impossible to achieve total freedom? Helpless but full of hope. His poetic discourse was not autonomous but "multiple-valued"?, a way of writing twisted in conflicts/ collisions with many philosophical, religious, cultural thoughts and interaction with text codes right within the literature itself. If the work of art was perceived in relation to other works of art, Bui Giang's poetry is an explicit interpretation of such intertextual way of reading.

The more lost in the future, the more the poet touched loneliness. The signifier could not carry the signified struggling to find another way of expression, which was the "aesthetics of the other" in the way Bui Giang wrote. Passionate, eccentric, rebellious, crazy, parody and peculiar. All created a very Western poetic technique, although the core spirit of Bui Giang's poetry was still the soul of the Orient:

*Melody of a region
My four limbs are constantly drying grass
Heaven gives thanks to the word
Being without being is sleeping peacefully in life
The page is tilted by the wind
Painted shadow painting was wrong
Green spring rushes to the gate to run long
Leave the frost on the phoenix platform behind
Farewell to the front and back shores
Dragonfly wings are thin, bamboo is thin and thin
The source of the innocent dream school
The golden moon is already full of two shoulders
Measuring hair inside and out
Willow flowers are thin and a few inches thick*

(No shore)

The feeling of peripheral encroachment on the center formed the thought of returning to the origin - the diction in Bui Giang's poetic thought, which shook readers and nourished the feelings full of sadness, melancholy and miserable in his poetry. The density of spring appeared densely in artistic space - time. Bui Giang's poetry was a natural path. The way Bui Giang released words into poetry caused Southern poetic mates for a while to exclaim in amazement. That was perhaps an inevitable consequence of the principle of balance in the artistic world of a prolific writer. It could not be a "clean poetic process" in the sense of this world's affairs, but from the primitive point of view, it was amazingly clear and pure. Was this how the poet balanced introspection and externality? The sonority of meditation in Japanese and Oriental cultures was probably absorbed in Bui Giang's creative artistic thought in his response to natural object⁹. The self-returned to the "first" imprints, with a series of profound cravings: intact spring, spring shore, first spring, green spring, spring color, early spring, spring forest, spring wharf, spring stream and even the falling, the regret

⁹ Upon explaining the intuitive inspiration of meditation, Suzuki argued that meditation had its own methodology, "to find the underground passage in a deeper source of inspiration" [20].

in pain for being unable to catch up/ keep the spring, and the tottery self in the mental death puddle. Decisively choose the existentialism, experience death as a way of delaying time; death was a choice to be dedicated, to dedicate to the freedom. It was the practice of existentialist philosophy and aesthetics, choosing a way of existing in this world "I crave for life like the way I crave for death" (Phúc sinh - Resurrection - Thanh Tam Tuyen¹⁰):

*Love forever one day left
Breathe under the moon and stars one night left
Then the dream wings without being afraid
Hold on to the blue sky with high tiptoes
But you, in the earth I know
Then I will depart from you forever
I'm dumbfounded, fold my arm and shake my head
Oh, spring is about to fall off*

(Dedicate)

Bui Giang touched a divine place. Pull the divine into the mundane realm. It's as if the divine world was an association rather than two opposing categories. The bobbing and deep realm in his poetry was either the mundane realm or the divine realm where there was the entry of the divine space: religion/universe into the mundane world. He constantly called the world, which was also a way of communicating and opposing between two divine and mundane worlds. And it was possible to realize that Bui Giang's poetic love was magical, bobbing but also mundane, because he showed the argument of those two worlds that were contradicted but dialectic. Like how religious person must experience in and feel the

heterogeneity of religion and mundaneity¹¹. The church gate for a believer was the threshold of "the different thing" from the street where it's located. That space was both the separation and the distance between the two divine and mundane worlds; both the center and the periphery depending on the perspective of believers and non-believers. We could see the transcendent realm in the domain of Bui Giang's poetry in this way, thereby interpreting clear divine and signs.

The uncertain human fate became the core of Bui Giang's poetic style. Existential characteristics were sometimes beyond the threshold and collided with the preeminent and transcendent world. It was the collision of two divine and mundane worlds that created the jostling between the extremes of yin and yang, the mundane and divine nature in the depth of mind in the lonely and melancholy poetic process. Readers struggled with the world of images/symbols half-unconscious, half-conscious, half-dreamy, half-real, half primordial, half old youth: drifting current, flowing water, losing wave, dropping dew water, wandering water flowing far away, grass and flowers with nomadic soul, little ants with wild flowers and weeds, lost in the middle of the road, resent with the city life to immerse the soul in a strange land, sandy land making little camel's feet getting cold, greet each other in the middle of the road, I go to find vague shadow, arrive at the valleys to view wild branches" etc..

Bui Giang's poetry is a dialogue that both compensated and neutralized the color palettes that were piled up with adversity. Dialogue spoke out from the abyss of speechlessness. It was the process of Bui Giang's poetry that could infect Heidegger's existential spirit: "It's said that thought could only reach harmony, tranquil, purity and find its purity state's comeback when it was unable to say what must exist in the speechlessness" [22]. But the law of creating, breaking the center and the periphery of the cosmic perception was jostled with the sorrows, resentments, tragedies and misfortunes, which balanced the state as if letting the poet live in the existential space, be an existentialist but there is a surrealism in another side. This was also a style of writing that harmonized between the divine and the existing world, between the surreal and existential creativity of some southern poetic phenomena:

*Autumn rainy night,
old summer old street,
falling leaves site
wait for me patiently for a minute
Silent autumn
by Luc Xam garden
sitting on a stone bench,
No, I'm cold from the heart
Where is autumn?
brown eyed brother,
microfiber blonde?*

¹⁰ Bui Giang met with the concept of existential death Thanh Tam Tuyen, one of the confessions representing the Southern existentialist writing movement in the 1950s of the twentieth century. It's possible to refer to the spiritual category of death in Bui Giang even in a state of mental/conceptual death: *last farewell/ numb* is also the death certificate bearing the existential human consciousness of rebellious Southern poets who escaped from absurd life by affirmatively selecting a way to die in order to dialogue with others in a complex of receipt/projection. This was also free consciousness according to the concept of dedication of Southern writers who carry the guilt of being abandoned and struggling to impart their thought about a human concept of life realm and death realm. As discussed by the author of the article in "Thanh Tam Tuyen's poetic discourse and the power to delay time", *Journal of Social Sciences, Humanities and Education, University of Education - University of Danang*, volume 4, issue 3 (2014), the coldest confession call of the existential fate in Thanh Tam Tuyen's poetry is manifesto *I crave for life like the way I crave for death* (Phúc sinh - Resurrection). Accordingly, "in the artistic world of Thanh Tam Tuyen, the moment of waiting and calling for "death realm" was also the time when the poet conquered the death. Conquer to escape from the suggestion of sinful naked dead bodies. *I scream, I'm heart-rending*, was not only the rebellious self in me but also a absurd thing generated from the throat of a subject who was thirsty for communication; thirst for projection; thirst for certification; thirst for being a variant of another. What *I crave for life like the way I crave for death/ I'm sad to die like the way I'm sleepy...* was if not my "call" to confirm my position in the moment of tension between the illusion and the reality; life - death; non-existence - existence. Delayed time created the desire to live in a hurry, to live to the fullest in the feeling of being alive could be considered as the confrontation with tragedy/ suffering from tragedy in the poet's artistic concept of human. Even the death of time like the inevitability of time became a *trust covered in ashes: I wonder what chance brings us together/ when we are also choked by tears/ the past dies without any condolence/ today I am under a blanket/ and tomorrow become desolate as a child in a bombardment/ I wonder what chance brings us together* (Tinh cở - By chance). "Calling" but couldn't find it. "Calling" but became unbalanced in nothingness to select a color of wildflowers and a breath of freedom (Mua ngừ - Sleeping rain)" (p.16-17).

¹¹ Inspired by the viewpoint of epiphany and signs through analysis of images inside and outside the church gate of a believer to see that for the believer, the church "participated in a space different from the street where it was built. The opening gate leading to the interior of the church marked a serial solution. The threshold dividing two spaces also indicated the distance between two modes of existence, the mundane and the religious. That threshold was both the boundary that separated and opposed two worlds, and the paradox where two worlds communicated, where someone could step from the mundane world to the divine world [21].

I hope you're ripe red...

(Paris Autumn – Cung Tram Tuong)

The peaceful spiritual world allowed the poet to live in many aspects of the human world. The center could drift to the periphery, the margin to become the core. That artistic journey brought Bui Giang's poetry into a postmodern style of writing, where people were fragmented and cynical [23] and placed in dialogue with the constraints of poetic "structure", reaching out an original poetic style, from the depth of the unconscious mind to neutralize the mundaneness of the world and the self no longer fell into "escape from freedom" but dedicated to freedom. "Postmodernism is closely related to freedom"ⁱ. That was the origin and destination of Bui Giang's poetic process.

Commenting on the ego dedicated to freedom in Bui Giang's poetry, the researcher has grounds to believe that his poetry brings postmodern poetic thinking through the game of language confusion and skepticism to serve freedom. Practicing language games, Bui Giang gradually rejected the status of a "sideline", forming a human migration of a "minority" line of poetry. The ego in the art world of Bui Giang's poetry is the projected existential self. It is a consequence of a "game" style of writing. With skepticism and confusion, Bui Giang's poetry is like a game of devotional spirit and by free projection writing, the lyrical subject and object in his poetry have been placed in the clash between "the center of the world", and "peripheral"; through which, the poet has denied the status of the "marginal". In order for the journey of Bui Giang's poetry not to walk alone but make readers meditate, interpret, feel passionate and penetrate the postmodern reading style. That was the spirit of "calling" itself of haunting literary works, derived from the concept of existential poetic creative art. Bui Giang's poetry "was a calling"ⁱⁱ like that.

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ⁱ From the concept of "postmodern dialogue" of Inrasara, when the researcher said: "Only when you are free, you can decentralize. Decentralization is the core spirit of postmodernism" [24].

ⁱⁱ From the concept of Sartre's literary work. See also [25].