

PROOF OF EXISTENCE OF THE
FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE: A
REPOUNSE TO VIXRA 1712.0346v1

AUTHORSHIP:

Dr. Gergő Cosmin (Stan) Tudor, Jr.

ABSTRACT

Existence of Florentin Smarandache is proven.
Here we present Smarandachean interaction in the forms of 3 (three) letters from author to Florentin Smarandache and one (1) letter from Florentin Smarandache to author. The letters have been re-translated to English for readings conveniences and popularism. It is a proof of strong freindship and hencw the existence of he is proven; henceworth refuting

calomnious claims of vixra 1712.0346v1 .

Apology for poor English.

POETARY PRELUDE

My tea has cooled down
I wonder if I got out of bed
The morning rain rushes through my window
And I do not see at all
And even if I could be gray
But the image on the wall
He reminded me he's not that bad, it's not so bad

LETTER FROM DR. G.C (STAN) TUDOR, JR. TO FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE #1 BUCAREST, 1995

Dear Florentin, I wrote to you, but you still do not call,
I left my cell, pager, and home phone
I sent two letters in the autumn, you do not have to
Probably there is a problem at the post office or something,
Sometimes I spit out the addresses too careless when she turned them
But anyway, hell, what happened, man? How's your daughter?
My girlfriend is pregnant and I'm a father
If I'm a daughter, guess what I call it?
I'm gonna raise (Tony)
I also read about your Uncle Jaspers, I'm sorry
I had a friend to kill someone who did not want to
I know I probably hear this every day, but I'm your biggest fan

I even took the underground shit you made with Carter
I have a room full of posters and pictures, man
I like the racks you've made with Carter
Anyway, I hope you got this, man, you hit me back
Just to really talk, your biggest fan is Stan

POETARY INTRALUDE #1

My tea has cooled down
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LETTER FROM DR. G.C (STAN) TUDOR, JR. TO FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE #2 BUCAREST, 1995

Dear Florentin, you're still not called or written, I hope you have a chance
I'm not angry, I think it's fuck you're not answering fans
If you do not want to talk to me outside the concert
He did not have to
But you could sign an autograph for Dafydd
He's my younger brother, man, he's only six years old
I waited in the cold fridge
For you, for four hours, and you just said no
He's kind of crazy, man, you're like his weird idol
She wants to be like you, man, you like me more than I do
I'm not that crazy, I do not like being lied
Do you remember when we met in Coventry?
You said if I wrote you, you'd write back
See, I'm just like you in a way: I never knew my father
He used to deceive his mother and beat her
I can relate to what you say in your songs
So when I have a bad day, I'm going to put it myself
Because I do not have much else
So shit helps me when I'm depressed
I even have a tattoo with your name on your chest
Sometimes I just cut myself to see how much it bleeds

It's like adrenaline, pain is a pity for me
See, everything you say is real, and I respect you because you say that
My girlfriend is jealous, because I'm talking about you 24/7
But he does not know you know, Florentin, no one does
He does not know how it was like the people who grow up
You have to call me, man
I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose, honestly, Stan
P.S. We should be together

POETARY INTRALUDE #2

My tea has cooled down
I wonder if I got out of bed
The morning rain rushes through my window
And I do not see at all
And even if I could be gray
But the image on the wall
He reminded me he's not that bad, it's not so bad

LETTER FROM DR. G.C (STAN) TUDOR, JR. TO FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE #3 UNDISCLOSED LOCATION, 1996

Dear Sir I'm-good-to-call-or-write-my-fans
It will be the last package I ever send
Six months have passed, and yet no word - do not I deserve?
I know you got my last two letters
I wrote the addresses on them
So this is my box I'm sending, I hope you hear it
I'm in the car right now, I'm on the highway
Florentin, I drank a fifth of the vodka, dare me drive?
Do you know Ed Witten's song "In the night air"
About the guy who could save the other tip,
But no, Ed saw everything, then found a show at a show?
As it is this: you could save me from drowning
Now it's too late, now I'm a thousand down, I'm sleepy
All I wanted was a crazy letter or a call

I hope you know I broke all my photos on the wall
I love you, Florentin, we could have been together - think about it!
You upset him now, I hope you can not sleep and you dream about it
And when you dream, I hope you can not sleep
And you scream about it; I hope your consciousness eats you
And you can not breathe without me
See, Shut up, dear! I'm trying to talk
Hey, Florentin, this is my girlfriend yelling in the trunk
But I did not cut her neck, I just linked it, see, I'm not like you
Because if it sucks, it will suffer more and then die
Well, I have to go, I'm almost near the bridge
Oh, shit, I forgot, how should this shit go?

POETARY INTRALUDE #4

My tea has cooled down
I wonder if I got out of bed
The morning rain rushes through my window
And I do not see at all
And even if I could be gray
But the image on the wall
He reminded me he's not that bad, it's not so bad

LETTER FROM FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE TO DR. G.C (STAN) TUDOR, JR. NEW MEXICO, 2XXX

Dear Stan, I wanted to write earlier, but I was just busy
Did you say your girlfriend is pregnant now, how far is she?
Look, I'm very glad you're gonna tell this daughter
Here's an autograph
For your brother; I wrote it on a head
I'm sorry I did not see you at the show, you have to miss it
You do not think we did this intentionally just to disappoint you

But what shit you said about yourself would you like to cut your boxes?

Say that shit just clowns, dawg, come on, what the hell are you got?

You have some problems, Stan, I think you need some advice,

To help your ass get to the bottom,

On the walls, get down on the floor

And what shit about us we wanted to be together?

This guy will make me want to meet the other guy

I really think you and your girlfriend need each other

Or maybe you just have to treat it better

I hope you read this letter

I hope you touch on time

Before you get hurt, I think you'll be fine

If you relax a little, I'm glad you're inspiring, but Stan

Why are you so upset? Try to understand

Like I want you like a fan

I do not want you to make some crazy shit

I saw this shit on the arxiv

A few weeks ago, that made me die

A guy was beaten and drove the car over a bridge

And he had his girlfriend in the trunk

And she was pregnant with her child

And in the car they found a tape, but they did not say who it was

Come to think about it, his name was ... it was you, damn it

QED

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