

# STEFAN GUSA



## Unwritten journal

These thoughts have been recovered and reprinted by  
Emil Poenaru and I.M. Deaconescu

### **I haven't much time left**

**Motto: "Living is one thing, existing is something else; I chose to exist." (Gabriel Marcel)**

I am tired, I feel a mental fatigue and I recall living gestures or stories from my own past, sometimes contradictory, sometimes illuminated by my imagination that has become so productive. I know very well that a man who thinks is a man almost woeful, so I try in vain to give up my free self for a cooperating us.

My Daimon, so foreign to the Socratic one, by vocation and consistency, whispers to me, from time to time: "you couldn't ever be free again since you are the only one who quashed this freedom. You wanted to melt them into the others, to elongate the suffering

from the one next to you, to reach the common root of hope and faith and patiently water it every moment so that it would grow and everyone could feast with it. Is it that difficult to help the others and bring your contribution to their freedom? Are we not allowed to give priority to the love for the others, emerging from the larval state of being, common to a Universe that has been marked with real wounds?"

I am searching for a word which could express everything and I thought the right one might be *the cry*. But it is difficult to find out who wins: the cry or its echo. Some kind of a mirage of temptation to be tempted.

Oh, Lord, how easily life deceives us, asking for little in return and sometimes deceiving us for free! Amazed, I discover how innocent I often was and how hard it is now the complicity with the will of being someone else when the soul became reverberated, always accepting the risk of facing however great danger to save The Other.

That Other really exist only when you have the awareness of solidarity with him, the possibility of an alternative, the existence of another Being, nested in a mysterious to be and ready to engage in the existence of another kind of myself.

We are living in a world where betrayal, in general, low and high treason are possible at any time, at all levels, moreover, one can speak of a prestige of the betrayal and a heroism of the traitor. What is left of love, hope, fidelity? Is the man no longer tempted by love, beauty and truth?

I want to know everything – here is my own tragedy. I realize that my major flaw is the daily suffering when I try to distillate the appearances, separate the error and remove its worm from the flesh of certainty. Although I often believe that there is no certainty at all.

We are deceived at any time only with its illusion. It is like a hungry wolf left to guard a herd of frolic lambs. Who would win? Would the keen scream subdue the innocent lamb baa or vice versa? What's the certainty? The screams cannot be the white flag of surrender, nor can the lamb baa be a spear You should not cheat even with the illusions. Welfare turns the heart up to illness, hope refreshes it.

But speaking of wolves, someone wrote the following:

I was alone in front of them  
They were many and hungry  
I felt their wild eyes  
Piercing my meat.  
I resisted for a while  
With a fracture of my life  
With word of love  
With the fresh blood  
From the open wounds  
And the wolves haven't rushed  
And in your mornings  
So peaceful and happy.  
Then I upbraided myself  
That I was lost  
And I didn't chose the right path.

Dostoevsky said that "reality does not end with the present because an overwhelming part of it continues to live as future. Still smouldering, unsaid word."

But what future? I wonder if knowing the future, wouldn't you destroy it? What are you looking for in meat of tomorrow, when more and more people would walk with masks on their faces not to reveal their grimaces and suffering. Hope cannot take place for all the needs, as the mask will not wipe the tears from the eye tired of suffering. What to do then? Did I have meditated enough on the day of tomorrow, the return of lucidity, the ordeal of having certainties?

I called all the unspoken words and I ordered them to become prayer and cry, to pray for the happiness of the known and unknown people, to shout, without a shade o pride, to the seasons door, terribly beating on the walls of my soul that has been wounded by love and doubt. Tell me, Lord, why do the minutes follow you like an unswerving dog and You, speechless, leave a deep mark on my body, like a , like a perverse echo bite, like a grain of dew seen only by gods. In my mind, *You*, majestic God, are troubled by the squabble with bloody syllables, while *I* am a nobody. Failed feast inside of me.

Cioran spoke of *the temptation to exist*. Is it really enough to exist? To exist next to the others, fast, conveniently, in a show directed by our own repression and one second victories? I would like to believe that you are rescued if they feel inside you all your brothers and

sisters, parents and children, all the loved ones, and also all those who blasphemed you. You are living with them and for them.

I have never prayed to God and I have never worshiped Him because I didn't want to create obligations. But I prayed to people, I gave them from my power and my energy, I loved them and I admonished them when they were wrong. I worked hard and loved in order to exist. Where does my existence go to, tell me how could I stop it? Was it so much compromised that it became a wreck, unworthy to be taken into account? Some are living in shacks, between four walls and they are able to be happy, why can't I live in my own body?

I am more and more alone - a forgotten candle burning in an abandoned church.

Returning to the temptation to exist Gabriel Marcel once wrote: "a human being lived a lifetime without light, he died working, maybe because he was desperate; obviously, it depends on those who come after him to emphasize the consequences of his life, which are likely to render the meaning and the *a posteriori* value, however, it is not enough to be acknowledged by the one who, through his life, his obscure sacrifice, allowed their development. We wonder what is the value of this existence: is it really justifiable? How could we admit that the reality can ignore it? Are these questions difficult to ask in an intelligible language?"

I wonder who would remember my obscure sacrifice, the good things I have done throughout my lifetime.

What I wrote yesterday concerns me today, the idea of living *mixed* ways begins to obsess me, it doesn't offer you emotional intimacy, it is prodigious in behalves for those around you. In my opinion, the world is differently organized, sometimes rigid, sometimes turning into a setting, it involves complicity and inconsistency, derogatory to the Being, immersed in mirage and coincidences beyond causality.

You, the one living around me, only participate to joy, indifferent to my suffering even if, maybe, you should suffer with me. If you are another myself, you should understand this pain that baffles me as an essential mystery, a fraternal bond that brings us together and turns us into *somebody*, standing in front of God. That should be spelled out, the idea of *existing*, in its essence, as a deep knowledge of the world, populated by human beings commitment to time and its conditions. Reality is extracted from a life of not much importance. Life in a body without conscience isn't worth much. My

states of consciousness, balancing between *to be and to have* determine me to fervently meditate about the time becoming non-time, about eternity, about the loss of materiality and individuality, eventually found in another kind of dimension, the time – equal and common to any me that permanently multiplies and changes.

I dislike another co-presence likely to be declared insignificant, fortuitous or non-virtual, but I accept a presence which has an avid availability of intrusion, even aggressive in its temptation to intervene in the existence that creates confusion and injustice. A presence is a history, it has power over it, it bonds it in an instant sui-generis. It is the right time to ask ourselves whether the existence composes itself into a privilege or a content belonging to the desperate freedom, because the real and serene freedom only belongs to God.

Our bodies shipwrecked in our existence, they were the stake on the game of dice, played during one restless dawn by the aging angels from the icons that were stolen and resold to the merchants blasphemed by devil.

Everybody is now doing politics, organizing revolutions and strikes, changing governments, sentencing to prison.

But making a revolution without doing history is like walking without going forward.

It could really be said that denying a certain state of affairs means the denial of compromise and of the coexistence in the construction of a tottering, hopeless world. It is like living in a house in decay, but a house that you cannot leave because you used to live in it for a long period of time and you find it difficult to move out. When masses rise, the reality is no longer perceived as a mystery, as an indefinite state of events, but as special case of serious commitments, commitments of individuals, sometimes turned into very important persons or into remarkable opportunists.

Miroslav Krleža, commenting on what happened in former Yugoslavia, after 1955, wrote: "The revolution is the fire, and when the house is on fire, one must rake out the fire and this is how the revolutionists become firemen. Then one must rebuild the house and this is how the revolutionists become bricklayers. Each trowel turns into a school, each school is built by craftsmen, journeymen and apprentices. Schools become vocational institutions operating under the laws of the hierarchy, and then we are told: Work and Order. A moral that we know by heart.

It is known that the revolutions eat their own children, but, sometimes, the children eat the revolution.”

Curiously - and yet so clear - the Yugoslav writer's thoughts are valid for what happened in December '89. It is a miraculous coincidence, and we may conclude that all the revolutions develop in a similar way, regardless of the country. But who made this plan? This is an obscure and difficult to answer questions because it is placed in the centre of a whirlwind of suspicions and relevant doubts.

You can destroy a civilization, destroying its gods. That happened in ancient Greece. Later in Rome.

Our situation got a distinct originality: we gave up a dictator to make room, in our existence, for some gods who promised us freedom, happiness and prosperity.

*We needed the future at any cost*, as Cioran once said. Unfortunately, history caught us in wonderment. Waiting.

We feel that we won, that we are free, but we know this is not the truth.

To be in politics. Voilà ce que j'appelle moi une victoire de la démocratie. This is what a young leader, new in politics, said in an interview published in Paris. He is nice, full of charm, speaks convincingly about anything. Everybody is doing politics. Devastating passion, strange disease. Political rumors, gossip, attacks in the press, striking combinations, thirst for power, moving abroad, whispers, journalists and journalists, spectacular careers, ticklish resignations. Someone said that politics is the powers' sweet bread and the opposition's black bread.

*La politique d'abord*. It's all about doing politics, regardless of what colour is the party that you are enrolled in. When you get angry, you move to the enemies. La politique avant toutes les choses. I now reproduce a passage from Arghezi and his "Parrot's tickets": "His zigzag flight passed through countless parties. At some time, he created one with a historical date. He then merged. And resigned again.

Even the professional flatterers were disgusted because of his several attempts to the stake.

Today he is a nationalist and a anti-Semitic, but a few years before, he was defending the Jews on his own initiative.

It is an available bronze, which can be bought, if not sold - cheaper if you want, and if necessary, it can be delivered to your home via a postcard.”

It’s amazing how these considerations are still up-to-date.

The illusion of victory is the head of Nobody, who calls you with deceptive words beyond the boundaries of the day, before the walls haughty when words stick to your cry. The only refuge: contagious treason on the eve of a promise.

The politics of promises or the promises of politics. The same useless thing.

Carmina qui quondam studio florente peregi flebilis heu maestos cogor inire modos... (I, who once wrote songs, with my full young enthusiasm, am now compelled to sing sad songs while weeping”).

I cannot associate myself with the anxiety from the last period of time and I am afraid of missing the meeting with the tension and the risk that come together with the search of truth. I have always been preoccupied about the substantiality of life, the responsibility of my own actions. I have always been convinced that life is valuable only during some specific incandescent moments, when your decision may influence the following days in order them to be better and more beautiful than yesterday or today. You completely change during these moments, you burn inside at high temperatures, you have the revelation of the role you played in an impressive personal and collective energies. You may become a history creator or, equally well, to be condemned by the history because, sometimes, the heralds, the creators must be condemned. Lucidity, and not ignorance, is charged with freedom, with life. A big thinker said that more lucidity brings more drama. Degeneration in the caricature of the great victories proves our regrettable “capacity” of not being contemporary with true historical facts. Contempt and pride, irony and the bowed head cannot be projected in the Universe’s greatness and verticality, on the contrary, we are willing to wander through a consolatory existence, where agony and compromise represent an original mix between paradise and cemetery. There is also the way of exile in Being, in the being of some who lack the courage to confront life, stoned into hope and expectancy, passionate in the expectation experience.

Nothing can be build without negation. Cioran said that "as individual, do you have to believe that you are the centre of the Universe, and as a generation, the apex of history?"

What have we done for this story?

How effective were we involved in its going?

Are the viewers, the spectators who stay aside more worthy than those who were soldiers in the history's trenches?

Yet, today, the only good thing we have is the country.

Does life has any meaning? What about suffering? It is known that you are alone in suffering and nobody will take the pain that tears you apart, in other words, one cannot suffer for another because there is no solidarity and no co-desperation in front of the soul's tragic swirl.

Pain is neither a collective nor constructive feeling, but it becomes an experience that is individual, deep, stunning, close to rational. Pain experience and love experience are the two incandescent poles of the Being, the first one produces revelations, the second one brings unrepeatabe enthusiastic experiences.

We could say that the entire human existence lies between libido and suffering, it is fecundated by relative discontinuities, a bizarre mix between tragedy and false sensuousness.

We don't lack the anxieties, the spiritual tribulations, the psychological understanding of the everyday scepticism, the innocence and the formal optimism and, despite this spirit turmoil, we record incredible subjective energy mutations toward the primitive existence approach, accepting, through an internal, strange and without perspective dialectic, meaningless and senseless frenzy, like circumstances and attitudes that schematize, up to ridiculous, the Being, which is destabilized by tragic convulsions, frequently perceived with melancholy and naivety. Perhaps the one who doesn't meditate is allowed everything, the lack of metaphorical meaning wheels the ego to indifference and lack of concentration, to a limited expressivity of life's drama. Life is not a game, a show with actors hired until death. In this world, where some people die for an idea, proving their crazy courage to save an inch of humanity, consuming the inner tensions and devastating experiences, while others work in vain day by day, you wonder if

you can remain indifferent to all the dramas or small victories of those around you, while everyone's duty is to get involved, because sustaining life means transforming yourself into a showman, ejected by the people's laughter, no longer needing you.

How many nights have we spent together? Maybe one hundred or two, if not a single day. Or a single night, that unusual night, when I denied my entire rough past, the winters in my soul, even my own faith. I will remember anywhere, anytime those unrepeatable moments, as a fragile breath, when I was frightened of the hunters who were watching me.

I think today is Sunday. There is so much solemnity in the gestures of the passers-by, while my eyes are watching you through special, never invented spyglass.

I woke up early in the morning, when dawn came into my room, like a thief taking advantage of the first sunrays' hesitation and the shyness of the sleepy eyelid. I would ask you: why did the shadow sent you into the chaos of the moment, the one that guarded your dreams and called out loud the beautiful executioners beyond trust. "I want to live", you cried and your fingers united to mine, in a beginning of a strange pain. This pain was almost like a heat coming from the flesh of uncompromised memories, always adrift, with people who are bored of the questions, bored of the tides of the thoughts, dug in unspoken words.

I got here now, which means I got nowhere and I sadly realize that while I was constantly giving orders to the soldiers, they grew old like me and I know wonder if it isn't better to be said what to do instead of making the others to think what you want. Glory isn't provided by the imperative language, but the fecundity of the gesture that defines a part of existence. *Nothing is* in the consistency of the command, *everything is* in the temptation of humiliation and the acceptance of the price asked. He who commands is a superior enemy, the one who receives the order, an upset winner of his own serenity. In peacetime, between a general and a soldier, I prefer the latter, always identified with the son, the brother or the young husband with letters in his pocket, letters not yet sent to his loving wife.

No, I will never forget those days that deeply disturbed those around me while I was trying to be happy crying and forcing them to be invaded by freedom and hope, concepts that later proved to be compromised and false.

We betrayed ourselves at that time, dreaming about days of ecstasy, but the truth is that the promised happiness sent us into the existence of the profiteers, the sinners who wear clothes from the most famous fashion houses. Indeed, it is the time of the inspired hustlers. The silence on these laws leads them to politics. And if you are not into politics, you have to mimic that make history, your history, accusing the other of treason and collaborationism. A bit of challenge didn't hurt anyone, and, why not, it's good to compromise with refinement and decency.

This is a situation that soon will become banality . For fall into commonplace, this is an ideal of every individual involved in a serious and responsible national salvation.

Now, when Europe, so decadent, requires us to be sisters.

*Rebellion revolution, rebellion.* The confusion of the masses that produces clutter, chaos, agitation, in the name of some ideals, requires a necessary separation of the meanings.

*Revolt* (revolte, rivoltare, revuelta) is a term that represents the syndrome of plebeian discontent, for various reasons, particularly its pauperization, that has to impulsively revolt because of the material dissatisfaction impulse. The rebellion leads to agitation, street disorder, but the rebels still respects the authorities: no one but the power ally can command.

*Revolution*, compared with the revolt, has other connotations. This can turn into a revolution if haloed by the historical fact, bringing a radical, sometimes violent change of the state institutions.

The revolution tries to replace the old authorities on a structured logic, that implies the involving of revolutionaries on the new society's going, the dismantling of the old power arrangements and the establishment of the new political structure, on behalf of individual and collective freedom, democracy and progress. The revolution contains the idea of reform, balance, stability and evolution and it marks the moment of a sudden, definitive change in an immediate reality.

The term also means the return of the society to the former political system , emphasizing the future and the faith in the good changes of the people.

Rebellion takes its roots from the Latin bellum and has the meaning of war, especially civil war, when a handful of people become

rebellious and opposes the rules. Rebellion has a military resonance and it implies the idea of having weapons, possessing and using weapons in a given time, the dissolution of history. Generated by a minority group, the rebellion is based on individual acts and not irrigated by any revolutionary doctrine. The rebels often don't resist the power, but they attack the tyrants, while revolution opposes tyranny.

If the revolution campaigns to restore ancient principles - brotherhood, equality, freedom - guaranteed by an impartial justice, unsubordinated to politics, the rebellion is turbulent, it causes human victims for a short period of time, it has immediate effects without implying the future and the idea of a permanent change.

Octavio Paz, in an inspired essay on mass movements in South America, noted with great nuance that revolution is a science and an art as it is characterized by spontaneity and reflection, that is a kind of "philosophy in action, critical converted to act , lucid violence ", while rebellion expresses only agitation and refusal of some people to accept further injustice. The same Octavio Paz tells us that the rebel identifies himself to the negative hero, the solitary poet, the pirate, the plebeian brilliant defending a community's world and those of the same social status with him. Further, "Rebellion: melancholy and irony. That and the love give birth to rebels, the politics and the philosophy give birth to the revolutionists."

So, I have a reason to wonder: who were the rebels and the revolutionists, during that magnificent end of December '89?

These thoughts troubled me lately and I realized that for a soldier, who worked hard and made a lot of sacrifices in order to become a general, the understanding and the existence of this phenomena must always be a spiritual exercise, for the moral of the first one in the life's line is not even in its results, even in dreams, but in his every day conduct, because believing in the others is believing in the eternity of the common human being.

### **My dear daughters,**

I will not try to write down advice. You don't need advice, even if they come from "Padre". First of all, please and take care of you. Try to reach the source of the soul, where whirling water struggle when reaching the distrust shores. My heart fell ill with the lust for you and you know that very well. I was the fearful publican of your childhood and youth, but the bleak swallowed me little by little, finally becoming a clay bird with wings of comfort and anxiety. The

young Pilgrim became a parent, he dreamed about ships of dreams and love for his family and I was so happy when, by the perfidious times, we resemble more and more, as that word in capital letters linked for eternity with the future. Word written on the morning cloudless sky, like a rainbow equally belonging to each of us.

My dear daughters, I beg you not to forget the name snatched from the eternity's tear and to remember that I have been your lighthouse, the anchor in the heart of confidence and the murmur of the lips on the verge of wonder and unspoken question.

You, the feast of my life, angels from still unpainted icons, by hands who haven't known the blemish, on the edge of the heartless time that didn't have more patience left, I beg you never betray the moments of your birth and never let yourselves allured by the chaotic shadow of the spoken nothing.

Find the strike of love in the palm of the moment, for a tomorrow overwhelmed with happiness and cry out for me whenever you need the faithful dog of your existence.

I know that the echo's bite leaves a deep mark on my body of shadows, it is much too late to reconcile the quarrel with the infinite words, you, majestic as a brilliant sunrise untroubled by the brightening lance of fear, you will be gifted with the spider web my eye stood still in to watch you forever and I am sure that its light will be a resource for you and also astonishment during the time always transformed into Sunday.

So, I feel that I am the garden of the ungrateful mirrors, I am awake and a bird will sing to the window of the soul whenever your thought would come to me.

Do not cry, my daughters, the icy flowers drag me more and more, I find myself caressing their mendacious thorns and crying out loud for you. If only I could change the black rose with the smile of your innocence. Wild syllables shout at me in an unknown language.

I do not have time. Goodbye, I am proud that you will not judge harshly at sunset, near the grass that will protect you from now on.

Your men, strong shoulders next to your fragile shoulders, will watch your steps and your children's frisk. Enlightened by the lessons of your known and unknown teachers, together you will establish your tomorrow which will be bonded to my evanescent shadow.

At the crossroads, someone dressed in white is raking my moment, calling me with a voice that is so eldritch.

Only you have left, above all, as a statue of acacia fragrances, timid and thirsty for life.

Farewell, my dear daughters!

### **More confident in their star**

I wonder what is the man? In what lies its true substance and its true power?

How many have lingered in the vicinity of this question? How many lives were not consumed because they were seeking the answers always unclear? Are we really born to travel on the road of life surrounded by a gray veil of mist?

Seneca says, in a letter to Lucilius, that our life is the road through a tunnel between two oceans of light. If true, I forgot the ocean of light that came into the world...Is the light we return to true?

And how do we return to the ocean of light? Do we take the form of a thought?

Then,

Oh, Lord, turn me into a thought at once, to see the abyss of the light!

We live on one of the Solar System's planets. The Romans called it Terra. We, Romanians, we called it Earth (Pământ) because we preferred the Latin word (pavimentum) which suggests durability, and the fact is that, from the entire Universe, we can only rely on this planet, three quarters covered with water, shaken by earthquakes, volcanoes and floods.

"Our cosmic house " means at least 14 movements that the astronomers have known so far. The miracle called life came on this "cosmic ship". And the human being resulted from a fantastic evolution that began with the first flicker of life inside the unicellular form.

This unique species in the known universe has been called "Homo Sapiens" - for his intelligence took the man out of the trophic chain, it turned him into the master of the other species and because of his

anxiety to find the answers to all the questions, the royal door of knowledge opened. But with each response he got, other dozens of new questions assaulted him obsessively. He also invented the beautiful, so he was called "Homo Ludens", he built, he changed the face of his planet and he was called "Homo Faber".

But he was called "Homo Nocens" - after the black face of his being - the man who kills. Animals kill too, but they do it in order to survive, to feed. The man who kills is called a murderer and his black action is called murder.

There are individual crimes, but there are also "organized" multiple crimes, committed because some people want to dominate, to rob, to impose certain beliefs or ideologies. Police and Justice created a shield to stop these individual or group crimes. The Army stands in front of the criminal ebullitions.

The sacredness of its mission attracted me. Serving this shield of freedom and justice became my ideal.

The Army was and remains an element of balance and trust for the society. We have the Yugoslav example, the existing situation in Transnistria. We cannot remain indifferent. We have a small country, with a special geostrategic position, which will continue to be a target for many. I guess, and I feel it somehow, that in the future, Romania will be in the middle of some huge interests. Hence the need that the army would be prepared and properly equipped to perform its mission.

We need an army capable to defend our land, where thousands of generations buried for eternity their ancestors.

For us, the Romanians, we have this part of land in the form of a bread, a sun, ennobled by the Carpathian Mountains Crown. And we kept it, during centuries, for ourselves and complete, with great difficulty.

When you evoke the past, in general, we recall the effigies, the icons, disturbed by their tragedy. Although there were certainly many others before us, our great heroes series begins with the courageous Decebal, who, leaning against an old tree trunk, as if he wanted to merge with its roots, he chose death instead of humiliation. The story of the titanic war between Decebal and Traian was narrated by Apollodor and written on the Column's marble, in the Eternal Rome, and even today one can learn there about the beginnings of the Romanian people.

The head and the right hand of the king were brought to Rome, to seal the vow of history, and the king's effigy is the image of his sacrifice, that was the foundation for the fusion between the two people.

Mihai Viteazu's head rolled at Campia Turzii, but his sword wrote the word unity on the sky.

Constantin Brancoveanu died several times, together with each of his sons who sacrificed their lives, he turned into a stone of sorrow, but unabated in his faith.

Bent, under the weight of bags of documents, tired, Sincai stopped on the edge of the road and died. But he knew very well that nobody would be able to extinguish the truth of our history he sacrificed his life for.

Many other tragic and heroic effigies adorn and ennoble our nation's family tree: I. G. Duca, Armand Călinescu, Antonescu and many others who gave their lives to defend our land in the battles from Tapae, Călugăreni, Valea Albă, Ia Războieni, Oituz, Mărășești...

The love for the country and for the land, the respect for our ancestors, the belief that no storm would move us from the estate left by our ancestors are very important to me.

But above or part of land is our part of sky. That part of sky where Eminescu screwed the most beautiful star, called Luceafăr. Rays of light come out of this star and climb down upon Lucian Blaga's window, and there one can hear our stars' harmonies, like doina, that no one else but us can translate. George Enescu and Ciprian Porumbescu made them immortal.

I think that it is our sacred duty to get to know our past, because the history book of the Romanians is a book of wisdom, which speaks about the love of the country on every page, about the sacrifice paid for our beings, about the passion for justice, truth and beautiful.

I have always loved this part of land which belongs to us, I have always loved the people I belong to. I am neither nationalist, nor chauvinist. I fulfilled an important mission in Transylvania. Targu Mures meant a lot for me. It meant education ... I met a lot of people, discovered their mentalities. I feel bonded to Transylvania. I met wonderful people here who don't care about the language you speak .. I am neither nationalist, nor chauvinist. Was I accused of

Romanianism? This really makes me happy and I would like to keep this charge for life ... If I should conclude, I would say that the fundamental value is to be a Roman Hun - not one of those who declares to be one, but one of those who really is and feels Romanian...

The people have a soul ... as military commander I have always felt that what prevails is the soul of the soldier, who was, is and must be respected. The army is, ultimately, the soul. What matters much is the soldier's soul ... to be able to understand it ... It's a great art to succeed, especially since the army means discipline ...

Looking into of a soldier's eyes is like watching into a mirror with thousands of faces. Each of them reflects you, it approves or criticizes you, admires or disapproves you. While seeing yourself reflected into these mirrors, you realize you got closer or not to their souls. There is no greater victory, and no stronger confirmation for a commander than the look in his subordinates' eyes and what they "say".

But what is the soul? Generally speaking we are very lonely. We helpless come into life and then, little by little we begin to understand the realities of the existence and as we begin to understand, the meanings get a singular, personal hallmark. And then, when "the time" comes, we leave, lonely again, to the great unknown. Yes, we step into the land of the old lady, and each of us follows his own path. Then, the gleam of our so called soul fades away. It is said that during our last minutes we intensively and condensed remember all the good things and the bad things that we have done during a lifetime. The soul becomes a judge. We find out that the soul has always been a judge, but we kept it in a secret corner of our being during our entire life. A judge whose sentences cannot be appealed, sentences that can or cannot give us peace or inner self reconciliation.

What else could be the essence of the soul but the thought?

The thought surpasses every living or dead,  
Nothing can stand in his way,  
He runs like no other and there is no striving  
That could keep it in chain.

The thought is the only thing above our existence. He doesn't have and cannot have bounds. The thought can create or ruin images; it can be anywhere and anytime, it overpasses the space and limits. And, more important, the real thought, the one expressing durable

aspirations and human cravings is always alive – it is immortal. The thought could be described like this:

*It comes where he wants, it is when it pleases,  
Stronger than anything else,  
Oh, Lord, convert me at once to a thought  
To see through the depth of the light!*

He said that the soul is born from loneliness, nothingness and ignorance, it assimilates reality in his own singular way and it fades away, alone, into the death. But the soul needs "food". It is empty and sad without feeding with love, gentleness, kindness. This feed turns on the lights, it turns on the chandeliers during the night and also the hope in one's heart.

The soul sais that one cannot get without giving. This is the reason why the human soul has always raised because of its generosity. True happiness is when you both give and get with sincerity and love. If you keep the loved ones deep in your heart, if you are ready to do anything for them, then you are happy. And I am afraid, yes, I am afraid, I might not worth this happiness. This is the reason why, I now say, like a prayer, to all my dear ones:

*Do not ever leave from my inside,  
And never step aside from my sight,  
Even if I come empty-hearted,  
If winds wound me, I think ill, or even die.*

The rough winds of life can hurt the soul – they can give birth to cold, sapless thoughts. The worst thing is that they can hurt the dearest icons. It would be terribly sad if something like this happened. But only love can protect us from such a terrible situation.

*If faith would show his fangs  
Do not give up, it's against nature.  
Allow her not to chose your path,  
Just stop her in the name of love.*

Everyone's destiny is strange and full of turns, it has ups and downs, bigger or smaller victories and losses. Generosity and love remain still and brig us serenity and comfort during this fugacious destiny.

The love for the beloved ones, for people in general, and above all, the love for the country, "our part of land and sky" strengthen you

during difficult times, they help you make the decision you need to make. I remember one of the most difficult moments of my life. It was a difficult moment for the country as well. A hard moment for everyone. A great neighbour offered to send his army in order "to help us" and it seemed that some wanted and really waited for this "help". I ordered our army to protect the land and the sky of our country and to respond to any foreign attempt. Many were upset by my gesture, it ruined some plans and I am convinced that they would never forgive me. But I don't regret a thing. I did what my conscience told me to do as a Romanian and a soldier.

Maybe the enemies of the Romanian independence and integrity will make me "pay" for what I did. Their strikes are always treacherous. But I feel I fulfilled my duty despite any kind of „pay". They stitched another horizon of my destiny with black threads. A bleak and hard horizon. A dark horizon.

*The yellow, dirty light has faded  
And darkness surrounded me all over  
There is no hope, I think,  
To reach the light again.*

My destiny is more and more hostile. I try to escape from its arms, but I feel my hand stays still on the latch, in transfixed in darkness.

I came in this world in a spring day, I wonder when will I leave? I wish it were spring because I love this season of reborn, when the grass grows and the leaves are green.

Maybe destiny will defeat me. I look back, I look around and I am worried and I feel sad of what I see. And I feel like crying:

Oh, God, when would all the Romanians come together and understand that we only have one chance to get out of this situation: o total, natural, honest unity and hard work?

I hope this would happen soon. I hope from the bottom of my heart.

This unity and the raising through honour and work can only be built if finding the truth about what happened to with us and the new dangers we are exposed to as a people.

We definitely need to know the truth, to be able to fire a beam of light guiding the whirling gray lies neatly hidden. Only truth can feed our „good" thought, the urge to honesty and unity. I know it is hard. Those who want to take away our destiny try their best to hide the

rivers of truth. But, as always, the truth will come to light, it will win and then our souls will feel the call of unity, honesty and work again.

At that time, the Romanian people will be better, more human and more confident in their star.