THEORY OF COLOURS EXCERPT FROM LUCIAN BLAGA'S MEMOIRS ABOUT NICOLAE TITULESCU COMMENTED BY PhD NICOLAE MAREȘ

Abstract: *The Romanian Academy is the depository of many documents regarding the activity of the great Romanian diplomat - Nicolae Titulescu. I have published some of them in a separate volume.1 I will refer below to the relationship between the two statesmen, Titulescu and Blaga, in fact to a speech given by Lucian Blaga, immediately after the WWII. Here is the story of the writer, philosopher, diplomat from Sebes.*

Keywords: *Lucian Blaga, WWII, Nicolae Titulescu, Titulescu, Goethe*

What you will hear today is not exactly a conference about Niculae Titulescu, and not even a brief exposition on the activity of this politician and great diplomat. My ambition is different. I would like to make you a portrait of Titulescu based on personal memories. Having the advantage of being it more intimately known, I find it my duty to present to you first of all a figure throbbing in his every-day environment, a living man—as anyone fortunate enough to step on his threshold might have seen him . Allow me to warn you from the beginning of my modest intentions, so that you do not expect anything other than what I am determined to give you. I will therefore try to evoke some situations and moments, sometimes more solemn, sometimes more intimate, thanks to which the all too soon disappeared will come to life even in your imagination. And maybe I will manage not to disappoint those of you who would like to know not only Titulescu the man, but also his ideas.

In the spring of 1928, it was decided that I should be transferred from the legation of our country in Prague to the legation in Bern [1]. At that time, I was attached to the press for a while, a rather uncertain position, on the

[1] *Lucian Blaga* – the epistolary from the Romanian Academy, Altip Publishing House, Alba Iulia 2012 /115 p./ - volume about which the exegete Zenovie Cârlugea wrote with great precision in Portal-Măiastra.

side of diplomacy, which allowed the person who occupied it a very varied exercise. With this transference, one of the passionate thoughts that had possessed me since childhood was being fulfilled. About the beginning of April I found myself in the capital of Switzerland, which I was seeing for the first time in its more magnificent scenery than I had ever dreamed of.

Bern, Federal Palace of Switzerland(Bundeshaus).

I will never forget the first walk on the winding terraces of the city: behind me was the Middle Ages, with the sounds of centuries, of the citadel, and in front of me the alpine glaciers suspected in the geology of the mountains. The awakened chestnuts were showing their big buds, ready to burst. The wind-washed blue of the sky was almost unnatural. Unnatural especially for the usually very foggy city, where I was trying to take root. One of the days, my wife and I decided to go to Lausanne and Geneva, in order to get to know the other cities of Switzerland, the country that a great poet of the world had just then called "the gift of God". But not only making contact with the corners of this antechamber of the divinity was the purpose of the departure. I had found out at the legation that Niculae Titulescu, our country's foreign minister, contrary to his custom of not staying on the shores of Lake Geneva longer than the sessions of the League of Nations, was still in Geneva. What obstacles I would not have tried to overcome in order to one day appear before him, to know him! It was during the great trial of the Hungarian electors[2]. Titulescu, the valiant

defender of the Romanian thesis in this trial, who had filled the international press with his echoes, suffered a defeat in the January session. Now we were, as you said, in April.

Geneva showed its normal, proper, Calvinistic, somewhat numb appearance, which of course it could not have during the busy time of the League sessions, when the delegates and commissions of all the tribes of the globe assembled here, occupying all the hotels, and when the horns too many of the vehicles scared the seagulls flying over the lake. Now only the permanent officials, full of courtesy, of the institution circulated through the Palace of the League. Among the great figures of life, political and diplomatic, only Titulescu had remained in the locality. He had been ill for months. From time to time the rumors, escaping from the walls of the patient, stirred concern. Titulescu stays in a room at the Hôtel des Bergues, receiving only his few collaborators. No one, not even the most indiscreet of his friends, could have said what exactly was the disease that was consuming him. He was still sick. Heavily ill with an imponderable disease and without precise identity in medical treatises. Sick of the inner flame, which was burning him, reducing his existence to the limits of flickering. His genius could not bear the failure, which had intervened through the game of contingencies, and he was preparing, in the fever of a covered volcano, the rematch for the session that was supposed to take place in June. The serious creative temperature, the extreme sense of responsibility, the longing for revenge under the sign of a collective justice and the irresistible ardor of the possessed, did not give him respite, they had abolished his sleep and had problematized his very being: this was Titulescu's sacred disease.

In Geneva, my wife and I strolled the streets with historical memories, which start even from the time of Julius Caesar [3]. And I breathed in the thin air from the Lake Leman quay. The landscape was wider, the ecstasy of the sap more advanced than in Bern. After a few hours of wandering, we finally stopped in the middle of the city, near a statue of Rousseau, on an island formed by the Rhône. My wife, a unique specialist in the games of expression of my physiognomy, saw me preoccupied with who knows what unspoken thought, which, as she had also remarked, received me at the very moment when we met the waters of the Rhone. "What do you have?" she asked me. "Look, what's up, - somewhere in the Theory of Colors, Goethe [4] talks about these places and mentions as an argument in favor

of his theories some strange effects of light and colors produced by the Rhone. The place must be right here, somewhere, and I can't identify it." "You're adorable," was the reply, "I wonder how theories still come to your mind, when you have light and colors in front of you!" "You're right." I say, and I began to see light and colors again, that is, universal lights and universal colors. I understood that I had to give up the identification of Goethean effects. The small island, where we were, was just in front of that old and elegant Hôtel des Bergues, where, in the calm penumbra, Titulescu was tortured, through free self-determination. But hadn't I come to Geneva with the hope of presenting myself at the hotel, in order to get to know him? After a few moments we entered the building. I asked for information. The porter told me: "The minister is sick". "Do you get it?" I ask. "Accept!" was the answer.

At the same moment, however, I felt that nothing gives me the right to disturb the creative fever, Titulescu's sacred illness. And I gave up in a heartbeat. We returned to Bern, with the hope that I will meet him in two months, during the session, when he will give his reply in the great trial.

Indeed, after two months we took the train to Geneva again. One of Titulescu's most valued collaborators prepared my first audience, which awakened in me all the potential for humiliation, under the burden of which I had always suffered. Titulescu was still in bed. The appearance was that of a sick person, but the verve - of a spirit pampered by an entire continent. He hardly allowed me to speak, which, given my invincible penchant for silence, was perfectly fine.

The man in front of me, alive as a flame put to the test of invisible breezes, this was Titulescu! He had an ageless "Asian" face, with some childlike features, but with indescribable glints in his eyes, where he gathered all his life. The disease of the body necessarily demanded such brightness, as a necessary complement. After some rigorous questions and answers, he let me talk about the voter process. Enter his domain with that certainty of movement that a secret homeland gives you. He showed me with ingenuous joy the ready-to-print volume, which he intended to launch on the day when the trial reached the League's debate. And he began to argue, raising, with wonderful ease, cyclopean blocks in front of me. I had to make the hardest efforts to be able to follow his dialectic, I, who was, in any case, quite used, from other fields, to the jumps from premises passed over in silence, to conclusions, which seem more surprises than

conclusions . Through the energy and subtlety of this dialectical game, through the vivacity of this crossing of swords with an opponent, who for him was always present, Titulescu gave me the impression of a being of a different order that the human one.

From where did he descend in front of me and due to what circumstances was he able to incarnate? Then, as later, in so many other situations where we met again, I said to myself: Yes, Titulescu is the most brilliant intelligence I have met in my life. A kind of embodiment of intelligence, understood as an archetype. On the same occasion, I realized for the first time his stylistic gift, facing any demands. Titulescu had a gift to define, an elegance and an economy of expression, which I could only compare with that of the philosopher Bergson [5]. Titulescu detained me for about two hours. He kept coming back to the process. Not only then, but also many times later, he also read to me from his notebooks with daily notes, where he wrote down, sometimes very dramatically, the conversations he had with the great statesmen of the time. (The history of the last decades will not be written without knowing these notes of Titulescu. Let's hope that the precious documents have not been lost!) When I left Titulescu's room, I said to him: "Mr. Minister , if

on the day of the debate, you will make a plea like the one just now, I think there will be no need to launch the volume!"

A few days later, the meeting in which the trial was to be debated took place at the League. The show was exciting. Everyone felt that the matter had reached a decisive turning point. On that memorable afternoon, the debate hall was packed. Only with great effort was I able to find a place among the correspondents of the newspapers from the four cardinal points. From the crowd I could still follow what was going to happen. Around the Council table there were delegations of various states, figures of the international chess game. Some big names, now are gone.

1928, Caricature Titulescu vs Apponyi

Count Apponyi had also made his appearance, tall, slender, slightly hunched over, with a sage's beard, with a very pronounced profile of an old eagle.

The count was without a doubt one of the most impressive figures, if only by his physical appearance. I was weighing the possible advantages and disadvantages - in the duel that was about to begin. I also knew Apponyi as a brilliant philosophical dialectician. He had taken

part, not long ago, in some discussions at a philosophical congress led by Count Keyserling[6], the head of the Darmstadt school. I also knew that the propaganda supported by the Hungarian landlords knew how to exploit with supreme skill the natural resistances, which the bourgeois laws of Europe opposed to a revolutionary act such as the agrarian reform in Romania[7]. Seeing Apponyi I said to myself: formidable opponent! And against such an opponent and in such an atmosphere, Titulescu will have to defend the legitimacy of the agrarian reform and justify the expropriation of Hungarian landowners, that is, landowners who had land in our country, but had opted for Hungarian citizenship.

Titulescu then entered the hall, tall and pale, with a controlled calmness. The crowd with hundreds of heads turned towards him and a thrill of curiosity passed over the banks of correspondents: Titulescu! I felt from this rumor the immense prestige that Titulescu enjoyed in international opinion. It was the first time, after four months, that Titulescu left the hotel room. The sacred disease was over.

The fight, which had announced itself to be as dramatic as the one in January, did not take place that afternoon, because the heavy, unheard fight had been taken outside the hall, in the hours preceding the meeting. We were only taking part in an epilogue of thunder after the storm.

In the meeting, Titulescu read a statement with a voice of noble metal and a conquering transparency, showing the Romanian point of view. The President of the League then rallied on behalf of the League Council to this Romanian point of view. Stunned by what was happening, Count Apponyi, obviously taken by surprise, raised his eagle nose and spoke as a kind of protest. But everything was in vain. The process of the optants really reached a turning point, from where there was no possible return. And if I'm not mistaken, Titulescu didn't have to release the volume.

Caricature, Titulescu Foreign Minister

That's how I met Titulescu. For years, then, I had frequent opportunities to follow and admire his activity on the international scene. At the League of Nations I saw him almost every session. Once, after a meeting, I had left the room in a corridor and was talking with one of his collaborators.

Our minister was also approaching us. Coming straight towards us, Titulescu said to me: "Listen, Blaga, did you just hear Stresemann's speech? He gave a quote from Goethe! In the afternoon I want to give him the answer. Find me, also in Goethe, a text that includes this idea..." And Titulescu clarified, adding: "It's impossible not to find this idea in Goethe as well!"

I immediately went to the library of the League, browsed, like the bear in the anecdote, through Goethe's works for a few hours. I did not find the

text, problematic in any case, that Titulescu would have needed to answer Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister[8]. In the afternoon, before the meeting, I regretfully had to inform Titulescu that I did not find what he wanted. But the answer given by Titulescu to Stresemann was brilliant enough and without the Olympic quote. However, due to grief, I did not sleep that night. Late, very late, at one of the small hours of the night, my wife asked me:

– All evening you seemed dejected. What do you have?

– Better ask me what I don't have.

– And this would be about what?

– Look, I have no luck with Goethe in Geneva.

The sphere of Titulescu's political and diplomatic concerns, spirit, in which realism harmoniously combined with the ideal elan, widened in touch with the object itself as international historical realities raised more and more varied problems. Around 1930, the economic crisis, triggered somewhere, had begun to swell like an expanding universe and was going crazy towards the most diverse forms of catastrophe. That world economic crisis was the disturbing sign of an overall situation. A misaligned humanity was preparing itself, little by little, perhaps without wanting to, but with the obstinacy of an adverse destiny, the most terrible surprises.

In Geneva, the international economic, political, financial conferences, variously labeled and supported by prodigious slogans, were held continuously. The proposed remedies turned out to be simple fictitious palliatives, doomed to remain buried in the archives of the League of Nations. The number of unemployed was increasing in the industrial countries, aspiring towards the great infinity; the prices of the products of the earth were falling in the agricultural countries, tending towards the small infinity. The solutions recommended in the debates called for wider international cooperation, but at the same time barriers and nationalisms were exalted in reality. The collapse of capitalism was prophesied, but at the same time secret preparations were being made along the lines of imperialism. In an atmosphere like this, troubled and equivocal, the Conference for disarmament also opened, this time even in the vast sound of the bells from all the churches in Geneva. That sound of bells, torn by a fierce wind, coming from Lake Leman, I can still hear it in my ears, because instead of communicating any hope, it gives me, with its cadences of gloomy alarm, more soon the apocalyptic presentiment of the coming Fire.

At the Geneva conferences, especially at the economic ones, the delegates of different countries seemed perplexed, agitated, confused. It seemed that no reason had the necessary means to effectively impose itself. In people's heads, even the principles, the foundations, were beginning to shake.

In the fall of 1932, I had become a press advisor at our legation in Vienna. The transfer, desired by myself, had happened, by chance, just at a time when conditions in Austria promised to become particularly interesting to a foreign observer. I knew Vienna from my student days. However, 12 years had passed since I had left the university.

During this time, the former capital of the great empire of another time had turned, little by little, into a city, which made me experience the elegiac feeling of a civilization in decline. Talking to the local intellectuals, many of them unemployed, you were overwhelmed by some bitter affection in the face of decadence, in which most of them saw the beginning of the collapse of the West, about which Oswald Spengler spoke so convincingly to their melancholy[9]. Disappointed and desperate, these intellectuals threw themselves into the first whirlwind, which was gaining relief somewhere in social life. They had nothing to lose. When at the beginning of 1933 National Socialism took power in Germany, the situation in Austria suddenly worsened, turning into tumultuous forms. In the evening, from certain hours, it was very risky to walk through the streets, because at any corner you could get the nervous shock of an explosion. Titulescu, once again Minister of Foreign Affairs, after having been for some time only minister in London and representative to the League, demanded to be informed, day by day, about everything that was being prepared in Vienna. He had warned us that Austria would soon become the most sensitive point on the continent's skin and predicted that the most "symptomatic" events would take place here in the years to come. Compared to my rather precarious occupations in Switzerland up to that point, the new assignments that were given to me, among others that of keeping the Ministry of Foreign Affairs informed about the internal situation in Austria, completely absorbed me, but they also fascinated me at the same time. For me personally, my activity at that time had been an opportunity to become much more useful than I could have been in Switzerland, which brought me even closer to Titulescu, who happily appreciated my new interests. In August 1933, I had the happy opportunity to stay for a few days again near the "Patron", as all those who loved him called him and who gave him the competition, each according to his powers.

August 1933, Bad Gastein.

Titulescu had come to Austria, to rest for a few weeks in Bad Gastein. The Viennese doctors had recommended such a rest. I was overjoyed when, one day, with a courier from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, several envelopes arrived at the legation that had to be urgently sent to Titulescu. I took them myself to Bad Gastein, where the Minister of Foreign Affairs, through a friendly and touching gesture of condescension, then detained me for a few days.

One afternoon he invited me to his place. From word to word, I realized that Titulescu had entered into a kind of exposition, very eloquent, on the international situation, which, after the failure of the Disarmament Conference, was evolving towards not exactly gratifying visions. No one

realizes the seriousness of the historical turning point reached in international life as well as Titulescu. But he only knew one goal, that of safeguarding peace. In the then phase of evolution and under the conditions of the moment, Titulescu tried to give as monolithic a character as possible to the Little Understanding (for which he also dreamed of a very solid buttress in a Balkan Pact), because only such an organization seemed to him could in the circumstances of the hour ensure the interests of the small states, placed at the gate of Nazi imperialism.

Titulescu had not shaken, in the least, the belief he had for years that peace could be saved through the League of Nations, provided that Russia also entered the Geneva Society[10]. Titulescu had become one of the protagonists who prepared the atmosphere in Western capitals for Russia's entry into the League of Nations. On this road, of saving peace through the Genevan body, Titulescu aspired to finally reach a detente in Eastern Europe as well. Titulescu was always looking for formulas that could become guiding slogans. He prepared and polished his formulas with the patience and zeal of a diamond polisher. He tried a thousand times all their shades, reflections, shadows, until the formulas began to pulsate with their own light. All the known efforts, which were made in the diplomatic activity, from those years, in order to legally define the aggression, are not alien either to Titulescu's suggestions or to the way of working. I would not dare to say that in the conversation I had in Bad-Gastein with Titulescu, he would have shown his ideas in words exactly, but his expositions, in which he calculated all kinds of eventualities and in which the most varied hypotheses, for which Titulescu, like any great diplomat, reserved a certain freedom of movement, his expositions, I say, moved along this line.

That's what Titulescu thought. He had the broad lines of a conception in his head, but, on vigorously sketched axes, he calculated with countless details, even unlikely, but not excluded, for which he fitted the totality of the conditioned reaction. In the scaffolding of his ideas, always bold, although they were most often of a defensive nature, he put an astonishing precision and legal prudence, and once again an exceptional passion for formulation. In new situations, Titulescu never limited himself to answering with used formulas. When the propaganda for territorial revisions, which threatened our integrity, had taken on proportions, Titulescu knew how to answer: not revision, but the sublimation, the spiritualization of borders! To complete the intellectual portrait I am drawing, I should add that Titulescu sometimes liked to have someone in front of him, to whom he could make such

expositions. He felt as if stimulated by even the most clumsy presence of someone, because he was thus encouraged to think of new and new possibilities.

I do not deign to pass over in silence one more detail with which our conversation ended, then in Bad Gastein, a detail that sheds a characteristic light on Titulescu's soul. When I left, he asked me what other intentions I had for that day. "I want to go for a walk," I answer. And then, he, passing easily from the most passionate concerns, said to me with a child's candor: "Yes, do you want to go for a walk?...Go then, walk – over there, on a path that leads through the fir forest. It's very beautiful. Don't forget to pick up some hazelnuts from the corner shop. When you pass through the forest, hold the hazelnuts in your open palm, you will see the squirrels come, jump on your shoulder, one after the other, and steal the hazelnuts from your palm!" "Well, right!?", I wonder. "Yes, that's right", answers Titulescu, "this is also proof that we are here in Europe!"

It is known that Titulescu traveled a lot. He preferred to stop at beautiful places, which he had no ambition to discover. In Geneva, where even assignments fixed him for a while and intermittently, he had hatched a nest. From here he sometimes went to Montreux or through other surroundings of current fame. In Switzerland, he particularly loved Saint-Moritz. It seems, however, that he preferred the Mediterranean to the Swiss landscape. That Cannes, with the aromas of seaweed and sea shells, that Cannes with the old buildings wearing the patina of the ages and with an atmosphere of sailors and fishermen, attracted him again and again.

Sometimes, in favorable seasons, he also stopped at Lido-Venetia, where he sunbathed. Titulescu didn't really trust the number of his red cells and wanted to tan, if possible even to African shades, to compete with the famous star Josephine Backer, as he often joked. Anyway, he didn't like traveling. When he himself was prevented from moving, he did not forget to impart this pleasure to his friends and collaborators in his immediate vicinity. While sitting in the room, in the warmth of the greenhouse, he made plans for a trip for his friends. I remember, thus, that once in Geneva, one afternoon, finding myself at my hotel, I woke up with a phone call: "Is that you, Blaga?...Would you like to take a walk to Montreux with Mme. Titulescu, with Mrs. and Mr.... X, with Ştefan Neniţescu [11] and Savel [12]?... Are you going to the top of the mountain, it's just the daffodil season... I live on then, or if not, I'll pick you up in the morning from Montreux..." He also surprised us with the project of a trip when we went to

Bad Gastein. This time we were going to leave in a more compact group, with several cars, through the surroundings with ancient villages and unforgettable landscapes. He agreed, to everyone's joy, to take part as well. After we set off, however, I noticed that Titulescu, otherwise always in high spirits, kept some distance from everything we saw and only gave tangential glances at Nature. Like anything possessed, he constantly relapsed into his preoccupations. In such moments of inner isolation, you could only hear him, addressing his closest collaborator: "Listen, Savel, what happened to that thing...?" The demons of the problems did not allow him a single moment of relaxation... He devoured problems and was devoured by problems. Seeing the fires that flickered in his eyes, you wondered, without wanting to, and with difficulty stifling a concern, how long that fragile body would resist its own ardor. But let me come back.

Passing through a region of profiles, sometimes gentle, sometimes violently alpine, we stopped to eat in a picturesque Austrian hunting village. The restaurant was waiting for its guests near a small church of a special charm, which was chosen for centuries. The organ could be heard from the little church. We all entered, called by the abrupt and bold sounds. In the shelter, we were met by the curiosity of about twenty boys, between 10 and 12 years old; they made up a group led by a master and had a medieval air: it was the famous "Wiener Sängerknaben" choir. There were also these children, whose voices I knew from the gramophone records broadcast all over the world, on a longer trip through the forests of their homeland. The trip was, with its cheerfulness, probably the reward for some new success carried by the choir. Leaving the little church, the master invited us to stop for a moment and placed his boys in a choral position like in a Van Eyck painting[13]. Dibuise knew somehow that Titulescu was among us and decided to honor him in this way: he wanted to sing something for us. And the boys sing, with their seraphic, uplifting, heartbreaking heavenly voices, a hymn of joy by Mozart. I noticed, not only in Titulescu's eyes, but also in everyone's eyes, a pearl of emotion. Both the anthem and the truly angelic voices lifted us up, but of course also the unexpected gesture, so spontaneous, which so movingly illustrated the public sympathy and the magic atmosphere that was created everywhere around Titulescu's name.

May, 21, 1935, Vienna.

And now, to conclude, let me mention a few more memories, from later, which also bring their paste to the emerging picture. In the spring of 1935, I was still in Vienna, in the same job at the legation. The political situation in Austria, which had not long been shaken by two short revolutions [14], continued to be uncertain and confused. Under the veil of apparent normalization, a latent lava smouldered. The Austrian government at the time, authoritarian, aiming to save a simulacrum of independence, which lived only by the grace of a foreign power, allowed with increasing goodwill the most obvious propaganda for a Habsburg restoration, while underground currents, after an attempt failed, they pushed for the Anschluss.

For any more expert eye, from the outside, the situation in Austria had really become, as Titulescu had predicted, the most sensitive barometer of international cyclones and anticyclones. Titulescu, endowed with an innate sense for identifying such barometers, continued to take a close interest in the reactions of homo austriacus, the frog that signaled the most imperceptible changes, which were occurring in the general atmosphere of the continent. We, the officials of the legation in Vienna, were forced by history on the march, to stay at our post, in endless tension. I think there was rarely a better school for young foreign diplomats than the

one offered to them in Vienna during that period of about five years before the Anschluss. Never has a situation put more into practice the power of divination of the diplomatic observer, from hour to hour. Titulescu, whenever he passed to the West, with his ministerial carriage, equipped with all the necessary comfort, not for the huzur, as it suited some to gossip, but only to facilitate office work and during the journey, he also stopped in the Austrian capital, at least for a few hours, when I gave him the last information and gave him a kind of summary verbal reports on political situations.

May, 21, 1935, Vienna.

No matter how tired he was, sometimes, from the inconveniences inherent in the journey, Titulescu, the bundle of nerves, quickly calmed down, as soon as he got off the station platform, and if he also took a ride in the legation's car around the city, he regained his usual manner, calmness and temperament . To those who accompanied him, he communicated something of his fickle euphoria, so that for days after his departure, we still felt Titulescu's spirit in the air of Vienna. On the occasion of such a descent, I think it was precisely in the spring of 1935, he had learned that only a few days before a Romanian politician had passed through Vienna, returning from Nazi Berlin, where he had groped for a rapprochement. Then I saw Titulescu in a moment of revolt, in the pose of prerogatives, to which his genius itself gives him a legitimate right. He

began to wither in words from the most lashing attempts aimed at a foreign policy beyond the line he could see, or against the actions he was undertaking. And it's as if I still hear his blunt words today: "...the new European war, if it breaks out, will repeat, of course not in details, but in broad terms, the First World War. The war will be long and hard. At first Germany will be successful, but in the end it will be defeated...". Then Titulescu calmed down. And he moved on to other matters. He was interested in how the "brotacelul" behaved, which announced the bad weather. At the station, when it was leaving for the West, I very timidly handed it to him, and only at the moment when the train started moving, because earlier I had not dared, a book of mine, which had appeared just then - the play Avram Iancu. He smiled at me: "You know I'm going to read it." For me, Titulescu's promise, that he would read, was sufficient satisfaction, although I was possessed by the conviction that he would never have time for such a thing.

May, 21, 1935, Vienna.

A few weeks have passed. When Titulescu returned to the country again, I set up again at the station. This time, he did not intend to stop in Vienna, except for the few minutes indicated in the usual itinerary of the express. I got into his carriage, I communicated some Austrian news, very hastily and nervously fearing that the train might not start.

He also told me some of his exploits. He had torpedoed I don't know what international combination, which could become dangerous for small states. Then I got off the platform, because departure signals could be heard. After I got off, I approached a window of the carriage, where Titulescu's head had appeared, calling me in a loud voice: "Blaga, come and tell you something..." and without any connection to what we had just discussed, Titulescu began, without any hesitation, to recite from memory some verses from Avram Iancu:

In the forest,

All birds sleep

only one doesn' fall asleep,

dreaming to become a man

"I don't know why, but I really like these lyrics", concluded Titulescu, as the train started to move.

May, 21, 1935,Vienna.

We waved to each other, then we didn't see him again. I remained for some time with my head uncovered, on the platform, with my thoughts far away. Titulescu had recited the verses in which I was talking about the great mythological bird from the Apuseni Mountains, which, in my play, stands guard near the heart of the nation. And today, so many years after what happened then, it seems to me that I suspect why Titulescu recited those lines: "In the forest all the birds sleep, only one does not sleep, which is to become a man"... Titulescu felt subconsciously, subconsciously, a kinship between the holy insomnia of that watchful bird and his insomnia. Because he also suffered from insomnia near the destinies of the country, from a cursed insomnia for him and for us, because it would destroy him before the time, so that today, at a crossroads like no other ever, when we would have such much need of his vigil, he is no longer among us.

November, 1945.

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[1] For the entire political-diplomatic activity of Lucian Blaga cf. Constantin I. Turcu, Lucian Blaga or the fascination of diplomacy, Enciclopedic Publishing House, Bucharest, 1995, 261 p.; Lucian Blaga, From diplomatic activity (Reports, articles, letters, requests, telegrams). Years 1927–1938, vol. I–III, neat edition, foreword, notes, afterword and index of names by Pavel Ţugui, Eminescu Publishing House, 1995, 294 p., 324 p., 408 p.

[2] Nicolae Titulescu had an essential contribution in solving the issue of optants, debated before various international courts, from 1922 to 1930. Approximately 500 Hungarian landowners from Transylvania, who had opted for Hungarian citizenship (using the provisions in this sense of the Treaty of peace from Trianon), had been expropriated by the Agrarian Reform legislated by the Romanian Government in 1921. Dissatisfied with the loss of the land, they first addressed the Romanian courts, then the Conference of Ambassadors in Paris (1922) and the Council of the League of Nations, claiming the illegality of the expropriation in relation to the provisions of the Trianon Peace Treaty, as well as the unequal application of the law of expropriation in favor of the Hungarian owners. The "optants" also claimed an increased allowance for the lost land. From April 1923, when the problem was debated in the Council of the Society of Nations, and until its solution in 1930, Nicolae Titulescu defended, with

firmness and intelligence, the rights of Romania and achieved, in some memorable debates, with Count Apponyi as his opponent, some in-depth analyzes of the points in dispute. Finally, the dispute got a definitive solution through the Hague Agreements (1930), together with the regulation of debts and war reparations. His main interventions took place on 20 and 23 April 1923, 27 May 1923, 5 July 1923, 5 September 1925, 2 July 1927, 17 and 19 September 1927, 8, 9 and 12 March 1928. In essence, within these interventions , Nicolae Titulescu argued: full compatibility between expropriation from 1921 and the provisions of the Trianon Peace Treaty, including the Statute of Minorities; perfect equality of treatment in the application of the Agrarian Reform; the sovereign right of the Romanian state to proceed with expropriation; the positive role of the Agrarian Reform for maintaining and strengthening the social-economic structure of the country, as well as maintaining social order in an entire region of Europe.

[3] Caius Iulius Caesar (100–44 î.H.). Romanian politician, general, writer and orator.

[4] Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749–1832). German writer, thinker and scientist

[5] Henri Bergson (1859–1941). French philosopher

[6] Herman Alexander von Keyserling (1880–1946). German philosopher and writer.

[7] On July 17, 1921, the law was adopted to finalize the Agrarian Reform in the Old Kingdom. According to the expropriation rules, established by the Alexandru Averescu Government, the expropriation of 6,008,098 hectares was ensured, of which 3,998,753 hectares are arable (in all of Romania), including Transylvania. On July 30, the Law for finalizing the Agrarian Reform in Transylvania, Banat, Crişana and Maramureş was adopted.

[8] Gustav Stresemann (1878–1929). German politician, statesman and diplomat. President of the National Liberal Party and, after the war, of the German Populist Party. Deputy in the Reichstag (1907–1912; 1914–1929). Chancellor (1923). Minister of Foreign Affairs (1923–1929). He pursued a policy aimed at revising the Treaty of Versailles. He linked his name to the international conferences in the field of reparations (the Dawes Plan - 1924 and the Young Plan - 1929), the Locarno agreements (1925), the entry of Germany into the League of Nations (1926), the signing of the Briand-Kellogg Pact of renunciation to war as an instrument of national policy (1928). In 1925 he signed with the USSR Government a Non-Aggression and Neutrality Treaty. In 1926 he shared the Nobel Peace Prize with Aristide Briand.

[9] Oswald Spengler (1880–1936). German philosopher.

[10] On September 15, 1934, Nicolae Titulescu signed, together with the representatives of 30 other states, the invitation addressed to the USSR to enter the League of Nations.

[11] Stefan I. Neniţescu (1897–1979). Romanian writer, beautician and diplomat. Professor in aesthetics at the University of Bucharest. Collaborations at: "Literary conversations"; "Spike"; "The European Idea"; "Flame"; "Lightning"; "Thinking"; "Truth" etc.

[12] Savel Rădulescu.

[13] Hubert şi Jan Van Eyck (Hubert: n.?–1426).

[14] On March 15, 1933 – coup organized by Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss; July 25, 1934 – coup attempt organized by the National Socialists, Hitler's agents assassinate Engelbert Dollfuss.