All the more the springs are flowing and filling this well with more water, in the sense that if a writer has accumulated certain emotions, certain life situations, a psychology, and this information does not allow him to sleep, does not allow him to find rest and peace, he is obliged to put these lines on paper and, of course, to give them the order and structure he considers most appropriate. You also say of yourself that you do not belong to a literary generation and that you are like a bird that has flocked. Is that the way you want it, or is that the way it has been arranged? I generally detest that it's a very harsh word, but I detest the criteria of our generation of compartmentalising writers according to certain literary trends, according to certain generations. And I want to give you some very, very eloquent examples from this point of view in Romanian literature, writers that today we consider sacred monsters, famous writers who made their debut very late. When I say this, I am reminded of Tudor Arghezi, who made his debut at the age of 47, but with a memorable volume, Appropriate Words. How can we classify Tudor Arghezi, who made his debut around the same time as Nicolae Labiș, plus minus a few years, so separating them in terms of age, about 50 years. So, even from this point of view, I think that the grouping of writers in terms of generation, in terms of currents, in terms of literary directions, is not positive. For me, the most important thing is that literature must answer the following question: it must generate emotions, it must generate stormy moods and, more than that, a literature must be remembered. It's like a song, because you come from this sphere, like a song that if you can't hum it, I think that song hasn't achieved its purpose. Of course there are various experiments, there have been, there have been various literary currents which have tried to experiment with all sorts of things, but the most important thing is that literature should look at man from top to bottom, initially reflect the mind, then reflect the heart and soul, and only afterwards what some, unfortunately, fellow writers who reflect literature do, they look at man from bottom to top and, unfortunately, apart from certain obscenities, apart from certain vulgarities, so practically nothing remains. The soul of man is somewhere at a loss, is lost, unfortunately. So this, in my view, is very important as literature reflects the soul of these people and, more than that, the land on which they have trodden the dirt. Because you have also touched on your work as a university professor. From what I understand, you are a very, very demanding professor, but you admitted in an interview that at your age, your student age, you also ran away from classes. Consider this also with regard to your students, this rebellion. Age is really very nicely weakened by a certain rebelliousness, so the rebellious spirit has never left me either. Even more so. I want to tell you more about us, to make a certain confession. So, by entering every day in the student classroom, in the university classroom, I also keep a certain youthfulness, a youthfulness that belongs to the students I communicate with. Moreover, I will never stop repeating that my students enrich me a lot. Volens nolens, with advancing age comes a certain break-in, a certain, if not more colossal, then at least a cyclical repetition of certain ideas, a certain ballast, a certain dross. And, of course, with the help of the students, I try to get rid of this dross. I'm trying to exchange experiences. This subject is an extraordinarily positive one, it's one that invigorates me, it's one that gives me hope that the coming generation is one that will save us in the end. You asked me if there were students from the University of Bucharest backstage. There was even a famous saying that circulated among students that if you don't have a backlog, you don't have prestige, in the sense that if you don't have at least one backlog, then you are definitely of inferior status. I skipped, but I want to make it clear to my boy, who I'm sure is listening now and watching us for my students, that I skipped just to go to the library and buy a book. I only skipped just to dream, to visit an exhibition hall, a show, if the classes were in the afternoon and of course, provided that I was necessarily catching up on those assignments and in no way did the negative impact reflect on my physical presence at that time. On studying or gaining knowledge. Do you still admit to learning from mistakes? That is, encourage your students as well. But I learn from my mistakes. Unfortunately, you learn from your own mistakes, you learn from your own mistakes being. The experience of any personality is not so palpable. You know.