The more the springs get tired and fill this well with more water, in the sense that if a writer has accumulated certain emotions, certain life situations, a psychology, and already this information does not allow him to sleep, it does not allow him to find, to find respite and peace. He is obliged to put these lines down on paper and, of course, to give them the order and structure that 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 it. It's a very harsh word, but I detest our generation's criteria of dividing 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 who today we would consider sacred monsters, famous writers who made their debut very late. When I say this, I remember Tudor Arghezi, who made his debut at the age of 47, but with a memorable volume, Appropriate Words. How could we fit Tudor Arghezi, who made his debut around the same time as Nicolae Labiș, plus minus a few years, so in terms of age they are about 50 years apart. So, even from this point of view, I think that the grouping of writers in terms of generation is not positive in terms of currents, of literary directions. 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 as a song, because you come from this sphere, as 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 are, 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, from my point of view, it is very important that literature reflects the soul of this people and, moreover, the ground on which they have trodden the dirt. Because you 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 for your students. This time, a scholar on the Monday of your age. It is really weakened very nicely by a certain rebellion. Why has the rebellious spirit never left me? Even more? I want to ask you to unravel me, to make a certain confession. So, by entering the student hall, the university hall, every day, I also retain a certain youthfulness, a youthfulness that is characteristic of students who communicate. Moreover, I will never stop repeating that my students enrich me a lot. Volens nolens, with advancing age comes a certain amount of wear and tear, a certain, if not here a certain letting go, 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 let go 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 I had skipped school because there were students at the University of Bucharest. There was even a famous maxim that circulated among students and it said 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 surely your status is inferior. 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 my studies or the accumulation of knowledge. Do you still admit to learning from mistakes? That's also encouraged by your students. 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.