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**LUCIAN BLAGA: MEMORIALIST OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR
AND OF THE EVENTS PRECEDING THE GREAT UNION**

***Lucian Blaga: memorialist al Primului Război Mondial și al
evenimentelor premergătoare Marii Uniri***

Abstract: *For many people «Hronicul și cântecul vârstelor», a paper studied during gymnasium and college years, rests after the completion of studies a simple paper that can be easily found in the compulsory school bibliographies, remaining however unexplored from a historical point of view. Read from a historical approach, the paper becomes an authentic source for outlining various experiences, ideas and social-political views. In the context of commemorating the centenary of the First World War, we aim through this study at re-introducing this paper in the historical debate by capturing the experience lived by young Lucian Blaga and by some of his family members during the war years and in the period preceding the Great Union, as well as the way in which these events had an impact upon them.*

Keywords: *Lucian Blaga, First World War, Great Union, memoirs, cultural history.*

Lucian Blaga¹ (1895-1961), known to the public due to his quality of poet, dramatist, philosopher, translator, due to his volume entitled *Hronicul și cântecul vârstelor*, published after his death in the year 1965², is to be considered as author of memoirs. Studied during gymnasium and then in the first years of college, *Hronicul și cântecul vârstelor* remains for many people a simple literary work, met in the compulsory scholarly

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¹ Philosopher, poet, translator, diplomat, politician. Member of the Romanian Academy, professor at the University in Cluj, founder of “Saeculum” magazine, Nobel Prize nominee in 1965 (Blaga, 2013: 5-6).

² Started by Lucian Blaga in 1945 and finished in the spring of 1946 and referring to the period between 1895-1920 (Blaga, 2012: 7).

bibliographies, but in the hands of a historian this work becomes an authentic source for outlining various experiences, ideas and socio-political views belonging to the author, its memorial qualities investing it with a testimonial dimension³. Taking this assertive affirmation as a starting point, we will try to capture in our study the experience lived by the young Lucian Blaga during the First World War and the events preceding the Great Union, as well as the manner in which these events influenced his future evolution.

The study of memoirs relating to the First World War, to Romania and to the territories with Romanian inhabitants to this conflict and to the Great Union represents a struggle “[...] *for re-making the collective memory*” regarding an event with a major impact on the Romanian society⁴. Even though the bibliography dedicated to these events contains a relevant number of titles (general papers, special articles) published during the conflict but especially after the war, these concentrate on the military, political-diplomatic and socio-economic history and to a lesser extent on the cultural history of the war, on the history of representations, feelings and emotions belonging to the people who lived that period, simple and modest individuals that filled the battlefield or remained behind the front⁵, this last aspect becoming the object of the present study through the analysis of the memoirs signed by Lucian Blaga⁶.

In the summer of 1914, after having graduated from “Andrei Șaguna” College from Brașov and having passed the “maturity exam”, the young Lucian Blaga was returning home with the intention of following the courses in philosophy at the University in Jena, full of dreams and hopes which would shortly collapse. Travelling to Sebeș, dominated by the euphoria of having been liberated from scholar norms and regulations, the first sign of the future disaster would be received in the train station of Vințu de Jos: “[...] *At Vințu de Jos I was on the verge of taking the train to Sebeș-Alba. At the moment between the two changes, when I moved my luggage from one train to another, within the train station appeared the rumour that Franz Ferdinand, the heir of the Habsburg throne had been killed. I took the train, taking this news with me. The stuffiness was accumulating. There was a moment of stupor. I stopped for a moment so as to think about the entire situation. Then I talked to my neighbour: «This means war». And like a bird claw a doubt entered my heart: will I still be departing for Jena in the autumn as I had decided?»*⁷. The news of the crime, the imminence of the outburst of a conflict agitated not only the town inhabitants (that reunited themselves “*in groups, on the rooftops*”), but also the members of the Blaga family, in particular the young lawyer

³ Bocșan, 2015: 42.

⁴ Bocșan, 2012: 31.

⁵ Nicoară, 2009: 141-154; Groza, 2014a: 88.

⁶ Chapters 28-43 from *Hronicul și cântecul vârstelor*.

⁷ Blaga, 2012: 155.

Lionel Blaga who in case of war would have been mobilized⁸. Soon, the hush before the storm came over the town, Lucian Blaga confessing that “[...] during the first two weeks of July, the press, the spirits and the public opinion did not seem to be so agitated so as to enforce in such a way the fear that we would be on the eve of a cataclysm. On the contrary, we had the impression that everything was directing to appeasement. And life was going on as if on earth nothing would have been possible”⁹.

In order to forget the concern provoked by the possibility of a conflict outburst, the young Lucian Blaga approached the newly-founded theatre group from Sebeș, coordinated by Nicolae Băilă, sponsored by an ASTRA’s special fund; this was his first direct contact with the universe of theatre which would be useful to create his future dramas¹⁰.

In this elusory situation of calm, at the end of July 1914 came the news of the conflict outburst and of the general mobilisation¹¹. After the war statements, “*exchanged as lurid greetings between nations*”¹², war was also present in the Blaga family, the poet’s elder brothers, Lionel and Longin, both sub-lieutenants in reserve, being obligated to abandon their family and go into the army (Lionel on the Galician front and Longin on the Bosnian one)¹³. The moment of the two elder brothers’ mobilization, especially that of Longin, awoke in the young Lucian Blaga an intense patriotic feeling, illustrated by the blame put onto his elder brother who had come from Romania, where he had been active as a functionary in a factory in Bucharest, so as to answer the call launched by the emperor: “[...] within me there was wavering a desire to kick him because he was so lacking in conscience to follow the enrolment order. «You’d better stand on the other part! You’d better go into the Romanian army! If you were to collapse, we would know the reason!». I was blaming him for resting without words. He felt in the yard as a stupid, convinced that it was all about simple demonstrations and that there would be no war”¹⁴. For the same reasons and to be sure that his brother, Liciniu, at that moment in Romania, at Constanța, would not repeat the same mistake, Lucian Blaga telegraphed him “*not to follow the path of the imperial orders*”¹⁵.

In this lurid atmosphere of despair and uncertainty, Lucian Blaga was thinking about the brothers over the Carpathians, formulating the logic question “What would Romania do?” in the conditions in which it had signed a secret treatise of adherence to the Triple Alliance¹⁶, a possible

⁸ Blaga, 2012: 155.

⁹ Blaga, 2012: 155.

¹⁰ Molda, 1999: 28-29.

¹¹ Mitu & Grăf, 2009: 255-256.

¹² Blaga, 2012: 158.

¹³ Bălu, 1995: 114.

¹⁴ Blaga, 2012: 158.

¹⁵ Blaga, 2012: 158.

¹⁶ Bărbulescu *et alii*, 2006: 340; Hitchins, 1996: 159-161.

answer coming in the moment when “[...] *the factors in which destiny embodied decided that the Romanians should not go into army with Austro-Hungary. For us, Transylvanian people, this was the decision we had been waiting for with strong tenseness, a precise proof: that in spite of all obstacles Romania was searching for the path of its interests that were at the same time identical to all the Romanians’ interests*”¹⁷.

As we have already stated, after passing the maturity exam, Lucian Blaga intended to attend the University of Jena, the outburst of the war baffling these plans of completing his studies. The concern and the wait for future evolutions awoke in the young Blaga a strong instinct of preservation, being convinced that he could flourish “*for a higher goal in his life*”, a reason which made him close himself into his own universe, dedicated to reading, philosophy and writing: “[...] *In the loneliness of home I tried to find myself and I dedicated myself to writing. I filled in a few days a whole notebook with my notes. I exercised the method «of escaping without moving» as I called it, which would help me so many times from that moment on. I was taking notes regarding some studies of knowledge theories [...] I retired into my interior spinneys. I did not go out anymore. I hardly supported the human genre. This human genre that was capable to start such an incredible war for such stupid reasons! And just in the moment when from the shoulder blades of my adolescence should rise the secret wings of triumphant youth*”¹⁸.

Once having returned home for recovering himself after being the victim of a poisoning attempt by a Ruthean peasant, Lionel Blaga advised his younger brother to follow the courses of the Theological Academy of Sibiu in order to avoid a possible enrolment, the dialogue being exactly inscribed: “*«What would you do? The war will continue. You will be soon mobilised. The only hope will be for you to follow the theology courses at Sibiu. Only there will you find protection!» The advice seemed to be useful, but at the same time careless. Useful because it was leading me to a path I had been thinking about ashamedly, careless because it took me out of all my beautiful academic projects. «See», I told him, «your advice comes from a good thought, undoubtedly. You take care of me, so do I, that I cannot sleep anymore. It’s just that everything could transform into a question of conscience. You know that I totally dislike theology! «But no one obligates you to take the vow, nor to become a priest», Lionel answers «to avoid the war, that’s the question! Or do you have bones to disperse in Galicia for the emperor?»*”¹⁹.

The pieces of advice provided by the elder brother would have a strong impact on the young Lucian Blaga who decided to renounce his

¹⁷ Blaga, 2012: 158-159.

¹⁸ Blaga, 2012: 161-162.

¹⁹ Blaga, 2012: 164-165.

plans and take the courses of the Theological Academy in Sibiu²⁰. Registered within this famous educational institution, in spite of being “popular” among the teachers, Blaga felt constrained to take part in the religious offices that “*made a knot in my stomach*”, reason for which he requested a dismissal (“*for a vineyard crop, although I was not a vine grower*”) for the entire school year²¹. During the period spent at Sibiu, Lucian Blaga approached his cousin, Veturia Triteanu (born Mureșan), married to the consistorial assessor Lazăr Triteanu (she will divorce him in 1920, marrying the poet Octavian Goga)²², who manifested toward the young student “*in a feminine and maternal way at the same time*”, concerned about bringing her contribution to his instruction, her company making him forget about the routine of the days passed within the theological seminary²³.

Once returned to Sebeș, for “*the vineyard crop*”, Lucian Blaga dedicated himself to reading and writing, a series of philosophical papers about the concepts of “materiality” and “energy” in the economy of the human intelligence dating from this period, papers which, in order to avoid censorship, were sent through Veturia Triteanu (who had gotten a passport for a travel to Bucharest) to the editorial board of the journal “Convorbiri Literare”. At the same time, he began the collaboration with the editorial board of the journal “Românul”; in its pages Lucian Blaga published a series of reflections and notes which “*unfortunately seemed to be overwhelmed by the pest print until not being recognised anymore*”²⁴.

As the military conflict continued, Lucian Blaga appeared to be obligated in autumn of 1915 to resume the theological courses and to pass the residual examinations from the first year of studies. After passing the exams into the second year of studies, he returned to Sebeș, crossing between his personality and theology “*a board of isolating earth flax*”²⁵. The issue of Romania’s entering the war against Austro-Hungary and that of reuniting the nation dominated young Lucian Blaga’s mind during this period; he confessed the following: “*[...] Reuniting the nation within its natural political boundaries was a promise made since my childhood by the leaf of the alder, by the lisp of the water and by the prophetic patter of wings in the air. I was raised up in the air of this promise [...] Oh how many times I saw myself desponding that the small Romanian country to which our souls were directing as if it were a huge field of sunflowers missed the opportunity, and this would not be repeated any more. Sometimes I believed that «the Country» had been stuck in the mud of its destiny. For two years the moments had been dropping in the chalice of*

²⁰ Cărpinișianu, 2007: 207.

²¹ Blaga, 2012: 165-166.

²² Groza, 2014b: 38-41.

²³ Blaga, 2012: 166-167.

²⁴ Blaga, 2012: 169-170.

²⁵ Blaga, 2012: 176.

*impatience and the boundary from the mountains' peak did not move towards us, to open for a moment and then to close again after embracing us*²⁶.

In the summer of 1916, in the conditions of Lionel Blaga having to present himself to Vienna before a medical commission which had to decide whether he was capable or not to render military service, Lucian accompanied his brother, the mystery of the places and people met there being carefully described: “[...] *With a clumsiness of a provincial, I tried to get on at the crossroads. The traffic was chaotic for the ear and chaotic for the eye not used to it. I took the avenue that made an internal circle over the Ring. I came to pass pedestrians. I looked at large. And I walked without a well-defined purpose. I could not abstain from looking round at the Viennese who all, without any distinction, put in their walk a thrilling agility that was opposed to the tense Sunday movement of the Transylvanian girls. And then all of them were blonde, blonde as if they wanted only the sun as testimony of their life. I arrived before the Parliament with an aspect of Greek memories; I saw through the leaves the profile of a huge building in an eclectic style: the town hall. Then I saw myself before the Burgtheater*”²⁷. After four weeks, Lionel Blaga received the final decision, being disbanded, the two brothers travelling to Transylvania where they continued their activity: Lionel as a lawyer, Lucian as his assistant²⁸.

The much desired news of Romania's entering the war found Lucian Blaga in his brother's office, the euphoria of the moment being soon replaced with a deep feeling of insecurity because of the arrests, the evacuation and the deportation of a great number of intellectuals from their town²⁹. Advised by his elder brother, Lucian Blaga requested an authorization from the local police to depart for Vienna so as to register for university; he received it, leaving for Vienna the same day³⁰. In the Austrian capital, Blaga received the touching news of the defeat of the Romanian offensive from Transylvania and of the disaster from the Danubian front, the sadness and the despair being described in a tragic way: “[...] *One day it was announced that the Romanian offensive in Transylvania collapsed. The Viennese press made public its hope that from now on not even a meter of land would be lost. Something was being prepared. An entire afternoon I walked along the Viennese streets, broody and deeply touched by the incoming news. I consistently nurtured, until incandescence, the thought that Romania's entering the war would rapidly lead to an end and that it was impossible for the Central Powers to resist. And now the thought was sizzling under a cold waterfall: in Transylvania the*

²⁶ Blaga, 2012: 178.

²⁷ Blaga, 2012: 179-180.

²⁸ Blaga, 2012: 183-184.

²⁹ Stanca, 2015.

³⁰ Blaga, 2012: 185-186.

Romanians were not advancing, while in the southern part everything was going badly”³¹.

In order to forget the sad news coming from Transylvania (especially that of Lionel’s mobilisation), Lucian found an anchorage in his studies within the reading rooms of the library from the University of Vienna and during his walks³². In the atmosphere of the Viennese University, the young Lucian Blaga once again met Cornelia Brediceanu, his secret love from the period passed at the high school in Braşov, now a student of medicine, a beautiful love story beginning between them and getting married after a couple of years³³.

At the beginning of November 1916, a letter from Lionel Blaga informing Lucian that the period of signing up for the Theological Academy had already started, the institution having been moved to Oradea, forced him to leave Vienna and Cornelia in order to be present for the registration, the theological studies representing a sure defence against his enlistment³⁴. His stay in Oradea was followed by a sad note on Transylvania’s social-political situation: “[...] *The atmosphere in Oradea was extremely suffocating from a political point of view. The Romanian fugitive intellectuals from different Transylvanian regions and especially from Sibiu were kept under control for each movement*”³⁵.

In the winter of the same year Lucian Blaga would again spend three weeks in the Austrian capital, a period during which he would have the possibility to observe the war blasting effects on the civil population subjected to numerous war loans and requisitions: “[...] *The phantasm of famine walked along the imperial capital. Only in marginal restaurants, with gardens that were losing themselves into the forest, one could find some primary resources that did not act up to their substantial names. In town the empire of the surrogate fully established. But also at the peripheries with traditional households the shortage was deep. Here the signs of the houses and the companies welcomed you like an unbelievable promise. A giant dairy entitled «Molkerei» flaunted with creamy letters above an entrance cheated you among the stables with the gurgle of milk in metal barrels, but once having entered you could not get even a little bit at the drop of a hat*”³⁶.

Once returned to Sebeş, Lucian Blaga dedicated himself to reading, writing and philosophy as well as to preparing the final exam for the Theological Academy, an exam promoted in the summer of 1917. Recently graduated, he departed for Vienna and decided to attend the courses of the Faculty of Philosophy for two reasons: on one hand, at that moment Vienna

³¹ Blaga, 2012: 189.

³² Blaga, 2012: 191-192.

³³ Blaga, 2012: 194-195.

³⁴ Blaga, 2012: 199-200.

³⁵ Blaga, 2012: 202.

³⁶ Blaga, 2012: 204-205.

represented the unique, big European city to which Transylvanian Romanians could direct themselves in an easy way, while on the other hand there was his beloved woman, Cornelia Brediceanu³⁷.

Once arrived in the Austrian capital, the young Lucian Blaga, contrary to the situation in his native town which “*was not affected by the war*”³⁸, came into contact with all kinds of lacks, the precarious situation and the quality of the aliments being highlighted within his notes too: “[...] *in the Austrian capital the state of the aliments was reduced almost entirely to the extremely well-organized emission of over-drafted ration books. The fourth war year depleted us. For weeks we had not seen bread. Within the Academic Mensa behind the University, where we had breakfast, we were provided exclusively with surrogates and then surrogates of surrogates [...] once around noontime while I was in the middle of a book, I unexpectedly felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Dede Roșca, the only other Romanian student from Transylvania except from me at the Faculty of Philosophy from Vienna during the war years. He told me in a low voice a secret that was passed from one person to another: at the Academic Mensa there was a surprise waiting for us: pasta! [...] we bowed with an incredible appetite above the floury tubiforms from our plates. The pasta had a good flavour, even though they had a smell of millstone*”³⁹.

The end of the war found Lucian Blaga working on his doctoral thesis in the Austrian capital. Here, on the grounds of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy’s collapse, the Romanians would soon have a great say in the matter of ensuring security and public order due to the Romanian Military Senate of the Officers and Soldiers coordinated by Iuliu Maniu and general Ioan Boeriu⁴⁰. The agitation provoked by the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian political regime, by the breakdown of the fronts, by the returning home of the soldiers, as well as by the advance of some socialist tendencies were suggestively outlined by Lucian Blaga who mentioned the following: “[...] *The university courses started in an atmosphere of general tension [...] Bulgaria collapsed. In the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and in Germany the symptoms of breakdown multiplied from one day to another. Soiled by blood, the imperial symbols crashed. The students who had been fighting for years on the battlefield were turning back home. On the alleyways of the University many fighting faces marked by the experience of the war. Under the colonnades voices were heard. Alma Mater blackened by the smoke of the decline. In the library of the university where I collected material for my doctoral thesis you could see, as opposed to any code of moral behaviour, a young man rising to hold an*

³⁷ Bălu, 1995: 168.

³⁸ Blaga, 2012: 207.

³⁹ Blaga, 2012: 214-215.

⁴⁰ Groza, 2015a; Groza, 2015b: 199-208; Groza, 2015c: 163-179; Groza *et alii*, 2017.

*incendiary discourse. The rumour of the street was spread through the walls. The manifestations accelerated. Blowing papers announcing the revolution amalgamated with the autumn leaves. Both the manifests and the leaves were of ardent red. The masses from the peripheries appeared to be pushed by an absorption point from the centre [...] Beyond the Ring the deaf rumour of the moving mass was coming to our ears. No one could stop the assault. Chaotic times were coming*⁴¹.

In a town where the imperial symbols collapsed, situated on the verge of a civil war where riots, crimes, robberies and all kind of injustices were a common place, where the police neglected these manifestations when they were not organized by the police itself, Lucian Blaga decided together with his friend Dede Roșca to come back to Transylvania, both of them departing for Ardeal on the evening of October 30th. The train stations being blocked, both of them were obligated to take a military train that transported soldiers to Hungary, the atmosphere created by them being specific to terrorized people, strongly affected by all that a violent war situation could mean⁴²: *“[...] After a couple of minutes the train was assaulted by the soldiers just having arrived from the southern front with all their equipment. Cries in all the languages of the monarchy could be heard. In particular Hungarian shouts could be heard: «Viva the Hungarian republic!». The echoes of the famine for freedom with Pusta accents multiplied, crossing from one coach to another. The train finally departed, straining under the weight of a fragment of a collapsed front [...] the soldiers awoke from the hard snore of the night and took their role of freedom protagonists. They were shooting from the windows like it was a game, having occasional targets in the air or in the fields. At stations the eye captured devastated boxes with the speed of the train*⁴³. Once arrived in Budapest the two of them took another train departing for Brașov via Arad, this time coping with Transylvanian and Banathian soldiers who were not second to the Hungarian colleagues: *“[...] in the coach we were suffocating in the crowd that did not want to assign. The soldiers, arrested, were passing water from the windows, joking from a ballistic point of view*⁴⁴.

Once arrived in Sebeș on the morning November 1st 1918, although during his travel he had met the first signs of the future breakdown of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, Lucian Blaga confessed that the small Transylvanian fortress *“rested paradoxically in its past peace”*, the gendarmes with a calm area *“still wore their cock feathers on the town streets”*, the Saxons being the only people *“having brown and shocked faces”*⁴⁵. On the next morning as if there were a sign, everything

⁴¹ Blaga, 2012: 230-232.

⁴² Audoin-Rouzeau & Becker, 2014: 59.

⁴³ Blaga, 2012: 233-234.

⁴⁴ Blaga, 2012: 235.

⁴⁵ Blaga, 2012: 235.

disappeared: “[...] all the Hungarian gendarmes, disguised in Wallachian priests, in peasants with trousers and in shepherds with sheep-skin coats, left the town in a short time, while a town hall servant was shot by unknown people after being pitifully taken from his bed into the town’s square”⁴⁶. It was the sign of the liberation, of the outburst of the revolution that led to the foundation of the councils and of the Romanian national guards, the new organs of Romanian authority. The same day a delegation of the town hall presented itself to the Blaga family’s house, asking the lawyer Lionel Blaga to accept the position of mayor “until the settlement of times”⁴⁷.

The moment of the outburst of the revolution in its popular phase with violent accents was fully described by Lucian Blaga, who in regards to the violence of the Romanian population from the communities limitrophe to Sebeș, mentioned the following: “[...] on the cold afternoon of the 3rd of November the Romanian population from Sebeș-Alba, reunited around the Church of the river, was on the move to the centre of the town, to the big market, having an importance place in a group of soldiers arrived on the morning from the battlefield and some local intellectuals [...] a strong danger raised upon the limitrophe villages that they would clash and assault the town [...] seeing all of this, the population hooked itself to the robberies. And there were people coming with their carriages as if they were on market days and tainting themselves without demur, taking everything to be taken from the basements and devastating the drinking house [...] and during midnight serious people were seen hijacking like in a dream which you are ashamed of”⁴⁸.

Soon afterwards “the order was re-established”⁴⁹, the new Romanian authorities being restored and proceeding “in a short period of time to take some measures with the purpose of avoiding the future disorders”⁵⁰, as well as of preparing the population for its participation in the Great National Assembly from Alba-Iulia on the 1st of December 1918.

Together with his brother, the mayor Lionel Blaga, the official representative and head of the delegation from Sebeș to the reunion in Alba-Iulia, Lucian Blaga took part in this noble event to which, apart from the sadness caused by the impossibility of participating in the reunion of the official delegations, he dedicated a consistent paragraph: “[...] on the morning of the 1st of December, as by following a sign, the Romanian population moved towards Alba-Iulia [...] it was a cold winter morning. Respiration materialized in invisible crystals [...] At Alba-Iulia I could not find a place in the reunion room. Lionel, who was part of the delegacy, entered the room. I renounced with a wrench and I found my consolation

⁴⁶ Blaga, 2012: 236.

⁴⁷ Blaga, 2012: 236; Cârlugea, 2006: 80.

⁴⁸ Blaga, 2012: 236-238.

⁴⁹ Blaga, 2012: 238.

⁵⁰ Blaga, 2012: 237; Groza, 2014c: 126-155; Groza, 2015d: 139-174.

in the hope that my brother would inform me about all. I had however the advantage of walking from one place to another all day long on the field where the people reunited. It was an unbelievable rumour [...] that day I found out what the national, sincere, spontaneous, irresistible, organic, massive enthusiasm was. It was something that made you forget everything, even the left-handedness and the complete lack of routine of the speakers. In the evening, while we came back to Sebeş by the same carriage, both my brother and I felt like having «set» the basis of another Time, even if we did not do anything apart from «taking part» in a silent and insignificant way into an act that was realized through the force of destiny. The event at the crossroads, with its force and atmosphere, provided us with a historical conscience. When I crossed Lancriș, my birth village, the path took us to the cemetery where near the Church my father was sleeping the sleep of the just at the roots of the poplar. The rumour of the wheels got into him and shook his bones. «Oh, If only our father knew what has happened», I said to my brother, turning my head to the cross from the cemetery [...] in the village there was dark and peace. When we were on the point of leaving the village, we heard from a courtyard, in an unexpected way, in the dark, a call of a child: «Viva the round Romania!»⁵¹.

The final notes regarding the period we have studied are dedicated to the moment of the Romanian troops' entrance to Sebeş and to the wave of enthusiasm provoked by it, as well as to Lionel Blaga quitting his office: "[...] finally on a December evening, the much desired troops entered the soul of the fortress. The enthusiasm and the joy of the population materialized in a huge round dance, that broke its circle, curling into a snail having as a model the sky fog which is searching for a new constitution and a new balance. Soon after the entrance of the Romanian troops, a moment meant to put an end to the uncertain state of transition and to mark the concrete integration of the nation in the Romanian enlarged state, my brother, who had had the attribution of controlling the fortress in its phase of uncertainty, quit the town hall, retaking his activity of freelancing"⁵².

After the end of the First World War and the instauration of peace, Lucian Blaga turned to Vienna where he resumed his studies in philosophy and biology, in 1919 making his debut with *Poemele luminii* and *Pietre pentru templul meu* (an anthology of aphorisms and notes), while in 1920 he presented his doctoral thesis entitled *Kultur und Erkenntnis*, after which he married Cornelia Brediceanu that same year, settling together in Cluj⁵³, inaugurating another episode in the life of the great poet-philosopher.

⁵¹ Blaga, 2012: 239-240.

⁵² Blaga, 2012: 241.

⁵³ Blaga, 2012: 5; Bălu, 1995: 223-261.

To conclude, we can assert that the memoirs volume *Hronicul și cântecul vârstelor* represents a real documentary source referring to the poet's as well as to his family's experience, that undoubtedly deserves a re-evaluation by researchers interested in the history of the Romanians' participation in the Great World War and the events preceding the Great Union, once more since in this period we commemorate the war centenary. Adhering to the idea promoted by the late Banathian historian Valeriu Leu, who has brought into spotlight the fact that "*now like in other circumstances of the Romanian historical time, the roots of a historiography must be searched in memoirs*"⁵⁴, we conclude by asserting that exploring memoirs related to the First World War and the Great Union like the one made during our study, outlining the experience lived by Lucian Blaga and by his family members, represents a historian's duty for better knowledge and for capturing a much more pronounced image of the events and characters involved, to put it in other words, for writing a cultural history of the war.

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