

Because

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Because work was the fountain of happiness.
Because our conscious routinely started at 6.45 a.m.
Because of the book, One Minute.
Because Stahanov overworked to get the Stalin Award.
Because the 37 seconds of life after death had to be laboured.
Because tiredness, inertia, stagnation, impossibility were erased from the dictionary.
Because language was sacralised.
Because of forced analogies.
Because everything reflected one thing.
Because of the seventies unbalanced work/talk.
Because we lived in our own future.
Because Ceaușescu felt at home among ruins.
Because our flats were a direct expression of Ceausescu's body language.
Because of the endless shit waves of Zinoviev.
Because of Churchill's pragmatic napkin.
Because we used to build without bourgeois and against bourgeois.
Because communists were the meat of the meat and the blood of the blood.
Because words came first and then the houses in which they were spoken.
Because our excuse was poetry.
Because cities had hearts.
Because thinking left the building.
Because Barbusse's belief that a word is nothing but a word.
Because silence had to be punished.
Because to find ourselves we had to forget ourselves.
Because "langue du bois" made memory tabu.
Because vodka made words useless and brought us close.
Because carpenters were doctors in carpentry, and doctors carpenters.
Because most of the projects have never seen the light of day.
Because Redford forgot to teach us how to suffer.
Because artists stayed in their work for a living.
Because if nothing happened, it didn't happen.
Because Lenin brought design to our villages.
Because monuments were tourists.
Because in our dreams we took risks.
Because after 1982 we couldn't see Romania.
Because we wanted to be neither dogs nor wolves.
Because Ranciere was not Romanian.
Because Eminescu believed that only labour could give rights.
Because ideas came from factories.
Because words without deeds were ghosts.
Because Romanian literature failed to some degree.
Because only a man was right in everyone's right.

Because in print we were precious.

Because thinking beauty meant thinking export.

Because holding the shovel right was a political statement.

Because pregnant women were everybody's concern.

Because only ethical capital could be passed on from generation to generation.

Because we did not hear, see, nor understand, but carried on.

Because of our willingness to lose everything but our lives.