Cronicile lui Popescu
Les chroniques Popescu
The Popescu Chronicles

un projet de | un projet de
a project by Ghenadie Popescu
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After leaving Chisinău, Moldova, at the end of May 2006, Ghenadie Popescu realised a bicycle trip throughout different countries in Europe. Everyday, he sent by various possible means – mobile phone, fax or email – one or several messages recounting his travel impressions. Once collected, these messages made up a daily chronicle, The Popescu Chronicles, a kind of log, whose content was voluntarily “offbeat” regarding the epic nature such a trip might convey. Both physical and conceptual, his trip gradually revealed a dual geography: on the one hand, the territorial and political realities of the countries he passed through and, on the other, the more reflexive and subjective geographical experience, arising from his own circulation within these spaces. Ultimately, by choosing to circulate by bicycle, the artist revealed his engagement of “slow” resistance, a silent protest in the face of the world’s acceleration.

Rue Bânulescu-Bodoni. Café-internet Banzai. En périphérie, je n’ai trouvé aucun endroit avec internet. Je suis allé dans un café du centre que je connais pour écrire un message. Aujourd’hui il m’est arrivé toutes sortes de choses. Les routes en périphérie de la ville sont assez insupportables. Partout des ornières qu’il faut éviter, sans compter les minibus qui la desservent et sont également une vraie calamité, la compagnie des feux tricolores qui est en panne. En revanche, j’ai croisé un gars de mon village que je n’avais pas vu depuis longtemps. Je suis resté discuter un peu. Il m’a souhaité un bon voyage que j’ai ajouté à ma collection. Ce qui me fait déjà une sacrée collection de « bon voyage ». Voilà.
Bânulescu-Bodoni. The Banzai Internet-Café. I couldn’t find a place with Internet on the outskirts of town. I went to a café I know in the center to write a message. All sorts of things happened to me today. The roads on the outskirts of town are terrible. You have to constantly avoid the pot-holes. The minibuses that run there are a real catastrophe. The company that operates the traffic lights has broken down. However, I bumped into a guy from my village that I haven’t seen in a long time. I stayed and chatted for a while. He wished me a good trip, which I added to my collection. I already have a large collection of “good trips”. That’s all for now.

---------fin du message---------

FR

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Rue Sciusev. Café-internet. La bruine s’est arrêtée. Le trajet à bord du trolleybus n°2 m’a très vite lassé. Encore 3 mois à circuler ainsi et je vais finir par me sentir moi-même un véritable trolleybus. La circulation en ville est plutôt fluide mais il y a comme une tension dans l’air. C’est à cause de la visite de la délégation chinoise et du président en tête (d’après ce que j’ai compris en questionnant les gens dans la rue). Nos élus reçoivent la visite de leurs élus et cette manifestation afflige les électeurs. Sur le boulevard Ștefan cel Mare, j’ai également croisé une drôle de procession. Un groupe d’enfants (de 11 à 13 ans) vêtus des uniformes des pionniers communistes défilaient solennellement en scandant des
slogans typiques de l’époque soviétique, et répétait sans cesse le mot « bucuria » (joie). C’était sans doute une campagne de publicité pour l’usine de bonbons Bucuria, du moins c’est ce que je veux croire. Quelque chose comme ça. La route continue.

EN
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Sciusev Street. Internet-café. It’s stopped drizzling. It hasn’t taken me long to get tired of the n° 2 trolleybus route. Another three months of this and I’ll end up feeling like a trolleybus myself. The traffic flow in the city is reasonably fluid although there’s tension in the air, due to the visit of the Chinese delegation headed by the president (as far as I can understood when asking people on the street). Our elected representatives are receiving their elected representatives much to the grievance of the electors. I also came across a curious procession on Stephen the Great Boulevard. A group of children (11-13 years old) dressed like communist pioneers were solemnly marching, shouting slogans typical of the Soviet era and endlessly repeating the word “bucuria” (happiness). It was more likely an advertising campaign for the Bucuria sweet factory, at least that’s what I would like to think. Something like that. The journey continues.

---------------fin du message---------------
The main park. The heat is stifling. I go on my way in search of fountains. Only one of the 4 fountains I know of in the city is working – the one in the city center. I’d like to cool myself off in the basin, but can’t bring myself to do so, I’m too well brought up. I spend a few moments in the shade, and take off again.
Hi, let me know if this has arrived.
Hi, let me know if you’ve received this SMS. I’m waiting.
I understood. I'm continuing the SMSs and my diary. I'm waiting for my visa.
The old part of town. I’m riding around the French Embassy on my bicycle. It’s time to eat.
The Zorile Factory. I’ve found a new fountain, what a wonderful place, Chișinău.
Internet club Banzai. Scriu. De dimineața a fost timp bun, răcoros. Acuma-i zăpușeală. La început am hoinărit fără nici un scop pe la Botanica, Muncești. Apoi am luat-o spre centru. În orașul vechi am tras vre-o 8 rotocele în jurul cartierului unde se afla consulatul francez (tot fără nici un scop). În drum spre bariera Sculeni am mai descoperit încă 2 havuzuri care funcționau. Unul la teatru de operă și balet, al doilea la fabrica Zorile; e bine totuși de trăit la Chișinău. Asta-i.

FR
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EN

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Banzai Internet-Café. I’m writing. This morning it was nice and fresh. Right now it’s blazing hot. I started out drifting around Botanica, Muncesti. Afterwards, I went into the center. In the old part of town, I circled at least 8 times around the neighborhood of the French Embassy (again, not really knowing why). Along the way to the suburb of Sculeni, I discovered two fountains working, one in front of the opera and the other in the grounds of the Zorile factory. It’s not such a bad place after all, Chişinău. That’s all for now.

----------fin du message----------
Zoo. I’m standing in front of a lynx. The admission is 5 lei.
City center. Crowd, heat, pollen from the poplar trees. The euro has reached 17 lei. That’s all for now.
Internet Café. Sciusev Street. A spirit of adventure led me to the central market. It was the worst time to be there, when the stallholders begin packing up. They were running in all directions: hysteria, shouting, in a word, chaos. I was all that was missing – as if I needed more stress right now. Well, that’s adventure.

FR

Boulevard Dacia. Stade Zimbru. Je ne suis pas expert en matière de stades, mais je dirais que celui-ci est tout juste sorti de terre.

EN

Dacia Boulevard. Zimbru Stadium. I’m not an expert in stadiums, but I would think this one is quite new.
Sala UAP Brâncuși. Bicicl. e în hol. Votez.


The Brancusi UFA (Union of Fine Artists) Hall. My bicycle is at the entrance. I’m voting.

Salle de l’UAP. Le vote se poursuit. Là c’est la pause. On boit une bière. Ça fait du bien.

The UFA Hall. Voting continues. Right now we’re taking a break. Drinking beer. That’s fine.

FR
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EN
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----------fin du message----------
RO

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Valea Crucii. Mersul la vale cu viteză face bine. Greu e capul după votare.

FR

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Valea Crucii. Dévaler la pente à toute allure c’est vraiment le pied. Ce congrès m’a pris la tête.

EN

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Valea Crucii. Traveling in the valley at high speed is wonderful. The congress really got to me.

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RO


FR


EN


Our wine is the best in the world. I have a hangover. My bike is in the basement. All is quiet in the outskirts.
The Museum of Ethnography. It’s been raining for 3 hours. I dry myself. I’m cooking some beans. I have to wait a while.
The Museum of Ethnography. It’s still raining. Tomorrow I’ll be in a better state of mind. Today isn’t my day.
Bulgară Street. It’s wonderful weather. I’m roaming through the old part of town. Light. I’m feeling good – like a Sunday.
Dimo Street. I cycle around Riscani Park where there’s little traffic, it’s doing me good. Drizzle. I head for the center.

FR
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EN
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FR

Rue V. Lupu. Je me suis fait aspergé par une voiture, elle ne m’a pas raté. C’était une Ford rouge. Cet imbécile conduisait comme un dératé. Je n’y vois plus rien.

EN

V. Lupu Street. I got completely soaked by a passing car. A red Ford. The idiot was driving like a mad man. I’m completely blinded.
Le mouvement circulaire peut t’emmener très loin.

Traveling in circles can take you a long way.
Dinamo Stadium. I’m cycling around the track. I’ve done 63 rounds already. This is what it means to travel across Europe. Bye!

----------fin du message----------

de la/de/from : Ghenadie Popescu
pentru/à/to : École du Magasin

ţara/pays/country: Moldova
oraş/ville/city: Chişinău

29/05/2006 16:01

----------début du message----------

RO
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FR
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Stade Dinamo. Je fais des tours de piste. J’en suis déjà à 63. Voilà ce que c’est que parcourir l’Europe. Tchao !

EN
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Dinamo Stadium. I’m cycling around the track. I’ve done 63 rounds already. This is what it means to travel across Europe. Bye!
Dinamo Stadium. I’ve done 134 rounds (each one is 400m). I’m on the right way. It’s important not to lose count.
La moment, cu ziua de ieri, am 320 cercuri în direcția spațiului Schengen. Sunt mai aproape, dar mai am încă mult.

À l’heure actuelle, avec hier, j’en suis à 320 tours en direction de l’espace Schengen. Je me rapproche, mais j’ai encore beaucoup de route.

At present, counting what I did yesterday, I’ve done 320 rounds in the direction of the Schengen area. I’m getting closer but I still have a long way to go.


Dinamo Stadium. I persevere. I haven’t even stopped to eat. I’m going as fast as I can. I’ve done 400 rounds.

---------début du message---------

FR

Stade Dinamo. 480ème tour. Je ne prends même pas le temps d’aller dans un café-internet. Il faut que j’accélère. J’ai faim, mais il est hors de question de m’arrêter. En avant toute.

---------fin du message---------

EN

Dinamo Stadium. 480 rounds. I haven’t even taken time to go to the Internet Club. I have to pick up speed. I’m hungry, but stopping is out of the question.
Dinamo Stadium. Night is falling. I talk with the custodian. He lets me sleep in the eastern grandstand, on a bench, so I can get an early start tomorrow morning. I’ve done 650 rounds. Good night.


Dinamo Stadium. Start 5:30. At full speed. Homeless Misa helps me count the rounds. I pay him 5 euros a day. He’s promised to give me a bill. The weather is good.


Dinamo Stadium. It’s going well. I’ve found a way to go faster. Instead of counting one round I count three. I’m already well ahead. Misa the assistant watches me. I’m not alone.

----------début du message----------
Dinamo Stadium. The circular movement towards Europe continues. I’ve nearly reached 3000 rounds. Misha has disappeared with his advance for the day. He’s taken me for a fool. He tried to explain to me that to go to Europe, it’s necessary to pass borders. Perhaps He’s not wrong.
Dinamo Stadium. Lunch break. Well earned. Given the number of rounds, I should be in Paris soon. It’s difficult to be alone in the middle of a Europe of stands and chairs on this rubber road. I have to be strong.
Dinamo Stadium. It’s raining. The track is covered in puddles. I have a drink with the keeper. I talk to him about the EU; he speaks to me about sex. I ask him where the connection is. He replies: Fill up the glasses. Cheers!

---------fin du message----------
Dinamo Stadium. When the rain stopped, I started pedalling frenetically, until I get a phone call from the French Consulate. My visa is ready. I celebrate the event with the keeper. The beer is fresh. He seems happier than I am. Paradoxically.

J’ai renoncé au mouvement circulaire. Je quitte le stade Dinamo. Que d’émotion. Le gardien a ploré. Mișa le clochard m’a suggéré de demander l’asile politique à la tribune Est. En fait il voulait juste une bière.

I’ve given up the circular movement. I’ve left the Dinamo Stadium. What emotion. The keeper cried. Homeless Misa suggested to me that I should ask for political asylum in the Eastern Grandstand. In fact, he just wanted a beer.
I began my pilgrimage to the fountains again. All functioning. Tomorrow is Sunday.
Merg pe jos. Încet, dar sigur.

Je suis à pied. Lentement mais sûrement.

I’m on foot. Slowly but surely.
Troleibuzul n.8. Am mers pe jos destul astăzi.

Trolleybus n°8. J’ai assez marché pour aujourd’hui.

The N° 8 trolleybus. I’ve walked long enough for today.
Today is a public holiday in Hungary. The embassy is closed. I'm waiting for my transit visa. I played dominoes with friends.
The dominoes ended in a dispute over the subject of resistance. My friends refuse the idea that a journey can be an act of resistance. One of them told me I was crazy. For him, resistance is above all a question of national economy. That’s all for now.
The Hungarian Embassy. It’s my turn. I leave my papers for the transit visa. Crowded. Problems. Turn off your telephone!
The market is too noisy, the museum too calm. I’ve got no idea what my route will be.
Main market. I bought garlic. I think I’ll need it on my journey.
Spăl bicicleta cu şampon. Simt că-i place. Asta-i.


I shampoo my bicycle. It seems to appreciate it. That’s all for now.
de la/de/from : Ghenadie Popescu
pentru/à/to : École du Magasin

țara/pays/country: Moldova
oraș/ville/city: 08/06/2006 13:02

----------début du message----------

RO

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80 km pînă la vamă. Din Chşn. nu am reușit s-o șterg pe neobservate.

FR

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À 80km de la douane. Je n’ai pas pu filer en douce de Chişinău.
Mes collègues sont tous venus me dire au revoir. Il ne manquait que la fanfare. Maintenant, droit devant.

EN

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80km from the border. I didn’t manage to leave Chișinău incognito. All my friends came to say goodbye. All that was missing was a fanfare. It’s straight ahead from now on.

----------fin du message----------
10km from the border. The weather is good. The road is ok. Not much traffic. I haven’t had so much space in a long time. That’s all for now.
The road is good apart from the wind in my face. Last night a dog barked for 3 hours. I didn’t get irritated. I resisted. What damned insects mosquitoes are... That’s all for now.
The G. Apostu Art Center. The only place I know here. The keeper let me sleep in the park.


I’m contemplating the mountains. Drinking yogurt. It’s really delicious.
5 km from Bicaz. It’s raining. I take shelter under a bridge. There’s someone already there. I tell him: You have wonderful scenery around here. He replies: Yes, but the people don’t have an easy life. I’m soaking.
La Cheile Bicazului, on vend des lance-pierres pour les touristes à 0,90€. Il n’a pas cessé de pleuvoir tout au long de la route.

On the quays in Bicaz, they sell slingshots for tourists at 0,90€. It hasn’t stopped raining throughout the journey.
Here they speak Romanian with a Hungarian accent, but apart from that they’re nice.

Je suis à la sortie de la ville. La route est horrible. Je slalome. Aujourd’hui c’est le dimanche de Pentecôte. J’ai un peu mal aux genoux.

I'm on the edge of town. The road is horrible. I slalom. Today is Whit Sunday. I have a little pain in my knees.
20 km pînă la Reghin. Am avut o întrecere crîncenă cu o căruță de țigani înflăcită. I-am lăsat în urmă. Sunt agresivi.
Asta e.

FR
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EN
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20km from Reghin. I raced with a cart of agitated gypsies. I overtook them. They were aggressive. That’s all for now.
RO
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Sunt la 100 km de Cluj. Rămîn pe noapte într-o pădure. E întuneric. Se aud doar broaștele și mobilul meu.

FR
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Je suis à 100 km de Cluj. Je m’installe dans la forêt pour la nuit. Il fait sombre. Je n’entends que les grenouilles et mon portable.

EN
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I’m 100km from Cluj. I set myself up in a forest for the night. It’s dark. I can hear only frogs and my cellular phone.
40km from Cluj. I’m going slowly. A lot of hills. The villages are almost deserted. Old people are the first to greet me.
Orașul mare, cu o circulație nebună, e un vis mult așteptat de oricare biciclist obosit. E tîrziu. Tre să ies din oraș.
On the way to Oradea. A few technical problems. The road is absolutely perfect. Beautiful weather.
70 km pînă la Oradea. Am uitat denumirea satului rămas în urmă. În schimb n-am uitat ce am mâncat ieri (sunt sătul de conserve). Asta e memoria.

FR

À 70 km d’Oradea. J’ai oublié le nom du village que je viens de traverser. En revanche je me souviens de ce que j’ai mangé hier (je n’en peux plus des conserves). C’est ça la mémoire.

EN

70km from Oradea. I forgot the names of the villages I passed through. On the other hand, I remember what I ate yesterday (I’ve had enough of canned food). That’s memories.

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Une dent me fait terriblement souffrir, au point que je ne sais plus où je suis. Je pense être encore en Roumanie. La route est plate. J’ai laissé derrière moi montagnes et collines. Je m’étais habitué à elles. La plaine c’est pas mal aussi.

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I’m suffering from a terrible toothache, so much so that I don’t know where I am. I think I’m still in Romania. The road is flat. I’ve left the mountains and hills behind me. I had gotten used to them; but flat open country is not so bad either.
Ieri la Mociu am fost atacat de 3 câini. Unul a fost trăsnit de o mașină din spate. A rămas viu. Amintiri? Remușcări?

Hier à Mociu, je me suis fait attaqué par 3 chiens. L'un d'eux s'est fait renversé par une voiture qui a surgi de derrière. Il a survécu. Souvenirs ? Remords ?

Yesterday in Mociu, I was attacked by 3 dogs. One of them was run over by a car coming from behind. It survived. Memories? Regrets?


I’m roaming around looking for a helmet. I have no idea where I left mine. In the clouds without a helmet. I found one: Oradea is a big city.
Public canteen. I’m sitting in front of an empty plate that was full of a good country soup. Personally, I gobbled it up. That’s true happiness.
At the border in Borș I met a group of French cyclists. On the way, we spoke about our travels, communicating mostly in gestures. They were unshaved, burnt by the sun. And me, what do I look like?
Drum perfect, în părți mlaștini, în față vînt, sus nori, în spate România.

Une route impeccable, tout autour des marécages, en face le vent, là-haut les nuages, derrière la Roumanie.

Perfect road, marshes all around, the wind in front, clouds above, Romania behind.
I’ve already been here, 9 years ago. I was younger... I’m dedicating the next 10km to those who poke fun at the passage of time, that don’t get old. So be it.
It’s raining. I’m lying under a plastic cover. I’m eating bread and cheese. I’m craving for mamaliga. I hear the roar of cars close by.

Je suis en Hongrie depuis deux jours. Autour de moi il n’y a que des champs cultivés, mais je n’y ai encore vu personne une binette à la main. Tout est si propre. Étrange. J’ouvre l’oeil.

I’ve been in Hungary for two days, I’m surrounded by fields, but I haven’t yet seen anyone carrying a hoe. Everything is so clean. Strange.
Traveling on the E60 has proven a constant stress. The truck drivers are particularly aggressive. But I still have my two feet and I’m safe and sound.
Am luat-o pe un drum mai secundar. Ajung eu undeva. Fac o pauză. Îmi usuc hainele după ploaia de ast’noapte.


I’m taking an alternative route. I’ll end up arriving somewhere. I’m taking a break. I’m drying my wet clothes from last night.
The E60 cost me a lot. I lost my trousers on the way. They were attached to my backpack. Each time, I have to get rid of something in order to continue on my way. As if the fatigue wasn’t enough. That’s all for now.
I've left Kecskemet behind. I'm heading for Balaton. The mosquitoes are rather lazy here.

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de la/de/from : Ghenadie Popescu
pentru/à/to : École du Magasin

țara/pays/country: Magyarország
oraș/ville/city: 

16/06/2006   09:25

---------début du message---------

RO

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FR

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J’ai dépassé Kecskemet. Je me dirige vers Balaton. Les moustiques sont plutôt fainéants par ici.

EN

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I've left Kecskemet behind. I’m heading for Balaton. The mosquitoes are rather lazy here.

---------fin du message---------
Route 52. My left leg no longer listens to me. I speak to it gently. I try to convince it to keep going.
I finally found some trousers. There is no way one can travel across Europe without trousers.
RO
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Mi-am zis că nu mă rad pe față pînă nu trec Dunărea. Am trecut-o. Ăsta e un act de mazohism.

FR
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J’ai décidé de ne pas me raser tant que je n’aurai pas franchi le Danube. Je l’ai traversé. C’était un geste masochiste.

EN
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I decided not to shave before crossing the Danube. I’ve crossed it. It was a bit of a masochistic thing to do.
The sun strikes hard. Something which also affects the girls selling themselves on the streets and whom I see a few everywhere. They wave to me and smile at me, but I continue on my way.
The Hungarian sea is rather a large sea, the only thing that’s missing is the odor. I went for a swim. It was very nice.
Stufăriș, fasole mexicane, ciocolată românească, furnici, arșiță.

Roseaux, haricots mexicains, chocolat roumain, fourmis, canicule.

Reeds, Mexican beans, Romanian chocolate, ants, heatwave.


I dozed off. A voice woke me up: Did you come all this way to sleep? It was my own voice. I haven’t spoken Romanian for 4 days. And look what happens.
Nu am rezistat și m-am scufundat o dată. Mă usuc și privesc cum se ghiloșesc copiii. Maghiara e o limbă melodioasă.

FR

Je n'ai pas pu résister à une dernière baignade. Je me sèche et regarde les enfants patauger dans l’eau. Le hongrois est une langue mélodieuse.

EN

I couldn’t resist going for a last swim. I dry myself and watch the children paddling in the water. Hungarian is a melodic language.
de la/de/from : Ghenadie Popescu
pentru/à/to : École du Magasin

țara/pays/country: Magyarország
oraș/ville/city: 17/06/2006  22:50

---------début du message---------

RO
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Sunt foarte aproape de șosea. Mi-am făcut culcuș în iarba înaltă. Mașinele vuiesc alături. În jur zboară gîze fosforescente. E frumos. Țințarii...

FR
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Je suis au bord de la route. Je me suis aménagé un lit au milieu des hautes herbes. Les voitures tout près vrombissent. Des insectes phosphorescents papillonnent tout autour de moi. C’est magnifique. Les moustiques...

EN
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I’m on the side of the road. I’ve made myself a bed in the middle of the high grass. Close by, roaring cars. Phosphorescent insects flit all around me. It’s wonderful. Mosquitoes...

---------fin du message---------
Route 76. Here the nettle grows to head height. Several dozen insects can transform your nights into a bad dream. Today is Sunday. My 11th day on the road.


The last Hungarian village. The town is asleep; everything is closed. I’ve finished the bread. Heatwave. I have to keep going until Austria.
Ro
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Soarele mai tare arde aici. Vameşii au fost amabili. Mai am un măr din Ung...

Fr
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Le soleil cogne encore plus fort ici. Les douaniers étaient aimables. Il me reste une pomme de Hongrie...

En
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The sun still hits hard here. The border guards were friendly. I have one Hungarian apple left...

----------fin du message----------
RO
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FR
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Le socialisme n’est jamais parvenu jusqu’ici. Tout est bien mieux organisé et plus pratique que chez nous. Je m’assieds sur un banc. Je me repose. Je boirais bien une bière.

EN
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They never had socialism here. Everything is very well organized and far more practical than it is back home. I’m sitting on a bench. Taking a rest. I would love to drink a beer.
I got lost. I keep going past the same place. One has to know how to get lost in such a well-organized place. Another attempt.
It’s not really recommended to lose one’s way in the mountains. I climb the same mountain once again. I stop to talk to a man. We communicate in numbers and gestures. A curious experience.
I've started to enjoy talking with the locals. Particularly the old people. Most of them don't speak English and neither do I. I speak to them about Stephen the Great, communism, mamaliga... They don't understand a thing. However, I couldn't feel better.
I have lunch on a park bench. Canned sardines, bread, and garlic. It’s very crowded. The birds chirp. I hear German being spoken. It’s not unpleasant.
Route 70. I take shelter under a bridge. It’s raining heavily. It was hailing at first. I’ve never seen hail stones that big. As large as apples. It’s a good thing I have my helmet.
After the rain, the police came. Full of emotion, as is the case with every first encounter. Especially on the part of the policeman. He was particularly annoyed that I was traveling on the freeway, which is forbidden. He escorted me on my way. I apologized. He signaled that I could leave.
It rained heavily last night. I took shelter. Erna’s inn. The owners Frit and Erna offered to put me up for free after having heard my story, which I explained by using my hands. We drank beer and schnapps. I felt at home. There are advantages in being a polyglot.
De dimineață tot urc muntele. Nu are sfârșit urcușul. În cap știu stau gazdele Frit și Erna. Am fumat o țigăriță cu ei, pentru companie. Obosela mă face sentimental. Asta e.


Since this morning I’ve been climbing the mountain. The climb is never-ending. I’m still thinking about my hosts Frit and Erna. I smoked a cigarette with them in order to keep them company. Exhaustion makes me sentimental. That’s all for now.
On the way down, I saw Leon Tolstoy mowing grass. In fact, only the upper half of his body reminded me of Tolstoy (he had a beard); the lower half was dressed in shorts and he was pushing an electric lawnmower. He deserved a compliment, but I couldn’t stop. I was going too fast.
Today, more walking than cycling. A 5-hour climb is equal to a 5-minute descent. My saddle is annoying me. Large grey clouds form.
RO

E întuneric. M-am instalat pe noapte într-o pădure de pini. A burezat puțin. Îmi place mirosul de conifere.

FR


EN

It’s dark. I’ve set myself up for the night in a pine forest. It rained lightly. I love the smell of conifers.
RO
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Stau pe malul unui rîu destul de îngust, max. 10 m. Pe rîu pluteşte o navă adevărată, abia de încape. Are la bord mese, un bar. Confortabil. Asta e Austria.

FR
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Je m’assieds au bord d’un canal plutôt étroit, 10m de large maximum, tandis que passe un bateau qui a à peine assez d’espace pour naviguer. À bord, il y a des tables, un bar. Confortable. C’est ça l’Autriche.

EN
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I’m sitting on the edge of a rather narrow canal, no more than 10m wide, while a boat goes by with just enough space to navigate. On board, tables and a bar. Comfortable. That’s Austria.
Lake Wörther. The water is clear; I can see my toenails. I have to cut them. I don’t have a toenail cutter. I could quite happily pass the rest of my life here, even with long nails.
J’ai préparé mon passeport en vain, pas de poste de douane à
l’horizon. Les Alpes ici sont acérées et dynamiques. J’ai croisé
un groupe de Roumains. Ils m’ont souhaité bonne route.

I got my passport out in vain, no checkpoint in sight. Here,
the Alps are pointed and vibrant. I met a group of Romanians.
They wished me a good journey.

--------fin du message---------
RO

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Austria a rămas în urmă. Am rămas cu sentimente frumoase faţă de această țară. Iau dejunul pe malul unui riu de munte.

FR

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EN

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I’ve left Austria behind me. It’s left me with a happy memory. I’m having breakfast on the edge of a mountain river.
Route 13. Here the Alps are more frightening, the road wider and the houses don’t look like jewels. A lot of tunnels, and always the same stifling heat.

---------fin du message--------
The linguistic landscape has also changed. Italian: one only has to stop and listen. That’s what I’d do if I had a pillow and 3 liters of tea.


I’m wandering about in the old part of town. I get the impression that it’s paved everywhere here. I can’t memorize everything I see. My clothes are covered in dust and creased. Nobody takes any notice of me. Everyone’s glued to the television. A major football match. Commentaries, gesticulations.
Route 14. There are a lot of hedgehogs squashed on the sides of the road. One has to pay attention while driving. I adore hedgehogs. La tristeta e grando.
Je déjeune dans un parc. Son de cloches, des gens qui se prélassent. J’ai quitté les Alpes, Udine. La nuit dernière, les moustiques ont été encore plus agressifs que d’habitude.

I’m eating in park. The sound of church bells; people relaxing. I’ve left the Alps and Udine behind. Last night, the mosquitoes were far more aggressive than usual.
Route 14. I noticed the way women carry large bags in a number of places I’ve traveled through. Something that appears familiar. The women back home do the same. Perhaps these women are Moldavian too. Everyone has their own road to travel.
My bicycle is of no use here; it's more of a burden than anything else. On the steep bridges, I have to carry it. I'm bewildered. I've never seen such a feast for the eyes.

FR


EN

I can’t take my eyes off the water. The reflections fascinate me. I’m reminded of Visconti’s famous film. There is no particular link. I gulp down a beer.
I take a walk without my bicycle. I feel like a snail who has left his house on a whim. I’m trying to escape something, but I don’t know what. That’s all for now.
I’m traveling on a road covered with obstacles. My bicycle has carried me far enough; now it’s my turn. It has the last word. I’m looking for the contemporary art museum. I’m wandering around going astray.
I’m the only cyclist in the whole city. Something rather stimulating. I met a Romanian covered in white paint posing as a statue. In the museum, I saw the classics of the 20th century.
Piazza San Marco. Thousands of pigeons. They throw themselves across my path. As if they’d never seen a bicycle before. Bird flu has been eradicated.

---------fin du message---------
I’ve left Venice behind. I didn’t even look back. I’m dreaming of a long asphalt road, belligerent mosquitoes, warm drinking water. These are all the things I need. Venice exhausted me emotionally. I hadn’t seen the sea in 10 years.

--------début du message--------

RO

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FR

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EN

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Route 309. During the night, I dreamt of the Romanian covered in white paint. I asked him his name. He didn’t reply. But in the end, a statue doesn’t need a name.

---------fin du message---------
The Adriatic Sea. The delta of the Po River. People are cutting corn while I bathe in the sea. That’s also a situation.
Klee, Morandi, Sutin, Pollock, etc. I saw them all in the museum. There are a lot of Africans, Romanians and ex-Yugoslavians around here. I would like to know how many like Klee or Pollock. The sun has burnt my face. I would like to smile.
Ro

Noaptea am fost ascultător nevoit al unui concert trist şi isteric. Era o comunitate de pescăruşi. E curios să-i asculţi, chiar şi toată noaptea.

Fr

La nuit dernière, malgré moi, j'ai assisté à un concert à la fois triste et hystérique. Il y avait là une communauté de mouettes. C'était intéressant de les écouter, même une nuit entière.

En

Last night, in spite of myself, I attended a sad and hysterical concert. A flock of seagulls. It was interesting to listen to them, even the whole night long.
Here there is no edge to the sea. The coast is covered in cabins, tables, umbrellas, hotels, camping grounds, pizzerias... Even the sand has been imported. It’s very hot.
I climb the mountain in the direction of San Marino in the middle of a heatwave. All I wish is to stay in the shade without moving and to drink water, nothing but water, gallons of water.

FR


EN

Route 258. The climb towards San Marino yesterday completely exhausted me. It was worthwhile. The historical center of San Marino is well preserved. I would have liked to have stayed longer. It was already late. Now, I’m heading slowly west.
RO

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FR

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EN

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Just like the cherry trees that I pass so often on the way, the landscape here hasn’t been grafted. I need vitamins. The climb is endless. Little traffic. Silence. Heat. I’m sweating.

-----------fin du message-----------
I follow the E45 freeway. Impeccable. Whereas the road I take snakes its way up and down. Cycling is forbidden on the freeway.
917m altitude. I won’t reach the summit today. Night falls. I must find a place to sleep. I’ve never slept at this altitude before.
Bună dimineața mi-am zis la altitudinea 1174m. Noaptea a suflat vintul bine. Nu a fost nici un țințar. Miros de conifere.

Je me suis souhaité le bonjour à 1174m d’altitude. Le vent a soufflé toute la nuit. Pas l’ombre d’un moustique. L’odeur des conifères.

Hello, I said to myself at 1174m altitude. The wind howled all night. Not a single mosquito. The smell of conifers.
Tras. 70. O doamnă puțin trecută de vârsta Giocondei m-a ajutat să-mi pun bandajul la mîna stîngă. Mă chinuia singur. I-am zis: Viva medicina, grasia. Acesta e vocabularul meu.

Route 70. Une dame un peu plus âgée que la Joconde m’a aidé à bander ma main gauche. Je tentais tant bien que mal de le faire par moi-même. Je lui ai dit : Viva medicina, grasia. Voilà quel est mon vocabulaire.

Route 70. A woman a little older than the Mona Lisa helped me bandage my left hand. I had tried to do it myself. I told her: Viva medicina, grasia. That’s the limit of my vocabulary.
When a turtle moves it doesn’t look around; its speed doesn’t allow it to. I’m moving very slowly. It’s up hill all the way. I don’t take much notice of the landscape. That’s all for now.
I stop on a bridge over the Arno. I eat walnuts. I went for a ride in the old part of town. I’m just about to go back.
In the museum, works by Arman, César, Spoerri, Christo. It’s a little like meeting up with old friends. I lose myself among other foreigners avid for sensational experiences.
E ca și cum ai mînca multă ciocolată, mănînci atît cît simți gustul. Altfel e grețos. În cazul meu e prea multă imagine condensată pentru puținul timp disponibil. Merg la ieșire, spre Piza.

FR

C’est comme lorsqu’on mange beaucoup de chocolat, tant qu’on apprécie le goût, on continue. Au-delà, c’est écoeurant. Dans mon cas précis c’est trop d’images condensées en trop peu de temps. Je quitte la ville en direction de Pise.

EN

It’s like eating a lot of chocolate: as long as one appreciates the taste, one goes on. Beyond that, one gets sick. In my case, it’s too many images in too little time. I leave the town in the direction of Pisa.

-------------début du message-------------

FR
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Route 67. Chaque fois que je ne peux pas me débrouiller seul, il y a toujours quelqu’un qui vient à ma rescousse. Le plus étonnant c’est avec quelle rapidité il surgit. Je me retrouve encore sur l’autoroute. Mon atlas est daté. Au bout de 5 minutes un véhicule de la sécurité autoroutière se pointe. Après une discussion par gestes il m’embarque et me ramène sur le bon chemin. J’ai fait 7-8 km en voiture. C’est ainsi que ça devait se dérouler.

EN
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Route 67. There is always someone there to help me when I find myself in difficulty. Their speed is surprising. I was riding on the freeway again. My roadmap is out of date. 5 minutes later, a highway control officer turned up. After communicating in gestures, he took me in his car and led me in the right direction. I traveled 7 or 8km. This is how things should happen.

-------------fin du message-------------
I start my fourth week. It’s hot on the road, no rain. Here agri-tourism is expensive. I was so exhausted and dirty that I decided to spend the night in Cafagia.
I’m in front of the Leaning Tower. Lots of people. All of them posing with their backs to the tower. A mistake in construction. But a beautiful mistake. Wow!
Route 1. The road narrowed (road-works). I caused the traffic to back up behind me. The hooting of horns. Stress. This went on for a kilometer. I was steaming with sweat. Now I’m resting.
Am înnoptat pe plajă. Mă scald cu curu gol în Marea Ligurica. Nu e nimeni în afară de 2 pescari, dar ei nu-s din sat de la noi. Asta e.

FR
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J’ai passé la nuit sur la plage. Je me baigne nu dans la mer Ligure. Il n’y a personne exceptés 2 pêcheurs, mais aucun ne vient de mon village. Voilà.

EN
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I spent the night on the beach. I went swimming naked in the Ligurian Sea. There was no one else there except 2 fishermen, no one from my village who could recognize me. That’s all for now.
Typical seaport with a magnificent bay. Palm trees line the wharfs. It’s the first time I’ve touched the bark of a palm tree. It’s warm and prickly, like a hedgehog.
Route 1. Another pass to climb. I’m traveling very slowly. A lot of lizards around here. They move very fast, like motorbikes, only motorbikes make a hell of a noise.

----------fin du message----------

FR
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Ici les mandarines poussent dans la rue principale. Elles gisent sur le sol comme les noix chez nous. Je n'en crois pas mes yeux, c'est ahurissant. Personne ne monte aux arbres les cueillir. La nuit tombe.

EN
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Here mandarins grow on the main streets. They lie on the ground like walnuts at home. I can’t believe my eyes. It’s incredible. No one here climbs the trees to pick them. The night falls.
RO
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FR
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J’ai passé la nuit dans la cour d’une maison abandonnée. J’ai poussé le portail et suis entré. Qu’est-ce que j’aurais pu faire d’autre. Il faut bien dormir quelque part. Un hérisson m’a rendu visite. Il était très étonné de trouver là un Bessarabien qui, de plus, n’est toujours pas rasé.

EN
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I spend the night in the courtyard of an abandoned house. I pushed the door open and walked in. What else could I do? It’s important to find somewhere to sleep. I had a visit from a hedgehog. It was very surprised to find someone from Bessarabia in these parts – and an unshaven one at that.

La route jusqu’ici a été difficile. J’ai été tenté de jeter l’ancre dans une station balnéaire quelconque et d’y rester à me prélasser dans la mer. Je suis au centre ville, je dévore des haricots en boîte. Ils ne sont pas mauvais.

The road has been very difficult up until now. I would have liked to drop anchor in a seaside resort and bask in the sea. I’m in the center of town. Devouring beans from a can. They’re not bad.
„De la Van Gogh la Warhol” e titlul expoziției văzute la Muzeul de Artă Modernă. A fost foarte bună. Se vinde mult anticariat aici. Am luat un pumn de monede pentru nepot.

I went to see an exhibition entitled “From Van Gogh to Warhol” at the Museum of Modern Art. It was very good. They sell a lot of antiques here. I bought a handful of coins for my nephew.
RO


FR


EN

Route 1. I have the feeling that my body is covered in something. Perhaps I’m covered in grime; perhaps not.
Route 1. I stop for the night somewhere between the sea and the mountains, or more precisely, in a plot of land covered in flowers and ficus. No mosquitoes. Good night.
Route 1. I slept well last night. I woke up without really understanding what was happening to me. I set off on the road again. The mountains and the sea. Could I have had enough? I’m craving for some St. John’s Wort tea.
Route 1. I tried to send a fax from a seaside resort. It didn’t work. During the climb, I spoke with another cyclist. He congratulated me for the distance I’ve traveled so far.
I've come out of the water. The waves were white, just as I like them. For lunch, I ate leeks from a can. I didn’t know what I’d bought. I couldn’t finish them. I’m not made of iron.
I came across an anonymous work of art. On the side of a large trashcan, someone had written EVA TI AMO in large letters. Something steadfast in its complexity, at least in my mind.


I met a Moldavian couple. We chatted for a while. The woman didn’t say a word to me. The man asked me endless questions. He ended up asking me if I had my wits about me; I replied that when I was small I had shown signs of intelligence. That’s all for now.
de la/de/from : Ghenadie Popescu
pentru/à/to : École du Magasin

țara/pays/country: Italia
oraș/ville/city: 04/07/2006 03:42

---------début du message---------

RO
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Urăsc țințarii.

FR
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Je hais les moustiques.

EN
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I hate the mosquitoes.

---------fin du message---------
Route 1. I haven’t slept enough. I’m staggering to stay awake. The traffic is intense and I can’t allow myself to fall asleep on the road. Mountains and the sea. Mountains and the sea.
Am ajuns în oraș și am tras o cîntare (în afara concursului). Multe ambuteiaje. Și așa-mi vine cîte o dată...

---début du message---

RO

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Je suis arrivé en ville et me suis mis à chanter (hors compétition). Beaucoup d'embouteillages. Și așa-mi vine cîte o dată...

FR

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I arrived in the city and started to sing (out-of-competition). A lot of traffic congestion. Și așa-mi vine cîte o dată...

---fin du message---
The first French town. It took me 26 days to get here. I’ve worn out half my backside. I drank water and was harassed by dogs from 6 different countries. I discovered that I’d lost my spoon. From now on I’ll eat like the Chinese, with chopsticks. I have some spare spokes.
Sunt atât de obosit că nu doresc nimic, nici chiar să mă odihnesc. E un știubei adevărat aici fără condiționer. Polițiștii sunt foarte ocupați nu au nici cind răspunde la întrebări.
The Hotel Genova. After a shower, I’m going to visit the city center. The city has its own color – highly pronounced, highly spiced. The Place Garibaldi is undergoing renovation.
Here, the seagulls have the same role as roosters at home: to persuade you to wake up in the morning. I woke up with one idea in mind: I won’t go any further: my journey ends here. I have to go back to Moldavia. How, I don’t know yet. My visa is about to expire.
MAMAC. There are lots of things here. I taste a little of everything. I would like to cycle as fast as I can through the galleries, but don’t dare to do so. Without being seen, I scratch the surface of one of Christo’s wrappings.
The last time I swim in the Ligurian Sea this summer. The water is rough; a real pleasure. Souvenirs are expensive around here.
RO
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FR
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Gare routière. J’ai envie de fumer mais je n’ose pas. Je fourre en douce mon doigt dans ma narine gauche. Voilà quelle est la situation.

EN
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The bus station. I’d like to smoke a cigarette, but don’t dare to do so. I stick my finger in my left nostril. That’s what’s going on.
The train station. A change of plan. I’ve decided to visit Paris. If I don’t go now, I’ll never go. The bus for Romania leaves in two days. It’s a good idea to speak the language in which one asks questions. I enjoyed Nice.
On the train, I think about my bicycle. I got used to it over time: the squeaking of the handlebars. It too retains traces of the fall in the Alps. But it held together well. The strange thing is I never pumped up the tires. Right now, it’s waiting patiently in its compartment. I wonder if it wants to go to Paris too.
I’m cycling along the Seine in order not to get lost. I must reach the Place Saint-Augustin. Everyone around me has gone crazy: yelling and dancing. They’re making a hell of a din. The French team is in the finals. I cry out from time to time. I arrive in one piece at my destination.
I’m with friends. Beer and an omelet. We talk about various things. I realize I’ve lost my journal, my identity card and my credit card. That’s the price I’ve had to pay to visit Paris. It’s an expensive city.
The Museum of Man. I’ve known about this museum for long time. I’ve always wanted to visit it. An excellent exhibition on birth.

FR

Centre G. Pompidou. Nous buvons tranquillement une bière sur le parvis. C’est ce qui se fait ici. Ce qui une excellente coutume. La nuit tombe.

EN

The Pompidou Center. We lounge on the paving stones quietly drinking beer. That’s something one does here. An excellent custom. Night falls.
Rue de Lyon. Am expediat bicicleta ca bagaj cu autobuzul. Mi-a fost neplăcut dar nu am avut încotro. Mai am 3 zile de aflare în spațiul Schengen.

FR

Rue de Lyon. J’ai expédié mon vélo par autobus. Ça ne m’a pas fait plaisir mais je n’avais pas le choix. Il ne me reste plus que 3 jours à passer dans l’espace Schengen.

EN

Rue de Lyon. I sent my bicycle by bus. I wasn’t happy to do it, but I don’t have a choice. I only have three more days left in the Schengen area.
Silent action. I eat 4 slices of bread in front of the Notre-Dame cathedral. The sky is covered in thick clouds. Lightening. People dance on the edge of the Seine.
I stroll along the Seine. There are a lot of sculptures along the embankments. A brass band plays Balkan music. A homeless man has attached a small money-box on the end of a fishing rod; an elegant and amusing way of begging. I didn’t give him anything. The Pont-Neuf bridge.
Am bilet pentru mîine dimineaţa. Stau la prieteni. Tot timpul înfulec ceva. Mango e foarte gustos, dar am uitat să-mi pun o dorinţă.


I have a ticket for tomorrow morning. I am staying at my friends. I am constantly eating something. the mango is very tasty but I forgot to make a wish.
After visiting the Plateau art center, we went to lie in the green grass. The park is charming, but I don’t remember what it is called. Never mind, it’s very nice.

Pigalle. We stroll around the red-light district. Trying to catch a look at the prostitutes. But none of them are out working. They’ve probably gone to a seminar.
Place de la Nation. À bord du bus. Je m’installe contre une vitre qui est sale de l’extérieur et que je ne peux pas essuyer. Mes compatriotes sont agités et grognons. Ils ont beaucoup de bagages. Après un léger retard, nous démarrons enfin.

EN
------------------
Place de la Nation. In the bus. I sit next to a window which is dirty on the outside and so I can’t clean it. My compatriots are restless and irritable. They have a lot of baggage. After a delay, we finally leave.

--------------fin du message-------------
Gare routière. Un compatriote menace de s’allonger sous les roues si nous ne prenons pas avec nous dans le bus. Il n’y a plus de place alors il reste à la gare. La roue continue de tourner.
Germania e frumoasă chiar şi privită prin geam murdar. Ultimul timp m-am obişnuit să nu înţeleg ceea ce se vorbeşte în jur. Acum puţin mă deranjează discuţiile şi muzica pe care o aud.

FR

------------------début du message------------------

RO

------------------fin du message------------------

FR

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Nous quittons l’espace Schengen. Les Hongrois nous retiennent un moment à la frontière. Tout le monde est ensuqué et irrité. Je crois que nous avons tous très envie de pisser.

EN

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We leave the Schengen area. We’re held up at the Hungarian border for quite a while. Everybody is worn out and irritated. I think we’re all dying to have a pee.
Vama Nadlac. Stăm de mult timp aici. E o coadă mare de autobuze. Toată lumea vrea acasă, numai eu la San Marino, prea puțin am stat acolo.

FR

Douane de Nadlac. Nous y sommes retenus un long moment. Il y a toute un file de bus. Tout le monde est pressé de rentrer sauf moi, je pense à San Marino, j'y suis resté trop peu de temps.

EN

The border at Nadlac. We’re held up for a while. A long line of buses. Everybody is impatient to get home. I think of San Marino. I stayed such a short time.
Suntem pe lîngă Sibiu. A mai coborît lume și s-a mai făcut spațiu în autobuz. M-am obișnuit deja cu lumea de aici dar nu sunt comunicabil, mai mult ascult.

FR

Nous sommes proches de Sibiu. D’autres personnes sont descendues et il y a de plus en plus de place. Je me suis vite habitué à ces gens, mais je ne suis pas très bavard, je préfère écouter.

EN

We’re not far from Sibiu. Other people have left and there are more and more vacant seats in the bus. It didn’t take me long to get used to these people, but I’m not very talkative, I prefer listening.
The bus station. A man hits his wife in public. The scene is amplified by the acoustics of the room. Nervous-looking characters all around me. I will spend the night here.
The bus station. I chat with an old man. He tells me that he didn’t realize what time it was, that he’s left too early, but doesn’t want to go back home. Nobody is waiting for him there. Like loneliness, he smells of urine. He speaks lovingly of Transylvania and the Ceausescu regime. He complains of the present disorder. He offers me some wine. He isn’t bad. I offer him some bread, which he refuses. He forces a smile, but from time to time he sheds a tear. The sun will rise in two hours.
The border at Sculeni. We’ve crossed all the borders. We wait while a foreigner retrieves his passport. We don’t have a long way to go before reaching Chișinău. I don’t feel anything, no thoughts nor clear desires apart from perhaps going for a swim in the Ligurian Sea.

Gare routière. Un chauffeur de taxi me propose ses services. Je décline. Il me demande ce que je veux donc. Je suis rentré à la maison. Je n’ai pas un sou en poche. Dans le trolleybus, je propose 50 centimes au conducteur. Il les refuse et me permet de voyager gratuitement.

The bus station. The taxi driver offers to drive me. I decline. He asks what do I want? I’ve arrived home. I don’t have any money left in my pocket. On the trolleybus, I offer 50 cents to the driver. He refuses and lets me travel for free.
The Museum of Ethnography. I would like to call my friends, but the telephone has been cut off. I learn that the entire museum is out of service due to a bill not being paid on time. I don’t have any units left on my cellular phone. I take a bath. I think about my adventure. Generally, I could say it’s nothing to make a big fuss about; but for me it was a good experience, not least of all in respect of my capacity for resistance.


The Popescu Chronicles were commissioned by the MAGASIN-Centre d’Art Contemporain in Grenoble, France. They were first shown in Die, Drôme, France, within the frame of the European meetings of Die (May 29th - June 4th 06) organised by the Festival Est-Ouest and then, in Grenoble during the last of the exhibition A Step Aside curated by the Session15 of the École du Magasin (http://www.ecoledumagasin.com/session15) – Daphné Brottet, Lore Gablier, Stéphane Ibars, Vladimir Us and Elena Yaïchnikova.

Mulțumim lui/Merci à/Thanks to :
Daphné Brottet, Bernard Carlier, Sandu Cosmescu, Nora Dorogan, Veaceslav Druta, Lore Gablier, Marie Guérin, Stéphane Ibars, Dean Inkster, Thaïs Mathieu, Laurence Mundler, Catherine Quéloz, Elizabeth Rathgen, Liliane Schneider, Vladimir Us, Alice Vergara-Bastiand, Elena Yaïchnikova.

Elaborare grafic/Conception graphique/Design : Lore Gablier, Vladimir Us
Postfață/Postface/Postscript : Lore Gablier
Traducere în franceză/Traductions françaises/French translations : Marie Guérin, Lore Gablier
Traducere în engleză/Traductions anglaises/English translations : Dean Inkster
Dreptul asupra imaginilor/Crédits photographiques/Photographs by : Ghenadie Popescu
MAGASIN

Site Bouchayer-Viallet
155 cours Berriat
38028 Grenoble cedex 1
France
http://www.magasin-cnac.org

festival < est ouest >

Place de l’hôtel de ville
26150 Die
France
http://www.est-ouest.com

Asociaţia Tinerilor Plasticeni din Moldova Oberliht
str. Gh. Asachi 11/2 – 45
Chişinău 2028
Republica Moldova
http://www.oberliht.org.md