

MARTOR



Title: “Words of Exile”

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How to cite this article: Golopenția, Sanda. 2003-2004. “Words of Exile.” *Martor* 8-9: 14-21.

Published by: *Editura MARTOR* (MARTOR Publishing House), *Muzeul Țăranului Român* (The Museum of the Romanian Peasant)

URL: <http://martor.muzeultaranuluiroman.ro/archive/martor-8-9-2003-2004/>

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Martor is indexed by EBSCO and CEEOL.

Words of Exile

Sanda Golopenția
USA

The word exile, always a bit severe, has become slightly rhetorical nowadays. There is in it like a promise to achieve great, necessary things that will climax with a decisive return few of us get to achieve as expected and desired. Defined as exile, departing and the experience of living farther away (for far away from many things we were even in our native country, before leaving, and, after all, people are far away from lots of things anywhere) turn, if you don't pay attention, into a river bed on which clichés flow that are dangerous, not so much because they lead to stolid texts, but mostly because they tend to falsify our daily lives and encounters from the start.

When trying to stay alert with respect to a word's intimations, I know of no better means than dictionaries. You open them, leaf through them and the meanings entice you. Words regroup by themselves into the „basic vocabulary“ of the issue that is tantalizing you. The distinctions made and confirmed by so many speakers before reveal themselves in full light. A new, more artful, less direct way of recounting and looking at yourself becomes possible. The rhetorical charge that you'd superstitiously be inclined to attribute to the words under the obsession of which you live your life – *exile*, *country*, *loneliness*, *nostalgia* and *yearning* – diminishes in front of the multiple gestures of the mind, per-

formed in many languages, among which you can choose and pick whatever might help clear things up right here and now.

Experienced etymologists refer the word *exile* to the Indo-European root **el-* which meant „to move.“ Exile is, indeed, the grand setting into motion, the big start. Departing, with capital D, used to be, however, also a long wandering from a place where you were not wanted to one where you were unwelcome. Today, when getting out of a country and entering another has become, from a bureaucratic point of view, a much more complicated endeavor, the idea of erratic motion does not spontaneously come to mind when thinking of exile, which is always planned, official, ultra-legal. Those who run away – a few Romanians recently surfaced in Providence, where we live, by hiding on a ship – expose themselves to the risks of arrests, expulsion, and forced returns. If I sit and think about it, two-fold or three-fold exiles, with their inner chaos, still exist, although less often. People leaving Romania let's say for one country (Switzerland it was for ethnomusicologist Constantin Brăiloiu, for example), who are pushed by need to reach a second (France for Brăiloiu) and struggle for years in a row, helped by influential friends (such as demographer Sabin Manuila and linguist Roman Jakobson with respect to Brăiloiu), in order to

obtain the entrance visa for a third promised land (which was to be the United States), until one day, one rather sad day, they decide to end their nomadic destiny. Brăiloiu settled for exile number two and met his death in a gentle, maybe more humanly warm town of exile number one. We will never know how this most distinguished and elusive scholar got to die in Switzerland and not in France. Was it pure hazard or was it an instinct that urged him to the country best suited for the final departure?

In Latin, by adding the prefix *ex-* that expresses both the idea of „getting or coming out“ and that of „absence,“ „lack,“ „passing from one state to the other,“ the successor of the Indo-European root **el-* gave the noun *exsul* and the verb *exsulo, exsulare*. *Exsul*, that is, „exiled,“ „outcast,“ „expatriate; *exsulare* for „being exiled,“ „leaving one’s homeland.“ One can even exile oneself from the space of one’s own mind. In Latin, Romans used to say *exsul mentis* when talking about a reckless, unwise person, distracted from even the basic task of living. When departing for exile, when you punish yourself with exile, you tend to believe that you do not exile yourself from your own mind as well, if you have some left anyhow. *Mens sola loco non exsulat*, „only the mind doesn’t depart“ or „only my reason does not fail me“ the Romans used to say optimistically. *Îți îei lumea în cap*, „you take your world into your head,“ Romanians say beautifully, using an expression the precision of which makes me proud. Still, things do not always happen that way. I remember that, after one year and a half spent in the usual struggle with the „competent bodies,“ I had completely exhausted the chance of a clean leaving, without bitterness, in full understanding of what was happening and of what I was doing to myself, of the drastic separation from all people and all things. I sadly recall the absurd joy with which I looked at the Colosseum, once we reached Rome. I had won (had I?), I was finally out of the overextended official quarantine, something was „starting.“ This upside-down joy, setting in

on a major renunciation, in fact on the greatest renunciation in an existence which, like many others at home, had not been spared of them, lasted until we got to Pensione Dina, near the Termini train-station, where we were to wait for the U.S. entrance visa. There, while I was carrying up the stairs (lacking the ten Italian Lira coin needed for the elevator) a heavy suitcase representing everything I had in the world, and facing the mean gazes and words of some giggling kids from the upper floors, I rediscovered, in a flash, a thought I had struggled against for one whole year: one never leaves well the country one belongs to by birth and the simple joys of friendship or profession, one should not do it, we shouldn’t have left, at forty as we both are; from now on no place on earth will be ours again, we enter a new deep freeze of the soul, sadder and deprived of rights even more than before, lonelier than ever, sole and silent witnesses one for the other, our tongues tied till the end. Afterwards, silence fell inside us and the words of the Psalms suited us well just as they do for all the exiles and emigrants of the world: „I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul“ (Ps. 142.4).

In French, from which we borrowed it, *essil* is attested in *Chanson de Roland* with the double meaning of „misery“ and „expelling“ (and subsequent variants *essil* or *eissil* referring to „banishment“). The state of extreme material, symbolic and existential poverty, specific to the beginning of any exile, when it is not enhanced by „advancement“ plans (the Romanian word is *propășire*, „stepping forward“ if I translate it etymologically) naively ruminated in spite of everything. I remember the grocer I worked for during a month or two in Ithaca, N.Y., who was haunted by the idea that I could secretly treat myself with the hams and cheeses I had to bring out of the frigidarium, the *commedia dell’arte* scenes when he was sneaking up hoping to catch me – far from amusing in those days. Or the raging helplessness when once, in Rome, words

failed me. the „instrument“ to express my revolt about something I no longer recall was missing. I can still see myself standing opaquely, in a kind of bad absent-mindedness, and searching in my memory for the offensive retorts Don Lazzario had never taught us in the University and I had never encountered in my Italian readings (but I had never looked for them on purpose, I was reproaching myself). And, many years after this episode, on an empty day, as I was taking a walk on a green alley of Providence, where everyone in the neighborhood was jogging, with, in my gaze, something unknown that could yet still be recognized and which I did not control at that moment, the two passers-by vehemently exclaiming „look at her“ several times, outraged, and still loudly commenting on the unbelievable face as they were slowly moving away. I was not „composed,“ „self-composed,“ I had not put on the social gaze, the walking face required by the local canon. Back home I looked in the mirror and saw nothing unusual. I had simply met some most demanding physiognomists, I concluded, not knowing, practically, what to make out of the incident, like I never could hear my foreign accent and understand why everybody kept asking me where I came from. And before that, at Cornell University, where I had taught Italian, fearing I would be inadequate and dreaming, by night, unknown words that I would search for in huge dictionaries, I remember my initially absurd relationship with a student who kept interrupting classes by ostentatiously taking off his sweater and shirt or noisily entering the classroom. When I asked him what was going on he answered that I never smiled and that made him tense. „Do I look sad, gloomy?“ „No,“ he said. „Then, why do I need to automatically laugh and smile,“ I asked him, „when I come from a world which tolerates those who laugh and smile only when they feel like laughing and smiling, according to the state they are in, requiring from them only not to freeze, by their behavior, someone else’s smile or laughter?“ This time I had the needed words, our relationship brightened

up and this vulnerable and fretting kid became a warm and close student.

Once borrowed from French into Romanian, the words *exil* „exile“ or *a exila* „to exile“ with the local derivative *exilat* „exiled“ do not gain many new meanings. I am reading the entry on *exil* in *Dicționarul explicativ al limbii române*: „1 (in some states) Punishment, usually having a political character, consisting of obliging the citizen of a country to leave it; banishment; 2. Voluntarily leaving one’s country due to political reasons; 3. The condition of an exiled person.“ *In some states* seems to imply „not in Romania“. The exile in another country is presented as a political punishment. The 1848 Romanian revolutionaries, „48ers“ (*pașoptiști*) as they are usually called, maybe, I learned in pain as a child about Romanian historian Nicolae Bălcescu, not allowed to return home and being buried in the graveyard of the poor in Palermo, Italy. Domestic exile, banishment to unwanted places was, not so long ago, a common practice in our part of the world. Disobedient boyars were banished on their estate, under various interdictions (not to change clothes, not to cut their hair). Deportation to Siberia for the Russians and, after 1947, deportation to Bărăgan in communist Romania. By the time I came to face the word exile, the situation was already fixed in absurdity. What used to be a punishment was now a thing desired, a situation some were striving for years in a row. At times people were acting so as to be expelled. Writer Paul Goma’s adepts at the end of the seventies were young men whose decision to assume the risks of an open war with the authorities was animated both by authentic political opposition and by the dream of departing.

Even when *exile* means leaving your native country at your own will (therefore splitting into one who exiles you and you the exile), it still presupposes major political reasons that force you into it. Exile is not the equivalent of a simple emigration when, regardless of age, one youthfully goes to look for one’s fortune „in the wide world“ (*în lumea cea mare*). Dissatisfactions, tor-

ments and aspirations beyond the day to day life interweave among its motivations. Regardless of age, exiles are old, worn out by their feelings of powerlessness whenever they try to translate them into adequate action. Political as well, but limited to a domestic inhospitable or far away space, banishment (named *surghiun* in Romanian, with a word of Turkish origin that refers to „deporting,“ „the condition of being an exiled or an outlaw,“ and figuratively to „alienation“ or „wandering“) does not seem to have ever been used in the active sense of „exiling oneself.“ Its core revolves around the idea of externally imposed violence: political power exiles, deports, or outlaws you; it chases, pushes or sends you away; you don't banish yourself.

From the Indo-European root **el-*, a variegated mass of other Latin, French and Romanian words evolved, that come our way like unexpected presents. Thus, preceded by the root *amb-* which means „around“ and followed by a durative prefix, it gives in Latin the word *ambulare*, with the classic meaning of „to go around.“ In popular Latin, *ambula!* was the military order for „forward, march!“ and „march on!“ From *ambulare* evolved in French the verb *aller* and its derivatives *allée*, *allure*, *préalable*, from which Romanian got *alee* (alley), *alură* (aspect, look), *prealabil* (previous, preceding), as well as the verb *a umbla* (to go, to walk) with derivatives such as *umblare* (walk), *umblăreț* (walking, walker), *umblător* (walking) and the irreverent, in this context, *umblătoare* (WC), *umblătură* or *umplet* (walk, stroll, gait, running about), all still keeping the initial meaning of „to go from one place to another, to move.“ Starting from *ambulare*,



French also produced a multitude of learned terms surprisingly related to the word *exile*: *ambulant*, *ambulance*, *ambulateur*, *déambuler*, *déambulateur*, *funambule*, *préambule*, *noctambule* or *somnambule*. And we have in our turn in Romanian words like *ambulant* (ambulant), *ambulanță* (ambulance), *deambulatoriu* (ambulatory), *funambul* (tightrope walker), *funambulesc* (bizarre, excentric, extravagant), *noctambul* (sleep walker, party animal) and *somnambul* (sleepwalker).

Alleys (*alei*) are not necessarily connected with exile for me. Although in canicular Rome, during the summer of 1980, I was perplexedly walking the Pincio alleys, balméd by the green or dry needles of some tall but unprotective pine trees, no shadow whatsoever, no help, just like the useless poplar in the

legend with Holy Mary. In exchange, *alură* as in „carriage, gait, bearing, aspect, look,“ is definitely an exile word. We had sunk into ourselves, dully walking among the dream buildings and palaces of Rome, ghosts of a new sort. We were looking in astoundment at each other or in the mirrors, wondering if we'll remain like that forever. I can trace my ultimate fear of pictures back to those days. Pictures always give you away, the camera is unforgiving, it permanently fixes on paper your fallen shoulders, bent head, the hesitating smile undermined by inner doubt, the gaze where a distracted something just won't go away, your unsure gait. When I first returned to Romania and had pictures taken for an interview, I saw myself in the newspaper, with exile eyes, looking with no rhyme or reason, nonsensically. *Beforehand* (*în prealabil*) are still key words, although I don't know what exactly

should take place before we could truly belong to the States or before we could have again a place to call home in Romania. *Ambulatories* (I quote from the dictionary for those who never encountered the word: „A space continuing the side naves, behind the altar in the central apse of a Roman or Gothic Church“), I strolled them in Rome for more than a month, while we were waiting for the American visa. Cool and quiet, churches always helped us. There, in those with ambulatories, but especially in the smaller, non-touristic ones, we stopped more than once to read in a Bible placed at hand. In one tiny church I read for a week from a book by Thérèse de Lisieux, left there by who knows who. We needed those sober and substantial readings in those days when we couldn't buy newspapers, watch TV news or enter museums which had an entrance fee, and therefore couldn't avoid thinking about the great unknowns of our uncertain transition from home to nothingness. Tightrope walker (*funambul*) I was for over one year, dancing on rope the unknown dance of job applications. I wrote more than a hundred then and when I finally got a job, I did not burn them as I had bragged. One couldn't endanger the unexpected success by a careless whimsical act. Bizarre, eccentric, extravagant (*funambulești*) we are, since then, in countless circumstances of our lives, no longer noticing it. We are however neither party-goers (*noctambuli*), nor sleepwalkers (*somnambuli*), since we've been here we are spending evenings like during childhood and go to sleep early, rarely attracted by a concert, a movie or a conference. We live and we lived, in Ithaca or Providence, in small puritan towns with quiet streets where birds only or, during the night, the remote noise of the highway, of an airplane or of a train can be heard. We turned from fierce cosmopolitan Bucharest noctambules into unconvinced „provincials.“

Dictionaries are good, however, only up to a point. Words live within us, they charge themselves with connotations according to our linguistic biographies and gravitate around the se-

mantic whirlpools of our personal myths and obsessions. I started getting closer to the word exile, as if it were a word directly concerning me, in the seventies. I was in Romania and exiled at the same time, permanently banished, in a daily invention of *selfbanishment* I never got over since then, daily making negative resolutions (not to do this or that) in order to be able, some time, to return to a normal way of life in which you act as you please, according to the drive of the moment. I had by then two favorite places of domestic exile: the Library of the Romanian Academy and field research (most of the times in a village called Breb, in Maramureș). I had started going to the Library of the Academy ever since I was a college student. In the sophomore or junior year I would first look myself up on the lists with students expelled for political reasons, in the morning, then go to classes and afterwards happily rush up Calea Victoriei, to the extraordinary Reading Room 1. Back then it was a bright tall room with the sun shining on the simple, yet elegant, tables. I was reading freely, wildly, uncommitted, in all directions. During the breaks one could see Tudor Vianu, the distinguished theorist of literature and Director of the Library, solemnly passing by, in later years I would watch his successor, literary critic Șerban Cioculescu, lustfully and meticulously mixing up truffles in his Turkish coffee, at the basement C.O.Ș. cafeteria (C.O.Ș. was short for *Casa Oamenilor de Știință*, or Scientists' Club), where they had divinely cooked dishes and pastries. I was talking at length daily to two wise friends who are now in France or walking the alleys full of mulberry and lilac trees, taking the time to reflect in no hurry upon what I had just read or what I would like to find out further. Sometimes, during the summer vacation, I came in the morning, ate lunch at the Library and went home around 10:30 in the evening. Days were made out of books. Later, when I got a job as a researcher at the Institute of Phonetics, I was checking out and again hurrying for the oasis where I was used to discover infallible comfort

for any trouble. I was so grateful to the institution that, after the 1977 quake, first thing in the morning after checking on my mom and discovering she was all right, I went to the Library of the Academy. I wanted to help put the books back on the shelves or do anything else I could. The door was locked. When, after a while, someone opened and I named the reason why I was there, everything looked both weird and out of place. For a long time after, my friends kept making fun of me, who, they were saying, went to read at the Library of the Academy the day after the earthquake.

Breb was the second protective space for me. It was a village in northern Maramureş, not far from Ocna Şugatag. I got there for the first time while doing field research in a team of close ethnologist friends led by anthropologist Mihai Pop. Afterwards, I would leave for Breb all by myself, every time I got the chance. I had an allowance of five lei per diem from my Institute. I would add ten or fifteen more and pay for my room and board to Anuţa Ciombului. I knew the room I was staying in by heart, as if it were my own. I was walking in it in the dark, completely sure of myself, just like home. Upon my arrival, Anuţa would put on a tray a piece of lard and half a liter of pear brandy. In the cellar I was allowed to sample the blueberries collected there to be exported in Germany. From time to time, in the evening, I would eat *balmuş*¹ in the summer kitchen where Anuţa's father, old Ciombu, slept during the night. Every time I came to Breb, *moş* Ciombu was happily crying, he had lived to see something happen again, when I left he was crying again, convinced we would never see each other in this world. And days were all mine, with rushing to talk to my favorite informants: Tiran Irina lu Dobâc, Ană Bud, Dotia Berbeşteanului or Maria Frunzălesii, and thinking at length of the big and small differences between the lives of people living in the same country. Back then I had decided (and I haven't given up the idea)

to write about the oral institutions of the village. About the way the inhabitants of Breb remembered, even after two generations, a well-put thing said by somebody, or a happily-turned *hore* (*vrăjitiă* was the local word for making the verses rhyme successfully in such lyrical songs) and the circumstances in which they had been produced. And about the „written acts“ prepared by the young deacon to settle arguments between wives and the husbands who measured their food and locked up the staples, or the „life story“ to be sung after the forgiveness funeral ritual called *iertăciuni*, that the same deacon was composing in versified form, patiently negotiating with the client and asking the beneficiary to „ratify“ and pay for while still alive. That is when I discovered that in Breb lyrical poetry was a female thing. That women chanted or hollered it at dance before marriage and, once married, would sing it in the house, „publishing“ it only in the field, during summer labor, or at weddings, when they parenthetically escaped from the gloomy interdictions that usually defined the status of a wife. In exchange, satirical poetry was masculine, giving rhythm and impetus the Sunday dance or „hollered over the village“ (in what people called *strigatul peste sat*) to comment on the young women who had stayed unmarried one more year. In those troubled times, Breb gave me the feeling that one could still have a normal, self-contained life and that there were still many interesting things to be done at home. Maybe that was why, when I wasn't allowed to go to a conference in Amsterdam, organized by Sorin Alexandrescu, where I was to deliver a lecture on the life of words in Breb (I thought and still believe a live book will come out of this), the fact, completely ordinary – in fact I had stopped counting the rejections of my passport requests long ago – revolted me unexpectedly and really marked the moment when I began to truly imagine leaving Romania.

A few days after I first returned to the coun-

¹ Shepherd's dish made out of unsalted green cheese boiled in milk (or butter) with a little corn flour.

try in 1989, I went to the Library of the Academy. The building had gone through a lot and had grown desolated. Reading Room I was dark and gloomy, *subaquatic* would be the appropriate word. To avoid getting discouraged without trying to do something, I proposed one of the Directors to allow me to contribute to the cleaning expenses. I wasn't luckier than in the case of the earthquake. This time I was dryly told to mind my own business. Although I had reacted with the simplicity with which one tries to meet basic needs, pitching in whatever one can, something in my proposal had offended. Reading Room I kept hiding the face I once knew, with its torn linoleum, the peeled off paint or veneer on the tables and the metal chairs which were by now scragging the readers.

I got back to Breb only two years ago. I met again and recognized immediately some of the people I used to listen to, all ears, for so long. The *socăcița* (ceremonial cook) Ana lui Ștefănuț, with whom I had stayed for three days, from dawn till dusk, ceaselessly writing down everything she was saying while preparing the funeral knot-shaped bread and the repast for the old deacon's burial (attended by almost five hundred people). Anuță had died a few months before. Dumitru Gogea, her husband, with whom I had imagined many times the future of our planet and Ionuc, their boy whom everyone in the Folklore Institute had taken for a wheel-barrow ride in the orchard, was gone to work in Italy like many of the young men in the village. The very people from whom I had tried, ages ago, to learn stability and calmness were now emigrating. They were emigrating temporarily, in their typically well-thought manner, coming back with savings to add a new room (a hole, *o gaură* they'd say) to the house and leaving again for the „warm countries“ once the reserves were out. If both the researchers and their informants go through the equally confusing and enriching experience of breaking off and returning, it is clear that it must be seriously studied by anthropologists, I thought. It is by now no longer a margi-

nal phenomenon, but part of the core texture of Romanian life.

Since, once you have tasted the apple of inner exile, you get into the habit, here across the Ocean, in Providence, I have found an equivalent refuge, this time in teaching. The true gift of my American days is the joy of seeing the enlivened eyes of youths at the age of confidence and audacity. In the darkest years of our childhood, after the death in prison of my father, my mother had written a poem which started with the verse *Clasa mea de elevi e patria mea* (My class of students is my country). In the sober years of living away, my classes and students were and have remained for me a true recovery space.

When I was seriously asking myself whether I ought to leave or not, one of the forms my deliberation would take was: are there things I want to do here and can't, which it would be possible to undertake somewhere else? Is it worth trying to initiate them somewhere else? I left in doubt—among the accomplishments of the Romanian exile there was to me one part that could be appealing and inspiring: Monica Lovinescu and Virgil Ierunca's extraordinary prestations as Romanian anchors at Radio Free Europe, but it could not be repeated, and not by us anyhow. For me, who had no political projects, the word exile was now gaining a vague element of „promise“ (I evoked it in the beginning of this text) which I was cautiously questioning: wasn't it an alibi in disguise? Am I not an emigrant who believes she is exiled?

Once in the United States, I remember the sadness with which I looked at the few, thin, terribly thin Romanian magazines and newspapers edited by people of good-will in conditions of isolation and surrounding skepticism. In Romania there were topics and words that were forbidden or taboo, but due to our old and magnificent professors (*magiștri* we used to call them), Al. Rosetti, Iorgu Iordan, George Călinescu, Mihai Pop, the journals and publications in general were solid, even in the absence of remarkable graphic conditions they had a professional look

and their contents were synchronized with what was going on in the world. The American Romanian Academy (ARA) was slowly configurating itself in the eighties; with initial frictions due to tense political confrontations, the way of cooperating was often odd. I remember that at one of the first meetings in which I took part, in Texas, putting toward travel money a severely thought over amount, I talked about the shadow in which a good part of the activity of the Bucharest School of Sociology was kept in Romania. After my lecture, one of the ARA members, a lawyer of whom I keep warm memories, told me I used too many neologisms and did not speak Romanian Romanian, while proposing to me, since he „already had a name in writing,“ to rewrite and publish the lecture I had delivered in a more appropriate form. With the exception of Thomas Sebeok, who was relentlessly struggling to expand the coverage of the journals and publications of the Bloomington Semiotics center and who accepted, when he did not invite, contributions on Romanian issues, any Romanian piece sent for publication was met with superior doubt and unhidden indifference. On Sebeok who, although he had come to the States at a young age, after spending his childhood in Switzerland, had remained, as far as inner discipline and capacity for joy were concerned, a serious, unadjustable Hungarian exile, lonely and workaholic, I would like to write once more extensively. Slowly, at the Modern Language Association and at ARA, workgroups were set up, dissolved and rebuilt. The exile – our group of exiles – was oppressed. Each of us had become extremely vulnerable, the experience before leaving had fed distrust, the new generation was clashing with at least one, if not two, previous ones. Everybody was right and wrong as well, estranged as they had been from the bedrock of personal serenity and permanently or temporarily „deprofessionalized.“ What was clear was that the promise of exile in its initial form, no matter how modest, could not be kept.

Regarded as a personal inner vow, adding itself to many others (to the promises of youth, of

one's advance into a profession, of the relationships we commit ourselves to for life), exile opens anyhow in my mind the perspective of a *double failure*. On the one hand, the one expressed by the departure itself, whether internalized, assumed, accepted or not. And, on the other hand, the natural failure of everybody's life, unremarkable for those who experience it among others who struggle alike with comparable failures, but in a somber echo with the first one for those who singled themselves out through departure.

Still, in order to differentiate exile from emigration, I keep attaching the meaning of „mission“ to the word exile, used in an active sense to talk about those who voluntarily leave their country without the aim of finding material well-being: the minimal mission of not forgetting, not *overadjusting*, of protecting the source culture in oneself while sharpening it by rubbing it against other cultures. A „freely assumed commitment“ which, accomplished on one side and unaccomplished on many, accompanies the days of people like me, burdening but enriching them as well. The Alfeus river, the legend says, flows through the Mediterranean Sea and comes out on the land of an island, not far from Syracuse. Roger Caillois compared his return to the *objets-fées* (the fairy-objects) of his childhood, the world of nature and especially of rocks, after thirty years spent in the world of books and scholarly disputes, to the return to land of the stubborn river. To me, the tense Alfeus functions as the emblem of exile without excessive adjustments. It fought to remain compact, on the move, unblended in the Sea waves. Maybe it got salty on the way. But once on the other side, the Alfeus river still flows and in the end it will bury itself by vanishing in the ground, not in water. One can empathize with such aquatic obstinacy and enjoy it like a talisman.

It is an unyielding and straight exile in which it gives me pleasure to believe.