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## ***HOTEL EUROPE AND THE EXILED DREAM***

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**Abstract:** In this paper I try to highlight the ambiguous voice of the writer Dumitru Țepenag, passing from author to auctor, in his exile through an Europe where characters are as “flags” on the map, moved from time to time, having no destiny or a clear direction. In his almost oneiric way, the writer tries to put together lives balanced between two worlds: on one hand, there is the world where meanings are so worn-out that they cannot convey anything any longer, and, on the other hand, there is the world of abstruse symbols that also fail to make sense. *Hotel Europa* is this passage where the two worlds collide, opening up a space that resembles the twilight zone. In this Hotel, as in any other, the most legible elements are the labels, the clichés, the points identified on a map (the cities where the characters are wondering: Budapest, Paris, München). Romanians (along with other East European figures) are walking through the “good” Western world bearing the clichés that Europe has fabricated about them: disabled beggars, cheaters, pimps, Gypsies. The “conclusions” appear rather quickly: for the writer, who is also a character in the novel, Romania is this “pathetic country full of misbehaving” and “the genius of the Romanian people” lies in “humour and transhumance. We're all nomad comedians.” Only a myth can make sense in this collage. The text becomes a way of surrendering to the impossibility to make a “realistic story” about Hotel Europe and the way people live in it.

**Keywords:** exile, homeland, oneirism, affective memory, Europe

### Inner exile. Political exile

I will begin by saying that, to some extent, exile was and continues to be a major cultural form that enables the self-perception of the Occidental individual. The Greek-Roman and Judaic roots of our culture merely “sanctify” various forms of “inner exile”. Pasolini has written the most beautiful pages on the birth of Judaic monotheism from exile. The permanence of the desert becomes

The sign of repetition, the possibility to distinguish a dullness that would enter the bones like plague fever. Thus, this landscape of life-thwarting things would repeat without interruption. It would be born out of itself, it would continue with itself and it would end in itself: but it would not reject man, on the contrary, it would accept man, without hospitality, but also without signs of hostility, contrary to its nature, but profoundly similar to its substance. Therefore, by roaming a vastness in which they risked not move at all; running, one mile or one hundred miles further, into the same dune with the same ridges, all of them identical... the Jews would arrive at the idea of Uniqueness. The uniqueness of the wasteland was like *a dream that does not let you sleep* and from which you cannot wake up. (Pasolini 99)

While ancient Greek philosophers would practice ascetics as a form of *acquiring* the means for the consolidation of the self, Christian ones chose the path of increasingly radical *renunciations* that are crowned by self-abnegation, by complete self-exile, in an attempt to replicate the Messiah, who, when refusing the “bitter cup”, lost for an instant this world in favour of the hereafter, and the hereafter for this world. While with the Greeks the potential enemy was the world as a succession of chaotic events, for Christians the enemy has become the subject himself, as an autonomous form that builds and consolidates itself as “measure of all things”; his conceit thus banishes a deeper order. Confession, the first step toward an “objectification” of discourse, manifests as some kind of self-expulsion. This way, from something *with* and *through which* one lives, the subject becomes something subjected to a judgement as Kafkaesque as possible. This is no longer an issue of *how I could think*; it is rather an issue of *how my thinking is wrong as compared to the Other’s thinking*. (Inquisitorial and totalitarian) fear was a way to fatally inculcate this form of exile, whereby the individual hangs between two worlds like the one who suffers. Particularly for the writers, exile became more than a form of knowledge: it

became the preeminent modality to know. Literature is the one that continues to preserve, in the absence of deities, a form of “metaphysical exile”. However, apart from this, spatial exile has transformed, for some writers, the impossibility of communicating in their mother tongue in a “second Holocaust” (Norman Manea). Here, to think becomes to recognise your limits and, unfortunately, sometimes to invent them. Thus, in this case, exile becomes a form of alienation, if not even distortion of some facts. With the writer, therefore, we are considering a double estrangement: the one that relates to the language in which he/she creates, and the one that relates to living in a community and, as I will try to show, to the reconfiguration of the idea of community.

I contend that we could use the phrase established by Gyorgy Lukacs, who spoke of a *transcendentale Obdachlosigkeit* (transcendental homelessness), as a form of exile that follows the other ones, or as the expression of a dissatisfaction with one’s own culture. John Neubauer and Borbála Zsuzanna Tórók approach the same distinction in *The exile and return of writers from East-Central Europe*:

We wish to distinguish this transcendental sense of estrangement and homelessness from the concrete social and political forms of twentieth-century exile and mass dislocation. Pre-modern exile concerned individuals or small groups of people. Starting with the Renaissance, however, masses of people came to be expelled, and the term “refugee” was introduced to designate groups of people who sought to escape persecution by asking for asylum in another country. Such were the French Huguenots, the French Acadians expelled by the British from Nova Scotia, and, later, the refugees (or emigres) fleeing the French Revolution (Zolberg 5–11).

In East-Central Europe, the dominant form of nineteenth-century displacement became the political (rather than religious) exile, having in mind the exiles of the Polish uprisings in 1830 and 1863, and those who fled after the defeat of the 1848–49 Hungarian War of Independence. The methods varied from a country to another. Some dissidents, for instance the members of the Hungarian Squat Theatre, were simply banished; others, like the Czechs Jiří Grusňa and Pavel Kohout, were denied re-entry after a trip abroad; the Hungarian Gyorgy Konrad was offered, but refused, the possibility to leave. The Romanians Paul Goma, Dumitru Țepeneag, and Dorin Tudoran were allowed to exit after a protracted fight for a permit, whereas the Poles Leszek Kolakowski, Zygmunt Bauman, Jan Kott, and others were forced abroad due

to job deprivation, publication prohibition, and various sorts of harassments (Neubauer 7).

The writers who chose to leave Romania between 1945 and 1989 had been exiled before they left the actual territory of the country. “Legal” exile in the form of political asylum was preferred by most of them precisely as a denunciation of the exile enforced on millions of individuals who had to abandon “thinking on their own”. Being a writer in the communist era involved either the excruciating, albeit extremely refined use of ambiguity, or the acceptance of a post of transcriber in relation to the new “realist-socialist” directives. To some extent, the fate of the willingly or unwillingly “obedient” writer resembles the fate of the famous Akaky Akakievich (although few of the writers in the Eastern Bloc struggled with this character’s ingenuousness and sincerity). These “obedient” writers and Akaky Akakievich share their nature of “transcribers”, *i.e.* individuals unable to “change third person verbs to first person ones”. Whether they are or are not genuine, transcribers are allowed only one question: “how deep could my obliteration be in order to allow my person to become the loyal carrier of the foreign power that crosses it? In other words, how impersonal could I become?” Writers who chose to defend their “overcoat” did not want, in the country or in exile, to accept as “ours” the impossibility to have something that is “ours”. They died in prisons while “re-educated” or they questioned, like Cioran, the very possibility of the Romanian nation to enter “big history” (since it is too big to be small and too little to be big), but they all fought for one purpose alone: to reinstate the use of the “first” person, even if it was only the point of arrival of a scattered or downright abandoned I. The number of exiled Romanian writers makes a diverse and perhaps beautiful range of colours with which this “first” person was used.

### **Exile and the limits of language**

*Cuvântul nisiparniță* [*The Hourglass Word*], a book in which the text slips from the use of Romanian to the use of French, describes the anatomy of this estrangement. For the oneirist Țepeneag, to speak another language meant to be challenged by your own fancies and phantasms, because of the incapacity to grasp their latent meaning (this means more than transcribing them in their “functional” language), because of the alienation from his own oneiric universe rather than from reality. The limit that the writer reached reminds us of Bachelard’s “things impossible

to dream” due to “extraordinary reversals”: in some cultures, the gender of the sun is feminine, while the moon is masculine. This limit is archetypal, into which even the freedom of the dream collapses:

While I am digging the new – for me – land of the French language, it would seem suspicious if I came across the same bodies of images from another land, another horizon. For one could suspect, for good reason, that I was the one to bury them there (...) for example, I need to get rid of this woman who’s washing dishes and waiting for her soldier to come back from the army. (*Cuvântul*, Țepeneag 12)

Țepeneag describes his transition to writing in French by using harsh terms. He rejects the image of a conversion, be it refractory and nostalgic, and he struggles to add to his loyalty to forms the loyalty to figures. For Țepeneag, the transition is rather similar to a curettage. It is approached as if it were a capitulation, in a language that evokes the power relationships wherein the lines are drawn starkly. One enters a foreign language as if they enter the New World that is not interested in transfigurations, but in some sort of formal re-education of figures. Writing becomes description, reproduction:

Just like a circus performer has, at some point, to perform without a safety net in order to prove they are able to do such a performance and since I was straddling two languages, I had decided to write in French. But I was compelled to find, in a rather annoying and unpleasant way, that I could not do it unless I forgot the phantasms I had stored over the years during which, instead of writing, I thought about how to write; and then, what’s the use of all these years spent in the antechamber of French? So for now I have to continue writing in Romanian and thus finally get rid of this ballast of phantasms, for who could promise me that, by writing in French, I would not find myself haunted by all these visions, as it has happened in fact in several short texts; and then I am not writing, I am describing, I am rewriting, I am reproducing what I was not able to write but remained stuck in my mind in the form of larvae I could not avoid. (*Cuvântul*, Țepeneag 11)

Switching from one language to another is not a simple matter of learning or a technique, but it also calls into question the complexity of the whole thinking brought in a position to question itself. The writing-description relationship resembles the explanation-comprehension relationship:

While [thinking] seeks to clarify a possible meaning of the existing things, it already bears a pre-meaning of those. More specifically, it remains tied to what lies behind this reflection, something that cannot fully free itself ever. It is this pre-meaning that it carries along as a burden that must be clarified in some way. And just when it does, it finds itself in the position to question itself again, with everything it had more or less obscure. (Afloroaiei 19)

Switching from one language to another is exactly this pre-meaning that stands out, or rather, its phantasmal obscurity. The visions cannot be translated, but only described, rewritten in another language. Only here “visions” do not necessarily belong to a dreamlike world, but to a “larval” untold. Telling (language) becomes dreamlike, “alien from itself”, just like “thinking, instead of deepening what is alien, turns itself into something alien” (Afloroaiei 19). Self-reflexivity taken to the extreme alienates any reflection. The Sandpit Word is a perpetually sceptical play between form and substance, in which the stage is occupied largely by forms interested in themselves. If in *Hotel Europe* one can see illusions and reality faced in the language (the illusions of the Easterners full of expectations and the Western reality that fails to meet them), in *The Sandpit Word* the language faces himself. The writing possibilities become characters along with the author. Each, under its own name, practices a kind of recognition policy. What happens to the language is what happens to any power that it is not regulated anymore by a meta-narrative. It does not have to deal with structures imposed “from above”, but with entities demanding their “rights”, as nations have to deal with minorities and identities demanding their recognition, in an endless and daily drama.

Real and unreal (“shock and horror” news inserted into the text along with dreams or credible dialogues) expose themselves with the same degree of conviction on the text’s stage. Just like identities, they demand their right to come from a text machine (one producing book pages, one producing legal forms). Entering the text or being outside it is a formality that has to do with the form required to be filled. In *The Author and his characters*, we could say that Țepeneag makes a political radiography of the text, according to the way he relates to power.

And if he does not himself, is it not artificial to know the other? The man in the street, which he forces to become a character, tearing down his freedom in exchange for a contour, a character and a destiny. (*Autorul*, Țepeneag, 130)

The omniscient or “slave master” author becomes a

simple surveyor, a topographer searching aimlessly, wandering in a world that no longer subjects to him, among objects that he wants naked of all their significance and which he looks at for long and obstinately with a magnifying glass. (Autorul, Țepeneag 130)

A third phase is that of the author who wanders along his characters in a text lacking any hierarchy or power-radiating point. If we were to continue to use the political metaphor, we could say that the author turns from “slave master” to “surveyor” and then even becomes “the open, democratic space” in which everyone tries their luck and tells their story. The characters become uncontrollable and sometimes conflicting precisely because of the freedom they are thrown into. The text, in an analogy rather with the new forms of state administration than the hard political imposing, becomes – like the new social space – the place for a new type of debate.

Indeed, where the recognition politics comes into play, the debate takes place not between *beliefs*, but identities. The huge difference between the two is that while beliefs argue and can be challenged, identities simply exist as such and cannot be questioned. An argument may be opposed anytime a better argument, an opinion may face at any time one more true, but there is no such thing as a better identity. To challenge the validity of such an identity means to question the existence of the bearer of that identity – that is an attack on his humanity. (Attila 43)

Thus, in his trilogy and in *The Sandpit Word*, Țepeneag goes beyond oneirism and its “law”, turning it into a form among others. The text becomes the transcription of the ways in which one can write a text. Just like identity becomes a form of “lifestyle” in a centre-free democratic politics. oneirism no longer can be a reactive force (as during the time of the regime), but a voice among others.

### **Affective memory and the dialectic of present and presence**

The “dialogue” of these voices brings, as noted by other critics such as Laura Pavel, an impression of Ionesco-like Theatre of the Absurd. It is just that, in Țepeneag’s case, we are dealing with a second level, the dialogue with itself, which is inserted in an already absurd scenario, bringing an extra touch of “unreality”. If we

were to associate an inner look with an image, probably some paintings by Brauner – featuring mythological-phantasmal creatures – would capture this labour of inner folding. At one point, the author-character, reflecting on what gives us a mental continuity, notes that the visions and the larval images that haunt at an archetypal level are accompanied by “clichés”:

I stand up and go into the bathroom. I turn the light on and feel it like an aggression. I raise my arm to defend myself. Then I see myself in the mirror. We also think about ourselves in clichés: the same words are breaking into consciousness, forming a kind of schematic monologue and somehow encoded, but which has the merit that allows us to maintain a certain mental continuity. On the other hand, what good to repeat to myself over and over again something that no longer can be called an observation, much less an assessment of the facts, since is not directly related to reality through a process of perception, but vaguely, through one of recognition. It is not an image, but an idea. After all, it's a fixed idea, I do not take the trouble to double check it: I am old. (*Hotel*, Țepeneag 33).

What is striking in the trilogy novels is the relationship with time, or rather, the perception of a continuity of self, which becomes problematic to the extent that it is no longer linked to a “project”, even a minimal one, like waiting for Godot. The poles of stability are rather perceptual boundaries: either the untold born in the mother tongue haunting ghostly or the fixed ideas which become forms of recognition. The accusation which the characters themselves bring to the author is that they are being kept “waiting in vain”, condemned to “uncertainty”. The advance in time is marked by small moves, permutations, usually introduced in the form of ordinary daily events: the disappearances of the Siamese, the arrival of letters, etc.

Past, present and future come and go like newspaper trivia articles. Everything is brought into a continuous here and now, and the author seems to refer to “characters and action” from the position of a news reader, possibly a collector of news, where we find stories at the limit of plausibility. Curiosity is the dominant attitude. Each character is brought to the fore now and then, to update the data about it, but nothing intertwines in a dramatic, destiny-like form. Reading becomes simultaneously a collection of data and a zapping. The famous stream of consciousness or the obsession for details of the new novel are abandoned here. The reader is confronted with the fluctuating attention of the character-author. It is, one



could say, a postmodern variant of the “art of not writing a novel”, where the reader assists to the gathering of the material, to the countless daily interruptions distracting the author from writing, including an annoying conjugal life, and even characters as irritating or intrusive as some acquaintances to which one must always grant time for reasons of courtesy or interest. It's impossible to avoid the comic, even parody-like effect of the telephone conversations with the characters (between the omniscient author and the “autonomous” text):

Has a friend of Basil's from Germany called? I insist. – No, no. Or maybe she did call when I was not home. The funny thing is that I get angry. As silly as he can be when he thinks that he could have secrets from me, just as ridiculous I feel by foolishly insisting, even getting angry. (*Pont*, Țepeneag 141)

There is virtuosity in getting the text or the character out of control, and, of course, on another level, virtuosity in controlling this lack of control. The technique used by Țepeneag is the image in reverse of the “subjective realism” claimed by Robbe-Grillet. Genette noticed that the obsession of covering all details “completes in a rigorously objective performance and, in its very objectivity, totally unreal” (Genette 33). Țepeneag records each (objective or subjective) intrusion that makes it impossible to exhaust details, so the effect is the opposite: his unreal approach is totally realistic. The proofs are the telephone conversations with Dimov, his dead friend, that emerge in the economy of the prose just as naturally as the conversations with the characters or the members of the entourage. In *Pont des Arts*, such a conversation happens as slalom through memory: Dimov recites; the living friend cannot remember the title of a poem while remembering dozens of verses. The dialogue between the two has nothing strange. Death is reduced to a small detail by an affective memory that does not need to bring into presence something which has disappeared, but practices a continued conviviality with the friend who no longer is, without exiling him in nostalgic or melancholic commemorative moments. The purely mnemonic capacities atrophy, but, paradoxically, the affective memory is not affected by absence. It can rebuild the being of the one gone to the point of “imitating the perception” (Ricoeur 523) of his voice, of the things he would say in a trivial bickering. The entire novel seems to converge to this maintaining into the present, without necessarily maintaining into presence, either adopting, as I said, the form of the trivia which brings to attention bits of information, events, or by the emotional memory

that we find not just in the discussion with Dimov, but in the exile thought, which is regarded as a constant dialectic between the present and presence, more precisely, between the present and the presence to the self.

It is true that we were lucky! How else can to explain that I somehow succeeded to continue to write and not totally fail, as it happened with many others in the same situation as me. That is, in exile, where you understand quite quickly that the first thing that is required is to give up what you were and to adapt to what you must be, isn't it? ... to adjust to the needs. In other words, to fit in. And for that you have to first renounce your language, the country from within, the deep one... To adopt the language that you need where you live. These waivers have *à la longue* consequences that do not foster creation. For integration is actually a relentless self-deletion. Of what is called personality. You cannot make it quite all right! I survived by creeping from one language to another and I had the nerve, finally, to go back to the Romanian language as if nothing had happened... (Țepeneag 128)

We have already noticed that learning a new language led to a profound questioning of how we know, already coming with a baggage from the mother tongue. In this fragment, that questioning that produced a rather speculative, philosophical alienation turns into the danger of alienation. The possibility of preserving the psychic continuity, the self that first sees itself catapulted into a world of needs. The world of the one wishing the integration is primarily one of basic needs, a world of non-freedom. It would be useless to resume the familiar dissociations made in the Western tradition between freedom and imprisonment, between citizen and slave, *i.e.* between one who has time to deal with intellectual, spiritual matters and one who is sentenced to an eternal camp of struggling for survival. Of course, the integration of the exiled does not reach the dramatism of a slave life, a kolkhoz worker or a camp prisoner. However, switching from one language to another always involves a point of weakness, where the one who is sentenced to take the leap can only express a world of needs. The exiled, to the extent that he wants to preserve the continuity of his self, will endeavour to transfer his fantasies in the new language. Once he possesses it, he possesses his freedom. But is it exactly the same? Is he exactly the same? Exile is an additional jitter that is interposed between memory-recall, present-presence. The exiled is a Job. After subjected to tests, he receives all the things and beings that he lost, not *the same*, but *others*. Another wife, another son, another place.

### **Wandering between two Europes**

If, as Bergson says, “practically we only perceive the past, since the pure present is the imperceptible progress of the past chewing on the future” (Ricoeur 526), the exiled and the one going through extreme experiences come to ask: “Whose future?” The uncertainty to which characters are abandoned, their bringing to attention as trivia (there is a wilful abandonment in commonplace) are actually symptoms of the narrow-mindedness that the exiled suffers from and, as shown exemplary by Frankl, the one deprived of liberty, without the hope of a return. Thus, Țepeneag’s prose may be considered exemplary for exploring the relationship between the “deep homeland” and the “adopted homeland”, as well as the two Europes.

The choice of this language related to power and to administration (“antechamber of French”) may seem at first too “realistic” for an “oneirist”, but it actually is not, since for the Romanian author, the dream is not a superficial escape, nor is it an imagination to grasp in an automatic writing; instead, “by dream, new associations between reality and language are sought” (Dimov, Țepeneag 28). It is a sequencing power and, at the same time, the possibility to emphasize realities that do not relate to clichés or to generalizations. In *Hotel Europe*, the author taunts his characters in a fragment in which, recently returned in a still revolutionary Romania, he simply delivers to some young men a series of “typically” Occidental stories, by following the formula of suspense (the woman who commits a crimes of passion in Venice, by shooting her gondolier lover). The Occidental and the Oriental first have to perform their assigned roles. The former in favour of a land of plenty, the latter in favour of a people of herdsmen in a “pathetic rotting” country (“– Well, my boy, you have no clue about the West!/ – Butter and Mercedes! sheepishly repeats Ion” – *Hotel*, Țepeneag 178). Ironically, the most intelligible elements are the labels, the clichés, the points identified on a map (towns in which the characters wander: Budapest, Paris, Munich). Romanians (and other East European people) wander the Occident, bearing the image it has made beforehand on them: they are disabled beggars, charlatans, procurers, gypsies and the innocent and naïve Ion cannot get rid of this shady web on which his survival depends, in the end. So-called “conclusions” are at hand: the “brilliance of the Romanian people” is given by its “wit and transhumance... We are all itinerant comedians!” (*Hotel*, Țepeneag 139). In her book, Laura Pavel is underlying other features of the Mioritic state: “What is regarded as

ataractic passivity in the Mioritic shepard – or else as ahistorical aboulia – is ultimately, as Țepeneag argues, a state of artistic contemplation” (Pavel 107). The novel is this race between two traps/cages: the trap of common places and the trap of mysterious symbols. Just as the book is a Pirandellian test wherein the characters seek for their author, *Hotel Europe* becomes the symbol of a drift, where various individuals can no longer retrieve a community, unless they are reduced to the animal mechanisms of survival. In fact, the building called Hotel Europe is an abandoned, crumbling hotel for animals. The European Community is a kind of Noah’s Ark where different “species” shares their finitude and a sad vitality, the slave’s vitality, which is not derisory only owing to the idealistic philosophies from which Ion, a guest of the hotel, cannot part. The dialectic between the slave and the master is a “tarte a la crème” of philosophy, a “passe-partout theory of human society”, “however, Gică could not understand why the servant is ready for the future” (*Hotel*, Țepeneag 409). Ion explains it in a scholarly manner:

It’s not the individual. It’s the mentality. The servant’s mentality is dynamic, flexible, it’s progressing. The servant is better equipped to understand reality, life. Do you get it? Whereas the master, after he wins, after he risks his life and proves he’s not afraid of death, well, what else is there for him?... Soon he will understand that the recognition he earned is brittle, because it depends on the mirror pushed ahead by a servant. From now on, the master lies motionless, like a corpse. (*Hotel*, Țepeneag 409)

The insertion of the discourse on dialectics is an obvious irony: the European master, used to having everything, no longer risks his life. The European world is no longer a world of freedom, but of safety, and the master of this world is precisely the one released from such an unsparing struggle. Safety relates to rights, to safeguarding. “And freedom should be like inebriation, an almost mystical state” (*Hotel*, Țepeneag 89). Thus, beneath the New European World, which envisages the possibility of a community as formal rigour, lies the Ark, the Hotel, the Figure of those who, in an animal, beastly state, continue to mistake freedom for safety, to make sure they do not lose any trace of dignity. The transition from the hotel to the community means the release from freedom, from the idea of freedom as a “mystical state”. Liberation is a formality.

Thus, we are able to identify two types of communities that live at different paces and beat the European dream. There is a Europe of those who, as noted by

Edgar Morin, live “day after day” in a state of “senseless optimism”, and reject the attitude of a “community of fate” (Morin 185). This is the community of safety, of security. Underlying it there is the community as “experience of finitude” as it is described by Nancy in a comment on Bataille. It is haunted by the threat of death in a double sense: in a sacred (misplaced) sense whereby excess and the “unleashing of passions” generate a shared experience. It is no longer compatible with a life dedicated to production. After the disappearance of the doomed party, the community, believes Nancy, is a sharing of finitude expressed by: the other’s death, my birth, my death. This finitude is the one that sets us apart and that substitutes a desacralised sacred. Between the two communities the transition is similar to the one experienced by the exiled writer who only writes, transcribes, reproduces the impossibility of a transfiguration. The community as experience of finitude belongs to the exiled one, to the emigrant, to the refugee brought down to the animal conditions of survival, deported from one place to another, until a form of legal access to the New World estranges him from the acute experience of his own finitude. Perhaps the clash between the community of formal securities and that of finitude should lead to the possibility of rethinking, of reconsidering a European “community of fate”. Undoubtedly, it would no longer be the community of a sacral excess, but its engine would continue to be linked with the sense of a dislocation: “After he sees a fellow who dies, the one who survives will only subsist if he manages to part with himself. [...] Each of us is then banished from the limitation of the person and gets lost, according to his powers, in the community of his fellows” (Bataille 245-246). Europe would be this unbroken dream of the exiled that find their community and are able to experience a feeling of communion only if they remain exiled.

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