

Societies with a Mission and the Traitor

The Permanent Possibility of the Traitor! What is a Traitor?

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Abstract

The work is a confronting of the phenomenon of – societies with a mission – as in Enver Hoxha's Communism, with the question of the traitor. In fact, it is a blend of irony and interpretative and theoretical deliberation upon the "lack" of traitors in our collective, this having for a background the recent collective confusion raised upon the "treason" of Martin Camaj and Ernest Koliqi, two key figures of Albanian struggle against this regime, since the initiation of the very same regime.

The work takes for an interpretative and theoretical basis three key fiction novels connoting the complex of the traitor and the society with a mission, confronting this phenomenon." The Journey to The End of The Night" Ferdinand Louis Celine; "Vajza e Agamemnonit" (Agamemnon's Daughter) Ismail Kadare; "Pasardhesi" ("Successor") Ismail Kadare.

The work is concluded by e graduation of these three fictions to an anti-heroic reality.

Keywords: *Traitor; Society with a mission; the disillusioned; reality; hero; projection of pain into a mission.*

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I. Societies with a mission and the traitor

Introduction

For societies victims of violence, accepting is very difficult, in living within this impossibility, suffered violence is projected into a tragedy, a phenomenon that passes further into a tragical heroism. Hence, the ethics of the society are pain and wounds and they remain permanent, inherent and unnegotiable. The pain from experienced violence passes into a heroic eternity, into heroism. And heroism into a permanent mission.

A permanent mission born out of pain from experienced violence, passed on into a heroism which for its sake sacrifices everything that stands on its way, or is allowed to sacrifice everything for its way.

Though a fiction, the novelette “Agamemnon’s Daughter” by Ismail Kadare, surfaces all the circles of a mission of this kind, of the society itself. But this already passed over into an ideology, ‘sacrifice’ for the State’s Power, towards a total Power. This novelette, matter of fact, surfaces the primordial structure of Power being built upon sacrifice, since The Myth upon Agamemnon (Euripid). It is an identical structure - the Power of Albanian society’s state built through sacrificing the own daughter of one of the members of the Power of the mission. Power built upon the sacrifice of the Daughter of the Successor of the very same Power, the character within the novelette named Suzana.

In order to describe the circles of the spiral of the mission of heroism and moreover them being in permanent inherence with the history of humanity, “quest” for heroism turned into total Power we will layer it in three grades through excerpts from Ismail Kadare’s “Agamemnon’s Daughter”

First grade

“... In my mind there was still continuing the same strange distraction. It was surely the drunkenness that was supposed to overtake one being in the proximity to the power...”

“... Nevertheless, I couldn’t take off of my mind what I had read about the sacrificing of Agamemnon’s daughter. The celebratory noise all around, music and the red silk full of paroles ... was sending me towards the ... celebration...”

“... Where are you hurrying this way? What is happening? You still don’t know? They say they are sacrificing Agamemnon’s daughter...”

“... Military men, mixed with Greek civilians, were walking towards the altar. ... maybe they had even stamped invitations. They all had one question in their

² Kadare, ‘Agamenon’s Daughter’. pp. 69, 70, 74, 76

mind: what was this sacrifice?... it was an immediate feeling that the lack of explanation, increased the weight of angst...

"... Stalin, didn't he sacrifice his son Jakov for... for... having the right... to be able to say that his son ... should have ... the fate... the fate... the fate ...of every Russian soldier. But Agamemnon, what did he have wanted two thousand and eight hundred years ago? And what was Suzana's father wanting today...:?"

Second Grade

"... Soon I found myself in the boulevard, inside the flow of people that were running hesitatingly under the sun that suddenly was looking hotter..."

"... Two thousand and eight hundred years before, Greek soldiers were probably returning In the same way, from the event of Iphigenia's sacrifice... everything light, humorous, that would somehow disperse the sadness of war: jokes, breaking the discipline rules, happy evening on brothels, was shaking in trembling now. While the big boss, Agamemnon, had sacrificed his own daughter, there would be no mercy for anyone. The axe had been bloodied already..."

Third Grade

"Suddenly it seems to me that I had disclosed the enigma. Jakov had been sacrificed not in order to have the fate of every Russian soldier, as the dictator had declared, but in order to give the dictator the right, to request anyone's death. As Iphigenia did give the right for the bloodbath..."

However, the circle of sacrifice for the Power does not end here, it is a spiral of circles that as a black hole devours in its own circles its own people. Moreover, in the sequel to "Agamemnon's Daughter", the novel "Successor" by Ismail Kadare surfaces the next level of 'sacrifice', the very sacrificing of the Successor to the Power (the member of the very totalitarian power of Enver Hoxha) in the name of the mission.

Once the Successor of the Power of the Mission is found guilty (as in "Successor" Ismail Kadare), instantly everyone is a – traitor. Instantly the whole Albanian society remains outside of the - territory -of the mission of the Albanian (based on Poststructuralist theories the ideology's "territory" is its own discourse, and the discourse of the ideology of Societies with a mission is founded upon the very border between the mission and its traitor, two signifiers that make for the complete discourse, signifying the infinity of the possibility for punishment as a

³ Kadare. 'Agamenon's Daughter'. p. 108

⁴ Kadare, 'Agamenon's Daughter'. p. 109

means to totalizing the power)⁵ Instantly we are on a trial, that an infinite one, one for its very own sake, a process for having abandoned heroism. Instantly we are expelled. And there is not a mere and a more powerful totality than this one – expelling a whole society from the mission/its synonym of its living. Strictly on the argument of betrayal.

“... Subversion had started from the early morning... people, after opening their invitation envelopes, would notice that there was no known hierarchical criteria in the appointment of the halls... the vice prime minister’s typist had her invitation in the Opera theatre, whereas the prime minister in the hall for agricultural technicians... within the hall, the invitees would be awaited by other surprises... there was only one seat, behind one simple square table above which there was placed a magnetophonon... ordinary officers, academics, drivers, senile women... would sit silently along one another... they had all listened to the Leader’s speech in Political Bureau...” (“Successor” by Ismail Kadare)

And the primordial, in phenomenological sense, in continuum to the actual structure of the very territory of the ideology of the mission become inscribed into permanence, and make for the case that everything falling out of the mission, the ethics of this mission, which in fact has been born out of pain and wounds, is seen as treason.

In fact, in this exact point, it is built the unstoppable potency of ‘anal – sadist’ projection of communism (which projects a whole New World), of a mission built in an eternal possibility of betrayal. Regardless of it being evidenced or not. Furthermore, in communist projection, the argument, paradoxically, within the isolated society in a territory of the ideology, may even turn into a plausible accusation. As is the case for permanent accusations for traitors as Ernest Koliqi and Martin Camaj. (See below.)

The traitor is always possible and always here, among us, within “our” pain. Within our heroism.

On one side, it is exactly in the mission for heroism, for heroes, where a totalitarian communism as one of Enver Hoxha is built upon, and on the other side, on the possibility of a/the traitor. Unpredictable, uncontrollable, unavoidable; traitors like Ernest Koliqi and Martin Camaj⁷, though the argument is – 80 years

⁵ Royl on Derrida ‘Jacque Derrida (Routledge Critical Thinkers) Routledge. And Mills. On Foucault ‘Michel Foucault (Routledge Critical Thinkers) Routledge

⁶ Kadare. ‘Successor’

⁷ Tare. ‘**Dritehije ne histori - Martin Camaj & Ernest Koliqi, të pazbuluar**’” In the year 2020 all of a sudden and out of no evidence, there was published a – fake news – article accusing the two as members to foreign Intelligence Service Agencies. Martin Camaj and Ernest Koliqi are two of the most distinguished individuals to have been accused and judged as traitors by the Enver Hoxha’s regime at the time of communism. Both of them are on the way of being fully established as highly respected and

– ongoing. Even though that being as a relic of a past’s paranoia. Though as propaganda, and thus even as a – fake news – already. A treason that does not end.

But what if the betrayal goes further beyond, into a treason of the heroism of the mission, of the whole humanity, the humanity’s ideal for heroism. Or to put it into other words, what if our heroism is seen as a death machinery, of war and violence.

In this, let us go back, in a deliberation for the – traitor – the first traitor, for the traitor of the whole humanity, not only at war, as a deserter, but additionally into the principles and the ethics of the highest humanity’s values – the heroism. The traitor Ferdinand Bardamu, the protagonist of the novel “Journey to the End of the Night”, of the writer Louis Ferdinand Celine.

Traitor in the face of heroism, the machinery of violence - war

Treason is punishable by law too. But it has been and still remains the heaviest sociological and psychological possible judgement and punishment in any human society. However awkwardly, man also continues to acknowledge and admire as a global masterpiece the same novel and this treason of the author Louis Ferdinand Celine.

On the other side Martin Camaj and Ernest Koliqi complex continues, though eighty years in the going they are still being “exhumed” as a threat for the others, through their punishment as traitors, already in much more sophisticated manner.

In fact, the relation hero – traitor is direct, it is dependant, the more traitors, or the greater the traitors, the more dubious sources and information, the more heightened is heroism. Heroism established (once more), recovered and clear, visible, and as much threatened.

The consequence to this, experienced pain, and violence, are reborn and create the spirit of revenge and remembrance of heroism. In fact, it creates the very possibility to endow crime with mission, with sacrifice, to interweave violence with treason as an argument. Or even to make unruly and not to take the responsibility, ever, for the committed crimes. Society becomes a chimera, neutralized and of manifold faces, entrapped within the territory of the past ideology of Power, a society that does not have a consciousness to percept beyond the Mission, beyond the permanent possibility of the traitor.

It is in this very chimera of a society whereby the need for the disillusioned is born, for the human that has been, that is in the face of mission of heroism. For the real traitor. For the traitor that sees beyond the mission of heroism and the machinery of violence and murder, back into our own deception.

important figures against Enver Hoxha’s regime. The – fake news – burst and took over the whole public media and civilian debate causing a yet another rift in the collective consciousness and its truth.

“Traitor”, coward, deserter, antihero, this is the first and the only impression of the reader upon the narrator, protagonist too, named Ferdinand Bardamu (with the same name as of the writer’s). At the time of First World War, between France and Germany. He, Ferdinand, the narrator, wherever he goes and travels, during and after the war, does not leave aside no detail of war, and life in its entirety, disclosed as filthy, absurd, and senseless of any human feeling. A deceit of heroism.

Deceit about heroism, about French Mission in the First World War, upon man’s heroism and humanity in its entirety, is shattered immediately at the beginning of the novel by the bear logic in front of “death machinery” in “The Journey to the End of the Night”. “Treason” or man with e logic in front of humanity’s mission for heroism with its machineries of war. War in front of bear man from this illusion, in front of disillusioned man, become clear in “traitor’s” Ferdinand Bardamu first and immediate facing with the machinery of death, and which is continuously surfacing as the very “Heroism” of humanity.

The disillusionment of man in front of “Heroism” of man through the machinery of war is too clear and bear in these three grades of man’s immediacy of facing the war:

First grade

“⁸Down the road, way in the distance, as far as we could see, there were two Germans and they’d been busy shooting for the last fifteen or twenty minutes.... Maybe our colonel knew why they were shooting, maybe the Germans knew, but I, so help me, hadn’t the vaguest idea... Might I be, I was thinking, the last coward on earth?... alone with two million crazy heroes, armed to their eyes?”

Second grade

“⁹The colonel’s belly was wide open, and he was making a nasty face about it. It must have hurt when it happened.”

Third Grade

“¹⁰Was I the only man in that regiment with any imagination about death? I preferred my own kind of death, the kind that comes late... in twenty years... thirty... maybe more... to this death they were trying to deal me right away... eating Flanders mud, my whole mouth full of it, fuller than full, split to the ears by a shell fragment. A man’s entitled to an opinion about his own death.”

⁸ Celine. ‘Journey To The End Of The Night’ p. 7

⁹ Celine. ‘Journey To The End Of The Night’ p. 12

¹⁰ Celine. ‘Journey To The End Of The Night’ p. 14

Everything starts with some sporadic shooting by the German side, until the death of Baradmu's colonel, and heads through his first meditation, upon death, war and the world. The three grades create the nature of man with e logic in front of the machinery of heroism, machinery of death. Bear nature of deceit and heroism, being that a traitor or a disillusioned man.

All at once we are in the front line, and something looks completely absurd, *while nobody has any idea why is there a shooting*, ends with a powerful explosion that leaves dead several French warriors, and together with them the colonel himself. All at once we are in front of the war. In front of its absurd. In front of its senselessness. In front of a *weaving of thousands deaths around*. In front of and helpless towards death.

But instantly we are also in front of bear thought and thinking, in the first person, personal thinking, and a personal experience of man at war. Bear and logical, inside a bear logic in front of the war.

Is this the traitor, deserter (something that the protagonist conducts by the end of the chapter), the coward, the antihero? Or is it the man with a bear logic in front of the war and its senselessness? Its absurd? The unpredictability of death?

Matter of fact this is not the issue. In fact, the dilemma is about how could there be talked, how could there be logicised, and how could there be written about fear at war, in such a tragical and moreover, in such serious times for the 'mission' of France and French people. How could there have been an author behind such a novel? How could the be a hero in real life, a man that had taken part in France's war in the First World War, and thus awarded a war hero, with his name - Louis-Ferdinand Celine? Was this a treason against the mission of France and French people? Is this still a permanent tragedy to French people, moreover by a declared hero of its own? Is this a treason of man towards the heroism of humanity? Is there heroism in fact?

Permanent possibility of traitor – Albanian mission

Starting off from the first traitor of humanity, the first one of its own, that of Ferdinand Louis Celine, let as pose the question of whereabouts of our own traitor, the one among us, the one disillusioned by our deceit for an inexistant heroism.

We are slaves to our mission, Albanian mission. Mission for heroism

But our mission remains and is, only upon – the possibility – of treason in our environment. Treason of our pain of being Albanian. Being victims in reality. It is a paradox, while “we are heroes, we recall our own suffering”. Where are our own victories? Our triumphs? We are hero victims.

In this we are cursed into permanent treason and permanent traitors in our mission. If in our reality, our own mission does not accept that we have been, also, raped, divided, deviated, deserters, filthy, evil and weak, as well as, the whole humanity in its difficult times, of human itself, we are Heroes in permanence. As many Heroes as there are members in our society, as many currents and systems there are. But, moreover, for as many guilty and crimes there are.

We do not have an individuality, as Camaj's and Koliqi's, we do not have a traitor of the mission of heroism at least in our own pain, in our individual experience. In fact this has just started to happen in Albania, they are so fragile and in confusion, and the mission of heroism (read: violence towards one another), totality, recover instantly as a chimera. Matter of fact they make a chimera of our own society.

And here is, the novel of treason of humanity, "first traitor in humanity", the novel "Journey to the End of the Night", and the decoding of total power in "Agamemnon's Daughter" and in "Successor" by Ismail Kadare, in front of the mission of Albanian, in the permanent threat of a possibility of treason, in a structure, they are the eternal war of the individual with the missionary of a society. (Something that is not alien for any of the human societies).

The myth of Agamemnon, as well as two other Kadare's above mentioned novels, resurface very truthfully the building of a Power through violent sacrifice, which passes into a value, and further into a system, and into a power and a totality. Into an encompassing spirit of a society. In reality, the sacrifice is appropriated into power to build the argument of punishment for the – traitor -. Controlling the – possibility – of treason.

So, how does it happen that eighty years on the going Martin Camaj and Ernest Koliqi still can be "exhumed" and accused (though just accused) traitors? How does it happen that we can never escape from the – traitor?

This is the complex of our actual society in its entirety. Fear from the individual, the disillusioned by our heroism, it built upon our pain, built for abuse and manipulation, for oppression. Or, is heroism possible? Or does our reality admit heroism? How can we imagine heroism in a reality like the one of Albanian?

Individuals like Camaj and Koliqi, many victims, great people and ordinary people in their own lives, are "exhumed" in all their pain of suffered violence, whenever it is necessary to spread the fog of chimera.

The mission of collectivizing the pain, mission of heroism of our society, the mission of our tragedy is lived only if admitted by our own reality. For now, violence is our fate and reality, that makes one wonder if we are Albanians, or have we crossed over into aliens, foreigners towards one another. Into transgressors to one another.

SECOND PART: Societies with a mission and the traitor

Heroism (collective mission) in front of reality

Introduction

In “Agamemnon’s Daughter” and in “Successor” by Ismail Kadare, the collective truth is a vortex of violence, evilness and undoubting to a highest totality. It is a collective truth born in evilness, that has passed into mission. In this unnegotiable mission’s circles, everything is disvalued to unbeing, individual or collective one, for more everything gets devoured inside it.

In this, beginning from the titles of these two novels, it is made clear the return, the eternity, and moreover the ritual of Power’s ritual, recalled and endowed under heroism and the mission about heroism. The suffering, pain and sacrifice suffered by our society have been appropriated into circles of building the Mission, under the pledge of the Mission for heroism.

Today, our own collective truth, the chimera, its effacement, in fact are the very reality that negates our own heroism, our mission. Our mission faced with the true treason – disillusionment of the man in front of the chimera of violence, faced to power, faced to crime against one another.

In this, the first treason, the greatest treason in humanity, the most powerful treason and still actual in humanity is here with us. The novel “Journey to the End of the Night” by Ferdinand Louis Celine is an evidence of man faced with heroism, an exposure of the entanglement of man in collective mission. It is the very exit, once and for all, beyond the vicious circle of heroism, its violence and its possibility for totalising the Power.

“Journey to the End of the Night” – Ferdinand Louis Celine

I

Though a novel upon treason to humanity, and of treason to France in its tragedy in the First World War, there where it was written, published and read for the first time, the novel “Journey to the End of the Night” of the writer known with the artistic name Louis-Ferdinand Celine (his true name is Louis Ferdinand Auguste Destouches) is one of the greatest influences in world’s modern literature. It is inevitable in the world’s literature.¹¹

¹¹ Great writers as Samuel Becket, Jean Paul Sartre, Gunter Grass etc, and particularly the writer Philip Roth, have imitated “Journey to the End of the Night” in its philosophy, language and in its viciousness.

The viciousness, misery of the perspective of the protagonist Ferdinand Bardamu, is one of the most spectacular deserting, but yet most believable, and with this, the most convincing in the entire history of humanity. This novel is in fact the first step of man's crossing out of the stad of a humanity with a mission, for a heroic war, for a heroic humanity, for a heroic aim, into the disillusionment of reality completely senseless towards our heroisms. The narrator character Ferdinand Bardamu has a vicious perspective, confession, narration and expression towards life, death, and towards the entire deceit within. In fact, only with Ferdinand Celine as author of this novel, does the vicious narration come forward, a nemesis, wild, stone cold narration.

Furthermore, vicious narration of Ferdinand Bardamu, treason towards humanity from the main character in the novel "Journey to the End of the Night", is built in a perspective/literary technique of the first person and evidenced in personal, that builds an intimate evidence with the reader. Intimate deserting of man from life and the world, and much more from the humanity's heroism.

And much more, Ferdinand Celine's vicious narration (in comparison to Charles Bukowski's one with which it is very frequently misunderstood) is a narration of a coward declared and a direct one; deserter and a "traitor", traitor not only at war but also in the moral and in the "struggle" of man for heroism.

The novel "Journey to the End of the Night", is a novel in which the character Ferdinand is situated face to face with the horror of life and the man's world, and in front of the futility of life and death. It is a resurfacing of – deceit – that we call life, deceit that we declare as progress, a joint one, and as a heroic stepping forward of humanity in front of its tragedies, which in fact is a deceit in which everyone of us escapes from the anxiety of death and struggles to capture any drop, any crumb of joy, all of us remained pledged to this mechanism of deceit about the progress of humanity. He is direct and beared off any heroism, in his deserting.

On the other side of confronting of the man with the world on "Journey to the End of the Night", there is the angst from joy, paradoxically. Angst from conditioning, from life, from bonding. In fact angst for joy, angst for an anchor, capturing life with one's own hand, feeling of it, it is, in fact, an unattainable happiness in every moment. Happiness is unknowable, and with this unimaginable. It does not take

He also has an incomparable influence in America, writers as Henry Miller, generation known as the Beat Generation, and the musician and poet Jim Morrison are disciples of his writing. (But the most known writer which is also misunderstood by the readers for an original because of his imitation of Ferdinand Louis Celine is the famous writer Charles Bukowski. Bukowski goes as far as to imitate his style, sentence/syntax and much more in his language. In fact one of the greatest critiques made towards Celine in his oeuvre, about the incoherence of his writings, which in fact is a purposeful technique and an imitation of the spoken language and an expression of lower strata of the society, is also the main characteristic of the writer Charles Bukowski. Furthermore Bukowski imitates Celine of "Journey to the End of the Night" with the topics, in selecting his themes as well as in the preoccupations of his themes. But he never succeeds the height of the philosophy of Ferdinand Celine "Journey to the End of the Night".)

part neither in dreams, nor in the search of the man, and yet it is the very angst of everyone. In most of the novel, characters escape from happiness, like Ferdinand the character from the other character Molly, a prostitute with a novel soul enabling Ferdinand a wellbeing; like Robinson the doppelganger of the main character who runs from happiness; likewise the family Henrouilles, two spouses with a mother/mother in law, they kill one another the moment they reach a secure wellbeing, etc. Happiness this value of heroism, of its achievement, is a paradox, for more it does not exist in this treason..

But it is not only the nihilism, the absurd, existentialism, the futility of life as themes (existentialism yet unpopularized, in fact the very existentialist writer mentioned above, the absurdist Samuel Becket, and also the philosopher and writer Jean Paul Sartre, have been influenced by Celine) that motivate this novel. In fact, in essence there is always the shadow of death that stands in observance in this life and above this humanity, and also the intuition towards death found everywhere, and its resurfacing too in every bonding and conditioning with life. The shadow of death, in this novel, shuts everything, life happiness and our strength to be deceived in and with life, heroic one.

II

“Traitor” manages to escape from the war front. He also finds shelter with an American with the name Lola, who sells fresh juices for the army, until he is not captivated by the angst of war, murder and the possibility of death. From there on, he is taken by the Military Police, being transferred from one hospital to another one, from one sanatorium to another. Until in a moment in struggling to escape, to run from the phony, absurd patriotic spirit, patriotism itself, in First World War France, he is not given for an experiment to a mental doctor, who together with a poet try to – recover – his health through poetry, which is, in fact, his war moral and patriotism disappeared inside of him. But there is no success to it, for them and for him to escape from the sanatorium.

Immediately after the end of the war he abords in a colonialist ship and he escapes to Africa. Without a motive, without a moral, without an aim and without a meaning. There – the night – is folded even deeper, the journey to the long night; the hell itself. Everybody is obsessed with their – aperitive – and ice on their aperitives. Later he finds, or to say it more exactly – he is found – in the greatest depths pf this hell, in a sub – plantation in the depths of the jungle. There he meets colonialists, leaders to expeditions and rubber picking, colonialists who have made dependent “Their military companies” with tobacco, and in this they have created their faithfulness to anything and against anything. There he sees that everything

repeats itself and is layered deeper into humanity, the power and the insatiability of the man for power, as an escape from the absurd. There is no heroism in all this massacre of desperateness, in this other world, everybody is pledged to the shadow of death everywhere and in everything.

Later on, through a Spanish colonialist ship which captures Ferdinand the narrator as a slave in his escape from this hell, he escapes to New York in America. From the moment he sees New York for the first time and onwards to the moment he is back to France at the end of the war, New York is “*a city that stands on its feet, erected, on its feet, nonetheless attractive, frozen, horribly frozen*”. There he meets Molly, a prostitute with a good soul who does everything to bring him back into a human, to bring him back beyond fear from death and into humanity. But she does not succeed. Ferdinand is constantly in horrific relation with death, always on the run, and always in search of nothing, a sort of independence from life whilst he lives. Or as he declares ““he is too much of a coward to kill himself” and thus lives unconditioned and unbonded with anything.

He returns to Paris, the post-war Paris. He returns and becomes a doctor. In one of the most diminished peripheries and most poverty stricken peripheries of Paris, as “*the poorest doctor in the whole of France*”.

“¹²... *I was living on the second floor and had a good sight on the rear side of the buildings. The rear sides are the “dungeons” of the buildings... It is the place where the shouting and the swearing of all buildings are gathered and heard... hundreds of men and women live inside these bricks and fill the space with their quarrels and their misunderstandings with curses and bursts...*”

Surely in the whole of the novel Ferdinand suffers from the fear of death. Furthermore, he goes to the frontline of the war. But his living on “the rear side” surfaces much clearer that his fear, is not death, but the very futility of life and the weight that the human gives to death by the man, in fact the paradox of the two.

Here ends the journey of Ferdinand Bardamu, in the rear side of the buildings, in the rear side of life, in the rear side of search and motive of man, in the rear side of all that that we live as life. On the rear side of heroism.

Closure

The impossibility, weakness and the manifold faces of our society, our own collective truth, is a chimera of heroism and our mission of heroism. We are alien to ourselves and alien towards our own heroism, and also towards our own reality.

¹² Celine. ‘Journey To The End Of The Night’

The evidence of the “most famous traitor of the world” Ferdinand Bardamu from the writer Ferdinand Celine, together with the evidence of two novels by Ismail Kadare, and our living in the face to our own reality whereby Camaj and Koliqi are traitors, the reality of Albanian, are an irreversible crack of the collective truth about heroic man, upon heroism, upon man’s mission of heroism. Let us deliberate these three evidences:

1. *The evidence of “The greatest traitor of the world – Ferdinand Bardamu, given here in three layers:*

First layer, man at war

“¹³I preferred my own kind of death, the kind that comes late... in twenty years... thirty... maybe more... to this death they were trying to deal me right away... eating Flanders mud, my whole mouth full of it, fuller than full, split to the ears by a shell fragment. A man’s entitled to an opinion about his own death.”

Second layer, man after the war:

“¹⁴There is something saddening with people when they go to bed. You can see that they don’t give a damn if they are taking anything from life or not, you can see that they don’t even try to understand why are we here. They simply don’t give a damn. American, or not, they sleep regardless of anything, they are swollen molluscs, senseless, without a worry about life”

Third layer, man after it all:

“¹⁵... I was living on the second floor and had a good sight on the rear side of the buildings. The rear sides are the “dungeons” of the buildings... It is the place where the shouting and the swearing of all buildings are gathered and heard... hundreds of men and women live inside these bricks and fill the space with their quarrels and their misunderstandings with curses and bursts...”

2. *The evidence from the two novels by Ismail Kadare:*

the ritual of violence of the collective mission and heroism, and the power over them, in “Agamemnon’s Daughter” and the continuing in the novel “Successor”. Mission of collective heroism, violence at its birth, at its building, at its being, in its permanence and in its unchanging nature.

¹³ Celine. ‘Journey To The End Of The Night’ p. 14

¹⁴ Celine. ‘Journey To The End Of The Night’ p. 172

¹⁵ Celine. ‘Journey To The End Of The Night’

3. *And the evidence of reality which does not know us.*

If in our reality we can “exhume” two persons, traitors, immediately and in continuance, and with this an entire society, we are not recognized by our own reality.

The pain, once sanctified, furthermore abused and passed into the foundation of our mission of heroism is here, but we should also face ourselves with our impossibility as a society, and even with our sacrifice as a society as such. In fact, everything is evident and clear, unchangeable, in all existing evidences, like the two fictional novels by Ismail Kadare, taken here as an example. The evidence that is not collectivized and not accepted, always recall the society in the permanence of rituals of violence, and in this they shutter collective truth.

The hero is unknown to us. It is outside of our own reality. Or, our reality does not accept the hero. Neither as in the way we mythicise it nor as in the way it is. But it takes courage for a “Traitor” to be born. The disillusioned.

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