

## THREE ESTONIAN WRITERS AND THE EXPERIENCE OF EXILE

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### 1. *Introduction*

In this paper I shall attempt to analyze the experience of exile as reflected in the literary production of three Estonian writers. The general is revealed in the particular: the experience of exile has become distilled and crystallized in these writings, but it is the same experience that other, less articulate members of the exiled generation have undergone. Thus in focusing on the writings of Karl Ristikivi, Bernard Kangro and Kalju Lepik,<sup>1</sup> I am at the same time talking about Estonian literature in exile in general, and about the ways in which it gives voice to the unresolved trauma of a whole generation. Broader ties connect these works with the experience of other exiled writers and exiled generations; while dealing with particularly Estonian themes, these writers unfortunately speak for a large share of mankind.

Ristikivi and Kangro belong to a generation that had reached self-realization and a certain degree of recognition before 1939. Lepik is about half a generation younger; he reached maturity as a poet in the war years and after. The experience of exile has had different effects on each, and yet they constitute three facets of the same crystal. Toward the end of my paper, I hope to point out the connections between the different ways in which the three writers have reacted to the common fate.

### 2. *Karl Ristikivi*

Karl Ristikivi was born in 1912 in Western Estonia. He received his primary education in a country school and his secondary education in Tallinn. In 1936 he entered the faculty of mathematics and natural sciences of Tartu University, choosing geography as his area of specialization. In 1943 he succeeded in escaping to Finland. After Finland had made a separate peace with Russia in 1944 and Estonians there were threatened with extradition, Ristikivi went to Sweden, where he has lived since September 1944.

Ristikivi's literary creativity started quite early. He published several children's books from 1935 to 1938 and then a series of three novels constituting the so-called Tallinn trilogy. These books were widely hailed for their epic power, realistic detail and psychological depth. Ristikivi had started on a road that seemed to lead to an esteemed position as the successor of Tammsaare, the greatest realistic novelist in Estonian literature.

In 1946 and 1947, already in Sweden, Ristikivi published two novels, which were intended as part of another trilogy.<sup>2</sup> The novels had been outlined during the German occupation in Estonia, but had been completed in exile. The titles are not easily translatable, but let us call the first "All that ever existed" and the second "Nothing happened, really." The action of the first novel takes place in the summer of 1939, the second ends in the late spring of 1940. Ristikivi paints a panoramic picture of Estonian society on the eve of the great holocaust. Events cast their shadows ahead, and there is special poignancy in observing the innocence, the real naiveté of the characters — our own innocence, really — from the point of view of a wiser and more experienced self. And never has Estonia been displayed in a more magical light. Let me just quote the first sentences of the first novel: "Even in the garden of the Dean, the apple trees blossomed on only two Sundays each year, but looking back it seemed as if there had been fifty-two. And it seemed as if the Dean had always been sitting under the apple-trees, bareheaded, hands folded on his breast, eyes almost closed, as he was sitting on that Sunday morning which turned out to be the last. Because by next Sunday, the blossoms had already fallen, and next year the trees did not blossom any more." Looking back, all of Estonia shines in these two books with the radiance of this Sunday morning; or, rather, in afternoon sunshine, in the aura of the magic hour at which time seems to be holding its breath, lingering for still another moment before the calm is shattered. And in the second book, almost every character

carries the potential of desperate heroism. The book ends, so to say, five minutes before midnight; the characters stand on the threshold of the ultimate opportunity to prove themselves in a trial by fire.

What happened? Well, the title of the second book is prophetic — nothing happened, really. Ristikivi never wrote the third part of the planned trilogy, and in fact has never returned to Estonia in his novels. What followed was seven years of silence, and then, in 1953, a strange and unusual novel called "All Souls' Night," although the action takes place on New Year's Eve.<sup>3</sup>

"All Souls' Night" is a novel that may be understood — or misunderstood — on many levels. The narrator, who has spent seven years in exile, walks aimlessly in the streets of a strange town. Quite accidentally he enters a house he assumes to be a concert hall. A concert does actually take place, although there is something peculiar about the program. He makes the acquaintance of several individuals, some of whom seem to know him already; he attends a banquet, visits an art exhibit (consisting of only one picture), witnesses a wedding at which the bride gives birth, and ends up in the hall in which the master of the house lies in a coffin. Each individual encounter is realistic, but they are combined according to some perverse illogic; reality recedes into irreality, out of which there is no escape — as there is no escape from the weird house, where you may arrive on the top floor by going *down* the stairs, and where the same door may lead to different rooms in turn.

If the first half of the book shows some kinship to "Alice in Wonderland", the godfather of the second half must surely have been Franz Kafka. The narrator happens to find himself somewhere resembling a frontier crossing point, then in a doctor's waiting room, is seen by the doctor and then taken to court, where witnesses are being examined in front of a judge and two counsels — the narrator can never figure out which is the counsel for the defendant and which is the prosecutor. It very soon becomes clear, however, that the witnesses are really defendants, each of them being charged with one of the seven deadly sins. Although their innocence would be obvious in any world functioning according to normal logic, in the upside-down world of "All Souls' Night" they meekly accept their guilt — with the exception of one, who receives praise and commendation from the judge for a recitation of real crimes. The narrator finds that he is destined to be the seventh and final witness. He is accused of the double crime of having fled from communism out of pure selfishness and of *acedia* — the medieval crime of sloth and apathy. The court condemns him to go on living; he defies the court and walks out, finally finding his way to the exit, knowing at the same time that there is no escape from the doom of having to continue his life as an exile.

The story line does not do justice to the power of the book, which is derived mainly from the hypnotic intensity of its mood. The dead man's house can be taken as an allegory: it could be the narrator himself — or any one of us — who is imprisoned in his own body, called to testify before the court of one's own memories and conscience. There is no exit; the landscape of the soul is a dead man's house, and Reason lies in state in its catafalque. The book provides only questions, no answers. To me it seems to constitute an attempt to exorcise the devils by confronting them; but there is no catharsis, no ultimate relief.

And again silence, this time eight years. Ristikivi's next novel appears in 1961. It is called "The Burning Banner".<sup>4</sup> Not an Estonian flag this time; the banner belongs to Konradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, who perished in the year 1268 in a doomed attempt to reconquer the kingdom of Sicily that had belonged to his grandfather, emperor Friedrich the Second. If in "All Souls' Night" Ristikivi had escaped into irreality, in "The Burning Banner" he has found refuge in a different direction — distance in space and time. People have searched for allegory and symbolism in this novel and in the others that have followed it, but largely in vain. If there is any symbolism, it is not narrowly patriotic, but on a broader and more general level. Ristikivi paints one panorama after another, all set in medieval and renaissance Europe, displaying the same mastery of form, increasing subtlety of style, inventiveness regarding the plot, and a slightly melancholy, but delightful sense of humor. He wrote eight historical novels between 1961 and 1970.<sup>5</sup>

I mentioned earlier that critics have been looking for symbolism and allegory in Ristikivi's historical novels, but in vain. The obvious question arises: does this mean that Ristikivi has indeed escaped into history, is that his way to solve the conflict between the past and the present? In his first novel published in exile, he had envied the trees and bushes that grew on the wayside in Estonia, because the trees could stay where they had taken root, be it for a long life or for a short one — they could stay for the duration of their natural life where they had put down their roots. Has Ristikivi deliberately turned his back to his roots?

In his latest novel Ristikivi tackles this very problem. This novel, "The Teeth of the Dragon", published in 1971, is an attempt to answer the question why a writer, a political exile, for whom separation from his homeland is protracted agony, should turn to writing historical novels.<sup>6</sup> Characteristically, Ristikivi does not do more than provide some hints; and the novel can again be understood on several levels. I cannot guarantee that I have interpreted it correctly.

The novel deals with a Catalan writer, Joaquim Barrera, who is an exile in France because he refuses to return to Franco's Spain after the Civil War. He dies in exile, an embittered and disappointed man. The books for which he had become famous, at least among fellow Catalans, celebrate Catalonian nationalism and political freedom. His son Pablo finds among his literary inheritance the manuscript of a historical novel.

Pablo has also inherited his father's talent, but has become more or less assimilated to the surrounding French culture and writes his first verses in French. A feeling of guilt for having neglected his father — and the émigré society to which his father had belonged — spurs him to try to find a publisher for his father's novel, which he proceeds to translate into French. In the process of translation, Pablo gains insights into his own personality as well as his father's. The novel is finally rejected by publishers; Pablo finds a way to go to America by the end of the book, but in his work with the translation he has built a bridge between the two halves of his personality and achieved a personal solution.

It is Pablo who asks the question: why did his father suddenly retreat into history, not to the homeland of his youth (which is already part of history from Pablo's point of view), but still farther back? Was it to find an impartial ground, where everyone would have the same right to be, where there would be no difference between those who belong and those who don't? And Pablo addresses his father directly:

"Why don't you tell me what I should do? Why did you never tell me? Why did you keep everything to yourself, — your thoughts and feelings, your hate and love? If you had only put it into your book! But even there you hide your face behind ten different masks and let us search in vain. Tell me at least, where are you?" (Note that these are questions a reader might ask Ristikivi — questions readers *have* asked Ristikivi.) — And this is the answer Pablo believes to receive from his father: "I am here, where you are and all the others. I am just as helpless, I am also a seeker. If I have gone back to distant history, then only for the purpose of seeking. With luck, I might find there the beginning of the road, and walking down it might understand better where we are now."

An answer typical of Ristikivi: twice removed from the reader, an imagined answer to a question asked by a fictitious character. And the road that Joaquim Barrera has found leads in unexpected directions. The novel which Pablo is translating has three parts. It starts with the description of the Catalan uprising against Emperor Charles the Fifth: a doomed uprising fought with desperate bravery. The hero of the novel is a young knight whom his superiors have sent on a messenger's mission with the full expectation that he will perish. Betrayed several times by those whom he had trusted, he continues to serve faithfully through the evening and into the night. Finally he withdraws into a monastery, choosing to let the world flow by like the water in the El Tietar river.

The second part, called "The Soldiers of Alba", recounts the story of the occupation of the Netherlands. The soldiers referred to are a company of eight young Catalonians, — the conquered now in the position of conquerors. Pablo realizes that every exile has a subconscious desire to enter a country as a conqueror. Of course, conquerors are hated and feared; nobody fears a refugee, he is either despised or, at best, pitied. We witness the slow moral degradation of these soldiers of Alba, but the story does not lead to a conclusion; we just lose sight of them in the North Sea mists.

The third part changes the focus to a Dutch peasant family. The city of Leyden is being besieged by Alba's army, and Prince Willem of Orange has decided to break the dams, flood the country and send his fleet to relieve the city. Water has always been the peasants' enemy; now it is their own rulers who want to open the dams. Having lost both their faith in their masters and the solid ground under their feet, the peasants become refugees in their own land, while the fleet of Willem of Orange gets grounded in the waters which did not rise as high as the admirals had calculated. Some of the peasants die; on a rising flood, the fleet liberates Leyden; again the sea is forced back and the land is set free, but it is a dead land. Nevertheless the refugees return, and life starts from the beginning. Only those who died do not return. Barrera ends his novel doubting whether there is any reason to mourn for them since, as likely as not, it is those who died who have achieved real freedom.

This is the answer given by Barrera to his son Pablo, and at one level, this might be the answer given by Ristikivi to those of his readers who have been wondering why he retreated into history. But Ristikivi does not deal in direct answers. As I have emphasized, Ristikivi's novels have to be approached on several levels, and this is especially the case with "The Teeth of the Dragon". There is the obvious parallelism between Catalan refugees in France and Estonian refugees in Sweden. There is the conflict of generations — the attraction and estrangement between the Barreras, father and son. There is the conflict within Pablo, the second-generation refugee, between the two halves of his personality — that of his childhood and family, and that of his physical and cultural surroundings. And then there is the conflict in Joaquim Barrera himself, between the writer in control of his subject and the subject matter gaining independence. In other words: between the conscious and unconscious self of the creative person. Joaquim Barrera turned to history to find the beginning of his road, but he could not control the direction in which the road led him. In a very real sense, Barrera's experience might reflect that of Ristikivi himself. The original choice of a historical topic may have been deliberate; but then the author discovered how comfortable a guise was provided by the historical personages under whose mask he slipped in turn. Ristikivi seems to be a person who is very reluctant to let anyone see him without a protective shield; the protection provided by the historical masks has served to unchain the playful aspects of Ristikivi's novelistic talent. The disguise is, for Ristikivi, personal liberation. I venture to speculate that he might have turned to writing historical novels even without the experience of exile.

### 3. *Bernard Kangro.*

Just as Ristikivi had published three novels before going into exile and had established himself as one of the most promising young Estonian novelists, Kangro had published three collections of poetry, which had assured him a position among the group of reigning poets.

Kangro was born in southern Estonia in 1910, and spent his childhood in the country. Elementary school was followed by high school in Valga and the university in Tartu, where he studied literature and wrote a master's thesis on the history of the Estonian sonnet. A promising career as a literary scholar was interrupted by the approach of the second Russian occupation. Kangro succeeded in escaping to Finland on Sept. 21, 1944, when the front had already overtaken him. But there was no staying in Helsinki, since Finland had concluded a peace treaty with Russia; Kangro managed to continue his flight to Sweden, where he arrived on September 27, 1944. In Sweden, he has shown great dedication in organizing and coordinating cultural activities, prominent among which is the Estonian Writers' Cooperative (in the creation of which Ristikivi, too, has played an important part). Kangro is also the editor of the Estonian literary magazine, *Tulimuld*.

Contrary to Ristikivi, Kangro never went through a period of silence. He seems to have a natural gift of creation, which issues forth seemingly without effort, in happy abundance. He has published ten collections of poetry between 1945 and 1969, three volumes of selected poems, a volume of plays, and, yes, ten novels. It is impossible to analyze all of them in detail; after a few general observations, I shall concentrate on the set of six novels constituting the Tartu cycle.

In the poetry Kangro wrote in Estonia, the name of the country was never mentioned; while not patriotic poetry of an official kind, his poems nevertheless revealed an almost metaphysical identity with Estonian soil, with the ancestors who preceded him in an unbroken line, even with lifeless objects like stones and trees. In practically all of his writings since he left Estonia, Kangro has been explicitly involved with the lost homeland. His poetry has retained its freshness and simplicity while gaining greater sophistication; but it is a continuation on the same path he had begun before exile, even though the subject matter has changed to reflect his anguish. Kangro's real growth and development as a writer becomes evident in his prose. His poetry is mainly a passive reaction to an unfathomable loss; in his novels Kangro sets out to *re-create*, actively, the world that he has lost.

His earlier novels were projected into a somewhat more remote past — the middle of the nineteenth century. Later ones take the reader through the events of 1905 up to 1939, the last summer before the war. After a symbolic and timeless novel, where Kangro lingers on the boundary-line between the natural and the supernatural, he makes a first attempt to describe contacts between Estonian refugees in Sweden and tourists from present-day Estonia. This is the novel "Blue Gate", published in 1957 (and translated into Latvian in the U.S. in 1958 under the title "Zilie varti").<sup>7</sup> The novel is sophisticated in structure and complex in form; the conflicts, however, are of a personal kind — they do not rise to the level at which they would vicariously stand for the general problem of relating to the contemporary reality of Estonia and to those who have survived there.

"Blue Gate" constituted a transition between novels oriented toward the past and those establishing a relationship with present reality. In the time between 1958 and 1969, Kangro has produced six novels united by a common theme, shared protagonists and intensity of experience.<sup>8</sup> They differ in form; let me say parenthetically that Kangro's mastery of different compositional devices is unsurpassed in Estonian literature. Thus, it is unity in diversity that the six novels present to us. In the Tartu cycle, as the six novels are being called, Kangro has erected an enduring monument to his generation — the young intelligentsia who were at the threshold of taking over the cultural leadership of Estonia from their elders, and who instead found themselves confronted with death, exile or compromise.

I would like to paraphrase Ants Oras' review of the last novel of the series, in which Oras summarizes the significance of the Tartu novels.<sup>9</sup> While centered around Tartu and its young academicians, the novels bring all of Estonia into their scope through the human relationships of their heroes — all of Estonia from its most flourishing period up to the destruction of independent existence. The experiences of Tartu and its university community become an epico-lyrical myth that represents the whole nation. A generation comes to life in these novels; it reflects, philosophizes, inter-relates, loves, fights with oneself and one's surroundings; finally it goes through catastrophic trials by fire, revealing itself to the fullest in the ultimate crisis, each of its members in an individual manner. Some continue to fight, some bend with the storm, some break; some undergo surprising, but credible metamorphoses. There are those who stay behind to wait out the inevitable; there are those who escape from the shipwreck; and there are some who go down.

The last book spans the time from 1944 to 1965, when the narrator — who has escaped to Sweden — attends a conference in Helsinki (which for those who were there with Kangro is unmistakably the second congress of Finno-Ugricists, held in Helsinki in 1965). At the conference, he gets together with young Estonians of the next generation— the children of the protagonists of the events that had taken place 1939 -1944. And, it is in those meetings with the generation grown up in Estonia that the full measure of the tragedy of exile becomes evident. There is a chasm between those who went into exile and those who live in Estonia now; there are attempts at friendliness and sincerity, but few points of contact. The members of the new generation look at the member of the exiled generation as if they were confronted with a prehistoric creature, the human equivalent of the Loch Ness sea serpent; while Estonia has become unreal to the exiles, the exiles themselves are totally unreal to the generation that has grown up after the events which has led to their attempt to escape. The ultimate tragedy of the exiles is to lose even the reality of their remembrances by meeting the transformed reality of the present.

Throughout the novels, Kangro shifts between lyrical and epic modes, between psychological truth and factual truth; he operates within a universe where time and space do not obey Newtonian laws, and where the real always has overtones of the unreal. Thus at the end of the novel the narrator and a mysterious companion walk toward some lights, toward an expanse of water, which might be Emajõgi — the river that flows through Tartu and plays a symbolic part in all the Tartu

novels — which might be the Baltic sea, but which might be the river of Tuonela, separating this world from the next. The crossing might lead backward or forward in space and time, because beyond the horizon everything is possible, and the author is almost beyond the horizon.

#### 4. *Kalju Lepik*

Kangro thus has faced the problems of exile with courage and with tremendous poetic vision. His way to overcome the experience of exile has been to confront it and to transform it into art. Representative of another aspect of the same kind of reaction is Kalju Lepik.

Kalju Lepik was born in 1920, and is thus half a generation younger than both Kangro and Ristikivi. He was born in central Estonia, in a small township, received his early education in the country and his secondary education in Tartu. After one year at the University in Tartu, where he studied history, Lepik was mobilized into the army in 1943 and escaped to Sweden in 1944.

Lepik started writing poetry in Estonia, but published his first collection of poetry in Sweden in 1946. Seven additional collections have appeared since then, as well as other books in various poetic forms. His last collection was published in 1968.<sup>10</sup>

Lepik's youthful poetry was carried by an intense and sincere nationalism. For a while it seemed as if the poet constituted the channel through which Estonia itself chose to speak. His poetry had prophetic intensity, intensity of a Biblical kind: the kind of faith that lends tongue to stones because human tongues cannot articulate the fullness of the pain. While the patriotism has not faded, the youthful enthusiasm has gradually been transformed into irony and sarcasm, directed both at those who have violated the homeland and at the fellow-exiles whose faith has degenerated into a shallow formality. Typical of the early period is the poem "The face in the window", in which the poet wants to return and press his face against the window of his home, expecting to see his mother welcoming back her son; but he sees the bloody face of a stranger grinning back at him through the broken window-panes.<sup>11</sup> Stated as bare fact, the poem may sound full of hollow pathos; read in the context of the early years of exile, it is the verbal realization of a shared nightmare. — As representative of the patriotic poetry of Lepik's mature age, I would like to quote the poem "Battle song of the pop-refugee".<sup>12</sup> (Translation mine.) There are some literary allusions in it that I should explain before attempting a translation. "Hit the iron with your fist" refers to a heroic scene in the Estonian national epic *Kalevipoeg*. "There is a refuge in this world" is the first line of a poem by Lydia Koidula, the Estonian poetess who is the author of many patriotic songs. The 'refuge' refers to a mother's heart, where faith, love and happiness have found a refuge. *Förstar du* is Swedish for 'Do you understand?', and, of course, *Du gamla, du fria* is the first line of the Swedish national anthem.

"The battle-song of the pop-refugee" consists of three parts. It is written in free form, with an economy typical of Lepik.

##### *Part One*

Away away away  
Sweden Sweden Sweden  
boat boat boat  
sea sea sea  
coast coast coast  
camp camp camp  
job job job  
car car car  
villa villa villa  
these damned stupid Swedes

##### *Part Two*

I hit the iron with my fist.  
I slop the soup with a spoon.  
Parade parade roastbeef roastbeef  
Mirrored salon and the trampling of dance.  
The iron of drums, of timpani drums  
is the iron I hit with my fist.

Förstar du?

##### *Part Three*

There is a refuge in this world...  
There is a refuge in this...  
There is a refuge in...

There is a refuge...  
There is...

Du gamla, du fria...

But it would be totally unfair to see Lepik only as a poet of exile, steeped in sarcasm. His scope is amazingly wide, reaching from philosophical and religious meditations to pure lyricism. He has one of the richest and most original vocabularies among Estonian poets; at the same time, he is one of the most laconical and economical in his use of this vocabulary. He is an anti-romanticist, who has introduced bold naturalism into Estonian poetry, argued with a drunken devil, contemplated his own hairy legs, shared the misery of beggars on stairways and of hired men in poverty and despair. There is also a spirit of playful humor in some of his poems that balances out some of the hopelessness of his anguish. Lepik uses a great deal of allusions to Estonian oral literature — older and newer folk songs — as well as literary associations. This places him squarely in the Estonian poetic tradition: he cannot be understood and savored fully except by those who share the world of associations from which his poetry springs. But he is also one of the most modern of Estonian poets in the Western European sense, innovative in form and content, with a highly original style. I consider him the greatest poet of his generation.

One of the tragedies of exile is that poets like Lepik can only be understood by those who share his associations, and the number of those is small indeed and growing smaller. He is one of the last of exile poets who has retained the connection with the living soil of the Estonian language, receiving new strength from it like the hero in Greek mythology who was invincible as long as he was in contact with the earth. There is nothing comparable to Lepik's use of language in the writings of the generation succeeding him in exile. And there is nobody of comparable stature or even promise.

## 5. Summary.

But let us come back to the theme of this paper, which is the experience of exile in the works of three Estonian writers. I said at the beginning of my talk that each of these writers had lent words, in his special way, to the experience of exile that the whole exiled generation has gone through. Aspects of the same reactions may be found in other writers and in the personal solution of each of the exiles themselves. There is the attempt to isolate the past, place it at a distance and never mention it by name, because remembering would be too painful to bear. There is the attempt to re-live the experience, talking it out in good psychoanalytic fashion, finding relief in giving a name and a label to the nameless anguish. There is the resignation and hopelessness, irony and sarcasm; the indulgence in childlike daydreaming, projecting into Estonia the distilled experience of youthful happiness, until the country resembles a mystical fairyland. There is also the courage to face one's weakness, and the honesty to recognize one's limitations. And above all — there is the tragic heroism of holding out on a doomed position, remaining part of Estonian culture — *creating* a part of Estonian culture — knowing at the same time that this branch of the stream is either going to dry out or change its character, joining the mainstream of the culture of a different land during the following generation.

I believe it was Solzhenitsyn who said recently that the writers are the conscience of a nation. Each in his own way, these three writers constitute part of the conscience of Estonian culture in exile. And thus they have transformed the experience of exile into an experience of lasting ethical and artistic value.

1 Most of the factual data concerning Ristikivi, Kangro and Lepik have been derived from the following short biographies: Arvo Mägi, *Karl Ristikivi*. Lund: Eesti Kirjanike Kooperatiiv, 1962. Karl Ristikivi: *Bernard Kangro*. Lund: Eesti Kirjanike Kooperatiiv, 1967. Arvo Mägi: *Kalju Lepik*. Lund: Eesti Kirjanike Kooperatiiv, 1970.

2 Karl Ristikivi, *Kõik, mis kunagi oli*. Vadstena, 1946.

Karl Ristikivi, *Ei juhtunud midagi*. Vadstena, 1947.

3 Karl Ristikivi, *Hingede õõ*. Lund, 1953.

4 Karl Ristikivi, *Põlev lipp*. Lund, 1961.

5 Karl Ristikivi, *Viimne linn*. Lund, 1962. *Surma ratsanikud*. Lund, 1963. *Imede saar*. Lund, 1964. *Rõõmulaul*. Lund, 1965. *Nõiduse õpilane*. Lund, 1967.

*Sigtuna väravad*. Lund, 1968. *Oilsad südamed ehk Kaks sõpra Firenze*. Lund, 1970.

6 Karl Ristikivi, *Lohe hambad*. Lund, 1971.

7 Bernard Kangro, *Sinine värav*. Lund, 1957.

8 Bernard Kangro, *Jääläted*. Lund, 1959. *Emajõgi*. Lund, 1961. *Tartu*. Lund, 1962. *Kivisild*. Lund, 1963. *Must raamat*. Lund, 1965. *Keeristuli*. Lund, 1969.

9 Ants Oras: "Tee teadmatusse." *Tulimuld I* (1970), pp. 45-48.

10 Kalju Lepik, *Nägu koduaknas*. Stockholm, 1946. *Mängumees*. Stockholm, 1948. *Kerjused treppidel*. Vadstena, 1949. *Merepõhi*. Stockholm, 1951.

*Muinasjutt Tiigrimaast*. Lund, 1955. *Kivimurd*. Lund, 1958. *Ronk on laululind*. Lund, 1961. *Kollased nõmmed*. Lund, 1965. *Marmorpagulane*. Lund, 1968.

11 *Nägu koduaknas*, p. 7.

12 *Kollased nõmmed*, pp. 70-71.