

## Vagabondages au nom de Babel : l'onomastique et les figures de l'exil

Jean-Pierre Vidal

Let me call myself, for the present,  
William Wilson. The fair page now  
lying before me need not be sullied  
by my real appellation.

Edgar Allan Poe,  
*William Wilson*

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago —  
never mind how long precisely — ha-  
ving little or no money in my purse,  
and nothing particular to interest me  
on shore, I thought I would sail about  
a little and see the watery part of the  
world.

Herman Melville,  
*Moby Dick*

Call me Jonah. My parents did, or  
nearly did. They called me John.

Jonah — John — if I had been a Sam,  
I would have been a Jonah still — not  
because I have been unlucky for  
others but because somebody or so-  
mething has compelled me to be cer-  
tain places at certain times, without  
fail.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.,  
*Cat's Cradle*

Comment s'appelaient-ils? Que vous  
importe? D'où venaient-ils? Du lieu le  
plus prochain. Où allaient-ils? Est-ce  
que l'on sait où l'on va?

Denis Diderot,  
*Jacques le fataliste*