

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