

<p><b>STYLISTIC WEALTH AND THE USE OF POPULAR PHRASEOLOGY IN THE WORKS OF CATHOLIC CLERICS WHO SURVIVED COMMUNIST PRISONS</b>  <i>("Rrno për me tregue" by father Zef Pllumi, "Burgjet e mia" by Dom Simon Jubani and "Çinarët" by father Konrad Gjolaj)</i></p>		<p><b>Linguistics</b></p> <p><b>Keywords:</b> sociolinguistics, stylistics, popular phraseology, metaphor.</p>
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**Abstract**

Phraseology is the wealth of one’s nation where the artist's spirit and his admirable wisdom melt. During the communist period, in the absence of freedom of expression, the metaphorical subtext of phraseology remained the only way of communication among people, albeit quite dangerous. Phraseologies were used in the direct sense, but mostly modified according to the context, thus serving to create a figure that would enrich with dignity the lexical fund of any language and serve as a model of one’s own writing. On the other hand, phraseology and figuration that are used in these works bring rich information to the popular experience of a difficult period.

The reason for writing this Article is to bring to the attention of the reader an asset that in terms of globalization is being forgotten and that asset is called *phraseology*. Phraseology and stylistic devices are used to convey the pain, the horror, hy not even the fear of losing family and friends. To the artistic values of these writings are also added the cognitive values, wealthy information about the socio-psychological state of people in this period without freedom, bread, the right of speech, the right of faith and with other shortcomings, it serves to the generations to know the history of the people and the terrible consequences of dictatorships, in orden to not allow their return anymore.

Our literature probably has not managed to create a work of the dimension of "The Divine Comedy," but the Albanian reality of the last fifty years of the last century "produced" the scenes of Hell, worthy of "Divine Comedy." This terrible part of the people's history would have disappeared, forgotten or considered as incredible, precisely for the unimaginable size of the inhumanity, if there had not been the courage, the genius and the work of the people who suffered, experienced and overtaken these things by reminding them to bring these writings to the readers who did not have the fate to know about this particular time in the past. Catholic priests differ between the plurality of the names of these writers, I call them like this even though they never claimed it, but they deserved this attribute not so much from the volume of works rather from the vital values, but also the literary values and especially the social-linguistic values they brought. If "The Divine Comedy" was written in orden to be expressed through literature, Dante's revolt against the hopeless state of Florence which was torn by internal wars in the 14th century, Father Zef Pllumi’s works “Rrno për me tregue”, then the work “Burgjet e mia” from Dom Simon Jubani and the work “Çinarët” from Konrad Gjolaj, realistically reflect the civil war that took place in Albania after the Second World War that led to the installation of dictatorship. What initially started with weapons then turned into an unequal war, which developed under the facade of a propaganda of peace and development, freedom and prosperity. What really happened could only

be learned through the confession of those who experienced on their bodies and souls the cruelty of this war, the prison, and the worst life outside of it.

In the prose of Catholic priests, the worst events of the system have been recorded since the beginning of communist rule. This prose came from different standingpoints of the same reality, which were determined by the objectives which the authors have set for themselves. If the purpose of Father Zef Pllumi's book was to confess as much as he remembered what he experienced, the institution and religion that he represented, as did all his people, Dom Simon Jubani, not only showed but also unmasked it without seeking revenge because it was the faith that did not accepted it to him, although he often sees it as a necessity, the imposition of justice, but according to him this can only be done by God. He calls himself “a swollen walnut”, which can not easily be broken and swallowed, and lives only to expose those who left this people without their best sons. On the other hand, the “Çinarët” of Father Konrad Gjolaj mostly reflect the events as records of that period. In order to better understand this period not little darkened, for the fact that the real tragedy of the Albanian clergyman, as well as many other people, blamed and unblamed, was played behind the bars, where the free man's eye had it difficult to penetrate and today's mind finds it difficult to imagine. not only what was accomplished but also what people felt. The language used by these writers has many similarities, because it belongs to the same Geg dialect of the northwest, adding to this the fact that priests' education was conducted in the Catholic schools of Shkodra and Italy. There are few variations that can be observed in the language used, while the phraseology is as similar and different. Using the phraseology of the people they created upon it another perception of the reality of the time. They have made a different life as priests in remote northern provinces and have brought the language colors of the countries where they worked and lived. The greatest common thing to these priests-writers is long-standing belief and suffering in communist prisons. What is the particular feature that needs to be studied is the language flow that follows the look of the prison, a totally unknown part of our daily or unpublished lexicon since the Ottoman invasion. This is not a hard language to find the relevant phrase, it comes out of itself and is realized by the most unimaginable combinations among the simple words. Most of the stylistic devices are influenced by folk wealth, but they take on a new semantic dimension in the new social conditions. This is due not only to the authors' genius, but also to the rich phraseological tradition of the country they came from, and ultimately that time was so absurd that only through this metaphorical language can be conveyed.

According to Melissa Burkley (social thinker) ”..... metaphors are not just a literary technique; they are a very potent *psychological* technique”. The pain is read between the lines of the work “Burgjet e mia” by Dom Simon Jubani, while the revolt is explicitly expressed in phrases such as: *the murmurings of the mortal coming from the Zalli of Cyrus were heard; while hiding in his fist some Albanian soil, soaked with innocent blood; by putting on silence the heroes, thus when the Soviet licking came upon us; we refused to lit candels on the dictatorship altar; to torture harder than the professional devils, the spirits of the wasteland; the big heroes have the last sleep in their pits, which no one can find them anymore, stand out among the heaps of*

*trashes; an unmatched degree; the kingdom of Satan; lost shoulders; the altar of Satan; the epitaph of Gegénia; house mice, birch mice.*

Even in Father Zef Pllumi's work, Dom Simon Jubani and Father Konrad Gjolaj the metaphor remains the strongest weapon in tracking the crazy reality and the hopeless state of people. It replaces natural hatred and revenge and tends toward irony and sarcastic sarcasm in phrases, such as: *Our desolate trousers*; Obviously, simple metaphors are also used, but with an expressive force realized through the exclamation, for example: *O ambitious servility; The new government had brought such wakefulness; such gun shots; on the heights of culture and progress, those who are not anymore, who are not repeated, and I do not know whether or not they will come! For under these bullets was falling the North City itself; sleeping the big sleep, with armrests worn by bullets or with a neck cut off by the rope; the kingdom of Satan; lived all his life in the altar of Satan, where I lived in my company, with lice and fleas; the epitaph of Geg dialect in the burial ground; house mice, birch mice, of those who teach in the Albanian school how is the freedom protected; those who forbid the crowns of the bunks did not greet the knights; I went to prison with fists and went out with kicks; the believer to look at the Lord and not the landlord; in the hinterland of cities and prisons; I was given scholarship to the dungeon, where I studied for 26 years, coming out with an unmatched degree; we also had needs like all other animals; It's okay that they thought for thier country, but nobody thought for us; the reapings of the best sons, those who bowed the country to the peaks of culture; sufferings in the dungeons; lice leather; bloody letters; death smell; backbones.*

As can be seen from the examples, the typical words of the Catholic religious lexicon are as: masks, altar, eternity, god, saint, but also the opposite words, such as Satan, hell, etc. These words combine with the characteristic lexicon of dictatorship, such as: bullets, bloodshed, murder, rope, hail, etc., but also words from the lexicon belonging to the distant historical periods of the Middle Ages, such as: king, kingdom, the emperor, slave, slavery, etc. The same words are also found in the lexicon of the work "Rrno për me jetue", but that are realized in other phrases, such as: *the wonders of the devil, the fearsome ceremonial; free corpse; devil's work; tragicomedy of slaves; slaughter of conscience.*

There aren't also missing in the work of prison writers figures formed by the phrases, a part of which belongs to a specific lexicon, seedlings of the most complicated historical development, such as: playing the bad servant of the empire of the Kremlin; Soviet slaps, etc. Prison lexicon has served as a basis for creating a range of literary figures such as metaphors and comparisons, but what marks the climax of metaphor is irony followed with a bitter humor in the real life of the writer Dom Simon Jubani. It should be added that irony is present in the whole work. *Dungeon sufferings; veiled entirely with the lice skin; they collided me in the dungeon; I had the horizon as a hole of the needle; swollen walnut; tragicomedy of slave; disharmony of coherence.*

*In that time to the most common sufferings of the prison was added the instant pain: the slaughter of conscience, which didn't let you calm at days or at nights; backbones; they were groaning with noises that made them shiver even the woods of the forest, while the criminals danced around and around the pit accompanied by macabre song coming from the ground; it was written with bloodshed letters; None had flocked to those pits which smelled in death; slaughters of conscience; under the same yoke as the ox in the collar; to maintain the unity of the spy.*

The scriptures resembled like two drops of water to the authors. They had some gems, stolen from the world's treasures and knitted with the prison cell's life on the lines of the script.

The same reality is figuratively portrayed in the work of Father Zef Pllumi through comparisons and metaphors, but the story softens the revealing force that has come to convey to us Dom Simon Jubani and Father Konrad Gjolajt whose works have powerful sounds of revolts and a special pathos. This has given a different pace to the narration, faster pace and often within the limits of the poetic prose. Densely the comparison is used, metaphors, irony and sarcasm, but also hyperbole and litota are used: *vein and brandy flowed like a river; He likes to walk on the wall and be dragged among the investigative concretes as if he were a skull; The former project of that world diplomacy that kills peoples as herds of livestock; rebelled like a wolf; frightened like an ox under the knife; as beautiful as his friend was not there; We were like the mouse which entered in the trap where he could not escape alive, and not havinë from where to come out; to eat as a beggar in his house.*

*We are caught by the night and darkness; the next few days we'll only talk to those pieces of paper; his curiosity began to come; I still remember well that when one night we opened Luigj Gurakuqi's correspondence for the selection, he said, "Look here you boy, tonight we are undressing a dead corpse!"; a dream saved by the spy. I felt that I was nothing more, but a balloon in the sky that went at the direction where the wind did send; O love, only you have to rule the world, only you can tame the wild beasts; he had skilful oral skills and with curves of rare beauty; I was left only with a ray of hope; there were opened many ways of freedom; our consciences are safe under the umbrella of freedom; the decisions should have been made and not move any milimeter from them; to shoot the honor;*

*The common journey of joy and idleness, of life and death; Incarceration camps; macabre decision; unmatched sadism; False Communist Formalities; strategic madness; the only progress was on the merchandise that had broken global records; it was an uncomfortable and tasteless smell, too hard to swallow; ...all these were "saving years" that if we are translating it into Albanian it means years of mourning and misery; for myself I have made my mind; you are killed with your whole life; these are slain like pigs among themselves; I am blessed in the lodge by the guest; of my honor; their judges had been developed by the skies and the birches; I know I'm out on the road; I'm so silent and not gentle; we did not wet the bread with the tears of our eyes, but we were saddened by the spirits; their evil sons; so that long it is my "rifle"; to have a tip or to*

*draw conclusions; found death in barbed wires; and with what else did I not think to pervade my mind? There is no one at ease who likes to stay more; dreams are guarded by the spies; He gave his heart to the servile shame; benign pain; foxy fantasy; he will have suffered the blackest days of history; to be both in one's neck; victory to reap with as much blood as possible; sowed death and terror; panorama night; tired to the soul; we had the sleep of death with the dreams of liberty; dead mountains, metal mountains; pile of hatred; idiot mind; autumn had a rushing start; freedoml messages; mine slaves; virus "of freedom; with such the movie ended; peasant houses; My back held them all; the donkey would laughed; the scalped love; the great frustration of the years; socialist lies; attempted escape with the girlfriend of the heart; Albanian-Chinese friendship was the culmination of despair; we imprisoned workers; the envoys of Enver Hoxha; Fearful ceremonial; top of the hatered, re-educated, not re-educated; The hails that were reaping and mincing their best sons, those who bowed it to the tops of kulture; we were living close to each other without being met, to such a degree, when somebody died, everyone was happy that there is freed a little space; then after breaking the teeth, he could not eat this olive fruit; Because those yesterday's tongues are cut, what are speaking today; are the traces of visible wounds in my body.*

A special place in the entirety of the figures occupy the powerful antithesis that poses a strong clash of reality with the spirit world of writer Dom Simon Jubani. They are built on the basis of an unmistakable and scalable times, such as: the Lord and the devil, the wax and fat; *to light a wax candle to the Lord and a fat candle to the devil; I had come out of the flock of slave men to go down into the flock of free slaves; wear with black clothes and a big cross in the chest with a red heart beat; saints among the devils; because those tongues that were cut yesterday, are those that are speaking today; that the death of one was the life of the other*, Balzak has the same opinion as in "The Human Comedy" when he says that we live with one another's corpses.

While the antonymy in Father Zef Pllumi is accomplished through well-known popular phraseologies, but in certain situations they gain a different meaning: *a common journey of joy and idleness, of life and death; the time came that Heros of Labor became beggars; These are the miracles of the devil, because miracles happen on the earth, but they must be discerned which of those miracles are of the Lord, and which are of the devil; My mind did not get to the bottom of the world, but somewhere near. In those flames, sparkles; he did not want the truth, but only the lie; sleep of death with dreams of freedom.*

Often the antonyms stick near to show us the omnipresence of a phenomenon or future, such as: *a piece of land planted with our bone from within and without; Burrel was a small Albania, Like Albania was a great Burrel.* (Burrel: the location of the notorious communist prison) In Albania of the sufferings and complete lack of freedom of writing and expression, the use of paradox as an image that has a contradictory appearance, but in reality it suggests a deeper meaning hidden in the unusual way of thinking or language were common occurrences because, as Professor Gjovalin Shkurtaj says: "In the Enverian communist era, when the "class struggle" in the

broader sense was applied in Albania, there was also a differentiation of people on that basis, so the language conveyed this with the ideological connotations of some words".<sup>1</sup> Even in the priestly-writer's work there are present words used to mark certain groups of people like: "*Like all the others, he also complained to me about the "bad mother" for the ruling party; "The wolf, the wolf that eats the sheep not the wolf with two legs"; prison worker; for the spies.*

Quite often, the language is so loose that it is quite possible to read the revolt of man in general, but also to the wise man than others in partikular, such as: *a disorganized organization organized in the most perfect way; We were gathered under a roof without being notified, we lived without being loved and died without complaining; I'm afraid that you Sir are chewing my language, see now is somehow free, and I can not tell it anymore that what I haven't tried yet; I went to prison with fists and went out with kicks, free corpse, strategic insanity; compulsory volunteers; more than true; death with dreams for the freedom.*

This literary creativity remains on the prosperous earth, but unfortunately it is still unknown and even worse it is underestimated as an artistic creation with real literary values.

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<sup>1</sup> Gjovalin Shkurtaç, Sociolinguistikë e shqipes, Tiranë 2009, fq.376