



Tiit Aleksejev – Estonia

Palveränd (2008)

The Pilgrimage

Publishing House **Varrak**

Biography

Tiit Aleksejev (b.1968) graduated from the University of Tartu with a master's degree in Medieval History. He has worked as a diplomat in Paris and Brussels, and currently lives in Tallinn. His first short story, *Tartu rahu*, won the annual award from the literary magazine *Looming* in 1999. His first novel, *Valge kuningriik*, a thriller whose action unfolds in Paris and retrospectively in Afghanistan in the 1980s, was awarded the Betti Alver Prize in 2006 for best debut novel. In order to write *Palveränd*, Aleksejev researched material for ten years and visited the main battle scenes in the Holy Land.

Synopsis

Palveränd is Tiit Aleksejev's second novel, set in the last years of the 11th century. The main character, Dieter, is a young man-at-arms, bound for Palestine with the Count of Toulouse's army to conquer it from infidels. Although on the surface an adventure novel, *Palveränd* is above all a meditation on human loyalty, betrayal, love and treachery. Dieter becomes involved in the Crusades as someone who is neither really a horseman, nor a priest, nor an ordinary civilian. Without belonging anywhere, he is able to move between different adventures and environments. *Palveränd* is the opening volume of a two-part novel planned by the author, which is why the adventure remains incomplete – the crusaders manage to conquer Antioch, but Jerusalem still remains a dream in their minds.

Palveränd

Tiit Aleksejev

*Seigneurs, sachiez qui or ne s'en ira
En cele terre ou Dex fu mors et vis,
Et qui la croiz d'outremer ne prendra
A paines mès ira en paradis*

XII sajandi ballaadist.

Anno Domini 1148.

Boscodoni Jumalaema klooster Provence'is.

Mu nimi on Dieter. Kunagi olin ma keegi teine, aga sel ei ole enam tähendust. Maa, kust ma pärit olen, ei ole enam endine ja inimesed, kes mind mäletasid, on surnud. Sest mis on üks maa ja üks rahvas? Veepiisk veenõus, ei enamat. Ma olen siiski üritanud. Olen üritanud koduranda leida. Käsikirjadest ja kaartidelt ja rännumeeste lugudest. Teda pole kusagil. Kuid ma mäletan pilvi tema taevas, udu tema niitude kohal ja jälge, mis jäi tõmbi peaga maost, kes läbi lõikeheina libises. Ja ma tean, et ma ei ole und näinud.

Tõeline kodu on see, mille poole inimene teel on. Mida ta oma mõtteis kannab. Minu mõtteis on linn, mille me uskmatutelt tagasi võitsime. Minu jaoks on ta kõiges ja kõikjal. Igal ööl hiilib kõrb üle mu läve, tuul puhub, luited liiguvad ja palverändurid on ületamas tühermaad. Ja siis ei olegi vaja koltunud reisikirju lehitseda, sest igaüks neist peab rändurit juhutama lähemale Jumalale, mitte kodurannale ja iga kaardi keskpaigas on Jeruusalemm.

†

Aristoteles kirjutab, et inimkehas on kaardistatud kogu kosmos. Minu keha on valu maakaart. See aitab leida kohti, kus ihu on lõigatud, muljutud ja purustatud. Iga arm on osa teekonnast. Iga vigastus on mingi lahinguväli. Öösel lavatsil lebades sulen ma silmad ja libistan sõrmedega üle inimeste maa: Nikaia, Dorylaeum, Harem, Antiookia, Kerbola, Jeruusalemm, Askalon.

Valul on omad mälestused. Põlvedes ja puusades tuikab ratsutamisest. Õlaliiges pakitseb mõõga vibutamisest. Pahklud sadulast langemisest. See kõik on ainult pinnavirvendus. Tõeline valu on mujal. Palverännul öeldi: võitle ja ära karda, elu saab sinult võtta, kuid au mitte iialgi. Aga saab sedagi. Ning autusest saab häbi, mis saadab inimest elu lõpuni. Mis muserdab ja närib ja tuletab end iga Issanda päev meelde: täna, täna, täna. Täna. Kui täna on teie päev, siis te teate. Ja neile, keda häbi maadligi surub, võin ma öelda: ma tean, mida te tunnete. Ma olen teie.

†

Ma olen elanud mitut elu. Ma olen olnud see, kes hoiab sulge, ja see, kes hoiab mõõka. Kõik on hajunud nagu suits tuules. Täna olen ma see, kes hoiab taimi, ja homme olen ma muld, millest taimed uut jõudu saavad. Muld ei hooli, kui palju keegi head või halba tegi, ja õigest mehest ning õelast mehest võrsuvad ühesugused viljapead. Võib-olla on tuules kõikuva vilja jaoks kõik inimesed ühtemoodi õiged.

Ma olen aednik kloostri, mis asub Montpellier' linnast kahe päevateekonna Pühale Kirikule annetas. Issanda aastal 1142 asus kolmteist venda Chalais't teele, et uuele konvendile alus panna. Ürikutesse jäi neist kaksteist, sest kaks-teist on apostlite arv. Väljajäänud vend olin mina, aga see

ei teinud mulle meelehärmi. Inimese elu sulab nii või teisiti möödanikku nagu kala vette. Isegi siis, kui see kroonikatesse üles tähendatakse. Jääb ainult kala. Ainult vesi.

Eile kaevust veenõud kergitades kummardusin ma allapoole. Sünkjal pinnal väreles kellegi nägu. Silmade asemel oli kaks mustavat koobast. Kaks musta koopasuud. Mida rohkem ma jälgisin, seda hägusemaks muutusid kujutise piirjooned. Näis, nagu tõrjuks maailm mind endast eemale. Sinna alla, sügavikesse, kus elusast saab eimiski ja siis jälle midagi.

†

Ma olin kohal, kui krahv Guillaume vastlaotud kloostrimüüre vaatamas käis. Temaga oli kaasas kõrge külaline, Brabandi isand Godefroy VII. Räägitakse, et selle mehe soontes voolab Godefroy de Bouillon'i, Püha Haa Kaitsja verd. See näis tõele vastavat. Samasugused kõrged põsesarnad. Samasugune ekslev pilk. Veel räägitakse, et Godefroy oli vapraim palverändurite seast, ja ma vaatasin ta järglast huviga. Et milline tema on. Godefroy oli nõrk mees. See, mida vapruseks peeti, oli ainult põikpäisus. Hirm taganeda.

Tõeliselt vaprad jäid Anatoolia mägismaale ja Süüria kõrbe. Issand kutsub õiged enda juurde. Oma vägedesse, et nad mõnes teises lahingus uuesti langeda saaksid. Brabandi käskija vaatas mulle otsa ja ma ei löönud pilku maha. Ma võin seda endale lubada. Ma olen ainult aednik, märkamatu ja tähenduseta nagu rohukõrred kloostriõuel. Öeldakse, et märkamatu elu on Jumala kiituseks.

†

Täna pärastlõunal hakkas Boscodoni kohal vihma kallama. Veejoad paiskusid sellise hooga, nagu oleks keegi lasuursinise peekri ühe hooga tühjaks valanud. Vend Glaber ütleb, et vihm on osa lunastusest, mida taevast maale laseb osaks saada. Kõlab ilusasti, aga see on kloostritarkus.

Vihmast saavad aru ainult need, kes teda ootavad: talupojad, kelle vili on põllul nädalate kaupa kõrbenud. Sõjamehed, kes on Süüria päikesest poolsurnud. Ma vaatasin, kuidas mullapinnale tekkinud tumedad plekid mõne hetkega laugasteks muutusid. Vihm oleks nagu kõik minema uhtunud, nii mineviku kui oleviku. Jeruusalemma müürid ja kloostrimüürid. Müüride vangistuse. Maailm lagunes ja langes koost, jäi ainult taevast alla paiskuv vesi. Taevane kosk.

Hiljem, hilisõhtul, läksime me kõik missale. Ma seisin vendade keskel, aga mulle tundus, nagu oleksin neid ülalt vaadanud. Mungad laulsid ja nende hääled voogasid uue kiriku võlvide all. Väljas sadas ikka veel.

†

Kloostri siseõues õitseb magnoolia. Päikesepaistel tundub, nagu väreleks igas õiekobaras küünlaleek. „*Post tenebras spero lucem,*” pomises ristikäigus puud imetlema jäänud abt. Seejärel vaatas ta mulle otsa, nagu ootaks mingit vastust. See maailm on täis varje, oleksin võinud öelda. Miks mitte järgmine? Aga ma teadsin, et kloostriülem ei oota minult midagi. Ja ma hoidsin suu kinni.

Boscodoni aias kasvab palju erinevaid taimi, ainult lavendlit mitte. Oleks kaunis, kui see siinsete maadega kohaneks. Kloostri ümber võiksid laiuda lavendliväljad nagu Languedocis, kust me krahv Raymond'i vägedega läbi ratsutasime. Me kõikusime sadulas, päike lõõmas pea kohal ja

ümberringi sinas lavendel, nagu oleks taevas maa peale laskunud ja öelnud: veel veidi kannatust – Jeruusalemm võib olla juba järgmine linn, pärast taevasinist merd. Ainult veel veidi kannatust. Palju pole enam jäänud.

†

Anno Domini 1098. Antiokia

Pärast päikeseloojangut asume Haremi poole teele. Seitsesada rüütlit, kahvatut ja näljast sisselangenud nägudega. Püüame laagrist lahkuda võimalikult vaikselt, et mitte Antiokia kaitsjate tähelepanu äratada. Lahingukorras liigume mööda Aleppo teed, hääletult nagu kummitused. Vaimude armee, mõtlen enda ümber vaadates. Läbi öö libisemas, hommiuks hajununa. Need, kes ütlevad: oleks juba õhtu. Kellele on varjud sõpradeks. Ja pimedus liitlaseks. Pimeduse hirmud.

Mõned tunnid enne koitu hakkab vihma sadama. Sadu ei ole tugev, sellest hoolimata oleme varsti läbi vettinud. Päikesetõusu ajaks jõuame järve ja jõe vahelisele lagendikule, mille Bohémond on lahingupaigaks välja valinud. Me oleme tiibadelt kaitstud ning suutelised kõike ühele ainsale sööstule panustama. Nagu skorpion, kes on astla välja sirutanud ja valmis salvama. Pimesi, vastase suurust hoomamata, kõige lihtsama ründeplaaniga.

Ja siis on taas järjekordne varahommik ja järjekordne lahingukord, aga tunne on iga kord erinev, südame põmm-põmm, tolmumaitse, rauamaitse ja sähvakad silme ees. Teadmine, et sa oled ühes tükis ja elus, nii elus, kui üldse olla saab ja sa võid elada kahesaja aastaseks nagu Aabraham, aga rohkem elus ei ole sa surmatunnini. Me oleme jagunenud

kuude *bataille*'sse, vaikivad rüütlid, palverännu löiketera ja piigiteravik ja mida kõike veel. Aga mis toimub ülejäänud viies, sellest pole mul aimugi. Ma tean ainult seda, kes on mu kõrval, ja iseend tean ma samuti, kuigi see tunne on püsimatu ja tahab pageda, nagu pihku surutud lind, kelle süda taob ja kes mõtleb ainult sellest, kuidas end vabaks rebida.

Ja siis kappab rivi ette Bohémond, mustal täkul, punase maoga standart selja taga lehvimas, ja lipuhoidja on noor poiss, päris lapseohtu, ja ta käed värisevad. Ta on noor, ta kardab. See on loomulik.

„Julgust, mehed,” ütleb Bohémond. „Ja seiske kindlalt. Varsti tapame nad kõik. Ei suuda need poniratsanikud meie rünnakule vastu seista. Vihm on nende vibunöörid nätskeks teinud ning lähivõitluses pole neist meile vastast. Mõelge oma esivanemate kuulsuse peale. Ja selle peale, et edaspidi räägitakse teist. Kui te sarvehäält kuulete, siis piigid ette ja andke minna. Nottige paganaid ning Issandal on teie üle hea meel.”

See on hea kõne. Lühike ja selge. Mõõgameeste, mitte kroonikute keeles. Ja siis kõlab sarvehüüd ja me läheme liikvele. Me ei tea, kui palju uskmataid seal eespool on, aga võib arvata, et tuhandeid. Me ei mõtle sellele. Kõrvuti üles rivistatud viis *bataille*'d ründab mööda Aleppo teed lähenevat vaenlast, kel ei paista meie kohalolekust aimugi olevat. Ühel hetkel on nende ees päikesetõus, lagendik, jõgi ja järv ning järgmisel hetkel kihutab nende poole terasvall ja see terasvall oleme meie ja sel päeval oleme me palju muudki veel. Ja ei ole Ridwani eelväest meile vastast, isegi mitte niipalju, et see meie rünnakuhoogu pidurdaks. Me löikame sellest läbi nagu sirp viljast, viljapõldu laiu tumedaid tühimikke jättes. Aga see on ainult vastase eelvägi, mida edasi, seda tihedamaks kõik muutub. Aga ikkagi ei suuda nad meid kinni pidada.

On neid, kes arutavad tagantjärele, et oma osa oli siin päikesel, mis meie selja tagant paistis, või siis vasakut kätt jääval ma. Nekunkal, mis vastast segadusse ajas, sest neil ei olnud aimu, kui palju meid veel reservis võib olla. Üks on selge – Bohémondi sõjaplaan töötas ja isegi need meie seast, kes olid sisemas surmaks valmistunud, märkavad, et surm on sel päeval uskmatutega ametis ja meie jaoks tal eriti aega ei jäägi. Ja meil, meil jääb üle talle üha uusi uskmatuid ette saata, et vikat ühes suunas sähviks ja et ta niitja kaart ümber ei seaks. See on raske töö ja me anname endast parima ja ainus, millest me aru saame, on see, et tagasivajumise asemel liigume me aina edasi ja me oleksime narrid, kui me seda ära ei kasutaks. Me kardame, et see kõik võib lõppeda, et sõjaõnn pöördub ja siis on meie kord taganeda, nagu toona, peavärava all, seepärast me raiume, raiume, raiume, ühel hetkel näib midagi murduvat, vastupanu ei olegi enam, me raiume ikkagi ja siis on väli meie ees puhas, vaenlane põgeneb ja lahing on läbi. Me oleme Ridwani väe puruks löönud ja palveränd on päästetud.

Me paneme mõõgad tuppe ja laskume sadulast ja seisame väljal, pead norus, ja on neidki, kes haavadest ja kurnatusest pikali varisevad. Aga siis tuleb Bohémond ja ütleb, et me olete võidelnud Jumala võitlust ja et me oleme võitnud. Ja ta ütleb veel, et kui see kõik ei ole Issanda ime, siis tahaks ta teada, mis Issanda ime üldse olla võib. Aga ennekõike tahab ta tunnustada meie vaprust, sest vapramaid mehi ei ole ta oma elus näinud. Ning ta paljastab pea ning kummardab sügavalt oma armee ees, sest sel hetkel on Jumala armee Bohémondi armee ja see on õiglane, see on välja teenitud. Ma vaatan teda ja soovin, et oleksin suuteline võidurõõmu tundma. Aga ainus, mida ma tunnen, on väsimus.

The Pilgrimage

Tiit Aleksejev

Translated from the Estonian by Christopher Moseley

*Seigneurs, sachez qui or ne s'en ira
En cele terre ou Dex fu mors et vis,
Et qui la croiz d'outremer ne predra
A paines mès ira en paradis*

From a 12th-century ballad

Anno Domini 1148.

Abbey of the Mother of God, Boscodon, Provence.

My name is Dieter. Once I was someone else, but that is of no consequence. The country I come from is no longer the one it was and the people who remembered me are dead. For what is one country and one people? A drop of water in a vessel, no more. All the same, I have tried. I have tried to find my home shore. From manuscripts and maps and travellers' tales. It is nowhere. Yet I remember the clouds in its sky, the mist on its meadows, and the traces left by the blunt-headed snake that slithered through the cut hay. And I know I was not dreaming.

A man's real home is the place he is on the way to. What he is carrying in his thoughts. In my thoughts is the City of God that we won back from the infidels. For me it is everywhere and in everything. Every night the desert creeps across my threshold, the wind blows, the sand-dunes shift and the pilgrims are crossing the wasteland. And then it is no longer necessary to leaf through the yellowed travellers'

chronicles, for each of them must lead the wanderer closer to God, not to his home shore, and at the centre of every map is Jerusalem.

†

Aristotle writes that the whole cosmos is mapped in the human body. My body is a map of pain. It helps to find places where the flesh has been cut, bruised and broken. Every scar is part of a journey. Every mutilation is a field of battle. Lying on my plank bed at night, I close my eyes and slide my fingers across the peopled lands: Nicaea, Dorylaeum, Harem, Antioch, Kerbola, Jerusalem, Ashkelon.

Pain has its own memories. My knees and hips are throbbing from riding. My shoulder joint smarts from a sword wound. My ankles, from falling out of the saddle. All this is only a ripple on the surface. The real pain is somewhere else. On the pilgrimage they said: Fight and be not afraid, your life may be taken from you, but your honour – never. But it will. And dishonour becomes shame, which accompanies a man to the end of his days. Which crushes and gnaws at one and brings itself to mind every blessed day: today, today, today. Today. If today is your day, then you know. And to those pressed down by shame, I can say: I know what you feel. I am you.

†

I have lived several lives. I have been one who holds a pen and one who wields a sword. It has all vanished, like smoke in the wind. Today I am one who holds a plant, and tomorrow I will be soil whence plants get new strength. Soil does not care how much good or evil one has done, and from the righteous man

and the wicked man alike the same ears of grain will sprout. Maybe for the grain swaying in the wind all men are equally righteous.

I am a gardener in a monastery located two days' journey from the town of Montpellier, Count Guillaume de Montmiral's donation to the Holy Church. In the year of our Lord 1142, thirteen brothers set off for Chalais to found a new convent. The records number them as twelve, for twelve is the number of the Apostles. The brother who was left out is I, but that did not trouble me. A man's life melts into the past, one way or another, as a fish into water. Especially when one is speaking of chronicles. Only the fish remains. Only the water.

Yesterday, raising a vessel of water from the well, I was bending down. On the murky surface flickered someone's face. Instead of eyes it had two black sockets. Two black cavern-mouths. The more I followed it, the more hazy the features of the image became. It seemed that the world was rejecting me from my own self. Down there in the depths, where the living turn to nothing, and then to something again.

†

I was present here when Count Guillaume came to view the newly-laid monastery wall. He had with him a distinguished visitor, Godefroy VII, Lord of Brabant. It is said that in his veins flows the blood of Godefroy de Bouillon, Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. That appeared to be the truth. The same high cheekbones. The same wandering gaze. It is also said that Godefroy was the bravest of the pilgrims, and I looked with interest at his successor. What kind of man was he? Godefroy was a weak man. What was taken for courage was only obstinacy – fear of retreating.

Actually the brave remained in the mountains of Anatolia and the deserts of Syria. The Lord calls the righteous to Himself. To his own people, that they may fall again in some new battle. The lord of Brabant looked me in the face and I did not flinch. I can afford that. I am only a gardener, insignificant and meaningless like the blades of grass in the monastery grounds. It is said that an unremarked life is a commendation to God.



This afternoon rain started pouring at Boscodon. The water came with such force that it was as if someone had tipped an azure-blue beaker out in a single shower. Brother Glaber says that the rain is a part of the redemption granted by heaven to the earth. It sounds beautiful, but that is the wisdom of monks.

The rain is only appreciated by those who expect it: the peasants whose grain has been parched for weeks in the fields. The soldiers, half-dead under the Syrian sun. I watched as the dark flecks on the surface of the soil changed into pools in a moment. The rain seemed to flush everything away, the past and the present. The walls of Jerusalem and the monastery walls. The imprisonment of walls. The world broke down and fell apart, there remained only water, flung down from heaven. A heavenly waterfall.

Later, late in the evening, we all went to Mass. I stood among the brothers, but it seemed to me as if I were looking down on them from above. The monks sang and their voices undulated beneath the vaults of the new church. Outside it was still raining.



In the courtyard of the monastery a magnolia is flowering. In the sunshine it seems as if a candle-flame were flickering in every cluster of flowers. “*Post tenebras spero lucem*” mumbled the abbot as he stopped on the procession to admire the tree. Then he looked me in the eye, as if expecting a response. This world is full of shadows, I could have said. Why not the next? But I knew that the head of the monastery does not expect anything of me. I held my tongue.

There are many different plants growing in the Boscodon gardens, but there is no lavender. It would be good if it were adapted to the soils here. Fields of lavender could spread around the monastery as in Languedoc, through which we rode with Count Raymond’s troops. We rocked in the saddle, the sun blazed down on us, and all around the lavender shimmered blue, as if Heaven had descended to Earth and said: just a little more patience – Jerusalem may be the next town beyond the azure sea. Not much further to go.

†

Anno Domini 1098. Antioch

After sunset we set out toward Harem. Seven hundred knights, pale and sallow-cheeked with hunger. We are trying to leave camp as quietly as possible, so as not to arouse the attention of the defenders of Antioch. In battle formation we move along the Aleppo road, as noiselessly as ghosts. An army of spirits, I think to myself as I look around. Gliding through the night, vanishing by morning. Those who say: would that it were evening. Whose shadows are their friends. And darkness their allies. The terrors of darkness.

Some hours before dawn it starts to rain. The shower is not heavy, but nevertheless we are soon wet through. By sunrise we get to a clearing between a lake and a river, which has been chosen by Bohémond as the site of battle. We are protected on the flanks and able to make a single swoop together. Like a scorpion that has stretched out its sting, ready to strike. Blindly, without regard to the size of its opponent, with the simplest plan of attack.

And so then it is another early morning and another battle formation, but the feeling is different each time, the boom-booming of the heart, the taste of dust, the taste of iron and the flashes before the eyes. The knowledge that you are in one piece and alive, as alive as you can be, and you can live for two hundred years like Abraham, but you will never be more alive until your dying hour. We are arrayed in six *batailles*, the silent knights, the cutting edge of the crusade, the tip of the lance, and whatever else we are. But as to what is going on with the other five, I have no idea. I only know who is beside me, and I am aware of myself too, though that feeling is fleeting and wants to escape, like a captured bird whose heart is pounding and who thinks only of how to tear itself free.

And then Bohémond gallops up in front of the ranks, on a black stallion, his standard with a red serpent fluttering behind him, and the flag-bearer is a young boy, a mere child, and his hands are trembling. He is young, he is afraid. That is natural.

“Courage, men,” says Bohémond. “And stand firm. Soon we will kill them all. Those pony-riders will be unable to withstand our attack. The rain has made their bowstrings soggy and in close combat they will make no opposition for us. Think of the fame of your ancestors. And of how you will be spoken of in the future. When you hear the sound of the horn, then – lances forward and go on the attack! Slaughter the heathen and the Lord will rejoice.”

It is a good speech. Brief and clear. In the language of swordsmen, not of chroniclers. And then the call of the horn, and we go into action. We do not know how many infidels there are ahead of us, but one can guess there are thousands. We do not think of that. Ranked side by side, the five *batailles* rush past the enemy, approaching along the Aleppo road, who seem to have no inkling of our presence. One moment they have before them the sunrise, the clearing, the river and the lake, and the next, a wall of iron is bearing down upon them, and that wall of iron is ourselves, and on this day we are much more besides. And the advance guard of Ridwan makes no opposition to us, not even so much as to break the pace of our attack. We cut through it like a scythe through grain, leaving broad dark spaces in the field. But that is only the advance guard, and the further we go, the denser the troops become. Yet still they cannot halt our progress.

There are those who reason after the event that a part was played by the sun which shone behind us, or by the hill to our left, which drove the adversary to confusion, because they had no idea how many we had in reserve. One thing is clear – Bohémond’s battle plan worked, and even those among us who were inwardly prepared for death observe that death was at work that day among the enemy and did not have much time left for us. And for us it remains to drive more and more infidels before us, so that the Reaper’s scythe will flash in a single direction and not turn back on us. It is hard work and we are giving the best of ourselves, and the only thing we understand is that instead of falling back we always move forwards, and we would be fools not to take advantage of that. We are afraid that this might all end, that our luck in battle may turn and then it will be our turn to retreat, as we did that time by the main gates, and so we chop and hack and hew, at

one moment something seems to break, there is not resistance any more, we carrying on hacking, and then the field before us is clear, the enemy flees and the battle is over. We have hacked Ridwan's forces to pieces and the pilgrimage is saved.

We put our swords in their sheaths and descend from the saddle, standing on the field, our heads bowed, and there are those, too, who collapse on the ground from their wounds or from exhaustion. But then Bohémond comes and says that we have fought God's battle and won. And he also says that if this is not a miracle of the Lord, he would like to know what is. But above all he wants to acknowledge our bravery, for he has never seen braver men in his life. And he uncovers his head and bows low before his army, for at that moment God's army is Bohémond's army, and that is right, it has been earned. I look at him and I wish I were capable of feeling the joy of victory. But all that I feel is weariness.



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Palveränd

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