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me look unfamiliar and reckless.

I knew this ^{was} not the ^{Sudden} effect of a sunstroke or of swamp fever.

^{could not} I ~~cannot~~ understand how I ^{even able to} have lived those months without the accepted forms ~~and ease~~ of comfort and ease, I ^{all} have been brought to consider normal desirable and indispensable. How could I have lived and enjoyed living,

trekking wildly across many countries, part of a band of human beings,

unwanted, misunderstood, without apparent goal besides survival and self-

^{superstition} ~~protection~~, devoid of the feeling of security that grows out of routine,

the accumulation of material possessions and the delusion of being part of a majority.

✓ I had slept for month under the open sky, I had eaten irregular; meager

fare and overabundant feast. I had been scorched by the sun, drenched

by the rain, shaken by storms ^{but at the same time deeply} grateful for life. I had been part of ~~and~~

^{the} experienced fully the ~~day~~ dream of all ^{and} enterprising, healthy boys in an

established ~~and normal~~ society; to share the life of ^{hard, adventurous} the pioneers, of ^{and} the

early settler. But there ^{was} no end to this trail. There ^{was} no green pastures,

peace ^{or} and work to hope for on the other side of the horizon.

✓ ~~It is a strange fate~~ these people ^{was} ~~are~~ doomed to live a ^{crankier} strange fate, as ~~stunned~~

^{was} I am sick at heart and suffer from hypercriticism and excess of sensitiveness

Thus I leave the travelling caravans, ^{For I said farewell} I leave of Rupa and I wonder

and am grateful ^{at both unquestioning} for the understanding she and Pulika show ^{of} me.

^{basely} They have looked at one another and said I was the Vadni Ratse, the wild

^{was} goose of the Rom legends. They knew I would leave, they ^{said then} knew I ^{said they also knew I would} come back.

They also know I will be torn between two worlds and different personalities,

but, they trust, I will integrate these polarities the way the Rom would.

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I stood by the way side and ^{watched} ~~observe~~ the wagons passing ~~me by~~, one after the other till ^{the last one of} they fade away in the distance and familiar sounds die ^{away} ~~out~~. ^{one} The country side ^{was without} ~~The atmosphere is void of~~ the noise of rattling wheels, horses, ^{neighing} ~~barking~~ dogs, babies crying and singing boys. A great, perceptible silence filled ^{the} ~~at~~ the air.

I am alone.

^{Stationary} Here I ~~have~~ remained ^{still}, while they travel ^{onwards} -

I ~~proceed~~ ^{as} to walk ~~to~~ the nearby village making a shortcut straight ~~through~~ through the fields.

Nearing the non-gypsy world again ^I ~~and~~ decide ^{to} to put on the shoes, which so far I had carried dangling by the shoelaces on a stick on my ~~left~~ ^{right} shoulder. I ~~take~~ ^{took} the faded purple and vermillion kerchief ^{off} which ^{was} knotted round my neck, ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ Lowari fashion, and stuff ^{it} in my pocket. I brush my hair back and feel like washed ^{face, neck and hands}. This ~~I do~~ ^{is} at a running brook. I ~~can~~ ^{could} feel ^{the} my facial expression ^{on my face} change as if my sun- and wind burned skin ^{was} stretching ^{in some places} at spots and shrinking ⁱⁿ at others.

The red-roofed stone houses become ^{dream} homes in my eyes, pleasant homes, once again, instead of the prisons the Rom ^{had} made me believe them to be. ^{What makes them} ~~It is~~ not the stone walls ~~that make the prison~~, but the spirit of those living inside it. I hear ^{of} people shouting across a garden wall. ~~It is strange to~~ ⁱⁿ hear the native language ~~spoken~~ and to ^{I realize} think that from now on I too will express myself in a different idiom than wild, tragic, archaic Romanes, unfit for small talk. ^{I miss no language to} ~~be more useful~~ of colorful and ingenious parables, forceful plastic descriptions ^{to describe} of life and daily events in ^{the} an intense, adventure filled existence. ^(I the Rom) ~~I realize how much I will miss~~ ^{the} the intensity and fecundity of Romanes speech and concepts. ~~Where it was spoken by some of the elder~~

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~~I remember that~~ ^{that} Old Bishnikin has said told us about an
Lovers at the camp I could visualize the symbolism of the ancient

legends about dragging the moon down to earth by ^{the magic old Romani} sheer weight of words.

This was also fabled in antiquity of the exorcist powers of the Thessalian
witches. Dogs are barking, ^{Neatly} the cattle ^{was} are loving and bleating.

Even sounds have a different value to me as if I was listening- leaving
a concert hall after listening entranced to some powerful and soul
elevating symphonic music and being enjoyed at being confronted with street
noises once more.

Not for a single instant do I have the impulse to turn back. A period in this
young life of mine has come to an end, ^{still} I ignore how, why, but I know that .
It occurred to me, it is a relief.

Ahead of me lay many a difficult time. Life among the gypsies to me seems
vary, flat and stale. But I turn my back deliberately and walk away from the
magnetism of the Rom.

I am concerned about the reception my parents will give me and feel sick
at heart at the thought of going back to college.

I must transpose a whole ^{set} standard of values, Because of the social taboos
on the gypsies in Europe I will ^{not be in a position} never be allowed to tell about my life
with the Rom except at home. I will have to find another outlet, for these
pent up impressions, experiences and memories.

Both my father and mother were ^{always more} exceedingly understanding and helpful. They did
everything in their power always to let me feel independent and free,

at the same time they made ^{it emphatically} clear that they loved me ^{and how much} very much, that I was
wanted. They told me that whatever might ^(how much) happen to me and that ^{might do or} whatever trouble
I might become involved in I must remember they are my father and mother

^(should) I remember that ^{they were my parents and that consequently I should}
all circumstances come back to them if I need help

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On the walls hung my beloved Javanese sarongs, rusty browns, sepia and marine blue dyed by the batik process in stylized overall patterns. I was grateful my many and beautiful books.

Next to my bed hung a framed photograph of a venerable looking Rabindranath Tagore, with his long majestic beard and hair and with love in his eyes.

Next to this hung the photograph of a funny little girl of seven or eight with long blond braids, this was Annebert whom I did marry many years later as we had planned when we were still children.

I rushed to the studio to look at the works of art my father had been creating in my absence. I sat for hours at my mothers bedside in the evening.

talking to her. I played with my young sister and admired ~~all~~ her possessions. ^{My} happy hours were spent with my father - his huge study & there I would read my correspondence piled up and unanswered for months.

x - I would make a feast and enjoy the ^{1st} ~~comfort~~ luxury of a hot bath and clean clothes and a thorough haircut.

Sometimes, in a thought flash, I would wonder how young Kore, or Nanosn, the
 son of Bidsheeka would like it to share this life of material luxury with
 the ~~son of Bidsheeka~~ ^{man - wandering} ~~son of Bidsheeka~~ ^{where there}
 and I would ~~like~~ ^{be} ~~with longing to share~~ ^{the dark women in their}
 dresses and my going barefoot companions ~~were~~ ^{seemed} so far away that the thought of them
 made me smile and ~~dismiss it as~~ ^{as} ~~just a private joke, and it appeared~~ ^{as} so
 utterly unreal, ~~distant~~ ^{as} ~~desirable, but just~~ ^{as} a strange half forgotten dream.
 The contrast was too strong and ~~the~~ ^a comparison impossible.

My school going days were to me ^{an} insufferable torment. The study of mathe-
 science, greek, latin and most of the other subjects, the way they were taught
 failed completely to interest me.

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- I disliked book learning and wondered to what creative use I ever could put all this accumulation of ^{my abstract} ~~school~~ knowledge.

I wanted to grow up in a hurry and become a man. I wanted to learn to be courageous and good and how to adjust to life's changing circumstances, to create visions of beauty as my father did. I wanted to learn to see visions and learn how to express my gratefulness to God, life and nature around me. I craved to learn to fulfil the words of Saint Augustine where he says: "Thou dost so excite him (man) that to praise Thee is his real joy". But this I did not learn at college, only dry rules, cold abstractions, divorced from life and action, I was impatient to integrate and to crystallize dissecting lessons of lifeless anatomy, or theories beautiful enough but that remained divorced from life and action. I was impatient to integrate and to crystallize to a certain degree and for myself an approach to life worth to spill one's guts about.

- We lived, in this first half of the Twentieth Century, in an era of dazzling material and scientific progress, we lived through a period of crazy experimental social upheaval, degreding all values, human and Divine, where men were robbed of their dignity and pride, freedom of judgement, stripped of their sense of personal responsibility towards humanity as a whole and submitted wholesale to dehumanizing and thorough menticide.
- This was the gathering of the sad harvest of ~~imprudent~~ centuries.
- ✓ Some of us experienced this in a dramatized fashion as if it were a pre-conception of the Brave New World, and shudder.

I much wondered about the relationship between wisdom and vitality and realized it would take great visionaries to make a breach in the wall.

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X College gave me little satisfaction and I fully appreciate the psychological problem I must have been to many of my teachers.

In consequence of all the foregoing my father, one day, had a long conference with the head of the St. Lievens College who told him that it would be wiser to let me learn a simple trade since he was sure I would never be fit for anything else more ambitious. God bless him.

It was with great joy that I accepted my fathers suggestion to attend the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp, where he himself had studied for several years in his own youth.

With a large group of aspiring artist I started out on my former schooling in the Arts: fulltime charcoal drawing from plaster cast of famous statues, or fragments of such from Antiquity, and at night time large scale modelling. I was strongly inclined towards modelling and sculpture. I suspect, though perhaps unjustly so, that it may have been to break away from my fathers powerful color sense. Since I have come back to color although replacing my fathers medium of glass and lead by wool and dyes and warpthread of the Tapestry weaver. I gratefully and proudly acknowledge the influence of my fathers art on my personality and work.

- At the Academy also I had difficulty in restraining impetuosity. I was impatient to express my still confused inner visions. I strongly desired to possess thorough technical versatility, what the French call "metier", and suffered violently under its discipline at the same time.

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I was subject to sudden restlessness and inexplicable, volcanic outburst of temper, vehement dissatisfaction with my own progress, alternating with short spells of moody weariness and sudden sweeping flashes of all pervading enthusiasm. Outside of the Academy I would devote every single minute of available time to model in clay, mostly large size pieces, which I would then cast in plaster, practising and testing the theoretical aspect of the trade we were unsatisfactorily taught at Art school. I was much interested in woodcarving. To encourage this growing passion and give it a steady direction, one of my maternal aunts offered to build a large skylight studio for me. During the excavation and the actual building according to my own conception and blueprint I felt my fate taking formal shape. I felt the budding self confidence and pride of being an artist take roots in me. Partly and gradually I lost my misgiving about my rectifying nomadic tendencies. Haunting and uprooting visions of travelling gypsy tribes subdued and were temporarily replaced by the restlessness of the creative artist. The large studio was a haven and an incentive.

It was a square building of roughly 24 feet by 24, by 18 feet high, with whitewashed rough brick walls - walls, a huge window to the North and an overall skylight. It had a concrete floor and a big balcony where bookshelves covered the back wall. Here I found peace and emotional breathing space. In the cellars below the studio I kept large quantities of malleable modelling clay. For a time I lived for sculpture alone.

Occasional letters from the Netherlands, from Annebert, would remind me

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of my promise and of my own longing to share my life and also my work and art with her.

I avidly sought the company of experienced craftsmen, old Italian expert plastercasters, nature stone cutters and german and austrian woodworkers.

There was a young, romantic, looking, flemish painter who frequented my father's workshop and who was an excellent craftsman. He would make a living cleaning and restoring ancient masters for the National museums.

We became close friends and from him I learned a great deal about the "trucs de metier" the inside-outs of the trade. Although he was about 20 years older than myself he and his moonfaced young wife took great interest in all my artistic ventures, doubts and experiments.

At one time I invested in several massive trunks and beams of beautiful African Hard-woods: somber Ebony, greyish, blue Berbenga, Teak and others, the mysterious names of which escape me.

There was a carpenter in the nearby village of Mortsel who built me a sturdy and massive woodcarvers workbench. He had left his native Austria on foot as a "Wandervogel" many years ago, with the intention to take ship in London to go to far off America as an immigrant.

A young flemish girl whom he had met made-him crossing our country, had made him interrupt his course. He had settled down near Antwerp and had set up a furniture workshop. He loved woods with an uncommon and sensuous appreciation for them. I often felt that when he was alone he spoke to them and that they understood him too. Uncountable were the hours I spent in

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his workshop watching him at work. The place was full of fresh and sweet smelling woodsharrings and it looked out over open fields. I learned very much from him about Hard-woods and I learned to love and have respect for materials as such.

At that time I did carve a square bas relief of St. George on horseback fighting the dragon, about my own height in a flaming mahogany. It consisted of a number of very wide mahogany beams joined together with the advice and help [enthusiastic] of Peppie Strakka, my woodlover friend, to form one large surface of over 5 feet by 5 feet.

Saint George fighting the dragon was an often recurring subject matter.

In the evenings after the evening meal, my father would come to my workshop to look at the days work and comment upon it, give advice after which we would go to his work and to pursue our discussions on matters esthetic and philosophical. This was the beginning of a wonderful and re-

newed friendship between my father and myself. I consider my father the greatest friend I have ever had and the one artist I came closest too in understanding. We differ enormously in temperament and there are about 45 years separating us in age. My father has a solid background of classical influence in art and litterature and theater. He fought as a volunteer in the World War 1914-18. I am still very young in age and experience. I decidedly avoided the contact with and influence of classic form of the arts. I had been and still was intermittingly living with raving bands of gypsies with their completely un-Western approach to life and their intensity and sense of color awakened curious echos in me and I adopted them outright. Some of their most inortodox color combination would

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disturb my father profoundly, long and instructive discussions on various color theories would ensue. I trusted my sense of color more than the theories about them.

7 Sometimes my father and I would spend a few weeks together at the ^{sea}side around Eastertime. It would be cold, windy and raining. The Northsea would lash out wildly on the deserted sand beaches. We would walk for hours ^{fighting} against the wind and seal our bond of friendship/ in long silent marches. The seair would smell strongly of iodine and the white sand was littered with the objects strangest objects from foundered ships ~~and~~ ^{which} and ~~which~~ the sea would reject.

In the evening we would have a rustic and solid meal in a smoky café, frequented by the local shrimpfishers, who where the only year round residents of the place.

Together we discovered and burnt with enthusiasm and constructive criticism, in turn, the Hebrew travelling theatre Habima and their performances of the Golem, Dybuk and others, ~~and~~ on the ^{one} other hand, the early revolutionary Russian movies as Potemkin, The general Line etc. on the other extreme. We thoroughly prospected the Musée Guimet of Eastern Art in Paris and shared a common love for Hokusay.

My mother used to go to bed early after dinner and read or write till many hours later my father would stop work on one of his huge cartoons for execution in stained glass. When I was home I often would go and sit at her bedside and we would talk many happy hours. First my mother would

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read to my little sister from Winnie the Pooh or from ^{the} Beatrice Potter series. I would faithfully partake in the familiar ritual, dreaming probably of my own babies some day to come.

I also remember my mother playing on a small lyre, sitting up in bed and singing to my little sister Beatrix.

We would discuss ~~gypsy~~ social organisation, their law and ethics, the position of women in their community, the psychology of kinship and endless subjects of kindred inclination which we had been talking about practically since my childhood at gradually climbing levels as the years went by. There were a number of subjects I would discuss with either my mother or my father and there seemed to be in my mind a sharp demarcation line between the two.

✓ With my father I spoke about art in all its forms, the philosophy of art. as far as my grasp of it went and about metaphysics and of course all practical or material things pertaining to our respective trades. There
✓ existed an implicit restriction on all matters personally, emotional, ~~familial~~ and social which was my mother's domain.

✓ I know, however, that almost all such discussions were shared by them in their long and daily late at night conversations.

Through friends of my parents I made the acquaintance of professor Olbrecht Head of the Departement of Antropology at the University, presently director of the African Museum, in Tervuren, Belgium.

✓ Professor Olbrechts thought me the first rudiments of Antropological fieldwork and basic framework of Linguistic.

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I proceeded to systematically record on files a large vocabulary of the speechform of the Lowari Tribe.

Before I realized what I was plunging into I was enthusiastically engaged in establishing the first rules of rudimentary Romani grammar and to my surprise I was fascinated by the analysis of system, of declension, by the conjugations and syntax. These were all the very things I had abhorred in my precious studies of Latin and Greek at College.

In attempting to record this language system, fascinating as a whole, in a society at a given time, I realized how true the claim of a leading linguist was that a truly complete system of meaning involves an analysis of the universe. I was impressed by the difficulties involved in establishing a common basis psychological and emotional of reference and comparison between the two cultures.

As I progressed in my research, the gap appeared to widen and it made me realize how deeply I had assimilated the Roman cultural impact since my main possibility of reference had to be myself. The Romans would have violently opposed any attempt of a systematic study of their language.

When speaking or thinking in Romanian I found I would mentally refer to a close system of meaning and association⁵ which proved to be hermetic to interpenetration by any system of meaning of other European languages spoken by me at that time.

"My country" Gide said "will not suggest the same landscape to peasants in Picardy or Provence, to the plowman and the poet, the poor and the rich. But it is a rallying cry, and all rise to defend it, though the peasants are actually defending cultivated fields, the poet's culture is general, the manufacturer's industrial wealth, the stockbroker his dividends."

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I endeavoured to and appreciated the importance of establishing context of situation to my linguistic study, this would, as I progressed involve many other fields of scientific discipline.

I also found that many of the things one lives, loves and dies for, could be expressed only in part and oftentime very unsatisfactorily.

At this point the meaning and possibilities of the Arts spoke to me again in a loud voice, through the symbols of the Arts plastic transcending expression is givento the inexpressible.

My mother was a fervent humanitarian but also a pacifist and an idealist.

It was to her however that I would come to, half ashamed, tell about my latest secret pursuit.

For some cabalistic reason that escapes me presently I had joined a wrestling and boxing gymnasium in one of the tougher neighborhoods of Antwerp. Both instructor and trainers apparently distrusted my enigmat intrusion/ into their private social world and consequently gave me a very unpleasant time.

The training was strenuous and for a time I became the unfortunate and unsuspecting targets for solid punches on the jaw, on the nose or in the stomach pit. I took this ordeal with stoicism/ and stubborn pride.

Besides boxing I went in for the classical Greek-Roman style wrestling which appealed to me in its own right. I admired its display of beauty strenght, and-balance and restraint.

For supposedly more practical reason, this is for its possible value of self defence, I took the rougher American version of "catch as catch can".

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with its more brutal and ill intentioned practices. After accepting without a murmur many a savage treatment and fighting back as hard as I knew how I gradually became tolerated and eventually even popular. After the tiring evening course working in clay at the Academy I would go to our gymnasium to go home again a few hours later, exhausted and with every muscle, sinew and nerve painfully sensitive and strained and with headaches from the punches recieved.

To this already heavy curriculum was edded intensified practice of judo which eventually superseded them all.

My pacific mother graciously and with good humor accepted these youthful pranks of mine, whereas I imagined I could feel unspoken disapproval from my father who, where his only son was concerned had time, attention and appreciation only for the practice of art.

I liked to believe that my wrestling and boxing and ensuing physical training would be very indirectly useful to me in my proffession as a sculptor, where strength, and endurance might be much needed.

Since my boyhood days I had always had an inordinate love for weapons and I was fond of shooting, this seemingly in contradiction of my sharing my mothers deep reference for life. I believe weapons symbolize to me personal responsibility, knightly adventure and freedom. Never did I have aggressive inclinations of any sort but I liked to feel prepared for defence of myself and others whenever the occasion might arise.