

## Anthropological References to Honour, Hospitality, and Besa (Word of Honour) in the novel 'Dead River' by Jakov Xoxa



### Literature

**Keywords:** honor, hospitality, Besa, Kanun, Jakov Xoxa, 'Dead River', semantics, etc.

Ana Shahini

Centre for Albanological Studies, Tirana, Albania.

### Abstract

As per complex creative processes and pre-textual literary references, Xoxa's works are based on myths, folklore and the collective conscience of the people through the centuries. According to Lévi-Strauss, the myth, differently from other linguistic phenomena, belongs to both the Ferdinand de Saussure categories of language - langue and parole; thus, it is both a historic portrayal of the past, being diachronic and irreversible in time, and it is also a tool for explaining the present and the future, being synchronic and reversible in time, evocative of past memories; this helps illustrate the relation between the two dimensions: the diachronic and the synchronic. Referring to the symbolism hidden in the "Dead River/Lumi i vdekur", which appears as a legend pointing to the animism of nature, we can perceive authentic relations of language and style by combining the portraying of life as a philosophy of the eternal relationship between nature and human beings. In addition, by following the line of argument that in the same way as God loves human beings he also takes revenge on them, we see the same thing happening by way of analogy between man and animals, theirs being an invisible connection for better or for worse.

The novel "Dead River" of Jakov Xoxa is a product of many reflections and many cutting points of typological literature, coming in the form of a puzzle where the different typological elements made this literary work with diverse typological nuances in the contours of literally corpus by not wasting a single role and function of each part and gaining, owning a multidimensional value that increase artistic values and simultaneously increase the degree of difficulty in the study analysis. Naturally the question arises: how can be classified as literary typologies the novel of Jakov Xoxa? This question, the response of which requires a deep analytical overview of all sizes and distributions that novel provides itself.

If we start our analysis from the first element that we meet in the novel, would be worth to discern that the title "Dead River", is an expression of a deep multidimensional symbolic semantic. This is because the word "river" is not completely random, but the fact that the novel itself derived from narrative viewpoint in the form of a river; the river itself displayed as a background expression of reality and some times as totem or taboo, by evoking fear and dread and again serves as a source of life by feeding the crops of peasants; as fear once again and as needed; as warning and as a consolation; even events and artistic reality walks in the raining and turbulent movement of a river, sometimes calm, but the adjective "dead" behind, hides his symbolism, since all "behaviors" and "values" of the river become obvious even when is dead, by increasing even more his multidimensional weight and his multifaceted functions, by weakening also polisematic associations of the novel along with the ideo-artistic reception by readers. So, the title itself is a symbol which expresses very interpretive spaces by giving multiple semantic connotations.

From the other side, not only the title but the language is wearing a semantic connotations, and has a strong literary figuration which makes novel directed towards to the symbolic spirit, with numerous symbols as for example: symbolism of days: Friday, Monday, Sunday, Thursday; symbolism of the numbers: 3, 6, 7, 9, 12, 40; symbolism of colors: red, black, white; mythical, folk and religious symbols like: candle, bundles, cross, table, stone, coffee, blood, brandy; symbols of the psychoanalytic field: mirrors, dreams, dolls; the symbolism of fruits and different foods: blackberries, yogurt, wheat; the symbolism of names, places and characters: Trokth, Vërdhomë, Vita. The language dressed himself with artistic figures filled with symbolic and semantic connotations that leads to the symbolic spirit. Meanwhile, the whole novel is a reflection and picture of the real Albanians living life in that time, by providing the reflection of life through all the issues, concerns, beliefs, rituals, behaviors, conflicts which seems to recall exactly Tolstoy for which, Pëllumb Çabej expressed its

reservations, regarding to the trend of Jakov to imitate his style, criticizing him for this piece, suggesting that the novel needs to be processed precisely because it is tedious.

All this, brings realism as literary tipology, a vibrant artistic realism, dressed neatly and painted with artistic elements, without aligning with socialist realism, but somehow with critical realism, because author gives shades of a pure, deep and immaculate realism, but not socialist realism, since it affects the dark way of reality, but ultimately his characters remain weak in reality and they struggle for survival, because the events start and closed exactly at the same point or location, so it remains an laborious effort with a lot of effort but not potentially alienating, kind of inverted existentialism. Say no socialist realism, because it is worth remembering when Floresah Dadon says: "Most important feature of socialist realism lies in the distortion of the essence of realism," which further convinces us that Jakov Xoxa is the opposite of this. Also, we can bring the attention in what Bashkim Kuçuku rightly says:

"Socialist realism was not a genuine event or literary phenomenon even for the reason that it was not the result of writers, but an politic ideology. Methods and socialist realism literature shows that the novel was conceived and materialized according to patterns, structures and features of realistic style. Their most read books were those in which realistic style was used masterly".

And if we go deeper to the branches and derivatives of realism at Jakov novel, critical spirit is visible in the contours of the appearance of the characters like combinations or their behavior for example: appearance of Suat Bej Vërdhoma with such a character, is an expression of a critical spirit to immoral figures that were part of the government and justice for the organization and society at that time, which recalls exactly Migjeni with the apparance of nuns and priest and their dirty moral code. Sentences also located at the entrance on each novel, expressed some critical spirit by author to what he treats below in the following chapters of the novel. Prof. Sinani expressed his opinion about that: "The denunciation of anatolian character, way of life and forms of organization of social life in the village, is one of the highlighted features of Jakov Xoxa realistic work.

As M. Kuteli, K. Trebeshina, and other early contemporary authors, he presents this critically condition of Albanian village life. The novel "Dead River", pay attention to a bygone era to which formally held an critical attitude, characterized largely by features of critical realism, but there are also applications to the requirements of socialist realism, although these do not dictate the value of the literary work. Such as: social assessment class of relationships between characters, open political antagonism to a fallen regime, mocked attitude to religion and the clergy up to the limits of atheism, exposure backwardness agitation in the village, as well as trying to find the spirit of the uprising revolutionary in the countryside, connections that spirit with the labor movement and the concept of a vague hope that a new force will raise to overthrow the old world and create at the village a new order. However all critical spirit is to reveal dark and negative sides of reality, scratching and exposing of them is fed by a biting tongue and strong criticism as it happens to Migjeni or Konica, but also we can not deny that we feel mocking satire and humor in some cases."

Meanwhile, the narrative along the alignment and narrative form resembles exactly with Kuteli, due to the close relations with the folk tradition, even if for narrative nature also for recovered elements of folklore as narrative models and tools like: congratulations, curses, idioms, etc.

Regarding to the report of folklore, is worth to remember Adem Jakllarit opinion when he says: "The first folklore products were born with human. So this man did not built aesthetic relationship with the world, but this construction he put in service of its needs, so this is the reason why first folklor products are closely related to magic and religion".

The following examples are illustrative indispensable and functional tools for all what we mentioned above:

"Korab I, a bride without veil (duvak) or crown!" "What about the white cloth of the first night? p.653 All the way to the church, the old woman, locked and gathered herself as a walnut essence is gathered and puckered under the peel, recalled her childhood and then since from the drapery bride that she knuckle up to the drapery clothes of death that she easily hooked and never dissolve again. p.8

From genuine smile of the auntie and the released drapery from the white shaken dress(kotulla),outside had dropped a heavy smell from dry basil.Auntie,this is a bride drapery with basil flavor and quince bloom-laughed Vita. p.131 (otulle) After she returned she saw beside the dead cub who became the reason for strife and brawl, Konxha remembered the living who came poor of bad winter,one night she released the death drapery and divided in Pilos and Leksi,she could not see her sister in law, niece and leksi bride nude with burning and rotten dresses from the brine water of the Dead Sea.

Remaining alone, he had to make this long way among of the affected people of Shpirag and underneath the door of the mad world.The only benefit of this night was the white drapery at the top of the rifle which he waved as e trophy. No one, except Vita did not understand what he meant,but even she didn't spoke. p.608

Hey man, hang on, and come in to drink a coffee.No man stands before God,he has given us, he takes us, with soul and blood ... p.133

I'm not talking today,on the easter day, with a disloyal (besësëz) who has never been baptized and drunk the blood of Christ and never eaten from the holy banquet. p.395

People of Shpirag, had nothing at the end of the lent days. They had nothing left for the holy midnight of Saturday and for Eastern Sunday. (bubuleteshin)

Thursday, Pilo and Leksi went to Fier for shopping but they had not buy a thing because, three partners got angry with each other for drowning cattle and they had not been given any borrow money. With some money that Pilo and Leksi collected from womanhood they barely bought Easter candles, one for each head,some for the livings and some for the deads.Grandma Sofa accompanied the boys and ordered them to get back soon because she would do colored eggs,but first she sent to church women and childrens and then returned to Kozi wife.(lesa)Faster woman faster,the bells rang! p.363

Children on carrycot and straw roofs, weeping with eyes across to heaven, but heaven makes them cry more. ... Mothers raised afflicted eyes to the Lord,but Lord added more grief. Some old womens with hope in their heart, turn their eyes to the church by making the cross,but church with her mourning bells,added more crosses. p.306-307

Do you know how to make yoghurt,because your mother,didnt know how to make pie and jahni (traditional cooking with meat and onions) and she was tasteless also.Do not laugh, young bride because yougurt is very diffucult to become good. So, did I, like today when i was young and laughed like you.When we are going to see a guy at your hands young bride, please let us know to kiss his whistle ... or your mother taught you to cover and uncover only the cup of yogurt. p.212

The old woman, gathered in the courtyard, turned toward to Shënpremtes Pojan monastery, that darkened above and made the sign of cross. O Virgin Mary, save them from the evil ... p.481

Aunt Konxheja met quickly with childrens because she was tired from sadnees (kuja) and all the way long from Rina grave to home. She put her foots in front of lighted candle on the edge of the drum over the chimney, made the cross and then started to unbuckle the black dress. p.130

The old woman cut off the curse that she was whispering when saw the icon,gave the plate (kanitren) to the young girl and made the cross,again. Killed by longing and sadness, something between pray and curse (nemen), she approached near the lighted candle which was crackling from waters,got a bottle of oil from the container (Promised(taksur) for the deads) and threw it in like it was a finger. p.6

I'm a loyal person. p.19 (Jam me din e iman unë); Are we going to smoke a Kosovo cigarette? p.27; A girl blessed with life and fortune (nafake). p.30; God bless you with a boy because girls I see that you have enough. p.31; Let it be better than it is. Let her go and come beautiful as kosovo girls are. p.35; God bless you with a sponging profit.(me qar) p.40

I wish the owner of the house "for the best". p.79; Wish you to enjoy, inherit and wash them (lafsh) with lustiness (shendet). p.82; Good works are done during the day, in the sunlight. p.42; Your pan will be always filled, if you stay calmed and indulgent p.55; New day brings new luck. p.70; Stay back bey, cause there is a ditch here! p.243; Sometimes greed costs the head of the one who has it.(tahmaja e madhe) p.260; Even when the donkey is dead, flies do not leave us in peace. p.243; You lead the tongue to the aching tooth. p.254; For the poor, trouble brings trouble. p.260; He does the fight, we drink the bludgeon (comanget) p 262; Who open his mouth and laughs with the infatuations of a man, you are laughing with God. p.265; If you prick the animal, you should wait its reaction. p.279; Devil wants that, for the sake of partidge you forget the wild ducks. p 283; Catch the dog, dead or alive, if you don't want it to eat you. p.288; This way you started it, this way you will torn it and end it. (grishesh e bitishesh) p.301; The bread which is broken dear auntie can not be glued again. p.361; Others ingest your fish, you get choked from its bones. p.383; Let us sit crooked and talk straight. p.462; Ask a hundred people and do what you yourself tells you to do. p.449; If the child grows up, the house will be destroyed. p.491; The food with salt and salt moderated. p.498; They make donkey with foal, and mule with brat (a cub out mating). p.541.

Jakov Xoxe places in the centre of his novel the love story between Vita and Adil. A history, which is filled with strong and deep emotional experiences, which are reflected through the use of many elements of the natural background, filled with plenty of descriptions and reflections of artistic living pictures, detailed descriptions, of the environment and physical spaces, even of the multiple and multidimensional psycho-emotional conditions of the characters, immersed in the whirlpool of psycho-emotional turbulences, losing the boundaries between dream and reality, which make deeper and more powerful the expression of the romantic spirit of the novel. It is important to bring to your attention some illustrative examples, to be more convincing in those we express, regarding the typological refractions that the novel possesses.

"The light, the fuss, the faint of the sky were quick to pour on the sleepy earth. In the east, on the high and the rough crest of Tomori and over the soft mountains of Sulova, began to cut and line, in a pale light brow, the border between earth and heaven. The ridges of the mountains, a huge jaw, turning to the sky, appeared under this new light in the steel color, just like they had sharpened their teeth and molars, for sawing the thick and black curtain of the night. The Morning Star, the last surviving of the east, passing over a piece of a thin white cloud, forgotten from the yesterday,was trying to stay a little more in the sky before fading from the first rays of the sun. In the north, on the hill near Mbrostari river, began to line with each other the arches of the Seman's bridge. In the west, the forests of the outfall and coastal pines were still in the deep of morning sleep, shaken by the breeze of the Adriatic, cover with the charmed cheesecloth of the dawn's mist. (napa hijeroshe)

In the south, the fleshy hills of soft Mallakastra seemed like they were mountains and had reached the sky. The soft hand of the east had not yet come to separate the firmament from the vertices of the dust colored wreaths of the olive groves." p.52.

"Her body was a little enlarged, according to her age and to the slightly short bone of a female from Myzeqe. The long legs (look, now, there she in the corner of the cart, her legs hanged out, almost touching the ground) seemed even longer under the old dress, shortened more, because a lot she had been grown up during this last year. The nipples of her breast, small as the beans' seedling, that raise its head and blows the land coming from the faint of spring, had thrown her chest upwards. Only her back was a little hunched, like it was broken, from the burden of the houseworks, but no, at this age there is nothing that work can do to the stature of a girl like Vita, with her shoulders gathered poorly, she must have another reason in her hidden chest." p.15

It had a long time that the day star faded into the sea, but he left behind aflamed eyes and a mourning silence of mother natyre, and this was very wonderful. Only this strong and dominant beauty, wiped away from eyes and memory the beautiful face of the girl and replaced her with colors of rainbow which was pouring sunset over the sea, fields and hills. What if this soft and warm colors point out before his eyes the hot feelings of love that he kept in his chest? But this turned out stronger than the colors of nature. He saw on the ground, at the old streets, Viten, the girl who gaved him that morning some basil branch and also her heart concerns. Kozmai stood up. He waited for a moment till heart lowered, coz let the night shadow cover our turbidity of the face, there was nothing he can do his betrayed voice. This was useless. Then he came near to grizarak." p.92

"Adili was lost in his concerns and was following the shadow movements of the fingers on çifteli wires (musical instrument with two wires). He heard nothing of what was coming near him. Only when a spliter clicked under foot of the girl and Vita immediately stood when the boy looked up. Flame of Fire which held her body up and down like a trick, then with Myzeqe face which increased and lengthen her body. Her calves were filled above and drawn down, like a master hand, who had braided and whacked his dough with one flicked hand from top to down; she uncovered from the short dress, a part of her thighs, dried in heat of the fire from rainwaters and the rest over was revealed by the light of the flame entered through her. Her plump body and the breasts that had just raised its head in her linen cloth braced badly; beautiful oval face, with little withdrawn cheeks, covered by a flamed red, thicked eyebrows, all these add also night shadows, lights, privacy and her temptations, grabbed him in. Only now, even though it was the third time he met this girl, he saw beauty, a beauty with no beauty spot, a beauty as a light derived from all the features and assembled in a general beauty, as waters derives from all four sides of earth and gathered in the pit of the kiln by taking your sight in the sunlight." p.47

The long and wide forest was in his first slumber, relied there upon the sea shore, stroked by mild howl of the quiet bay of Seman. Sleeper woodland had just started snoring and was still early for the incited roar from the terrifying night dreams. Vota backrested after Adil, and Adil behind a pine tree, were standing and listening; how the large bosom of the forest was surged and unsurged, and she how the boy's heart was beating. Garlands of higher pinewoods like some big umbrellas, held in fabulous (katallane), were coming and going across the sky, lispig and whisling by hitting with sling with their bundles, their world around. Smell of the sea went upper and ruffled with an easy hand, garlands (majoket-kurora e pemes me maje) of the trees by trying to put them asleep. Gawk a little earlier they had gathered in clutch, in the branches of a dry pinewood, were already spread to spend the night in their trees (kujak). A pine bundle hadn't released its seeds, with the breasts disassembled and crushed from the heat. It snapped roaring, through the branches of the tree and awakened them. Its metallic flourish had been resounded from the beating of the wings of the intimidated gawks, who filled the forest with life again. But the life continued as the dream. In the forest fell again the anterior silence, filled

with the single whistle, like a lullaby, of the pine needles, beaten by the sleepless evening breeze. A huge trunk began to enliven its bones with a continuous crack sound, like it is complaining to the old age, or it could not resist to the weather. Time to time, the full moon, full of curiosity for what happened today in that forest, raised its head through the clouds and the spalling of the pine's crowns and suddenly it went and hid. Apparently it was supposed to give light from its pale light to the young people, who were burning fire from the fire of love.

Although her body was being traversed by unknown feelings, requiring to hook on it, like the flowers and the prick, the bud and the thorns were captured and interlocked with each other, Vita did not grappled Adili, but on the contrary she began to release herself. The wheat cob's smell of the moist grass, quickened from the evening dew, the pleasant fragrance of the canker-roses, the healthy odor of the baked grains of myrtle, came stirring in her chest, with an inner sweetness, that emanated from the rich flora of the youthful feelings. But the girl did not move, from the fear of dizziness. She did not even raised her head to see, from the fear that her eyes would be dimmed. She didn't want to talk, from the fear that she would be voiceless, and then it would be over for her. pp.655-656

Regarding the realism on one hand and romanticism on the other, for which we explicated and illustrated with examples from the novel itself, naturally we bring attention to the detailed analysis from Sefedin Fetiu, when analyzing: "Two novel lines intersect between them and create episodes that reveal the fates of the characters: on one hand the fortunes of the Albanian peasant, represented by Pilo Shpiragu, Sulejman Tafili, Koz Dynjaja and on the other, the emotional states between Adil and Vita. This situation arises from the fundamental class conflict, that is the source of all events. Drama present in these two lines, is not caused only by the ferocity of the representatives of the Beys and traders, but also by the superiority of the forces of nature, which is seen in the second book of the novel. These are events, that the unity among them, gives us everything and with the contradictions between the various characters, it can be said that the events of the novel are branched off in a series of events and shocking scenes. However, attention remain focused on the personal fate of the main characters, whose iconic increasingly deepened, their world takes shape depending on the encounters they attend". He even goes further his analysis, by emphasising that: "... the combination between the two main lines reaches a climax: the line of the fate of Shpiragaj's family reaches its highest point at the time of the flood and the return at the mercy of the ruthless Suat Bey Vërdhoma marks the beginning of the dissolution. This breakdown is accelerated by the climax of the love line between Adili and Vita, the moment when Vita fled the Bey's mansions and together with Adili, they go to live in the forest. These lines are closely related to each other to the moment of breaking them, until they reach an impartial perspective to a new day and a new life. The new Shpiragaj's moving at the end of the novel, and at the same time the escape of Adil and Vita in the forest, to live free are the continuing of the odyssey that has already begun, the warning of new sufferings, but also the beginning of something that will cause the end of this situation."

The author is not only satisfied with the appearance of the reality, a reality in which are included social-political factors, or even the historical and political background, but in a love story that is set in the center of the novel, the author goes further, penetrating under the darkest recesses of the human being, going much deeper than just to a complicated love story in difficult socio-cultural circumstances. He dives deep in all the contradictions and inner emotional conflicts of the individual in relation to himself, a conflict that finds its expression in the permanent fight throughout the history of humanity, his war between what he "wants" and what he "should", in the struggle between what reality offers and what is possible for him in the real life, between desire and possibility, between the opportunities offered and the opportunities gained, between written and unwritten law. The author accomplishes this masterly, through monologues and numerous descriptions of psycho-emotional situations of the characters. It is obvious at the state of Vita, often steepen under the abyss of the war between the conscious and the unconscious, between the disappointing reality that offers the village and

the desired and promised reality that she experiences, through the hope and the desire, in the journey of dreamings with Adil. The character of Koz Dynjaja is also often reflected under the coordinates of the confusing nuances and the light of the games that consciousness and subconsciousness do inside his psycho-emotional being, in the cases when Vita refuses him, like the scene when he sees the completion of his physical pleasure requirements fulfilled in his iconic doll, in the absence of the fulfillment of his male instincts from Vita, as well as when these instincts are let off steam in hitting the animals, particularly the horse. Pilo Shpiragu also suffers from false images and a powerful autoreflective spirit, which has broken the coordinates of the boundaries of the real and unreal, passing in the stage of hallucinations, in the cases when Vita's image conjures images of memory on his dead wife. All these are nothing but the visible expression of the artistry of the author, to overcome the limits of realism, or if not overcoming, by wrapping the obtaining of this artistic reality with strong contours of the modernist spirit, on one side gaining also quite philosophical ideas about life, with its ability to penetrate deeply in the human being, as well as gaining this being as a part of an individual in perpetual struggle with reality, society, family and above all to himself, where the last-mentioned approximates him to a kind of an upside existentialism, as long as the being of this individual remains naked in the eyes of readers, crushed by the force of the degraded reality, where he lives, but also powerless in the potential that he has, to oppose or change this reality, confirmed in the best way, by the return of Pilo Shpiragu, although Vita's conduct itself against the mentality of the society that surrounds her is the expression of an emancipated mentality, of the character as part of the artistic reality, but even of the author, as part of the literary corpus, which he belongs to.

Regarding this Rexhep Qosja analyzed clearly and precisely his idea that: "The villager" of "Dead River" "has not his objective and subjective being, so he can not act in accordance with the traditional tradition of the albanian village, in accordance with his own ethnopsychology. In "Dead River" exists the principle of social motivation of the characters, so the thoughts and the actions of the peasant should be seen like they are promoted by this imperative. Of all the human emotions, James Xoxa has a special skill and in particular styles, to understand the secrets of the human heart and above everything else, he likes to write for this delicacy of the soul and the human body. In depicting the characters, Jakov Xoxa is based on popular folk criteria. His Vita is the most beautiful portrait of the albanian literature, supported by her emotional wealth dhe by her physis view. The writer describes with the same literary tools used by the folk singer. In his vision, it is truly one with the category of beauty."

All these come out clear in some illustrative examples extracted from some pages of the novel, as follows: "On the way up in Fier, Kozma Ndreka could not take his mind off from Vita. So he didn't go to the storehouse of his master, as he had done many times when returning from the village, but he said to the charioteer to get the way home. When he entered in the courtyard he unloaded the chariot, not by the weight of the light mullein, but the burden of the heavy stones. Then he locked himself in the chamber, took in his hands the head made of stone of the Apollonian girl and began to kiss it on the cheek, in the neck, eyes, wherever the white hand of the beauty from Trokthi had gone. In the moment he felt the iciness of the stone, he remembered the coldness of the girl. He issued and, in his infatuation, he covered the statue's head with fiery kisses." p.161

"Wanting to warm her broken heart he gave all the fervor of the age to the cheeks, eyes, forehead, hair, neck and the white marble shoulders. But the speechless and unconscious stone could not satisfy with these, then Kozma grabbed dhe head and captured it at his breast, warmed it with his hands, and when it seemed that the cold cheeks were a little tepid, it was like he had Vita in his arms. He strongly supported his lips on the stone lips of the apollonian's girl and got lost in the ecstasy of a long kiss. It was the first kiss, that he could not restrain." p.161

"The human head is like the oil lamp, when filled, however much the oil and the water are stirred, it comes the time that they separate, below the oil and water above. From this separation comes the light of the wick, which shines the vessel and the surrounding world. The same thing in a man, however much the mixing in his heart continues, it comes a day that the good separates from the evil, overcomes it and then, it flashes in the face of the man the gladness full of light and goodness. The oil lamp shines and shines, till the oil is over, starts to crack and then it extinguishes with a tail of black smoke, that gives its effect in the throat." p.489

"The little ones are like bees, they find it difficult to stay in one place. The world for them is a great toy area, that catches them, takes their mind and removes them from the sorrow or the joy of the moment. Even the more amazing toy, like the flower's nectar is for the bees, can not keep their hands, feet, their eyes quicks for a long time. They will be bored soon, they will leave it and will go somewhere else, like the worker bee does with the flower that it has tried and flies in the other unknown petals. And so, with their wanderings and their flights, like that spring which purifies during his walk, they shake the dust by which the time covers things and stays always downright, free." p.133

"Consolating is the most difficult thing for the man, like wishing is the easiest thing. To climb up to the joy of the others, even if this is not directly your joy, there is no any difficulty, especially when the song resonates and the brandy froths, things that take your hand and lead you up there by themselves. But, leading oneself to the grief of another, when this is not directly your sorrow too, is really difficult, especially when there before you, tears go like streams and you feel the eyes dried and drained, because the tears of others are difficult to drink and they barely go down in your soul. Therefore, consolation does not have the same place, as the wish does." p.373

"The fear and the biggest concern always arises from the unknown, whether it is naught, before an acquaintance much more dangerous." p.466

"Man, usually, tired of ambiguities, of which you can not find a way, there, in the crossroad where they stay, satisfies with a lie, sufficiently to release him from the ominous thoughts, that he is no more able to confront. In this case, the man is like a baby: cries and roars, looking for someone to give him the moon and stops when you give him an orange instead." p.466

In summary we can say that in this novel come out clear the cutting points of many elements of the literature typologies that feed it, because the novel itself, on one side is a living mirror of the real Albanian life at the time, which closely relates it to the realistic direction, and on the other side that reality is positioned under coordinates coated symbolically from the semantic and linguistic perspective, which closely relates it to the symbolism, also joins the romantic plan, as in the center of it is just the love story of two young people, Vita and Adil, but also, this love is expressed through the symbolic and romantic contours of a natural romantic background, filled with symbols and detailed descriptions, which have been attached to the historical and political context, from the time where the main actors are two people, the albanian of Albania and the albanian of Kosovo, and all of this is realized through an emancipating spirit at the time, due to the behavior and the choices of Vita, as an expression of the emancipating spirit of the author himself, as well as through the deep penetration into the existence and dark recesses of the individual, which evokes a modernity and upside existentialism air. All these make Xoxa's novel, that under the analyzing and interpreting optics of the literary typological corps, could be said that "Dead Xoxa's River came back to life...!"