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BOOK REVIEW

CHRONICLE OF THE WANDERING YEARS: AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NARRATIVE CRÔNICA DOS ANOS ERRANTES: NARRATIVA AUTOBIOGRÁFICA CRÓNICA DE LOS AÑOS ERRANTES: NARRATIVA AUTOBIOGRÁFICA

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In 2011, the Social Representations Theory turned 50 years old. A collective work¹ alluding to the 50th anniversary was published and many events honored the 5 decades of Serge Moscovici's theory. In 2012, the author was awarded on the occasion of the International Day on Social Representations in Évora, Portugal, with another Doctor Honoris Causa title. Thus, bringing to the academic public this review of the biographical work of the theory's "father" is pertinent, because it represents an additional tribute to the author who revolutionized Social Psychology in the 1960s.

Serge Moscovici is director of studies at the École des Hautes Études em Sciences Sociales, in Paris. He has published several works, standing out the book which launched the theory *La psychanalyse, son image et son public*.

The work reviewed here has a biographical design and it was written by Serge Moscovici on two occasions: in 1979, during a trip to Jerusalem, and in 1994, 16 years later, when he finally concluded his narrative. It is organized into 6 chapters. His reflections enable us to understand the first 23 years of the author's life, wandering years, as he refers to them, lived in Europe and marked by the Second World War, in the 1930s and 1940s, during his childhood and adolescence. The book ends when he arrives in Paris, where he settles in the field of Social Psychology. Each chapter brings "recollections" of a time-place. Each page provides clues of a thought marked by family and school memories; there emerge characters, events, relationships, everyday life scenes, and the author goes on

biographing his life, crossed by events in the pre- and postwar Europe.

We sought in the text some narrative units, or, as the author himself points out, "recollection screens" which illustrate the chapter syntheses.

Serge Moscovici was born in Romania, in 1925. In Chapter 1 (If I forget you, Jerusalem), he narrates his "unhappy childhood", lived in the 1920s and 1930s, until completing 10 years of age. The remarkable fact of the period is the announcement of the World War: "The childhood years [...]. I do not want to become sentimental, but my heart is pushing [...], what was actually mine, what I belonged to, was the school [...]". The author is of Jewish origin and, in his first 10 years (1925-1935), he lived with his grandfather and grandmother, his parents (who divorced), and his stepmother: "The Sabbath became deeply rooted in my memory [...], a mirror [...]. The only [day] when I felt happy". The war announcement was already present: "Hitler apostrophized us. His voice rose strongly, filling the square, shouting angrily against Jews".

In Chapter 2 (Father and son), the author highlights the difficult relationship with his father, adolescence, entering the Lyceum, and the escape from war, since Romania became an ally of Germany. Out of his 15 years, he spent 11 years with aunt Anna. Within this period, "[...] in the streets of Galatzi [...] I first met antisemitism [...], I learned to be discriminated against". At the age of 12 years, he became a short storyteller and started writing. Even within this period of radical fascism, involving exodus and escape

from Romania to Bucharest, when he entered a new Lyceum, “over the subsequent years, writing became a way to cope with the abandonment of existence”.

In Chapter 3 (War and fate), he tells the last war years, the most difficult ones, because he had to do forced labor. In this difficult adolescence, he discovered the French language and new readings and discoveries became possible: “[...] Those who have known the extreme situations of life must always be ready to find an extreme life”. For him, the winter in 1940-41 was one of the most extreme times during the Second World War; he met with “[...] another humanity, an inhuman humanity”. Within this period, he was tired to the point of not being able to read anymore. The recollections led the author to meet his past again, and he indicates that “I had never thought that the narrative of a life could become the resumption of this life”. In these “gray” years, he devoted to an in-depth study of the French language, as he argues that “Paris had settled in our imagination [...] and, with no scruple, I included the word scholar into my vocabulary”.

Chapter 4 (The time of anamorphoses) was written at the second phase of his narrative, just in 1994. In this chapter, the author reaches 18 years (1943), and he is still experiencing the Second War. In Romania, the Germans are leaving and the Russians are arriving. And new times are announced. He states that resumed his readings and claims: “[...] I felt growing in myself a religiosity fever and resorted to the Bible”. Readings in French had improved and he starts reading everything he can about France: “I learned about the history of France from Balzac and Roger Martin Du Gard and about sociology from Proust”. Also within this period, he starts writing short essays. And he finds out, with Nietzsche, the “[...] the prodigious love for real, the lacerating Nietzsche’s freedom talking about knowledge, about human emotions on the edge of sustainable situations, provided my intuitions with a meaning, set a goal for my hopes, gave a reason to my point”. And other essays are written. He met Marx’s work, studies on physics and geometry. The war heralded its end and Serge Moscovici was already thinking about leaving.

In Chapter 5 (Wandering, hopes), he narrates numerous trips and reaches 21 years of age. It is the time of the first job in a metallurgical plant, during the fall in 1944, in Bucharest. It is time to write his first articles: “I felt we were keeping the year 44 in the

archives of the past, so that it could never come back”. Within this period, he took an entrance assessment and entered the university, under the aegis of Stalinism, the second pharaoh of modernity, as he states: “My religious education prevented me from succumbing to it, I was taught that it was wicked to create gods and prostrate in front of them”. His 4 friends were the *quatour* or the “*Vittelonis*”, “as, affectionately, my ironic memory calls them”. And it was time for farewells, departures, new paths to follow. There emerged a Generation 944, Zionist and resistant, and Serge Moscovici participated in this left-wing movement, which “was aimed at those who, like us, had lost their adolescence, but did not want to surrender. That was a new idea, in an environment sclerotic and little inclined to a refined social reflection”. Travels by train and truck led him to numerous cities in a new Europe. The western Europe, very different from the eastern Europe, where he had always lived. He knew Austria, “[...] that was the world which came over me, suddenly, one day in the spring in 46, when the truck went towards downtown Vienna [...]. The person who writes his memoirs tries to outline, with the aid of words, what the painter does with the line and color: a self-portrait”.

The last chapter (Paris! Paris!) finishes when he is 23 years old and in Paris. Back from his trips, where he sees the Cold War arriving, he decides it is time to leave; due to the disappointments with the movement/party and the aspirations to be a scholar: “To lead your life through unknown pathways or when you are alone, there is an only one rule: never go against the heart [...]. Alright, I knew what my heart wanted: to be a scholar, have a job which would result in a work”.

The departure occurred in the mid-1946 and many borders were crossed; “border crossings are rites of passage, nowadays we do not know it well: we fly over them and they have lost their sacred aura”. From Romania to Austria, Hungary, Italy, he stopped and lodged in refugee camps. In Italy, he has been in Milan, Venice, and, as highlighted in the narrative, in Emma Village, where he arrived in the fall of 1947. He went on to Nonantola, where he felt to be free: “[...] and freedom is time. Yes, I had time, a lot of time for me, more than I had ever had”. And he starts writing “feeling pleased to see in that fact another sign of the metamorphosis which allowed me to devote excess time to an activity I loved”. Many notes were written within this period, about innocence, about

past cultures, about ideologies. Then, there came Rome, another step in this exile period. But he really wanted to go to Paris, he just did not know exactly what to do in the city. But, as he pointed out, exile is also an art to be learned: “[...] I knew myself well enough to know that, if I went to a place other than Paris, I would regret it for the rest of my life. To Paris! To Paris”. This is the last frontier: “[...] in the beginning of January 1948, I did not feel sad to think of those times of disorder and pilgrimage through paths leading to nowhere, when so many hopes had been destroyed [...] what did remain in the world for me? I had had friends, a father and a mother who were not father nor mother, aunt Anna, my cousin. Then, Europe was divided into two. So, I had no one”. In the first night in French territory, he slept in a palace room close to a train station. He started hearing the language he had studied so much: “New Voices rose up around me, words after words, sentences after sentences, and unusual sounds filled my fascinated ears”. He took the train: “Through the train glass, those were not clouds I saw passing at full speed, but the lost years”. His aspiration remained: to be a scholar. At dusk, the station was seen by passengers on the train. Freedom was now just before his eyes: “And the much desired freedom, the only thing that mattered, was there too, between those mythical walls. The city whose books wove the networks around me, giving me a taste of hope, happiness [...]”. The narrative of his arrival in Paris is touching. A highly desired and dreamed arrival. He went to a shelter in Lamarck street, in the Montmartre district. He wondered and thought of that new place-time, while recalling things from childhood. Thus, he says: “In what this night is different from the other ones? And I answered: in all other nights, Paris was within the books. From this night on, the books will be books and Paris is Paris”. When finishing his biography, he pays tribute to Paris, the city will mark his life and work from this period onwards.

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