

# THE SARMATIAN REVIEW

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## Toward Postmodernism



A 1980s Polish engraving.  
From the *Sarmatian Review* Archives.

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### Our Take

## American Catholicism and Polish Americans

John Paul II's legacy is both spiritual and worldly. Leaving aside things spiritual, we shall consider the worldly. Will his legacy enable American Catholicism to incorporate Polish Catholic presence into church customs, ecclesiastical appointments, and the canon of texts to be studied, sung, and taught in America's Catholic churches and parochial schools? In January 2004, *Our Take* wrote about the lack of Polish Americans' visibility in these areas. With a few exceptions, the Polish American clergy seem relegated to the least visible parishes in the remotest corners of the continent, and Polish Catholic customs are studiously ignored by the Irish-German-Italian ecclesiastical structures. A few years ago, while visiting Squamish, British Columbia, an industrial town of several thousand Anglo and Indian inhabitants, we found a Polish American priest. His presence seemed symbolic of the use made of Polish Catholic clergy in this country. A well-known Catholic publishing house recently turned down a novel by Kazimierz Braun of SUNY-Buffalo (the novel's protagonist was modeled on John Paul II as a young man, and the place of action was Poland and America), because the topic was too "exotic" for an American audience. When we look at the chanceries of American dioceses or the editorial boards of Catholic periodicals—we find a scarcity of Polish names and Polish Catholic presence.

And yet, both in Poland and in America, Polish Catholicism remains one of the most vital Catholic centers in the world. Granted, much needs improving there, but much is also to be admired and learned from. Americans of Polish background have brought some of that Catholic spirit to these shores. Poland has

produced Catholic writers that compare favorably with contemporary American Catholic writers (we provide a "sound bite" of Michael Ziolo in this issue). Why, then, are they so glaringly absent in Catholic structures in the United States and Canada?

It seems to us that there are several reasons. First, American Catholics tend to believe that Catholicism begins and ends in America, that what is going on in the Catholic Church here is of primary importance elsewhere, from the Vatican to the villages of sub-Saharan Africa. This attitude begets another, namely, that only the English, German, and other Western European heritage in Catholicism is worth preserving. Thus American conservative Catholics bashed John Paul II for not devoting most of his time to disciplining unorthodox bishops in America, whereas liberal Catholics demanded that the Pope devote his time to pondering such issues as the all-male priesthood. Such demands are pathetically provincial, yet the leaders of American Catholics seem unable to understand that.

Second, even though Catholics constitute one-fourth of the U.S. population, they are marginalized in American society. The Protestant beginnings of America are loudly proclaimed in schools and scholarly books (John Carroll notwithstanding), and Protestant virtues supposedly lie at the foundations of America's success (notwithstanding the fact that in the sixth century, St. Benedict taught Europe how to work—*ora et labora*—and "Benedictine industriousness" became proverbial in several European languages). American intellectual life is conducted almost entirely outside the Catholic parameters. The representative intellectual publications stand miles away from Catholicism, while American universities employ few practicing Catholics in their humanities divisions. Catholics may be a quarter of the population, but practicing Catholics on the humanities faculties at leading universities are less than one percent of the faculty.

Being a subculture carries a price tag.

(continued on page 1167)

# The *Sarmatian Review* Index

## Russian spying in the United States in 2005

Estimated number of Russian spies operating in the United States in 2005: approximately the same as when Russia was under Communism.

Number of *known* Russian spies currently operating in the United States under official cover, according to the U.S. intelligence sources: 100 (a fraction of the total).

Most common professions assumed by the non-official Russian cover agents, or NOCs: businessman, journalist, and academic.

Information the spies are after: military technology and hardware, including the latest lasers; U.S. plans regarding the former Soviet states, China, and the Middle East; and U.S. energy policy.

Source: Jonas Bernstein in *Russia Reform Monitor*, no. 1240 (February 2, 2005).

## Russia's economic priorities

Number of families in the Russian Federation who live without hot water or sewerage: 14.3 million (out of the estimated 34 million families), or 40 million people.

Source: Federal Construction and Communal Services Agency Director Vladimir Averchenko, as reported by *Russia Reform Monitor*, no. 1244 (February 16, 2005).

## American finances

Percentage of total world savings in 2004 that are invested in America and finance American consumption: 80 percent.

Percentage of U.S. Treasury bills, notes, and bonds held by foreigners: 43 percent.

Source: Vice chairman of Goldman Sachs International Robert Hormats, as reported by the *New York Times*, 24 February 2005.

## Russian finances

Estimated capital flight from the Russian Federation in 2004: 8 billion dollars, or quadruple the 2003 outflow.

Source: Deputy Economics Minister Andrei Sharonov, as reported in *Russia Reform Monitor*, no. 1242 (24 February 2005).

## Chechen contribution to Soviet GDP

Percentage of Chechnya's contribution to the Soviet GDP before 1991: 12 percent.

Source: *Chechnya Weekly* (published by the Jamestown Foundation), vol. VI, no. 9 (2 March 2005).

## Postcolonial economies: CIS economies in 2004

Growth of GDP in all CIS countries including Russia: 8 percent.

Percentage of export earnings that Azerbaijan, Kazakhstan, and Turkmenistan receive for oil: 90 percent, 58 percent, and 26 percent, respectively.

Percentage of export earnings that Turkmenistan receives for gas: 57 percent.

Infant mortality in CIS: Tadjikistan, 116 per thousand; Kazakhstan, 99; Kyrgystan, 61; Moldova, 31, Russia, 21.

World Bank figures for GDP per person (according to current exchange rates) in these countries: Moldova, 590 dollars; Kyrgystan, 330 dollars; Uzbekistan, 310 dollars; Tadjikistan, 190 dollars; Ukraine, 970 dollars; Belarus, 1590 dollars.

Percentage of GDP earned by trade in all postcolonial post-Soviet countries: from 50 to 100 percent.

Percentage of Russian exports that go to CIS: 15 percent.

Source: Peter Rutland in *Eurasia Daily Monitor*, vol. 2, no. 42 (March 2, 2005).

Percentage of Russia's budget revenues that come from taxes on the oil and gas sector: 60 percent.

Source: Alex Nicholson of AP, as reported by *Houston Chronicle*, 8 March 2005.

## Polish incomes between 1989–2003

Average per capita increase in income in this period: 3 percent.

Number of counties in which per capita income went down in the same period: 269 (out of the total of 314).

Source: Jadwiga Staniszkis in *Europa*, no. 14 (80/05), 6 April 2005.

Percentage of Poles who lived in poverty in 2004: 60 percent.

Source: Zdzisław Krasnodębski in *Europa*, no. 14 (80/05), 6 April 2005.

## Skinheads in Russia and elsewhere in the world

Estimated number of skinheads in Russia in 2005: 50,000; in the rest of the world, 70,000.

Source: Jonas Bernstein in *Russia Reform Monitor*, no. 1262 (19 April 2005).

### **Immigration to and emigration from Poland in 2004**

Number of immigrants to Poland from other EU countries: 70,000.

Immigration to Poland from countries that were part of the USSR: 250,000.

Emigration from Poland to Ireland, Great Britain, and Sweden (only these three EU countries opened the job market to Poles): 60,000.

Estimated number of emigrants from Poland to other EU countries and the USA: 60,000.

Source: *Rzeczpospolita*, 12 March 2005; *Donosy*, no. 3928 (13 March 2005).

### **Polish budget deficits**

Polish budget deficit in 2004 as computed by the Polish government: -5.4 percent; as computed by the EU Statistics Office: -6.9 percent.

Projected Polish budget deficits for the forthcoming years: 2005, -3.9 percent and -5.4 percent; 2006, -3.2 percent and -4.7 percent; 2007, -2.2 percent and -3.7 percent.

Reason for this disparity: Polish statistics include in the budget current retirements funds, thus making the deficit appear smaller. The EU rule is to exclude retirement funds from the budget.

Reason this disparity matters: the second set of figures makes it impossible for Poland to join the euro zone before 2009 or 2010.

Source: *Rzeczpospolita*, 17 February 2005.

### **OECD data concerning worker productivity in Poland and Germany**

By comparison to the productivity of Germans designated as 100 percent, the productivity of Poles in various branches of the economy is as follows: in retail business, 120 percent; in tourist and hotel business, 174 percent; in construction, 91 percent; in industry, 56 percent; in agriculture, 24 percent. Overall, 56 percent.

Monthly wages in Poland by comparison to those in Germany: 20–25 percent of German wages.

Source: OECD (Paris), as reported by *Rzeczpospolita*, 18 February 2005.

### **United States compensation to the Hungarian Jews for financial losses in the Second World War**

Reason for compensation: May 1945 U.S. soldiers' interception in Werfen, Austria, of the "Gold Train" of 40 boxcars packed with gold, art, and other valuables the Nazis had plundered from the Hungarian Jews.

Follow-up to this event: a class-action suit by survivors in a U.S. District Court in Florida in which the judge ruled in favor of the plaintiffs.

Number of persons to be compensated: 10,000 persons in the United States, 15,000 in Hungary, and 25,000 in Israel.

Form of compensation: unspecified, but said to consist of millions of dollars.

Source: UPI (Budapest), 17 February 2005.

### **Attitudes toward migrants and minorities in Europe**

Percentage of Poles opposed to granting citizenship to foreign nationals who entered the country legally: 14.3 percent, or the lowest in the European Union.

Percentage of other EU nationals opposed to granting citizenship to foreign nationals who are in the country legally: western Germany, 51.8 percent; eastern Germany (former DDR), 46.4 percent; UK, 48.5 percent; Austria, 44.3 percent; France, 40.5 percent; Slovakia, 37.9 percent; Italy, 24.8 percent; Czech Republic, 21.0 percent.

Source: European Monitoring Centre on Racism and Xenophobia ("Majorities' attitudes towards minorities in Western and Eastern European Societies: Results from the European Social Survey 2002–2003," EUMC Website ([www.eumc.eu.int/eumc/index](http://www.eumc.eu.int/eumc/index)), as of 17 March 2005.

### **Chechnya, Poland, Russia**

Date of demonstration in Warsaw during which the name of Dhokhar Dudaev Square was given to the crossing between Jerusalem Avenue and Popularna Street in Warsaw: 12 March 2005.

Russian response in March 2005: renaming the Moscow street at which the Polish Embassy is located the Muraviev-Veshatel' Street (Muraviev the Hangman who tortured and hanged Polish prisoners of war after the 1831 failed insurrection).

Source: Lena Białkowska in *Donosy*, no. 3936 (24 March 2005).

### **Commemoration of John Paul II in Poland**

Number of monuments in Polish cities and villages (as of April 2005) commemorating John Paul II during his life: 230.

Source: CUL graduate student Kazimierz Ożóg in his thesis on that topic, as reported by Małgorzata Subotić in *Rzeczpospolita*, 11 April 2005.



# The Past and Present Ends of History

**Zdzisław Krasnodebski**

**F**rancis Fukuyama's thesis about the end of history<sup>(1)</sup> is sometimes invoked as an example of extreme naivete. However, in his famous book Fukuyama did not say that nothing new would happen in history. He merely stated that it is inconceivable for a more perfect organizational structure to appear than one embedded in liberal democracy and market capitalism. Most of Fukuyama's critics agree with his thesis. Often they are more "Fukuyamist" than Fukuyama himself, although they may not realize it. Poland in particular is replete with such "Fukuyamists." They are not only convinced that the present "Western" forms of political and economic life are perfect, but also that they themselves have always advanced the thesis that the Third Republic [Poland since 1989] is the final and ultimate end of the history of Poland, and that nothing better could ever conceivably happen to the Poles. This last belief has recently been shaken by world events, but the opinion that the *telos* of history finds its fulfillment in the European Union is still very popular.

On second look, however, Fukuyama's opus does not inspire optimistic conclusions. His description of the "posthistoric" state was penned largely under the influence of Friedrich Nietzsche. Like Nietzsche and like Alexandre Kojève, a Russian émigré whose interpretations of Hegel influenced many French and American intellectuals, Fukuyama maintains that at the end of history man ceases to be human in the traditional sense, and instead reverts to the essentially animalistic stage of contentment with the world, becoming similar to a well-fed dog rolling about in warm sunshine. "The last man," or the man of the liberal democracy, is interested first of all in his own health and security. This seems to have been borne out by practice—today's German youth are interested mainly in the question of who will pay for their dentures during their years of retirement. Contrary to the nightmares of many Poles, even Erika Steinbach would not be able to rouse them up to battle.

For Nietzsche, such a stage of animalistic contentment was a frightening vision, for Kojève a positive one, while Fukuyama seems to have placed his hopes in a variety of social inequalities which liberal democracy continues to manufacture. As long as these

inequalities exist, people will want to stand up and struggle in order to be more highly regarded than others, and by that means avoid becoming like generously fed dogs sunning themselves. However, the possibilities of "standing out" and getting ahead of the pack seem to be diminishing both in the economy and in politics. There remain substitutes such as sports and a broad range of snobberies.

It is worth remembering that history was supposed to end many times in the past. These aborted endings are instructive. It was Hegel, the same philosopher who stated that he "discovered" History, that was the first to announce its demise. However, his pupils soon found that their master made excessive promises and that history did not end. This caused no less confusion among them than among the early Christians when the Kingdom of God failed to arrive. However, according to Kojève, Hegel committed only a slight mistake—he was in too much of a hurry. Hegel's philosophy is not yet true, but it will become true. The master and slave dialectic has not yet reached its final point. Like Tadeusz Kroński in Poland and many other admirers of Hegel elsewhere, Kojève was of the opinion that only the Soviet Union would finally bring to fruition Hegel's reasoning about the end of History. While Hegel admired Napoleon as a person of great historical significance, Kojève admired Stalin as the man leading History to its fulfillment. He maintained that one can understand *Phenomenology of Spirit* only insofar as one comes to understand Stalin.<sup>(2)</sup>

Kojève was born in 1912 into a well-to-do intelligentsia family. His real name was Kozhevnikov, and Vassilii Kandinsky was his uncle. During the October Revolution he was arrested, but owing to his family's connections he managed to get out of jail. In spite of this episode, he left Russia in 1920, and he left it—as he later stated—a convinced Communist. He lived in Poland for a few years; there too he was imprisoned on charges of spying for Soviet Russia. Later he moved to Germany. He studied philosophy with Karl Jaspers in Heidelberg and received a doctorate from that university. His PhD thesis dealt with the religious thought of Vladimir Soloviev.<sup>(3)</sup> In 1926 he was invited to France by another Russian émigré, Alexander Koyré, and was introduced to Paris's intellectual circles. When Koyré departed for a trip to Egypt, he asked Kojève to take over his lectures on Hegel's philosophy of religion in Ecole pratique des hautes études. Kojève was an instant success as a lecturer, and he held the post at Ecole pratique for six years (1933–39). He lectured primarily on the

*Phenomenology of Spirit*. Among his listeners were such future luminaries as Jean-Paul Sartre, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Jacques Lacan, Georges Bataille, Louis Althusser, Raymond Queneau, Leon Aron, and André Breton. A suggestive portrayal of Kojève can be found in Mark Lilla's *The Reckless Mind: Intellectuals in Politics*.<sup>(4)</sup>

According to Vincent Descombes, Kojève possessed a fascinating personality. He succeeded in "compromising philosophy," i.e., he compelled it to take interest in the aspects of social life which philosophy usually passes over in silence: political cynicism, massacres of civilians, and violence. He considered these to be the forces that push History forward. He was also credited with revealing "the irrational sources of reason" and enabling his students to [sympathetically] understand "the terror-oriented vision of history." It was under Kojève's influence that such people as Sartre and Merleau-Ponty became so sympathetic to Stalin and the Soviet system, under the assumption that terror and the show trials moved History forward.

Kojève's lectures on Hegel were published in 1947. While they constitute interesting reading material, they lack the alleged compelling and almost magical force attributed to them by Kojève's students and admirers. Other than these lectures, Kojève published virtually nothing during his lifetime. He died in 1968. In the 1990s his work came out in three volumes titled *Essai d'une histoire raisonnée de la philosophie payenne*, but they failed to meet the high expectations of his admirers. Much more significant—and revolting—was the revelation that Kojève was a Soviet agent not only in theory but in practice: he literally worked for the Soviet intelligence (which incidentally confirms the good reputation of the Polish counterintelligence between the two world wars).

Today Kojève is considered to be one of the fathers of postmodern politics, the politics of "the end of history." He is regarded as a major influence on the American neoconservatives on the one hand, and on the other, he influenced such key personalities in the construction of the European Union as the former French President Giscard d'Estaing. Kojève corresponded with, and was a friend of, Leo Strauss, the father of neoconservatism. Part of this correspondence was published in Strauss's well-known volume *On Tyranny*.<sup>(5)</sup> Allan Bloom was one of Leo Strauss's students. He was also Francis Fukuyama's teacher.

Thus Kojève was not only a Hegelian and a Soviet agent. Together with his friend Leo Strauss, he was a source of inspiration for a trend known today as

American neoconservatism (although it should be stressed that Strauss disagreed with some of Kojève's views). He can also be described as the first Eurocrat, because after the Second World War he ceased to lecture on Hegel and became a French bureaucrat. He worked in the Ministry of Foreign Trade and specialized in inter-European affairs. According to those who specialize in the study of his writings, he was one of the architects of the European Common Market and of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT).<sup>(6)</sup> He influenced Giscard d'Estaing, the father of the European Constitution project. Thus if Kojève had languished in the Polish prison longer than he actually did, we might have been deprived of an interesting interpretation of Hegel and—if one is to believe the opinions about his influence on the process of conceptualizing European unity—of the European Union itself.

Among Kojève's writings published posthumously there was a *Memorandum* dealing with the French foreign policy. Until it was published in 1990 in *La règle du jeu* and republished in translation in the neoconservative journal *Policy Review* in August 2004, it was known mostly by hearsay.<sup>(7)</sup> *Policy Review* commentator Robert Howse (University of Michigan professor and a specialist in twentieth-century European legal and economic matters) found in this *Memorandum* a very relevant vision of Europe, one worthy of attention and recommendation.<sup>(8)</sup> This *Memorandum* allows one to correct Fukuyama's prognoses of the end of history. According to Howse, from Kojève's perspective it is clear that, contrary to what Fukuyama postulated, the fall of Communism does not signify a victory of liberal capitalism. Europe's historical mission supposedly consists in showing the world other perspectives of development which will include some Socialist elements.

In the *Memorandum* Kojève outlines a thesis that is fashionable today, of the death of the nation states. He also develops a postmodern version of the old-fashioned notion of Empire. He maintains that "the spirit of History" has already left the nation state, but it has not yet assumed a universal form, and that is why it assumes the mediating form of Empire. It is from this point of view that one should assess the historical role of twentieth-century dictators. Hitler was doomed from the very beginning because his Third Reich was anachronistically nationalist, whereas Stalin turned out to be forward-looking because he was building an empire based on universalist ideology. Kojève stated that after the Second World War there

arose a necessity to construct a Latin Empire in which France could retain its cultural role. This Empire would serve as a counterweight to the Anglo-Saxon Empire on the one hand, and to the Soviet-Slavic Empire on the other; it would occupy a middle ground between the barbarous statism of the Soviets and Anglo-Saxon liberalism. It is this thought that Kojève's contemporary admirers found particularly attractive.

It should be pointed out that Kojève's project differs significantly from the European Union in its present form. First, the objective of Kojève's Latin Empire was to save France. The Empire as an autonomous political entity was to preserve the French cultural identity. Second — and this point is omitted from Howse's discussion of Kojève — the major reason for assembling the Latin Empire was to oppose a natural German hegemony in continental Europe. Kojève stated that "the direct danger comes from Germany. It is not a military but an economic danger, and therefore a political danger." Thus the Latin Empire would not have been the same as today's integrated Europe; it was supposed to be an answer to the integration of Germany with Europe.

Events turned out differently. European integration and the ensuing European Union became for Germany a foundation of its rehabilitation and return to a leadership position. The European Union allowed Germany to liberate itself from Anglo-Saxon control. While Kojève assumed that Germany would ally itself closer with the Anglo-Saxon world, it is evident today that instead, Germany and France have formed a kind of "European Directorate." Present-day Germany's economic weakness (relative though it may be) is an unexpected factor which had not been anticipated by the author of this grandiose vision of the future. The spiritual strength necessary for full integration of East and West Germany has also been lacking; as a result after fifteen years the integration process has not yet been completed. It remains to be seen how these two crises will be resolved in Germany. The direction Germany will take in the future will depend on the methods of resolution of these crises.

The Soviet Empire has fallen. Putin's Russia is trying to raise it up from the dead, but unsuccessfully so far, as Ukraine's example shows. Russia is no longer a threat to the French and German Europe; on the contrary, it has become a potential partner. The only country that can play the role of adversary is the United States. One can speak of revitalization of the layout of forces that briefly existed in Europe shortly after the French campaign of 1940: a united continental Europe

poised against the Anglo-Saxon world in the West, and rebellious Poland in the East.

It bears repeating that the project of the Latin Empire was based on an entirely different set of premises than the present European Union. Its basis was supposed to be some kind of spiritual and mental kinship. According to Kojève, this kinship colors the ideas of liberty, equality, and brotherhood in Latin Europe; without it democracy could not survive. But what is significant is not the details of Kojève's plan but rather its general theoretical bent toward Empire and against the nation state, the bent that resurfaces in neoconservative theorizing today.

Kojève had stated that this Latin Empire should have Catholicism as its base. The separation of church and state was an outcome of the long rivalry between the nation state and religion; however, since the liberal epoch was over, this separation lost its *raison d'être*. Both institutions would profit from the new alliance, because without the help of religion the Empire could not maintain vitality for long, and without Empire the Church would not have a solid basis either.

Thus Kojève's project does not seem to have much in common with the present day European Union, which is secular and not based on cultural traditions. According to the majority of its deciding members, the UE should not and could not be built on a common cultural base; at the very most, it could only be based on certain abstract and generally understandable values. The UE is supposed to be the first culturally neutral political entity. It is supposed to be a place where postmodern liberalism would find its final realization. Even though the original project of the European Union was worked out by the Christian Democrats, at present it is not a project related to Christianity. The sign of the cross can be accepted only as a secular sign.

Kojève's advocacy of the political function of religion is interesting, however, especially in the light of the fact that he had previously interpreted Hegel from the position of radical atheism. Hegel's philosophy was supposed to replace, indeed eliminate, Christianity. God is nothing but the World Spirit, or humanity in its historical development. The teachings of Christianity were to be preserved, but the transcendent and immortal God was no longer necessary. According to Kojève, the central and major mistake of Christianity was the idea of the Resurrection. God must die to become Man, a finite and mortal man; and if man is really mortal, no God can exist.(9)

In the crusade of the Spirit through History, two men, in Kojève's view, played a messianic role. In that he agreed with Hegel. One of the key passages in Hegel's *Phenomenology of the Spirit* is the last sentence of Chapter 6:

The reconciling Yea, in which the two 'I's let go their antithetical existence, is the existence of the 'I' which has expanded into a duality, and therein remains identical with itself, and, in its complete externalization and opposite, possesses the certainty of itself; it is God manifested in the midst of those who know themselves in the form of pure knowledge.(10)

Kojève comments on this text as follows: "Christ who exists in this world; God, who revealed himself to men; Logos; the Word which became flesh — are nothing else than the Napoleon-Hegel pair: the person who brought History to the end of its development by means of a bloody struggle, and the person who revealed the meaning of this development."(11) In other words, Napoleon was a revealed deity who disclosed himself through Hegel and his disciples.

Carried away by the grandiose vision of history which he constructed, Hegel wished to be more than a human being; since for obvious reasons he could not become God, he became, as Eric Voegelin rightly pointed out, a magician in the sense of the word used by Bronisław Malinowski. He became a magician who invented his own image of history, and this image became a weapon with which to gain power.(12) Kojève retained Hegel's theoretical bent and only changed the details to make them correspond with the actual political happenings in Europe.

Kojève held the opinion that history will end when men reach the state of satiation; it is human beings themselves that are the source of negativity because they produce it through their actions. One can always negate that which is. But one can also refuse to so negate, and here human freedom comes into play. The refusal to say "no" will become possible only when human beings become citizens of a "homogenous world polity," or a classless society that will embrace all humanity.(13) In that imagined stage of human development politics will disappear, for politics is a sphere of defeat. It will be replaced by harmonious cooperation.

It is not entirely clear whether the imperial phase of History is only a transitory stage between the epoch of unenlightened humanity and the final posthistorical society, or whether Kojève changed his mind and ceased to believe in the fulfillment of history and the possibility of passing into this posthistorical stage. In any case, the hope for a universal and homogenous state remains alive in Europe. It includes the hope of total inclusiveness, or full recognition of the [Hegelian] slave by his master.

Unfortunately, the excluded seem to multiply instead of diminishing in number; the process of including them

seems to create them anew, while American foreign policy pushes into the remote future the plans of constructing the world state that would resemble a giant worldwide NGO rather than the Prussian monarchy. The idea of the imperial EU, with its secularized and messianic call for creating a barrier to America's evil empire, is alive in Europe. The Spirit of History is now supposed to embody itself in the European Parliament. Its political agents are Jacques Chirac and Gerhard Schröder, while Jürgen Habermas and a few lesser intellectuals play the role of Hegel.

The attempts to end history tend to be painful for those individuals, classes, and nations that oppose such engineering ventures. However, the previous "ends of history" produced one comforting conclusion: the present end of history will also end some day, and perhaps sooner than some of us believe. ▲

## NOTES

1. Francis Fukuyama, *The End of History and the Last Man* (New York: Perennial, 1993).
2. Irving Fetscher, "Vorwort zur Neuaufgabe," in Alexander Kojève, *Hegel: Kommentar zur 'Phänomenologie des Geistes'* (Frankfurt a. Main: Suhrkamp, 1996), 12.
3. "Die religiöse Philosophie Wladimir Solowjews," 1931.
4. Mark Lilla, *The Reckless Mind: Intellectuals in Politics* (New York: NYRB, 2001), 113–36. While Lilla states that Sartre was never a student of Kojève, "although he could have learned a great deal from him," other authors count Sartre among Kojève's students.
5. Leo Strauss, *On Tyranny*, rev. and expanded edition (Chicago, IL: Univ. of Chicago Press, 2000).
6. Schadia B. Drury, *Alexandre Kojève: The Roots of Postmodern Politics* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1994), pp. 3, 43; Dominic Auffret, *Alexandre Kojève: La Philosophie, l'état, la fin de l'histoire* (Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1999).
7. Alexandre Kojève, "Outline of a Doctrine of French Policy [August 27, 1945]," *Policy Review*, no. 126 (August 2004).
8. Robert Howse, "Kojève's Latin Empire," *ibid.*, pp. 41 f.
9. Alexandre Kojève, *Hegel. Kommentar zur Phänomenologie des Geistes*, 280.
10. G. W. F. Hegel, *Phenomenology of Spirit*, translated by A. V. Miller (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1977), 409.
11. Kojève, *Hegel. Kommentar*, 295.
12. Eric Voegelin, "On Hegel: A Study in Sorcery," *Published Essays 1966–1985 (Collected Works of*



*Eric Voegelin*, vol. 12) (Baton Rouge, LA: Louisiana State Univ. Press, 1999), 213–55.

13. Alexandre Kojève, *Hegel. Commentar*, 288.

A shorter version of this article appeared in Polish in *Europa*, a weekly cultural supplement to the daily *Fakt* (15/5, 19 January 2005). Translated by permission by the SR staff.

## BOOKS and Periodicals Received

*Belaruskija narodnyja kryzhi* [Belarusan national crosses], by Michas' Ramanjuk. Vilnius: Nasha Niva, 2000. Illustrations, Index. 221 pages. Hardcover. Price: 116 litas. In Belarusan.

Michas' Ramanjuk (1944–1997) was a prolific ethnologist and a gifted photographer who spent thirty years traveling in Belarus in the course of ethnographical research and photographic studies. His extraordinary survey of Belarusan folk crosses and burial customs is both a coffee table album and a scholarly monograph. The 303 black-and-white photographs, many of which reveal a world still untouched by modern technology, capitalism, and consumerism, offer a glimpse of the communal character of the Slavic and Baltic folk cultures. The text here is in Belarusan, with a separate English-language table of contents, author's biography, index and description of each photograph, and summary. Some of the photographs call to mind the work of renowned Polish photographer Adam Bujak, although Ramanjuk's powerful, ghostly black-and-white photographs, especially those depicting humans in cemeteries, have more of a haunting, timeless quality than Bujak's recent commercialized work.

Ramanjuk portrays a variety of crosses: graveyard, roadside, wooden, stone, and metal, most of which have been popularly believed to possess an almost supernatural power protecting the common folk from misfortune and evil spirits. Crosses erected at crossroads were intended to be places of rest and nourishment for the spirits that wandered the roads. In addition to crosses, Ramanjuk provides photographs and descriptions of other markers, decorations, and inscriptions encountered in cemeteries. Specific and simple pole-like markers designate the graves of unbaptized children and suicides. Certain graves are topped by a wooden sarcophagus-like grave construction (*narub*), while others are covered with a grave log (*pyklad*) of human-like proportions. A mixture of Christian and pre-Christian customs is observed throughout.

A specific feature of Belarusan crosses, especially in the Polesie region, is decoration with a traditional

embroidered towel (*ruchnik*) similar to the ceremonial cloths often displayed atop Ukrainian and Romanian religious icons. Unlike the latter, however, which merely drape icons, the Belarusan cloths are wrapped about the crosses according to specific symbolic patterns. As Ramanjuk, also a specialist in Belarusan folk dress, demonstrates in comparative illustrations, there are parallels between the decoration of a cross and the traditional dressing of the groom during the wedding ceremony, when the groom's attendants wrap him with a long, decorative ceremonial cloth. Scholars have suggested that the ceremonial embroidered towels, commonly exhibited upon icons in the "holy corner" of the Ukrainian and Belarusian peasant dwelling, are a pre-Christian relic of the culture of the ancient Indo-Iranian Sarmatians.

This volume will appeal to anyone interested in the work of Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish *Kresy*, Slavic burial traditions, or pre-Christian Slavic culture. Of special interest for Polish readers are the photographs and descriptions of the autumnal feast of *Dzjady* (Polish: *Dziady*). The photographs from cemeteries, dating chiefly from 1989 celebrations of the *Dzjady* feast, depict women in traditional folk costume and food and drink offered to the spirits of the deceased. Quite expensive by the standards of current publications from Lithuania and Belarus, the volume was purchased in 2004 in Vilnius; it is a priceless investment for any library, public or private, that deals with Slavs. Such remarkable, haunting photographs as these are not often seen today. (Kevin Hannan)

*Las w lustrach/Forest in the Mirrors*, by Janusz Szuber. Translated by Ewa Hryniewicz-Yarbrough and Clare Cavanagh. Rzeszów: YES (wydawnictwo@yes.pl), 2001. 72 pages. Illustrations. ISBN 83-911519-2-1. Bilingual Polish/English.

A beautifully published book of poetry accompanied by illustrations reminiscent of Tolkien's world. Szuber's poetry deals with nature and human nature; it is born of mature reflection and it looks back toward Czesław Miłosz.

*The Polish Underground Army, the Western Allies, and the Failure of Strategic Unity in World War II*, by Michael Alfred Peszke. Foreword by Piotr S. Wandycz. Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2004. x + 244 pages. Index, bibliography, appendices. ISBN 0-7864-2009-X. Hardcover.

*Moja Polska: Eseje o polskości/My Poland: Essays on Polish Identity*, by Kevin Hannan. Translation into Polish by Jacek Serwalski. Poznań: Wydawnictwo

Poznańskie, 2005. 283 pages. ISBN: 83-7177-204-1. Paperback. Bilingual Polish/English. Essays on Polish history, culture, language, and religion.

## Stalin and his Hangmen The Tyrant and Those who Killed for Him

By Donald Rayfield. New York: Random House, 2004. xxviii + 541 pages. ISBN 0375506322. Hardcover. \$19.77.

### Roger Cooke

At the end of Part 1 of Goethe's *Faust* the antihero Faust wakes up after his *Walpurgisnacht* debauchery to a grey morning and the realization that his lechery has caused Gretchen to be hounded out of society and incarcerated as a criminal. Mephistopheles—for whom, one supposes, the greatest enjoyment is watching human beings suffer a lifetime of regrets in return for a few minutes of pleasure—had to leave Faust with enough humanity to repent. Faust now rages against him, saying, “Stay and torture me with your unbearable presence! . . . All the while that you were lulling me with insipid dissipation you concealed from me her growing misery.” Like all creatures of emotion, while he is enjoying the passion of repentance, Faust imagines that if he had known what Gretchen was suffering because of him, he would have behaved differently. He forgets that it was he himself, not Mephistopheles, who seduced and corrupted her in the first place, while he was enjoying the passion of lust. He was happy to accept Mephistopheles' explanation of the vision he had of Gretchen beheaded while the fit was upon him.

**Without the willing complicity of thousands of petty Fausts, they could not have committed their monstrous crimes.**

Mephistopheles is not at all taken aback by this tirade. He has the perfect riposte: “She isn't the first!” Hearing that, Faust, in the colorful phrase of my children's generation, goes ballistic: “Turn him back into his favorite shape! Let him crawl on his belly in the sand before me, so that I can tread him underfoot. . . . The misery of this one person chills me to the very marrow of my bones, it cuts me to the quick; and you grin calmly over the doom of thousands!” Mephistopheles can at last

be candid with Faust: “Now we have reached the limits of our reason, the point where your human mind fails. Why do you keep company with us if you can't go the whole distance? You want to fly, but you can't even avoid getting tricked. Did we compel you, or you us?”

Those words were written a full century before the horrendous events that were to bear witness to their psychological truth. “The doom of thousands”: To Goethe this phrase must have conjured up an image of appalling cruelty and suffering, like those famous medieval and Renaissance paintings of the souls in hell, or the Thirty Years' War that he knew about. Could he have imagined that “thousands” was only a pale reflection of the reality that was soon to be in his country and its neighbors? For that matter, can we ourselves fully understand how it happened, even with the benefit of hindsight, looking back over a century in which hardly any decade has been without its own ruthless massacres of millions of people, either by the weapons of war or by deliberately organized starvation?

To understand the psychology that makes such atrocities possible, imagine that you were invited to a reception *in honor of* Jeffrey Dahmer. You certainly would decline with indignation. But if you were a Western diplomat assigned to Russia in the 1930s, you would go to such a reception and shake hands cordially and make polite conversation with dozens of people, each of whose crimes, in terms of numbers and the bestial cruelty involved in them, were the equivalent of ten thousand Jeffrey Dahmers.

Anyone reading *Faust* nowadays will have plenty of images available for the character of Mephistopheles: Hitler and Stalin, naturally, but also Pol Pot, Idi Amin, Mao Tse-Tung, Kim Jong-Il, and more others than one would care to list. And in the case of the Communists, one can put the workers and peasants that they claimed to love but betrayed in the role of Gretchen. But there the parallel ends: Faust demanded to be allowed to save Gretchen. And none of the twentieth-century sociopaths had the supernatural powers of a Mephistopheles. Without the willing complicity of thousands of petty Fausts, they could not have committed their monstrous crimes. This brings us to the point of the present review. We know what motivated the fictional Faust. It was not, as it is often said to be, the desire for arcane knowledge—he already possessed that before he conjured up Mephistopheles. Once he made the contact, as C. S. Lewis has pointed out, he wanted money, power, and sex. What were the motivations of the executioners who surrounded Hitler and Stalin? Were they merely caught in a web of fear?

Donald Rayfield, Professor of Russian and Georgian at the University of London, presents us with a blush of boys who made the Faustian bargain with Stalin. Rayfield's book shows us the whole pyramid of murderers with Stalin at the apex and his coterie of banal, mediocre yes-men in the layer just below, down to the bottommost stratum of sadists who did the actual killing. There have been many excellent studies of the crimes of the Communists: the works of Solzhenitsyn, Robert Conquest's *Harvest of Sorrow*, Arkady Vaksberg's *Stalin Against the Jews*, Sheila Fitzpatrick's *Stalin's Peasants*, Martin Amis' *Koba the Dread*, and others. But none of them has exactly the focus of Rayfield's book, which takes advantage of the latest available archival material to document the crimes of these men. One would like to say in mitigation of their crimes that they honestly believed the criminal rampages of their era were merely the bloody prelude to the Communist utopia that they envisioned in the near future, as the fictional Rubashov believed in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. That, however, is a psychological impossibility: no sane person can believe that you pursue a workers' and peasants' paradise by sending millions of workers and peasants to be worked to death, to die of cold and starvation, and to be shot. Their motives must have been those of the fictional Faust: power and money, certainly; and, as Rayfield makes very clear, for those in the pyramid who came home from work with literal as well as figurative blood on their hands—Yagoda, Yezhov, Beria—sex as well.

Did these twentieth-century Fausts ever repent of their crimes? Yes, but not even as much as Faust did in the few lines left him in Part One. They never got to the redemptive Part Two of the drama. Many of them creaked on in comfort to die of old age in the declining days of the Soviet Union, for which they had sold their souls. The traitor Philby was unrepentant to the end and did not live to see the ruin of the empire for which he betrayed his own country. Khrushchev's famous denunciation of Stalin was much less like penitence than Faust's denunciation of Mephistopheles: Khrushchev would have had us believe that Stalin's primary victims were Communist Party members. Out of the whole rogues' gallery, Rayfield tells us, only Zinoviev, in the last few seconds before he was shot, prayed, "Hear, O Israel. . .".

One may ask, "What is the need for a new book on the crimes of the Communists?" From an academic point of view, the question does not require an answer—scholarship goes on forever. Historians, I have no doubt, still debate the causes and effects of the Peloponnesian

War. If the book were on the Nazi Holocaust one would have to stretch a point to find any contemporary application. A resurgence of Nazism is one of the least probable eventualities in the future development of Europe. But history is already being revised in regard to Communism. It is being said, for example—by people who do not wish to see the difference between a multicandidate election and a multiparty election—that Gorbachev was a liberal democrat who planned a multiparty society in Russia. (How quickly we forget: Sakharov died in December 1989, a few hours after suggesting a multiparty system in Russia and being cut off by Gorbachev. Of course, two years later, when he himself resigned, Gorbachev was happy to take credit for the multiparty system he had been unable to prevent.)

And it is important to remember the fellow-traveling Western intellectuals like Isaac Deutscher, who managed to write a biography of Stalin without mentioning any labor camps or firing squads. Or Walter Duranty of *The New York Times*, who somehow overlooked the deliberate starvation of several million people by the Soviet government. Or the most obnoxious of them all, the cretinous G. B. Shaw, who told the Russians in all seriousness that, "Now upon my return I can say: Yes, I have seen all the 'terrors,' and I was terribly pleased by them." (This from a man whose life was spent concocting fictitious scenes to entertain an audience, who candidly reported the times the Russians made him enter a scene twice so that their movie cameras could get the propaganda shots they wanted, but still couldn't imagine that what he was seeing was as fictitious as the tea party in *Pygmalion*.) These were the people Malcolm Muggeridge wrote of in the preface to *Winter in Moscow* [1934], saying "I took a great dislike to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and, even more, to its imbecilic foreign admirers."

The imbeciles are still with us, and not inclined to shut up. We need a book like Rayfield's every year, just to stay even with them. Δ

## Spanish Carlism and Polish Nationalism

### The Borderlands of Europe in the 19th and 20th centuries

Edited by Marek Jan Chodakiewicz and John Radzilowski. Preface by Patrick Foley. Charlottesville, Virginia: Leopolis Press (2102 Arlington Boulevard, #2, Charlottesville, VA 22903-1535). 2003. ISBN 0-9679960-5-8. Index. xiii + 137 pages. Paper. \$12.71.



## Joseph A. Kotarba

There are at least two reasons why comparative analysis is useful in writing the history of nations. First, comparison can disclose shared, underlying processes—economic, cultural, or political—that explain similar events in both nations. Second, comparison can show unexpected links—diplomatic, philosophical or religious—between two nations. The four essays presented in Marek Jan Chodakiewicz and John Radzilowski's book enlighten us about nineteenth- and twentieth-century conservatism and nationalism by juxtaposing the fate of Spain and Poland.

Radzilowski provides a useful introduction for, and Carolyn Boyd comments on, three essays derived from a panel conducted at the nascent Historical Society meetings at Boston University in 1999. The panel was dedicated to the analysis of Spanish Carlism, a movement that lasted from about 1810 to 1939. The Carlists took their name from the conservative position they held regarding royal succession. King Ferdinand VII named his daughter Isabel as his heir, a move that went counter to Spain's constitutionally designated successor, the King's conservative brother Carlos. For the next hundred years, the Carlists represented both members of the royal family and commoners who opposed the liberal throne.

As Alexandra Wilhelmsen writes in her essay, the Carlists represented the rich conservative tradition in Spain. No country opposed the French Revolution more than Spain. Although Spain confronted revolutionary France in two wars, Spain itself was split into two warring factions: the liberals who instituted dramatic changes in the Spanish political and cultural systems, and the counterrevolutionaries who opposed them. Civil wars rocked Spain in the early nineteenth century. During Liberal rule bishops were exiled and most religious orders were outlawed. The Carlists emerged to continue the conservative tradition in Spain by following the realists, who rejected the French Revolution and its unsavory repercussions; and the legitimists, who staunchly supported the traditional Spanish constitution. The Carlists' motto was "Dios, Patria, Fueros, Rey," that is, "God, Fatherland, Regional Rights, King." They favored the return of Catholicism as the state religion, the legal and economic freedom of the Church, independence from foreign interference and domination, and a return to the principles of local government that evolved over many years to serve Spain's particular circumstances and traditions.

Boyd Cathey's essay on Juan Vasquez de Mella examines the voluminous writings of one of Carlism's major political thinkers. Mella wrote most of his significant works between 1885 and 1928, lean years both militarily and politically for the Carlists. There were many sources for his ideas, including Jaime Balmes and St. Thomas Aquinas. Cathey argues, however, that Juan Donoso Cortes was probably the most influential: "Mella saw Donoso as a prophet who had foreseen clearly the advent of modern socialism, bolshevism, and eventual dictatorship. From Donoso Cortes Mella drew a keen appreciation for the workings of Providence in history" (28). Mella criticized classic liberalism, especially as espoused by Rousseau and his followers, for destroying traditional intermediary institutions, such as guilds, fraternities, self-governing communities, and religious communities. Liberals claimed to place the individual at the highest level of respect and authority, above all of the so-called irrational and archaic institutions of the aristocracy. Mella countered that the individual is in fact "defined by his family, his region, his profession, his language, his inheritance, his faith" (quoted in Cathey, 31). Consequently, Mella argued that, instead of an increasingly centralized state, Spanish society would be best served by a representative monarchy. Advice and consent would emanate from a number of groups ranging from the nobility to other, local constituent entities.

Given this historical and political backdrop, Marek Jan Chodakiewicz presents the longest and most developed essay in the book to examine the extent and quality of the Polish Right's identification with Carlism. Chodakiewicz's history is sweeping and well detailed. In the nineteenth century, the links were literary as well as historical. One fascinating tidbit is the fact that a conservative activist by the name of Josef Nalecz-Korzeniowski, a gun smuggler for the Traditionalists during the Third Carlist War, came to be known as Joseph Conrad during his later career as a writer. As his analysis enters the 1930s, Chodakiewicz focuses on the emergence of the Polish Nationalist Movement. Also known as the *Endeks*, it became the largest right-wing formation in Poland. *Endeks* were anti-German, anti-Communist, anti-liberal, and anti-Jewish. Chodakiewicz cites several sources to support his argument that conservative, nationalist Poles at this time were less anti-Semitic in a racialist sense than they were profoundly pro-Catholic. The *Endeks* rarely promoted violence against Jews. Chodakiewicz discusses at length how the complex involvement of conservative Poles during the Spanish Civil War



reflected their all-consuming hatred of Communism. Although Chodakiewicz's analysis is scholarly and convincing, his focus is on the Polish Nationalist Movement and not on Carlism. They may have turned out to be one and the same, yet the fate of Carlism as a distinctive political movement is left unclear.

In summary, the Chodakiewicz and Radzilowski book is a positive contribution to our understanding of Polish conservatism. The authors remind us just how central Roman Catholicism has been and continues to be in Polish political thought and activism. There are at least two key ideas in Carlism relevant to politics today. First, regionalism remains a very important factor in shaping political positions. We have all witnessed the resilience and value of regionalism in American politics, most recently in terms of the graphic blue and red states used to describe voting trends on television during our presidential election. Regionalism is also relevant to understanding the evolving societal relationships in Central and Eastern Europe, as illustrated by recent events in Poland and Ukraine. Second, the Carlists' policy of restoring the integrity of intermediate social institutions as moral and cognitive anchors for the individual is very timely for American society today. The moral vacuousness of socialism and the gluttony of late capitalistic consumerism, potential anchors for the individual self, have proven to be bankrupt and wanting. Social theorists ranging from Emile Durkheim in postrevolutionary France to Robert Bellah today have made similar observations and policy proposals, I imagine, largely without awareness of the Carlists. ▲

## When Eagles Die

**By Robert Ambros.** Bloomington, IN: Authorhouse, 2004. 240 pages. ISBN 1418489875. Hardcover \$29.50; paper \$17.50.

### Patricia A. Gajda

**R**obert Ambros takes his readers on a journey of rediscovery in which his main character, Joe Bartkowski, comes to understand his connection to his Polish roots. On the same journey, the reader gains insight into the extended effects of posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and finds that Bartkowski's story is the story of Everyman.

Joe, an extremely successful college basketball coach at the pinnacle of his career, turns away from the lucrative contracts offered by prestigious universities

and takes a job at a smaller college as he finds himself suffering unexplainable and increasingly debilitating symptoms and behaviors. He suffers from panic attacks, assorted anxieties, and feelings of his own inadequacy and overprotectiveness toward his daughter. When treatments for ostensible midlife crisis prove unsuccessful, he moves on to a highly recommended doctor who, Joe later learns, conducts research on the effects of PTSD in the children of those who had experienced the trauma firsthand.

Long before his father died, Joe had dismissed the Second World War veteran as a hopeless drunk. He had heard that his grandfather had been in both world wars and that his uncle, after whom he had been named, perished in the Second World War, but Joe never took an interest in these things and, besides, his father had not wanted to talk very much about them. Now Dr. Matthews's inquiry about Joe's relationship with his father provides the doorway through which the patient hesitantly steps. He begins to question family members about his father and surfs the Internet in search of information about the Polish wartime experience. He finds discussion groups with like-minded people and he discovers that recent research suggests that symptoms of PTSD could be passed on to G2, the second generation.

Nearly half of the book is devoted to the experiences of Joe's grandfather Stanisław Bartkowski, Sr., and Joe's uncle, Stanisław's son Stasiek. The grandfather had served in the Russian army during the First World War until 1917, when the imperial army was disintegrating and he joined Joseph Piłsudski's force, Legiony Polskie. Joe's later investigations show that Stanisław had been imprisoned and deported by the Russians, like many from eastern Poland after the Soviet Union invaded their country at the beginning of the Second World War. He died in the Katyn Forest massacres. Joe does not learn, but the reader does, that Uncle Stasiek was deported by the Soviets in 1940 because his father was a Colonel in the Polish Army. He escaped from captivity and on the way encountered the hospitality of Poles living in the Soviet Union, descendants of people who had been sent to Siberia after unsuccessful insurrections in the nineteenth century. In the end, he was recaptured and forced to work in the gulag quarries where he was shot to death.

With each discovery, Joe's symptoms abate. He reconnects with his Catholic tradition and he takes his mother and daughter to Italy. Here he visits Monte Cassino, the famous Benedictine Monastery and site of the victory scored by Polish troops under General Anders fighting for the Allies in 1944. He visits the

grave of the man who had died there after saving Joe's father. He returns home after a delay caused by cancellation of all flights to the United States in the wake of terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001. The old anxiety about traveling is gone. He solves the budget problem awaiting him upon his return to work with a new commitment and creativity. He relinquishes the fears that made him overprotective of his young daughter.

Ambros tells the story well in this sequel, of sorts, to his earlier award-winning novel *The Brief Sun*. His evocation of the Cossacks in battle against imperial German forces is stunning. He shows how deeply imprinted on the national spirit are the gems of wisdom found in the Polish culture, historical and literary, that are quoted and invoked under myriad circumstances. He develops his male characters, especially those from earlier generations of Barkowskis, and depicts them as full of life, honor, strength, and soul.

He strains, however, when trying to project, beyond Joe, the connectedness of generations and the possibilities of acquiring PTSD symptoms from forebears who first experienced them. For example, the novel opens with a chapter set in Georgia in 1921 (this is reminiscent of Andrzej Wajda's cinematographic rendition of Stefan Żeromski's *Przedwiośnie*, which likewise begins with a scene on the Black Sea). The beautifully and sympathetically written account shows us a young black man, Dale LaFave, successfully escaping unjust captivity and going to Philadelphia. Later, we find that Joe has recruited a basketball player from that city, Lamar LaFave, who is the escapee's great-grandson. He, too, is wrongly charged with a crime and succeeds in clearing himself. The implication is that he acquired characteristics of young Dale, who had been exposed to trauma before him. In a similar vein, we are meant to believe that Joe suffers from PTSD after we read wartime accounts about his grandfather and uncle. Although these are the best-written portions of the book, the author would have done better to find some device to tell us instead about Joe's father's traumatic wartime experiences and postwar behaviors that might have unconsciously influenced Joe when he observed them as a boy. Until more studies can be done on this psychological phenomenon, however, it merely appears at this time to suggest the existence of a Jungian collective unconscious soup that Lamar, or anyone else, can dip into.

The imagery of the eagle in the Polish national iconography is not overtly pursued despite the book's title. Eagles figure in only two references. The first is Joe's offhand remark that recruiting new athletes is

about "finding eagles among the crows." The second is near the end of the book when Joe learns that the soldiers fighting with wartime General Władysław Anders were known as his eagles.

Outside the wartime chapters, the most odious of characters is the erstwhile history professor Blackwell, Joe's new associate dean. He instructs Joe about the Polish experience in a lengthy conversation, but he does so with so much distortion, cynicism, and suspicion of conspiracy that the reader easily dismisses the authenticity of his information. Joe himself wonders whether Blackwell suffers from the effects of PTSD.

A short preface or introduction revealing the author's inspiration would have improved this book. On the other hand, the inclusion of a bibliography is confusing at the end of a work of fiction. A list for suggested readings or related readings would have been better. Minor errors of proofreading are all forgivable, except the one that misspells the name of Adam Mickiewicz. Overall, however, this reviewer hopes that Robert Andros has more stories of Poles and Polish Americans to tell. **Δ**

## Bacacay

**By Witold Gombrowicz. Translated by Bill Johnson.** New York: Archipelago Books ([www.archipelagobooks.org](http://www.archipelagobooks.org)), 2004. 275 pages. ISBN 0-9728692-9-8. Paper.

## Agnieszka Gutthy

*Bacacay* is a collection of twelve short stories written between 1928 and 1953. The initial seven stories were first published in 1933 as Gombrowicz's literary debut, *Recollections of Adolescence*. Two additional stories come from his first novel *Ferdydurke*, and three had previously been published in various periodicals. *Bacacay* was first published in Poland in 1957 following a short period of political thaw. The collection discussed in this review is the first English translation.

Linguistic playfulness, an important part of Gombrowicz's craft, makes the translation difficult. Bill Johnston succeeds in capturing Gombrowicz's "buffoonery," his sense of whimsy, and his constant provocation. Johnston further succeeds in reproducing the artistry of Gombrowicz's language. The collection closes with an excellent *Afterword* in which the translator introduces the stories. Gombrowicz's stories are sometimes wildly imaginative, and they present absurdity in a realistic disguise. The characters are

obsessive, the stories are often nightmarish, hilarious, disquieting, and the humor is macabre.

The first story in the collection, "Lawyer Kraykowski's Dancer" describes a sadomasochistic relationship between a lawyer and a very lonely and sick man who is starving for any kind of human contact. The sick man tries to buy his tickets without waiting in line, and the lawyer pulls him away from the ticket window in order to put him back in line. This gesture can hardly be considered as revealing any human interest, but it was enough for the man to start building his destructive plan for both the lawyer and himself. He inserts himself into the lawyer's life, interfering whenever possible, and becoming his devoted fan and stalker.

The protagonist of "The Memoirs of Stefan Czarniecki" is another solitary, unwanted, and rejected man. No matter how hard he tries, he cannot find his place in any group. Always an outsider, he is not strong enough to impose his way of thinking on anybody.

In "A Premeditated Crime," an investigating magistrate exerts so much pressure on the family whose father died of a heart attack that not only does the innocent son admit to the parricide, but also "strangles" his father's dead body in order to provide the evidence of his crime.

"Dinner at Countess Pavahoke's" is a satire against the pretentious aristocracy and the plebeian who strives to become part of their world. Macabre humor lurks through the story: a peasant boy named Cauliflower disappears shortly before a cauliflower dish is served up during a supposedly vegetarian Friday dinner at the home of Countess Pavahoke.

Unlike most stories in the collection which have first person narrators, in "Virginity" a third person narrator tells the story of Alice, a young girl brought up in a good and affluent family. The girl requires constant care owing to her delicate constitution, and her family shelters her from the dark sides of life while at the same time imposing their views on her. Yet the "maidenly" Alice feels an uncontrollable need to crouch down next to a stray dog and gnaw on the dog's bone.

"Adventures" goes back to a first person narrator who imagines that he is followed by pirates and lepers. His persecution mania leads him to passivity and to an acceptance of the others' will. The story begins with the narrator falling from a ship in the Mediterranean and being picked up by another ship. Its captain uses him as if he were a toy, tossing him into the sea first in a glass bubble and later in a steel sphere. Throughout, his adventures continue to follow an odd mix of the real and the absurd.

Zantman, the protagonist of "The Events on the Branbury," has a similar problem of being unable to act or to show any resistance. The narrator is also on a ship, but he boarded a wrong one. Now he is with a group of sailors who amuse themselves by inventing cruel games.

The two stories that follow, "Philidor's Child Within" and the much shorter "Philibert's Child Within," are two frame stories from *Ferdynand*. Both describe absurd duels: in the first tale Philidor, professor of Synthetology battles an equally outstanding Analyst. In the second story, it is a tennis match that degenerates into a violent fight.

The narrator of "On the Kitchen Steps" is a successful diplomat who is perversely obsessed with ugly housemaids. In "The Rat," a retired judge seeks out the perfect means of torture for a bandit and also the means of civilizing him. In "The Banquet" the ministers of the state are astonished by King Ganulo's corruption.

The year 2004, or the hundredth anniversary of the author's birth, was officially designated as the Year of Gombrowicz in Poland. Scholarly conferences were held in Poland, France, and the United States in honor of this author. Three new English translations have also appeared: two by Bill Johnston, *Bacacay* and *Polish Memories*, and one by Benjamin Ivry, *A Guide to Philosophy in Six Hours and Fifteen Minutes*. Δ

## The Only Known Picture of God

(excerpts)

**Michael Ziolo**

*You'd better go home* [Algerian memories]

Master Mason: *Look at these bastions,  
These fortifications: they must have been built for eternity.*  
Friedrich Schiller, *Wilhelm Tell*

The Miwok Indians used to sing: "Hey, you fog: you'd better go home, the pelican is beating your wife." Here [in Algeria] people do not know this incantation, but they do not like the fog either. In foggy weather the toothless X steals olives from the monastery garden, neighbors do not see each other, and those in observation towers scattered around the village only pretend that they see anything. One must not say that the fog is like milk, because milk is good and fog is bad. Under the cover of the fog those from the GIA(1) may come—if they have enough energy left after killings,

escapes, and sorting out the bounty in caves. The caves abound in stolen goods, particularly in Nestle's canned milk. The girls abducted from the villages see to it that hot water is always in generous supply. Each girl has been sentenced to death—and the sentence is executed if she gets pregnant or if a new transport of female slaves arrives from the villages.

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Several heavy Toyotas escort us from Algiers. At the walls of the Tibhirine Monastery the cars turn around with difficulty. Headlights cross in the the fog. A wrong gear, the noise of the brakes. The convoy passes the monastery and slowly climbs uphill.

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A house by the road. The house was built by Tato. Tato built this house out of the old railway ties which he bought for next to nothing. He was no carpenter, so he dug up ditches where he placed the ties next to each other, in a kind of palisade. Then Tato got some old oil drums, cut them into pieces and covered the palisade. For reasons unknown he hung on one of the walls a big ladder which he found somewhere. He also stretched a piece of wire between the house and the only tree in the vicinity. Thus he completed his labors and was able to bring to the house his beloved wife Zineb. She washed his old red sweatsuit and hung it on the wire. She also hung up there the dress of the stunningly beautiful Rabea who was fourteen, the tattered trousers of the four-year-old Joseph, and the tight flannel jackets of her younger daughter Malika, then five.

In the morning Tato would say: "I am going to work," even though he had no job. He came back in the evening. God only knows how they managed to buy bread and the rest. Rabea also went out, and her steps were nimble and light. She would carry two plastic canisters full of water from the monastery tap. She was never in a hurry and often chatted with the girls her age. Like all other children from around Tibhirine, Rabea knew how to return from the store—that is to say, in her two hands she carried two black plastic bags with flour and pasta, while with her right foot she pushed forward a bottle filled with cooking gas: the bottle rolled on like a ball. A full bottle of gas is heavy and the road from the store is long, and not everyone had a donkey because donkeys too need to eat from time to time. The little Joseph, with his nose running, would go out onto the stony road to greet her, and so did Malika who cooked sand soup and made pasties out of wet dirt in the absence of other toys.

In 1996, having murdered the seven Tibhirine Trappists, the GIA left the village alone for four years. The old A. even came to think that the village was protected by the Virgin Mary whose large statue stood

on the hill above the monastery. "Look at her hands," A. used to say, "she holds the entire village in her hands." It seemed that he was right, except for one detail: in the 1970s a certain Egyptian "contract" teacher, a foreigner, chopped off Virgin Mary's hands so that they would not contaminate Islamic territory.

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They came at night, at the end of June. There was no fog. They entered Tato's house. No one heard anything. Rabea managed to get out—one of them shot her dead with his Kalashnikov. Those in the observation towers raised the whole village. Tato's house was in flames. Tato, Zineb, little Joseph and Malika were all inside.

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Next day I went to the place where Tato's house used to stand. The funeral had already taken place. They were already leveling the place. Nothing was left of Tato's house except some ashes which are now kept in "The House on the Edge," a place for neglected boys in the Newport region of Gdańsk, Poland. Weep, reader. Δ

## NOTES

1. Algeria's most radical militant faction, the Islamic Armed Group known by its French acronym GIA (Groupe Islamique Armé). It seeks to overthrow the secular government in Algeria and to replace it with an Islamic state. GIA was formed in the early 1990s. In 1996, they came to the (undefended) Trappist Monastery of Tibhirine and murdered its seven monks. Michael Ziolo was in residence at that monastery shortly after the murders took place.

## *Impatience [on Joseph Brodsky]*

*Where is the blessedness I knew*

*When first I saw the Lord?*

William Cowper, "Oh, for a closer walk with God"

He must have been very patient, since he tried to explain to W. H. Auden why Russians stole windshield wipers from cars. Wystan was inclined to see in this gesture something more profound than just a consequence of the shortage of spare parts in the USSR. He also showed patience in asking the Master questions about poets and writers and using one simple phrase which he knew did not need correction (his English was lame): "Mr. Auden, what do you think about . . ." But in fact he was not patient. American students whom he taught experienced it most vividly. He sometimes shouted and gestured violently while trying to find a path to their brains by offering them words or fractions of a poetic phrase. For instance, while commenting on Auden's great poem, "September 1, 1939," he told them the following:



'Uncertain and afraid' strikes you all the more with its absence of anything concrete: no nouns, not even numbers; just two adjectives like two little fountains of panic surging in your stomach. The shift of diction from public to private is quite abrupt, and those open vowels in the beginning of this line's only two words leave you breathless and alone against the concrete stability of the world whose length doesn't stop at Fifty-second Street. (1)

He repeated impatiently: "So you see," "look here," "here you can see. . ." But did these students really see anything in Auden's stanzas? To put it mildly, the value of poetry was not self-evident even to the Federal Government, the recipient of many well-meaning memoranda urging it to promote poetry in public places such as the underground, bus stops, and airports. Not to speak of the comments he received, when he urged that the lines "Those to whom evil is done/Do evil in return" should be tattooed on every baby's chest.

Impatience is not a virtue, but in Brodsky's case one has to treat it as a powerful and life-giving force which defined his fate (along with disgust at Soviet greyness) and made his existence into a sort of morality play. Professor Czesław Miłosz expressed this with great precision when he said that at one moment he was spreading manure with a pitchfork somewhere in the northern gulag, and at another he was showered with prizes and honors—and the distance between these two moments was negligible.

Few have been recipients of such a fate. Many moved on slowly like moles, burrowing into the totalitarian system for years and paying for it with their health, family happiness, and career. They reached the limits of patience and learned irony and wisdom. It is possible that they are even more deserving than Brodsky of a few lines in a history book or a memoir. But a life that is a morality play is not for all; it includes unexpected gestures, such as when a teenager suddenly gets up during a class period in a Soviet school and leaves the room, never to return.(2) Such gestures are not for all. Yet one should extoll such impatience.

It has to be praised because it is like a trumpet call for all of us. It is pure and prophetic. It also irritates those who are realists and politicians, those who have forgotten that for the sake of truth and to make us witness to truth it is sometimes necessary to cross over from public to private and personal utterances. This process is called "regaining freedom." Yet we are so enmeshed in our public lives that Andrzej Kijowski's *Diary* seems to refer to us: "[we engage in] instant conversations, intimacies on a high level, professions of belief (a bit strained) in someone's probity—and all this in order to demonstrate

to the fellow intellectuals around the table that we in fact *belong*." (3) Because if we do not belong, we do not exist. The tiny spring of anxiety next to our heart whispers to us that someone or something may cross us out, that we shall cease to be members and lose the only meaning our selves possess. We become afraid.

The necessity to pass from public to private speech is too radical for some. One is reminded of Dmitrii Shostakovich's case [he tried to equivocate] which is far from simple. But Brodsky answers impatiently, "Why was it far from simple, where was it not simple? To put it plainly, he could have mooned them." Let us quote the poet at length:

The narrowness of the moral horizons in our country consists precisely in our incessant analyses of the nuances of service and villainy. Yet everything should be reducible to either-or. Either yes or no. Otherwise it is all nonsense. In my view, an individual should ignore the circumstances. One's yardstick should be timeless. If we start moulding our morality and ethics to accommodate what is permitted today, we create a catastrophe. (4)

Impatience protects us from a catastrophe; impatience is courage. It orders us to pronounce that little and unmelodious word—a hissing word in fact, but one free of hatred: "enough." In that connection, St. Benedict comes to mind. He was a model of humility, peace, and moderation. He was a good politician too. But he told his monks to be in haste. His *Rule* is like a powerful call to rush and to hurry. It is a public utterance that transforms itself into a private and personal exhortation. The result is overwhelming. The text of the *Rule* is bold because it orders the monks to say "enough!" every day, as for instance in the following bit of advice: "Evil thoughts that come to mind should be instantly shattered against Christ." Shattered. In any way one can. A certain experienced monk spoke to the devil in an even more unceremonious manner: "Go to hell, you damned bastard."

Campania(5) was starving. A certain subdeacon came to Benedict's monastery asking for a few drops of oil. Benedict immediately ordered the steward to give away whatever remained of the supplies. Benedict's "private speech" the steward transformed into public speech: he rationalized to himself about the community, the brothers, the monastery, the unrealistic request—and he did not give away the oil. "Some time later, when Benedict asked him whether he had done what he was ordered to do, the monk answered that he had not, because if he did there would have remained nothing for the brothers. Then the angry Benedict ordered others to throw out

the window the flask which contained the remnants of the oil in the monastery's possession." So narrates St. Gregory the Great.

When one observes the gestures of such impatient men, one feels the pangs of jealousy even if one does not regard impatience to be a virtue. We tell ourselves that we would not be able to do this, to get up and leave in the middle of a class, to abandon the well-ordered life, quitting the circle in which we stand secure in such close proximity to others; we would not be able to abandon the talks at the highest level, the wise process and the evolution, the participation, the function. . . . No, we would not be able to do that. However, it is good to feel this jealousy. Even though jealousy is not a virtue, it will allow us one day to say at our coffee table, where we are shuffling cards, people, possibilities and scenarios—to say this one curt word "enough." Just the way a certain Leningrad poet did. ▲

#### NOTES

1. Joseph Brodsky, "On 'September 1, 1939' by W. H. Auden," *Less than One: Selected Essays* (NY: Farrar Straus, 1986), 312.
2. This was what Brodsky did, at a great cost to himself.
3. Andrzej Kijowski (1928–1985), Polish writer, critic, and film director. His *Dziennik 1970–1976 [Diary]* was published by Wydawnictwo Literackie in 1999.
4. Brodsky refers here to Dmitrii Shostakovich's accommodation to the Soviet regime. This passage has been translated from Polish.
5. The Monte Cassino Monastery (founded by St. Benedict) overlooks the region of Italy called Campania.

#### *The discreet charm of the spiritual bourgeoisie* [on postmodern attitudes]

I too was impressed by the calmness and strength he exuded, by the ritual of a cup of tea on the table and remnants of a cigarette in the corner of his mouth. I looked at the bookcases where entire herds of books grazed quietly and spoke of matters of which I only knew that they existed or might exist, because so many books have been written about them. His deep voice calmed and liberated me, especially that it contained a very slight note—not of banter, for that would be in bad taste, but of a deeply tolerant bemusement at all solemnity and all unequivocal judgments. I felt secure, because this great Authority did not doubt that "the choice is yours, my dear." The Authority fired shots at the dogmas and their defendants, and at my own fears and self-accusations, my pedantic efforts to discharge properly my petty duties. If I remember correctly, he used fear-destroying

quotations: "At least break a window, you fool, and tell them you cannot take it any more." He understood; he did not demand anything.

I tried to interpret him in many ways. I told myself that he probably guessed all my generational hangups. Indeed: he had known many of those who once worried about their poor English and now lie buried at the Powazki Cemetery and, if truth were told, are of no interest to anybody. He had probably participated in the important debates which are barely remembered by intellectual passersby today, and if they are, only because of amazement that such debates were of interest to anyone.

While I was comfortably nestled in the armchair, he walked around the room. It looked as if he were examining tombstones as he pronounced from time to time, "It was not worth it." But he did not say what was worth it. And no wonder, because everything in his gestures and words seemed somehow arcane and cryptic.

He displayed extraordinary tenderness toward the human race. He was not an enthusiast of the "hormonal" explanation of love and hate—he was too refined for that; rather, he resembled an archeologist who rejoices over the finding of the "Man from ice" or the "Herculanum belle" that failed to escape the volcano. What I am trying to say is that he was an admirer of the human race, and he did not stoop to judge or to insist that betrayals and murders took place for the sake of a few stone arrows or beaver pelts. He generously forgave the "Herculanum belle" her chatter and gossip, her narcissistic hairdos and proclivity to torture the female servant: for him, these characteristics were like salt and pepper that made the dry and barren accounts of historians come alive. "Do not be so ridiculously exotic," he would say when he saw on my face the "Catholic pangs of conscience," "and do not impose Christian morality on the times when powerful and untamed human instincts were allowed to reign." I didn't. I was extremely impressed by his mantra of "It wasn't worth it." The people who diligently dedicated themselves to some cause such as home, work, or other petty occupations, did not seem worthwhile to him. Perhaps because they could not know the future and did not want to know it; they did not want to x-ray it from the standpoint of "it wasn't worth it." Such people would be mentioned in small print in the footnotes to their epoch. *The Epoch*. An epoch like many others, replete with bold slogans: City—the Masses—Technology, and the latest model of. . . . They should have known that they were *ridiculous* and were merely copies of what their Epoch had produced. But they did not know and did not understand the meaning of *distance*.

It seemed that they were too weak to give up their dedication. Their fidelity was meaningless.

Yet I wanted to protest. I wanted to revolt, I was angry, I felt that harm had been done and left unexplained. I felt that the world was based on injustice. I also had beautiful desires: I adored Roald Amundsen and St. Theresa of Lisieux and Captain Mamert Stankiewicz of *Polonia*,<sup>(1)</sup> and I took it for granted that in 1920 [Polish] soldiers died for my sake. I also preserved in my memory the story of a little Jewish boy who cried as he was being led to his death by a gendarme in [Nazi-occupied] Tarnobrzeg, and before death he knelt before that German and asked that his life be spared. I intuitively felt that my anger should not subside, that injustice should not be allowed to sink into oblivion, that intellectual efforts should be continued until the last breath, as should the debates and polemics; that the passion for enquiry, the curiosity about the state of affairs, the efforts to know are not subject to the law of entropy. While the art of maintaining *distance* impressed me, everyday life demanded that I pay unequivocal attention to mundane matters, not to speak of the situations where my little personal advantages and interests were at stake: in those situations the art of maintaining distance goes out the window. The evil I caused was real, my ability to do harm was real and so was my responsibility for what I have done, although—as he pointed out to me—this was quite normal and ordinary. “Yes,” he would say, “in addition to being hostages we are also animals of prey. That’s interesting, isn’t it?”

Did I really differ from him so much? Of course I regarded him as a member of the spiritual bourgeoisie. But weren’t we somewhat similar, like the two sides of the same spiritual fossil? Neither of us needed proofs or arguments, but both of us needed that blessed, shameful, and dignified moment when the human heart “untangles itself” and becomes able to weep. The gift of tears is God’s gift, it cleanses a bad eye, a deceitful look; it clears away sadness, shakes up the immobility of pain in which a man does not expect anything any more and is able to receive all with a “cold serenity” etched on his face and in his soul. The exiles weep only at the beginning, later on their faces resemble those of which Czesław Miłosz wrote in “Greek Portrait”:

My beard is thick, my eyelids half cover  
My eyes, as with those who know the value  
Of visible things. I keep quiet, as is proper  
For a man who has learned that the human heart  
Holds more than speech does. (2)

What I am trying to say is that we were both exiles, although in different ways.

God may use words to release the tears which signify acceptance of Him. Sometimes He prefers to use a long-forgotten tune, smell, or color. I heard a story of a courtesane who cried because the first snow had fallen, and it reminded her of her plain First Communion and what she experienced at that time. Tears are salty, but sometimes there is no other way to remind a man that he is the salt of the earth, and that God continues to love him and has not forgotten him. He has not been forgotten: therefore, “it was worth it.” God has not forgotten him, because all epochs are His, and human sanctity transcends every epoch. The prophet Isaiah says, “Can a woman forget her child?” Alas, she can: in my short life I met many abandoned children. But God’s answer is, “Even if she forgets you, I will not forget.” And He will send godly tears as a sign of His love. Tears need not be humiliating. He too wept over the death of his friend Lazarus. As the poet Jan Twardowski said, sometimes tears detoxify the soul.

I know well that some tears are meant to be seen: when one stands before an elegant crowd, having received an Oscar and holding the golden statuette in one’s hands: this is the time to cry, tears sell well at such moments and on similar occasions. But we also are capable of making distinctions, and we know the only important and intimate witness we need reacts to our tears. Sometimes they are necessary, because they bring awareness of the time when tears will not be. As St. Bernard says, “At that moment the nets of love that had been dragged through the centuries and through deep seas, catching fish of every kind, will finally be brought to shore. . . every sadness, like a bad catch, will be thrown away, and what will remain will be useful and pleasant.” ▲

## NOTES

1. Mamert Stankiewicz was Captain of *S/S Polonia*, one of the first transatlantic ships in the Polish Navy after the First World War. He died fighting on 26 November 1939.
2. Czesław Miłosz, “Portret grecki,” from *Król Popiel i inne wiersze* [1962]. *Utwory poetyckie: Poems* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: Michigan Slavic Publications, 1976), 219. Translated by Czesław Miłosz and Peter Dale Scott. Czesław Miłosz, *New and Collected Poems, 1931–2001* (New York: HarperCollins, 2001), 166.

### Translator’s Note:

The three texts by Michael (Michał) Ziolo are the first English translation of excerpts from Michał Ziolo, *Jedynę znane zdjęcie Boga* [The only known picture of God] (Poznań: W drodze, 2003), pp. 259–261, 67–70, 140–143, in that order. Translated from the Polish by permission. The Notes were added by the translator.

*Rare and Forgotten Books****The Polish Captivity******An Account of the Present Position of the Poles in the Kingdom of Poland, and in the Polish Provinces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia***

2 vols. London: Wm. Allen & Co., Waterloo Place, S.W., 1863. Vol. 1, 353 pages, vol. 2, 372 pages. Index, illustrations. Hardcover.

**Sutherland Edwards**

**Editor's Note:** The title page of this book contains an 1848 quotation from the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria: "My grandmother and the King of Prussia, Frederick II, in partitioning Poland, committed a fault. . . . The ruling Powers will never be able to enjoy these strange acquisitions in peace. The existence of Poland is something natural and indispensable. It would be superfluous to discuss the means of re-establishing it, for when a thing is natural and indispensable it arrives of itself."

This social history of Central Europe corrects many misjudgments and misinterpretations that became a standard part of nineteenth-century European history, not only concerning Poland but also Prussia, Russia, and Austria. Of particular interest here in Texas are Edwards's comments on Lower Silesia shortly after the time when some Polish Silesians migrated to Texas and founded the town of Panna Maria: he confirms the misery and discrimination to which these Poles were subject in "progressive" Prussia in mid-nineteenth century (chapter 2). Nor is the book all praise: consider the scathing critique of the messiness of the bordertown inns as the author crossed from Prussian-occupied Poland to Russian-occupied Poland. Observant as he is, the author seems unaware that the proprietors of inns in Eastern Europe deliberately kept their establishments disorderly to avoid excessive taxes and envy of their Gentile neighbors. And it did not take much to evoke that envy: witness the descriptions of Polish peasants who, in Edwards's words, seem to sink lower and lower as one proceeds eastward.

Portions of Edwards's book, and of other rare books that deserve study—and reprinting—will appear in *Sarmatian Review* as space permits. The spelling of Polish words and punctuation throughout the text have *not* been updated: note the spelling of Mićkiewicz indicating the pronunciation of the Polish "c."

The footnote is the author's. Editorial additions are in square brackets. Before appearing in book form, portions of Sutherland Edwards's text were published in *The Times* of London.

**Chapter 1: *Finis Poloniae***

This book is not written in order to prove that what Joseph Lemaistre, probably the greatest Conservative and supporter of order, and, at the same time, one of the greatest admirers of Russia that ever existed, called "the execrable partitions of Poland" was indeed execrable; or, to come to what concerns England in a more direct manner, that Russia, Austria, and Prussia have all violated the treaties of 1815, first in the most perfidious, and latterly in the most open and cynical manner. Both these points must be touched upon, and especially the latter, even at the risk of telling the reader what he already knows. The author's chief object, however, is to give a plain, matter-of-fact account, from his own personal observation, of Poland as it actually exists, and of the position of the Poles, considered both as subjects of the three partitioning Powers and as children of the country partitioned.

It is now ninety years since the first dismemberment of Poland [1772] was effected; and in spite of this and of half-a-dozen subsequent divisions and subdivisions of Polish territory among foreign invaders; in spite of massacres, confiscations, banishments, and tortures of all kinds inflicted on the Poles with the view of destroying their nationality, they are more united in feeling, and more thoroughly national at the present moment, than they were in 1772. Poland was believed to be dead, or, at least, reported dead, long since by its murderers, who even went so far as to put "*Finis Poloniae*" into the mouth of the wounded and fainting Kosciuszko.<sup>(1)</sup> But dead countries have no history; and we all know whether that of Poland finished with the third partition. It is not too much to say, that many persons who take the warmest interest in the fate of the Poles know them only by their history during the last three-quarters of a century; under Kosciuszko, fighting for their independence; under Kniazewicz, Dombrowski, and Poniatowski, fighting for Napoleon, with a view to their independence—in Italy, in St. Domingo, in Spain, in the Duchy of Warsaw, and throughout the campaign against Russia, the first at Borodino, the last at Leipzig; under the generals of 1830, fighting against the armies of Nicholas, the violator of their Constitution; then in Siberia, and scattered in exile all over Europe. For a time as if their country was in the grave, and themselves plunged, certainly, in mortal sadness; but with their national bards, Mićkiewicz, Bogdan Zaleski, and Krasinski, to give them such consolation as they could receive, and



to encourage them with such hopes as have, indeed, never entirely deserted them. Poland has had a literary, quite as much as a military history, since the dismemberments of the eighteenth century; and it could easily be shown that, counting from its supposed death, it has produced more great poets and warriors than Russia, Prussia, and Austria combined.

Is it not remarkable, too, how many of the modern Polish chiefs, worthy successors of Sobieski, have been men of cultivated intellect, and often of high literary talent—not Bluchers and Platows, but Caesars and Xenophons? Dombrowski (who owed his life at the battle of the Trebbia to a volume of Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years' War* which he carried in his breast) occupied himself in his retirement with writing the *History of the Polish Legions*. Morawski and Gorecki, the former a general the latter a colonel in the army of 1830–31, are reckoned among the best poets and fabulists of their time. What have Kosciuszko and Poniatowski, fighting apart, in common with the ordinary run of modern generals? In Poland, since the moral revival caused by the destruction of the country in a political sense, we find poets, historians, politicians, men of distinction of all kinds, serving in the army, not because they had been bred soldiers, but because they were born patriots.

In another sphere, modern Poland has produced a fair number of legists, economists, and other men of science and learning; indeed, an immense number, when we take into consideration the facts that the universities of Warsaw and Wilna were suppressed, and their libraries carried off to St. Petersburg, after the insurrection of 1830–31; that the university of Cracow, the most ancient in Poland, has long been converted into a German academy; and that no superior instruction of any kind, in the Polish language, has been open to the Poles of the present generation.

France owes her system of credit-institutions to a Pole, M. [L.F.M.R.] Wolowski, of the French Institute; and the best work on the resources of Russia is by a Pole, M. Tengoborski [author of *Financial resources of Russia*]. For even when a Polish writer or professor is not driven into exile to avoid death, like [Joachim] Lelewel, the great Polish historian, he can find no use for his talent in his own country. There are no universities, and there is a most intolerant censorship. Indeed, in every part of Poland newspapers and reviews are sometimes either directly suppressed, or ruined and destroyed by repeated prosecutions, for no assignable reason than because they are published in the Polish

language, and because they take notice, no matter in how guarded a manner, of Polish events.

It is sometimes said by thoughtless persons that the Polish leaders are fit only to head insurrections, and that they do not know how to act within the limits of legality. But look at the line of conduct pursued. And the real influence exercised by Dr. Smolka in Vienna, and by Messrs. Niegolewski and Bentkowski at Berlin, in the Austrian and Prussian assemblies. Think, above all, of Count Zamoyski at Warsaw, and of what the short-lived Agricultural Society of the Kingdom of Poland was able, in the face of obstacles of all kinds, to effect—nothing less than the elaboration of a scheme for emancipating the peasant from task-labour which the Russian Government, now that it finds its own plan next to impracticable, would do well to adopt for the Empire generally.

No! there is life in Poland, and a life that grows fuller each day. Everything has been tried that could possibly extinguish it. Perhaps, at last, the most formidable of the partitioning Powers will admit its indestructibility, and find it good policy to reckon with it. At present, however, the Poles are persecuted and beaten down everywhere. Heaven knows whether they suffer most in Russian, Austrian, or Prussian Poland. I have seen them under torture in all three, and have heard their complaints. For the present, I will only say that in Warsaw the Russian tyranny passes for the worst, in Cracow and Leopold [Lwow/Lviv] the Austrian, and in Posen, the Prussian.

#### **Author's Note**

1. Several French newspapers have lately reproduced a letter addressed by Kosciuszko to the Count de Ségur (author of *La Décade Historique*, etc.) in which the following passages occur: "Ignorance, or bad faith, persists in putting into my mouth the words '*Finis Poloniae*,' which I am said to have pronounced on that fatal day of Maciejowice. In the first place, before the end of the battle, I was all but mortally wounded; and only recovered my senses two days afterwards, when I found myself in the hands of my enemies. Moreover, if such an expression would be foolish and criminal in the mouth of any Pole, it would be a great deal more so in mine. The Polish nation, in calling upon me to defend the country's integrity, independence, dignity, glory, and liberty, knew very well that I was not the *last* Pole, and that with my death, on the field of battle or otherwise, Poland could not and would not *end*. All the Poles have done since then in the glorious Polish legions, and all they will yet do in the future, to recover their country, must be regarded as proofs that though we, the devoted soldiers of this country, are mortal, Poland is immortal; and no one has a right to say or repeat the outrageous expression, '*Finis Poloniae*.' What

would the French have said if, at the fatal battle of Rosbach in 1757, Marshal Charles de Rohan, Prince of Soubise, had cried out—‘*Finis Galliae*,’ or if such cruel words had been attributed to him by his biographers? I shall be obliged to you, then, not to speak of this ‘*Finis Poloniae*’ in the new edition of your work; and I hope that the authority of your name will silence all who in future may think of repeating that expression, and of attributing to me a piece of blasphemy, against which I protest with all my soul.”

## Chapter 2: Toward Warsaw

The first signs I saw of Poland were at Breslau, the capital of Silesia, which, before being an Austrian, was a Polish province, and which, as every one knows, was taken from Austria by Frederick the Great. Breslau is now connected with Warsaw, by rail, and is the ordinary halting-place for Polish travellers to and from the [Congress] Kingdom. The whole province is completely Germanized, in so far that the immense majority of the population is German; but no receipt has yet been discovered for turning a Pole into an Austrian or a Prussian, and those who were Poles, and whose fathers and grandfathers were Poles, are Poles still. Wherever Germans and Poles are found together, it is undeniable that there are infinitely more Poles who learn German, than there are Germans who learn Polish; and thus, far beyond Breslau, and beyond the Russo-Polish frontier, and halfway to Warsaw, and in Warsaw itself, we find plenty of Poles speaking German fluently, whereas scarcely any of the Germans in Breslau speak Polish at all. Indeed, German being the invariable language of the Prussian administration—even in Posen, in spite of treaties which bind Prussia to govern her Polish subjects as Poles—it follows that a man meaning to live in any part of Prussia must understand German, or be prepared to submit to many inconveniences and disadvantages. On the other hand, there is no part of Poland in which it is not a positive recommendation, in the eyes of the governing Power, to be ignorant of Polish.

In Silesia there is no injustice, in the present day, in making German the official and educational language in all the towns. In many of the country districts, however, the case is very different. The German peasants are prosperous and contented enough. But the Polish peasants of Lower Silesia, who are still Poles and speak the Polish language, and that only, are in a miserable position. For them there are no schools. They have no intercourse with their superiors. They feel as much that they are subjected to a foreign Government

as the Poles of Posen, and with this additional disadvantage—that they have to deal exclusively with German proprietors. They form a class apart, and they nominally not serfs, are treated like slaves. The home of their hearts is still Poland, and in the annual pilgrimages to the Polish religious places, such as Czenstochow and Calvary, the peasants of Silesia may still be seen in company with those of Poland proper, Lithuania, and the Ukraine.

Breslau, however, is a town of many tongues. The shopkeepers proclaim their trades in German, Polish, Russian, Hebrew, French, and occasionally English; and the day I took my departure for Warsaw, a professor at the University was to maintain a thesis in the Latin language, and against all comers, *de fistula*. It is a town, too, of strange costumes and types; of pike-bearing watchmen, of droschky-drives in helmets, and of dandified sweeps, with black faces like other sweeps, but also with a romantic bearing, evident pretensions to elegance of attire, and waists like wasps or like Prussian officers. There, too, as in Poland, you may see the genuine Israelite dressed, not in cheap imitation of the Christian swell, but in his own Israelitish gaberline—“His beard a foot before, his hair /A yard behind”—or, if not behind, in two long ringlets, one on each side.

Even in Breslau, there were reminders both of the brutal persecution of Poles by the Russians, and of the persecution of a more legal kind (at least as regards form) carried on against them by Prussia.

In the shop-windows were engravings of the bloody scenes that had just been enacted in Warsaw. At the *table d’hôte* of the Hotel of the “Golden Goose,” the Polish gentlemen wore their national costume, proscribed by the Russians, and the bright-eyed, soft-complexioned Polish ladies were dressed in the deepest mourning, and had little crosses of black jet hanging round their necks, and portraits of Kosciuszko in their brooches. Polish newspapers from Cracow, where everyone has a right to say as much as he pleases against the Russian Government, and indeed any Government except that of Austria, were handed about and eagerly caught up. Then a Pole came in, who had just arrived from Warsaw, and who brought with him the ghastly photographs of the first victims of the Russian soldiery in the late disturbances; the five men who were shot in the massacre of the 27<sup>th</sup> February, and who were half-stripped, and photographed with their wounds and their horribly distorted faces, soon after they fell. The day of the funeral, when all Warsaw was hung in black, and everyone in the city followed the procession, these

terrible mementoes were distributed by thousands. For a long time afterwards—perhaps even now, though I have read that the photographer was afterwards imprisoned—they could be purchased almost publicly in Warsaw, and I found them in every house that I visited in Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Poland.

At the confectioners' shops, the only newsrooms to be met with from Berlin to Moscow, I found the Poles complaining of the seizure of the last number of the Posen newspaper, the *Dziennik Poznański*. Perfect liberty of the press exists everywhere in Prussia, and especially in the Grand Duchy of Posen. But there are certain administrative difficulties in the way of publishing a newspaper in the Polish language; and the one Polish newspaper which has contrived to force its way into existence at Posen is perpetually interfered with and checked by the police, on pretexts which are doubtless well-meant, but which somehow or other have invariably to be overruled when they come to be examined by the light of the law. Liberty of the press triumphs in the end, but in the meanwhile Polish editors get arrested rather often, and editions of their journals rather often get confiscated. This course of proceeding does not alter the fact that liberty of the press is recognized as a principle by the Prussian law; only it is hoped that the law can be so applied as to have the effect of silencing and destroying the *Dziennik Poznański*.

From Breslau to Warsaw, by rail, is a good day's journey. But what a journey, if you divide it and stop the night at Sosnovicz, the first station beyond the Prussian frontier! The Russians, for the sake of their Government, and the Poles for the credit of their country, ought to unite for once and subscribe a few copecks and *groszy*, so as to enable the inn-keeper of the place to offer a decent room to the traveler, condemned by an ill-regulated timetable to remain there from nine in the evening until half-past six the next morning. It would be absurd to ask for a well-furnished chamber, and unreasonable to expect such ordinary accommodation as may be met with in the cottage of many an English peasant; but there might be blinds to the windows, and there might be beds long enough for a man of moderate stature, and warranted not to break down if laid upon. On the beds there might be clean bed-clothes; and in case the astronomical arrangements of the night should not allow the traveller to go to bed by the light of the moon, some waxen or stearine substitutes might be provided for the feeble torches of ill-smelling tallow with which the savage host of Sosnovicz at present supplies his faint and weary guests.

It is ridiculous for travellers who get out of beaten tracks to complain of want of accommodation at hotels. But on the high road from Breslau to Warsaw, one cannot help fancying that the half-way house ought to be something better than a pig-stye, furnished in very bad imitation of a human dwelling-place. Never mind the food; there are plenty of fowls running about the Sosnovicz caravanserai, and you can get new-laid eggs. Besides, black bread alone, if it will not satisfy, will, at least, tire the appetite. And you can have a glass of very weak tea at Sosnovicz for sixpence; and after washing out the glass with the first tea, you can get another supply stronger, and proportionately nastier, but which seems, at first, to have a better effect on the nerves, for sixpence, and something extra. You cannot get milk at Sosnovicz, because there are no cows there, but they will give you some kind of rum to mix with your tea, which, if it does not greatly improve the taste, at least changes it. The great crime of the host of Sosnovicz consists in his giving, not too little, but too much. Why, for instance, put dirty bedclothes on a bedstead, when a bedstead alone would be so infinitely preferable? Is it to deter people from going to bed, so as to save trouble of the chambermaid? The notion is ingenious; but if "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell," I wonder what Cleanliness does when a traveller in a Polish inn, after carefully covering the bed with railway wrappers and great coats, lies down in his clothes on the bedstead, dislocates it in every joint, and brings it down with him into the dirt, which covers the floor so thickly, that mustard and cress might grow in it?

"So this is Poland," one reflects, after rising from the floor and taking a seat at the window, which commands a view of a magnificent wood. The bedless guest stares at the admirable moon-illuminated pine-trees, the shadows of which fall upon the outer walls of the caravanserai. The moon stares into the curtainless room, lights up the remains of the bedstead, and casts a melancholy gleam over a little heap of dirt (it might be larger were the housemaid more industrious) which has been swept into one of the corners, and left there, as much as to say, "There is an end at least of *that* job." The traveller wonders whether there are any wolves in the forest, and says to himself that if they are half as ferocious as certain smaller animals which infest the room, it would not be desirable to encounter them.

No: this is only a part of Poland. Still it is part of it, as a dirty finger-nail is part of a man's hand, a dirty hand part of a man's body. If first impressions were everything, what an idea one would have of Poland from Sosnovicz! Unfortunately (as I afterwards found

out) precisely the same idea that one would form of it from making its acquaintance at Granica, the frontier village between the Kingdom of Poland and the Polish dominions of Austria; or at Kovno, the frontier town between Prussia and Lithuania. Poland is certainly not careful about her extremities. England, France, and Germany, all keep their hands and feet in a much more becoming state. Nor in a journey along the borders of Hungary, nor even in Russia, did I ever see anything to equal in uncleanness the uncleanness of Kovno, nor, above all, of Sosnovicz.

The two Sosnovicz servants are worthy of the inn. The inn is "worthy of them both." The chambermaid is without shoes or stockings. She does not, can not change the sheets, but she is ready to bring clean towels if ordered to do so in Little Russian [Belarusan] or Ruthenian, and it is quite gratifying to hear her abuse the proprietor in the language of the Ukraine for his various shortcomings and crimes of inhospitality.

The "boots" is bootless. He kisses the traveler's hand at night, and in the morning proves his zeal by waking him from his chair, or from his tumble-down couch, at four o'clock, that he may catch the train at half-past six. He commences boot-cleaning in the bedroom, and, when ejected by force, commences the operation immediately outside the door. He uses no blacking, properly so called, but what he *does* apply, he carries in his salivary glands.

There is no trouble in getting the bill in the morning. It is not heavy, compared with the charges at the best hotels on the Continent. The use of the room with the broken bed is put down at a sum equivalent to one thaler. The youthful boots embraces the traveller's knees by way of a hint that attendance is not included. The poor little chambermaid bows her head, seizes the traveller's hand, and bears it affectionately to her lips. The feet of these domestics are muddy, and, as there are no carpets, or rugs, or mats, or even scrapers about the place (though scrapers would certainly not be nice things for persons without shoes or stockings to use), they bring a great deal of wet mould with them out of the courtyard into the rooms. But they are not without heart, and they respond to a small gratuity by reviling the proprietor in the most obliging manner. The proprietor appears in person, at the last moment, to receive the ironical thanks of the guest for the inattention that has been shown him. He is disposed of, however, by his own servants, who tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and so on, and who have so little fear of him, that it is evident he gives them no wages.

Can the general civilization of a country be judged of by its inns? I hope not, for the sake of Poland. But, in any case, it must be remembered that Polish civilization has been in some respects checked, in others greatly thrown back (especially among the poorer classes) by the Partitions and by the wars, confiscations, and educational and commercial restrictions which were their natural consequences. By the accounts of all travellers, the lower orders in Poland were in a miserable position at the period of the first dismemberment, but the Constitution of 1791 provided for the gradual emancipation of the peasantry, and, by conferring representative rights on citizens and traders, encouraged the formation of a respectable middle class. The Poland of 1791 was, in a political sense, at least half a century before either of the States which united to invade and destroy it; and since the ruin of their country the Poles have had to go back and wait for the very slow development of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. Even now, in Prussia and Austria, they can only profit by the advantages of constitutional government by forsaking their ancient national culture and becoming Germans.

Of the effect of political institutions, and especially of such an institution as serfdom, on the condition of a population, some notion may be formed by comparing the Polish peasants of Prussia and Austria, where serfdom no longer exists, with those of Russia, where, in the kingdom, the task-work system is only now being discontinued; and where, in the Polish provinces forming part of the Russian empire, the position of the peasant, until the recent edict of emancipation appeared, was almost that of a slave. The Polish peasant of Prussia is decidedly the highest, as the Polish peasant of Russia is decadently the lowest, in the scale of civilization.

The country between Sosnovicz and Warsaw is so dull as it is flat. It is less woody than the immense tract of wilderness between Moscow and St. Petersburg, along which it used to be said that a squirrel could leap from tree to tree without once touching the ground. But the forests one passes are far more interesting than the fields, cultivated by peasants so miserable that it is impossible to wonder at their laziness, and so lazy that they could not well be otherwise than wretched. I am not going to generalize on the subject of agriculture in Poland from what I saw of it during the day's railway traveling through the country, but I affirm that from half-past six in the morning to five in the afternoon all the labourers I passed were ragged and dirty; that at least four-fifths of them were lying down on the ground; that not one in ten was doing any work; and that the few who seemed to be seriously occupied were



employed on the railway. The contrast between the appearance of the Prussian and that of the Polish peasant is most striking. Gradually, as you proceed eastward, the laborer seems to sink lower and lower, and in Poland Proper he appears, indeed, in a most pitiable condition.

Afterwards, in the immediate neighborhood of Warsaw, I saw plenty of well-clad, prosperous-looking peasants, and I was assured that those whose appearance and attitude on the ground had struck me as expressing the last degree of wretchedness and laziness were abstaining from labor on high political grounds and by reason of the new law which changed their system of tenures and required them to substitute money payments for task-work. All the Polish proprietors had declared that it would be impossible to make them pay rent for their land in hard cash, and the Agricultural Society had recommended that their farms should be made over to them in freehold, the proprietors receiving an indemnification from the Government in bills bearing interest, for the payment of which it was proposed to levy a land tax. The Government, however, through a committee of bureaucrats, had prepared its own measure, which dissatisfied peasants and proprietors alike, and which will yet have to be modified.

Could the Government possibly have been jealous of the Agricultural Association, which, in preparing a simple and perfectly satisfactory solution of the peasant question, proved that it was fit for the exercise of legislative functions, and gave the lie to those who maintain that the Poles are a frivolous and thoughtless race, because they do not display the patience of the ass under gross ill-usage? It is probable enough that such was the case.

The ordinary Prussian is a reasonable being. He treats with a species of reverence every one who wears a Government uniform. He will allow himself to be run through the body by an officer whom he has or has not provoked, and other Prussians will look on with wonder at the Prussian who has presumed to place himself in such a position that it was necessary for an officer to take the trouble to run him through. If a bill is proposed in the Prussian chamber of Deputies for placing soldiers and civilians on an equality before the law, the bill is forthwith rejected. In a word, the Prussians are quiet and reasonable, and know the obedience they owe to the corporals and sergeants who govern them.

Look at the Russians again. In the early part of the last [eighteenth] century, a Russian nobleman would take a beating from his Emperor (the great Frederick

William, too, occasionally caned his courtiers). Russian noblemen, even under the most liberal sovereign that Russia has ever known, have been arrested without accusation, and temporarily exiled [to Siberia] without trial, though it is fair to add that there have been but few such instances during the reign of Alexander II.

The Poles, however, have never shown that sort of reasonableness which consists in accepting any amount of tyranny and injustice, against which it may be inconvenient and dangerous to protest. Before condemning them for their folly in this respect, some allowances ought to be made for their position, their education, their traditions, and their descent. It is not given to every one to bear blows and insults meekly, and, to do so, one must have been brought up specially for it, as for other things. Now, the Prussians have been accustomed more or less to stick-law, even since the establishment of the Hohenzollerns in Brandenburg. The Russians owe that powerful instrument of government, the knout, to the Tatars, and have brought up generation after generation under its kindly shadow. But the Poles have never yet for thirty years consecutively put up with the *régime* of the knout and the stick without protesting against it and sealing their protest with their blood. It is difficult to accustom them to it; for these Poles, of whom some hundred thousand have been sent to Siberia since the first partition of their native land, and of whom upwards of fifteen thousand—a tenth part of the entire population [of the city]—were imprisoned in Warsaw during the first six months of the present year (see the report of the municipal officers of Warsaw, published in the London newspapers early in August, 1862); these Poles are the sons of the men who voted for the Constitution of the 3rd of May, and who fought under Kosciuszko; they are the great-grandsons of the men who fought, not as conscripts, but as volunteers, under Sobieski, and saved Vienna and the west of Europe from a Turkish invasion.

If the Poles are not reasonable, it will at least appear to Englishmen that there is something natural in their conduct. Dr. Johnson told Boswell one day that he had just passed a fishmonger who was skinning eels, and who “cursed them because they would not lie still”; and he mentioned this as a “remarkable instance of heartless brutality.” If we cannot assist Poland in her distress, let us at least admit her right to complain and protest as best she can; and let us not sympathize for one moment with her tormentors, who curse her because she will not lie still. ▲



## Announcements and Notes

### **Profile: a Polish-language cultural magazine**

Michigan Polonia has started an interesting bimonthly titled *Profile: Pismo społeczno-kulturalne*, edited by Alicja Karlic and Janusz Kobielski and published by Altad., Inc. Communications Consultants. In the 2004 issues we have received, we particularly liked Karol Wojtyła's poetry and Dr. Janusz Wrobel's *Meditations*. Subscription is \$47 per year. Email: redakcja@pismoprofile.com, address: 2706 Winter Park, Rochester Hills, MI 48309.

### **To our Web readers**

We are grateful to the *Sarmatian Review* subscribers and donors who make the publication of the journal possible. We also have a large number of readers who are not subscribers to the print issue but read the journal on the Web. While the Web edition does not contain all the items that appear in the print edition (it also appears many weeks and sometimes months after the print edition), it does carry major articles and reviews. The *Sarmatian Review* Archives contain hundreds of reviews and articles that continue to be quoted, mentioned, and read.

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### **John Kulczycki's valuable article**

"Eastern Europe in Western Civilization Textbooks: The Example of Poland" appeared in *The History Teacher*, vol. 38, no. 2 (February 2005). The article examines six popular Western Civilization textbooks sold in tens of thousands of copies in the United States and used in colleges and universities. Professor Kulczycki has kindly provided us with the summary of that article. His work shows the results of colonialism in Central Europe ruled by empires throughout the nineteenth and most of the twentieth century. Kulczycki shows the results of the fact that thousands of books that should have been written have not been written. The present generation has to make up for lost time and produce books at great speed that would gradually correct erroneous versions of history. Here is Professor Kulczycki's summary:

1. None of the textbooks mention the creation of the Commission for National Education in Poland in 1773, though it was Europe's first national school authority.
2. None of the textbooks discuss Napoleon's Duchy of Warsaw.
3. Only one textbook gives an account of the reforms that culminated in the May 3 Constitution and mentions the uprising in 1794 led by Thaddeus Kosciuszko (Tadeusz Kościuszko).
4. Only one textbook discusses the dispute over Poland at the Congress of Vienna at some length, although the dispute over Poland brought the great powers to the brink of war.
5. The Polish uprising of November 1830 is either totally dismissed or presented in accounts ranging in length from two sentences in one textbook to two paragraphs in another. The one with the more extensive coverage discusses the revolt in Poland in connection with Russian history and before a discussion of the 1830 revolts in France and Belgium, which triggered the revolt in Poland. Even prior to the Iron Curtain, Poland is considered in connection with Russia rather than Western Europe.
6. Only two textbooks allude indirectly to the Great Emigration following the revolt of 1830, and to Adam Mickiewicz's role among the émigrés. Only one other textbook mentions Mickiewicz.
7. Only one textbook mentions the Polish insurrection of 1846. Accounts of the revolutionary events of 1848 give no details of Polish activities. Only half of the textbooks mention the Polish uprising of 1863 and this only within the context of Russian history.
8. Polish developments in the following decades leading to the recreation of a Polish state receive virtually no attention. There is nothing about the evolution of Polish national thought as typified by the clashing views of Roman Dmowski and Joseph Piłsudski. None of the books mention Dmowski. The only mention of Polish political parties comes when Rosa Luxemburg is identified as "a founder of the Polish socialist party." The only person of Polish origin from this period that almost all books identify is the "French scientist" Marie Curie.
9. Only two textbooks refer to the Polish-Soviet War of 1919–1921. One gives credit for the victory to French military advisors, another to assistance from Allied Powers.
10. A reader of these texts gets the impression that the Versailles Treaty unfairly favored Polish over German claims because East Prussia was "cut off" from the rest of Germany by the Polish "corridor," terminology used by all of the textbooks. Only one notes that this was territory Prussia gained in the partitioning of Poland. None refer to the ethnicity of the population that inhabited the territory,

although it was predominately Polish in character. By referring to a Polish “corridor” without noting that the majority of the population of the “corridor” was ethnically Polish, the texts appear to strengthen the German side in the Polish-German dispute over the Treaty of Versailles.

11. The textbooks take a negative view of interwar Poland. Two textbooks claim to see similarities between Poland and fascist Italy, and two others list Poland among countries where fascism appealed or had authoritarian governments resembling fascism.

12. Regarding the start of World War II, only one textbook says anything specific about the Soviet occupation. Just two textbooks mention Katyń, one saying the killing occurred in 1941.

13. One textbook states that Stalin moved rapidly to recover “czarist Russian lands” lost in World War I. There is no mention that these “czarist Russian lands” were not inhabited by Russians or that the territory Stalin occupied had been part of the Polish state prior to its partitioning in the eighteenth century.

14. The resistance movements in France, Greece, and Yugoslavia but not in Poland are mentioned in two textbooks. The Warsaw Uprising of 1944 receives a sentence or two in four out of six textbooks.

15. All of the textbooks have a separate section on the Holocaust and include non-Jewish Poles or Slavs among its victims. One textbook reports that the museum at Auschwitz creates a Polish memory of the Holocaust by emphasizing the millions of Poles who died. According to one textbook, Poles served as concentration camp guards along with Germans and Ukrainians. The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising of 1943 is noted by four of the textbooks, one citing the wrong year. Italy, Denmark, France, Raoul Wallenberg, and even Oscar Schindler are mentioned as having concealed or protected Jews, but not Poland nor *żegota*, the Polish Council for Aid to Jews.

16. One textbook differs significantly from the others in its treatment of the Holocaust. A section entitled “Polish Anti-Semitism Between the Wars” comes immediately before the section on “The Nazi Assault on the Jews of Poland.” Meanwhile, a discussion of Nazi policies toward the Jews in Germany prior to 1939 is placed more than forty pages earlier. The impression conveyed is that the Holocaust followed more logically from Polish anti-Semitism than from that of Hitler and the Nazis. The account of Polish anti-Semitism and of the case of Jedwabne are cited as evidence of support for the atrocities against the Jews in Nazi-occupied Poland.

17. The textbooks say little about Poland and the World War II conferences of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin. Two of the textbooks note that the territory the Soviet Union gained from

Poland once belonged to Russia or was vital for its security, an implicit justification of Soviet imperialism.

18. According to one textbook, “In Poland the Communists fixed the election results of 1945 and 1946,” when there were no elections. In another textbook we learn that the Communist-led provisional government in 1947 received 80.1 percent of the vote.

19. Although all the textbooks mention the events of 1956 in Poland, only one textbook gives a more detailed account. There is also no reference to the student and intellectual revolt in Poland in 1968.

20. The workers’ protests of 1970 and 1976 are mentioned in a sentence in three of the textbooks. Other forms of resistance are mentioned in only two textbooks. One states that in 1980 intellectuals formed the Workers’ Defense Committee (KOR), which was actually formed in 1976. The remarkable development of a civil society in Poland receives no attention.

21. The birth of Solidarity gets coverage in four out of six textbooks. Only half the textbooks mention the Pope in connection with Solidarity, and one mentions the support of the Catholic Church for Solidarity.

22. All of the textbooks mention Poland first among the countries where revolutions occurred in 1989, though two textbooks give no details, whereas three textbooks misleadingly speak of free elections to parliament, and one is wrong about the election to the Sejm.

23. Despite the huge number of books in English published on Solidarity, none of the textbooks includes a book specifically on Poland in the 1980s in its lists of suggested readings at the end of the chapter. Only one textbook gives attention to the wider role of Pope John Paul II in the world. ▲

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## American Catholicism and Polish Americans

(continued from page 1142)

Part of this price is a desire to be recognized and accepted on equal terms. If Catholics are a subculture in America, Polish Catholics are a subculture of a subculture. The Catholics of Western European background have a hard time being accepted as equals: they strive to be so accepted, rather than to be fair toward their fellow Catholics.

The fact is that Polish Catholics have been demonstrably marginalized within the Catholic Church in America. It remains to be seen whether John Paul II’s legacy will make a difference in this regard. ▲

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