

ERRATA

Jan Twardowski's poem corrected

In September 2013 issue of *Sarmatian Review*, Patrick Corness' translation of Jan Twardowski's "*Carpe diem*" contained several formatting mistakes. The name of the person by whose permission the poem was published in translation was likewise omitted. Below we correct the mistakes.

Carpe diem

Jan Twardowski

Love while we can people are soon gone
leaving empty shoes and unanswered phones
only the trivial drags its bovine hooves
what's important happens so fast it catches us out
the ensuing silence so normal it's unbearable
like innocence born of sheer confusion
thinking of someone who's left us

Don't be sure you've time, for unfounded
certainty
robs us of our awareness just as all happiness
comes at once like pathos and humour
like two passions always weaker than one
fleeting as a thrush's song in July
like a slightly harsh sound or a stiff bow
in order to see aright eyes are closed
though being born is a greater risk than dying
yet we still love too little and always too late

Don't write of this too many times rather write it
once and for all
and you'll be gentle yet strong like a dolphin

Love while we can people are soon gone
and those who don't go don't always return
and speaking of love you never know
whether the first is the last or the last is the first

*Translated by Patrick Corness
Published by kind permission of Dr. Aleksandra
Iwanowska*

Vladimir Putin's title in 2010

The review of Alexander Etkind's *Remembering Katyn* (SR, April 2013) contains one factual error. On p. 1762 the review states that President

Lech Kaczyński was "maneuvered out" of the meeting between Prime Minister Donald Tusk and President Vladimir Putin on April 7, 2010. At that time, Putin was prime minister and not president. He later admitted that he and Medvedev came to an agreement to alternate the office of presidency between themselves.

Anna M. Cieniala, University of Kansas

Reading poetry, reading paintings

Joanna Pollakówna and Jacek Sempoliński

Anna Gąsienica-Byrcyn

Natalia Astafiewa, a Warsaw-born Polish-Russian poet and translator who prepared a Russian anthology of Polish women poets titled *Polskije poetessy*, has opined that the twentieth century "belongs" to the extraordinary talented Polish women beginning with Maria Skłodowska-Curie (Nobel Award in Physics, 1903 and Nobel Award in Chemistry, 1911), and ending with Wisława Szymborska (Nobel Prize in Literature, 1996).¹ Joanna Pollakówna (1939–2002), a poet and art historian, is one of these remarkable yet little-known women. Her poems originated in the world of visual arts in which she was immersed as a professional art historian.

Pollakówna studied history of art at Warsaw University and at the Art Institute of the Polish Academy of Sciences. By her own admission, contemplating paintings is the greatest joy of her life. She also finds the act of writing about art to be enormously gratifying, even though it requires a different kind of concentration than "mere" contemplation. Her best-known essays on art are contained in the volumes titled *Formists (Formiści)*, *Clay and Light (Gлина i światło)*, and *Venetian Longings (Weneckie tęsknoty)*.² These can be compared to Zbigniew Herbert's *Barbarian in the Garden* and *The Still Nature with the Bridle*, two books by a master poet that provide the parameters of excellence in writing about art. Czesław Miłosz was so impressed by Pollakówna's collection of essays *Thinking about Paintings (Myśląc o obrazach)*