

JUSTICE DENIED

**IN RE JANOWIEC ET AL
VS
RUSSIA**

**Before the European
Court of Human Rights**

October 21, 2013

<http://www.humanrightseurope.org/2013/10/court-makes-final-ruling-on-world-war-two-katyn-massacre-complaint/>

**European Court of Human Rights
Response by Georgy Matyushkin:**

“The court does not have the conventional duty to investigate the events at Katyn.”

[Signed]

Georgy Matyushkin

Russian Deputy Minister of Justice
Russian Envoy to the European Court of
Human Rights
October 21, 2013

*For Susan Marie Turner
il miglior fabbro*

DEPOSITIONS NOT REVIEWED BY THE COURT SUBMITTED BY

- I Leo Tolstoy
- II Anna Politkovskaia
- III Fyodor Dostoevsky
- IV Anton Chekov
- V Mikhail Bulgakov
- VI Anna Akhmatova
- VII Joseph Brodsky
- VIII Osip Mandelstam
- IX Alexander Solzhenitsyn
- X Nikita Khrushchev
- XI Nikita Mikhalkov
- XII Gary Kasparov
- XIII Amy Knight

Depositions Compiled by
James Edward Reid

February 12, 2014
Once again it is up to us poets to nail the guilty to the
essential pillory. (Émile Zola)

DEPOSITION I

Leo Tolstoy, “J’accuse!”

Lev’s Decision

“I trembled, expecting to be pursued.”

No more birch leaves
against the terrible gray sky
a great stone on my chest
crushing my struggling heart
a child’s voice pleading
in the distance, “Natalya!”
Frost again this morning
my decision to flee
prophet and crank
genius and idiot

the rising sun took longer
to clear the same bad dream

paralyzing me and
telling me to escape
the nightmare bearing
hard black iron crosses

on its impossible machinery.
Soon? Three decades? Now?
They are smoking, and laughing,
and burning my manuscripts.

*"It seemed to Hadji Murád that someone
was striking him with a hammer, and he
could not understand who was doing it or
why."*

*Omens or autumn
heavier each evening.
"It was Natasha and he loved her,"
and I must not return.
Once, it had made sense,
until that one dream
of their coming
to Yasnaya Polyana
and into my study.
I must run.*

DEPOSITION II

Anna Politkovskaia (1958-2006), "J'accuse!"

Za chto

Carry my own food,
in sealed packets.

Refuse all food and water
from anyone I don't know.

Do not produce my ID
until the official produces his.

Hide my rolls of film
under packets of dried porridge.

Bear witness to the birthday boy
who seduced Bush with his eyes.

Keep my sweet Ilya and Vera,
at a safe distance from me. Please.

After Beslan, Grozny, Starye Atagi,
I survived it all, even poison. Yet, here it is,

of all places, taking a deep breath
too soon, in the elevator to my apartment.

A dark blur of shadowy sound,
long footsteps running down the hall,
I see the dirt under his nails, fingertips
stealing around the closing door,
opening . . .

The steel glint, the *stal* in his hard hand,
the whispers under Moscow's silence.
so confident, he left the security camera running,
when I was murdered at 16.01 h, October 7,
2006, the President's birthday.

*"These are the titles, how
you will be remembered
after we are both gone."*

*A Dirty War
A Small Corner of Hell
Putin's Russia
A Russian Diary
Nothing but the Truth
Za chto ("For What?")
"but the walls of our cells
are impermeable"*

DEPOSITION III

Fyodor Dostoevsky, "J'accuse!"

Tobolsk

A grey wind cuts stony soil
covering a land
without summer or spring.

In the dead of night
frost coats the constricted buds
of dwarfed and anxious trees.

Motionless silver branches
in the broken moonlight
race against the dawn.
Bright flickering ice
drops from the limbs,
as the fitful buds swell.
The night air pulsates
with secretions of blood
and milk the color of bone.

The taste of acetone

and the texture of sand
fill her mouth.

There is no taste
and no texture
in his cold embrace.
Just an extraction
of her warmth
he cannot feel.

He leaves a pitiful pulse
masquerading
as flesh.

A limb cracks in the silence
as the blackness and ice
harden into furtive shapes.

Dying, the night is still,
watching the abominable need
sharpen hunger again.

The House of the Dead

At Tobolsk
I saw
men chained to a wall.
Each man dragged
a chain
seven feet long,
each has a bedstead by him . . .

Each man is kept
like that
for the years
of an eternity.

DEPOSITION IV

Anton Chekhov, "J'accuse!"

Surgery

I have come back
with the painless
needle and thread.
Tell me yet again
where the pieces
of your heart
are scattered.

*Written at Ohsweken, Ontario, Canada, Six Nations
Reserve, May 24, 2013*

Ward Six

*"It was hard work; the heavy downpour ruined
everything we managed to get done."*

*My clothes are
soaked through
by sheets of rain.*

*I help a few men
until my fingers are so cold,
wrapped in wet rags,
I can no longer move them . . .*

DEPOSITION V

Mikhail Bulgakov, "J'accuse!"

The Heart of a Dog

Rooting in the dirt in the alley
for mouldy bread rotting meat
pulsing with small worms.
Water? No, Igor's pool of piss.
My smell and taste are shot
to hell, but I'm still alive.

I must be alive, because
I'm an *apparatchik* now,
and decide who lives.
I don't care about the living
most of the time,
just at decision time.

Ivan and I are competing
to see who can send
more *zeks* to the gulags.

zaklyuchënniy!
zaklyuchënniy!
zaklyuchënniy!

We yell it three times fast
when we're drinking vodka,
over and over, and over again.
Whoever stumbles first,
buys all the drinks.
You can join the fun any time.

You may as well
I have your name
and know where you live.

January 5, 2014

Heart of a Dog

*The blizzard roars
a prayer for the dying
and I howl with it.*

*Bitter rain freezes
your fingers
your heart.*

DEPOSITION VI

Anna Akhmatova, “J’accuse!”

In the Courtyard of the Lubyanka

“Do You Hear Voices?”
I didn’t,
at least not until this afternoon.
They were hovering in the air,
over on the Russian poetry shelves.
It was Akhmatova and Brodsky
looking out at the snow falling
through the tall north storm window,
whispering about mother Russia,
the Russia that could have been
and those who could have been . . .

*Mandelstam
Mayakovsky
Pasternak
Bulgakov
Tsvetaeva
Yevtushenko
Voznesensky*

*and all the disappeared
who could have been*

Requiem 1930–1940

*In the endless silence
of the prison yard
the nearly endless silence
I am recognized.*

*A weathered peasant woman,
her face shattered by grief
and the undying bleakness
of incomprehension,
speaks to me, a whisper,*

“Anna? Can you write about this?”
“I can.”

*The shadows around her eyes
twitch, and slice crow’s feet
deeper into her flesh.*

2014

DEPOSITION VII

Joseph Brodsky, “J’accuse!”

To hear today—it could have been worse.
In 1953 Stalin wanted to slash and burn
the Gulag archipelago across more
of the scorched face of mother Russia—
twenty million Russians burnt by the sun
weren’t enough. Saddest were those
who died with *Slave of Stalin*
tattooed on their foreheads,
their faith and devotion freezing
and thawing into descendants
who became apologists, pundits, and
TV anchors for the new little tsar.

“The death of one man diminishes me,
the death of a million is a statistic.”

***OKRANA/CHEKA/OGPU/NKVD/NKGB/MGB
/KGB/FSB/***

*To a Tyrant (Odnomu tiranu from
Chast’rech): Arresting these café
habitués—he started snuffing out world
culture somewhat later.*

“So I guess you don’t get much sleep, do you?”
*Isaac Babel, to the two KGB thugs who were
driving him to the Lubyanka Prison.*

DEPOSITION VIII

Osip Mandelstam, “J’accuse!”

You were born with no knowledge
of the ghosts of the slaves
drowning below deck
as water hissed its way into
the rotting ark of the Tsar.
And banished to Scythia, Ovid shouted
a warning to you through the sea spray,
but St. Petersburg was sinking
and you didn’t know how to swim.

The polestar led you into a web where
no *Ode to Stalin* could save you
from Demeter laying waste to Athens

Paris and Moscow. Her ruins whispered,
 “When the revolution comes? How many more?
 How many more times will it be another lie?”

He exiled you to the sub-arctic light
 where transparent blades glistened
 and flayed the last of the things
 you tried to keep close to you,
 and then tossed them out onto the ice.

Others had chosen the easy way out,
 but you had only verses to confess
 and no one to betray but yourself
 as swallows came keening silence
 across the last *thalassa*, the sea the sea
 whose archipelago closed over your head.

You had been drowning for so long
 you welcomed its last offerings
 rather than face more of the past.
 After so many deaths, black blots
 dropped filaments of steel silk,
 millions of arachnid legs scrambled
 jittery steppes to find you scratching for food
 in a garbage dump at Vtoraia Rechka.

Their sharp threads etched long illegible lines of
 frost
 where poetry no longer lacerates what remains
 of your heart.

“Eyesight of Wasps”

*Armed with the eyesight of slender wasps,
 sucking at the earth’s axis, the earth’s axis,
 I feel everything that never happened to me,
 and I memorize it, but it’s all in vain.*
 (Second Voronezh Notebook)

*“You needn’t worry,” Akmatova said to me,
 “something good is happening.” She had
 already heard vague rumors about the Party
 Congress at which Khrushchev read out his
 famous letter.*
 (Nadezhda Mandelstam, *Hope Against Hope*)

DEPOSITION IX

In Memoriam, Henry Kock

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn “J’accuse!”
“J’accuse!, et encore, J’accuse!”

The Cancer Care Ward

Still on this side of the Acheron,
 and so still
 I do not hold out much hope, but I shall
 inside the resistance.
 Has it undone so many?

In the face of the odds
 after five years
 they pass the waiting area
 down the hall to radiation.

The angry,
 the bald young woman
 with her hat cocked
 just so.

The tanned athlete
 who will not accept
 something that does not play fair.
 The aged flowers who are sweet
 and waver on the edge.
 They all make their way here.

The hall is quiet now,
 sky blue cables iron pipes
 and silver conduit overhead
 expose the sharp gut
 of the expanding hospital.

Out of radiation
 an old man pushes a wheelchair
 bearing his wife, and stops.

He answers her faint plea,
 she is exhausted, pale,
 and he murmurs reassurance,
 smiles, leans over her,
 and kisses her neck
 and whispers many times,
 “I am waiting for you. For you, my love.”

*“the disease had come upon him, a happy man
 with few cares, like a gale in the space of two
 weeks. (The Cancer Ward)*

*“I do not hold out much hope, but I shall try to
 say what is most important in a short space—
 namely, to set forth what I hold to be for the
 good and salvation of our people, to which all of
 you—and I myself—belong.”*

(Letter to the Soviet Leaders)

*“and I thought: What have I done? I put myself
in their hands again.”*

(*The Oak and the Calf: A Memoir*)

DEPOSITION X

Nikita Khrushchev, “J’accuse!”

Eviscerating the Cancer

1956. The Khrushchev *shokk*.
A Bolshevik since 1918,
Nikita rises to speak
at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Party.
A delegate from eastern Russia
looks down and whispers to himself,
“Do not live by lies!”
and is surprised
but remains expressionless
and folds his hands to keep
from shaking with fear.
Fragments, phrases, strike fear
and whistle sharp long knives:
“abolition of the cult of the personality
decisively, once and for all”
“once and for all. . .”
“violations of Leninist norms”
“grave perversions of party principles. . .”
“mass acts of abuse against socialist legality”

He raises his eyes, but not his head,
A delegate is clutching his heart
gasping for breaths that do not come.
Another is thrown back in his seat
violently, from a heart attack.
Delegates are gasping in pain.
Pages and medical staff rush in
and carry away Stalinists in seizures
Boleslaw Bierut dies of a heart attack.
The bootlicking model Stalinist writer
Alexander Fadeev shoots himself.
It was all over for all of them,
except the lonely dying,
for those who welcomed an end.

(Helen Rappaport, *Joseph Stalin: A
Biographical Companion*)

*“Paradise . . . is a place where
people want to end up, not a place
they run from. What kind of socialism is*

*that? What kind of shit is that, when you
have to keep people in chains?”*

(Khrushchev, speaking to a wheat field
in baffled fury, quoted in *Red Plenty*).

“Most of all the blood.

My arms are up to the elbows in blood.”

(Mikhail Shatrov, quoting Khrushchev)

DEPOSITION XI

Nikita Mikhalkov, “J’accuse!”

Grozny in filthy light
under shit stained skies
RPG smoke trails from ruins
once were buildings
A film clip cuts across
jury deliberations.

A broken down army tank with a rag doll
Russian body
lolling in the death turret and some— thing—
— runs in the street

The jurors try to justify
and judge their own lives.

50-caliber machine guns
burst brutal flame streaks
across what was once a street
where it is running toward you

Each juror convicts himself
with what passes for his truth
And always rounding that corner
loping toward you now
runs the recurring surprise
of that strong black body

Each juror condemns himself
to life imprisonment in Russia

Always rounding that corner
the black dog lopes closer,
larger and faster with some part
of a body clamped in its jaws

The worst prison is the recurring
iron cell door of night and day

Running fast toward you now
you finally see in its jaws,

a medal-beribboned chest
and a human shoulder slab.

And on the battlefield, Bolkonsky
gazes up at the immense blue sky.
Where it's . . . where it is . . .
where it's always midnight
where the knife blade
is probing your heart.

"Voilà une belle mort."
(Napoleon regarding Andrei Bolkonsky in *War
and Peace*)
July 31, 2012

DEPOSITION XII

Gary Kasparov, "J'accuse!"

Black King Resigns

The distant phalanx

outnumbers us all, and
is constrained to march
in silent black felt boots.
En passant est interdit
murder at close range
is the one and only move
this late in the game.

Until his last move
sends an ultimatum
to the little black king
of Gulag Nation.

White Black

39 RxP K-N1

40 B-B4 K-R1

41 Q-B Resigns

White Queen to Bishop: Black resigns.

"I'm sure it's reachable, but you might have to
break some rules to reach it." (Kasparov on that
hidden wealth, *New York Times*, April 27, 2014,
"Sanctions Revive Search For Secret Putin
Fortune")
"It's like the mob. The only thing that matters is
loyalty. The hit man must be loyal to the boss.
The boss must protect the hit man" (Joe Nocera
on Kasparov and on Putin's rule. *New York*

Times, Op-Ed, March 28, 2013)

DEPOSITION XIII

Amy Knight, "J'accuse!"

Will Putin's Gunsels Play Chopin For Us?

*"We shall fight against them, throw them in prisons,
and destroy them"* (Vladimir Putin, September 1,
2004)

I am reading *Hadji Murád*
this evening by an open window
at a friend's house in Kingston.
The summer rain is soft
the ivory keys settle
under the hand of
this late message from Tolstoy.
Across the living room
she is reading quietly
the way she did when we first met.

They walk north
toward the Winter Palace
and peer at the bulk
of Tsar Nicholas grunting
over the body of a fifteen year old.
His glut of bastard offspring has
reproduced his rape catechism
proselytized the archipelago
exported his virus
for two hundred years to Chechnya,

where Hadji Murád rides the slate light
to the local headquarters
of the Russian front.
The clock unwinds the rain
on the back of his hands.
Breathing hard,
something is
something is
something is wrong, the stars
wither the grain
in the fields. No good
can come, even from those
who are good, he can feel it
under the necessity,
the way his spine tests
the heft of his ammunition belt.

The trees open to a clearing where
Hadji Murád will negotiate,

with wet sabres.
 Who welcomes a guest
 an envoy of peace
 with armed guards?

I look across the room at her,
 thankful we are here
 encircled in the far distance
 by what is unfolding beyond
 the unforgiving inevitability
 of the shield of stone, listening
 to Chopin's first *Impromptu*, op. 29

When Tolstoy heard it
 as he wrote this tragedy
 unlike the *Medea*
 with no *deus* no *machina*
 but a record and a prophecy,
 he knew what we become
 when we discard both.
 In his raw youth, Lev served in Chechnya
 enlisted in the army,
 1851 the year

Murád came
 and fell in a cold rain
 burnt by the sun
 surrounded with little cover
 in a wet and muddy
 no man's land
 in the open where
 no one should die alone
 for trying to end the terror.

In exile in Kazakhstan, Amerika,
 and in final irrelevance
 since his youthful letter,
 and it was only a phrase,
 Solzhenitsyn still growls,
 "*Zhit ne vo lzhi!*"
 knowing what
 "*Do not live by lies!*"
 and saying it with your bare hands
 brings you.

More lies spill overboard
 from the Russian Ark
 they are dying faster
 than the negotiations falling away
 like spring snow in the Caucasus

Safe and sound
 the Chechen rides away pursued
 by bloodthirsty infants
 intifadas
 the drunken Tsar can't remember
 unleashing
 Cossacks, the president's gunsels
 who lament the passing of the Gulags
 who would crush their own mother's faces
 who will turn on each other at last
 and will not have to tour Russia's dead
 when there is no one left to ask
 how many more Slaves of Stalin,
 how many more Beslans,
 how many more apartment tower
 bombings are enough?

Hexogen traces were found at the bombing sites.
 Hexogen is only available
 at Russian facilities controlled by the FSB.
 These are the indelible fingerprints of his keys
 the keys to the Gulag Nation.

*On the 1999 bombing of apartment towers, to
 win the Russian election: "Finally, We Know
 about the Moscow Bombings." (Amy Knight,
 (New York Review of Books, November 22,
 2012).*

*I put two of my best men on it
 always kept their mouths shut
 about everything they'd done.*

*Oversaw the assignments
 the bombings in Chechnya
 the sudden death in exile*

*They kept quiet about the money
 invested it for their kids
 and dressed in secondhand clothes*

*But, who knows? So. Just in case,
 I sent Lev, who killed that bitch Anna
 to kill them both. Now. Who's next?
 Amy?*

Lubyanka Ninth Circle Requiem

Long and deep inhuman sounds
 silenced by such a distant
 heavy door slamming shut,

ensures that the new silence
is worse than the promise
in the last light flickering.

Doodling wolves in red ink
trading the Lubyanka
for a Warfarin dinner
is not enough suffering
to wash away Lenin's blood
or Osip Mandelstam's.

Your mad father savagely
beats you for eternity
all the arrests and you can't
stop the seepage of your blood
now blood bursts from your mouth
black blood from your black eyes

Rage spurts from your nose
but no one, *Nemo* will help you
bleeding and trapped in ice
in the ninth circle of hell
with the lives of others, forever.

June 11, 2014

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Katyn: one of the locations where Russian forces murdered Polish officers and soldiers and buried them in mass graves during the Second World War. *Janowiec et al.*: <http://www.humanrightseurope.org/2013/10/court-makes-final-ruling-on-world-war-two-katyn-massacre-complaint/>

Deposition I Tolstoy

"I trembled, expecting": Tolstoy's *Diary*, October 28, 1910.

"and burning my manuscripts": "Soldiers burned some of Tolstoy's manuscripts when they arrived at Yasnaya Polyana." William H. Gass, "Kinds of Killing: The Flourishing of the Third Reich," *Harper's Magazine*, August 2009.

"It seemed to Hadji Murád": The Chechen leader who attempted to negotiate peace with Russian forces in the mid-nineteenth century in Chechnya, where Tolstoy had served in the Russian army.

(*Hadji Murád*, trans. by Aylmer Maude, p. 149)

"It was Natasha, and he loved her". *War and Peace*, p. 1112 (Pevear-Volokhonsky translation).

Yasnaya Polyana: "Bright Glade" was Tolstoy's birthplace, where he wrote *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*.

Deposition II Politkovskaia

Anna Politkovskaia was a crusading journalist who reported on Russian atrocities in Chechnya until she was assassinated in her apartment building on Putin's birthday.

birthday boy: Vladimir Putin.

Ilya and Vera: Anna's children.

Beslan: The September 2004 Beslan school massacre occurred when heavily armed Russian security forces entered the school after three days of occupation by armed Islamic separatists from Ingushetia and Chechnya. The truncated negotiations led to 354 deaths including 186 children, and notably consolidated Putin's power.

Grozny: The Russian war in Grozny led to the consolidation of more power in the Kremlin.

Starye Atagi: South of *Grozny*, *Starye Atagi* is another Russian war zone in Chechnya.

"*stal* in his hard hand": *stal* is the metal of the assassin's handgun, and is the Russian word for "steel." It was adapted by Joseph Dzhugashvili during his rebranding as Stalin.

security camera: recorded the assassination, three bullets to her chest, and a "control shot" to her head. No one has been convicted of the murder.

A Dirty War etc.: These are the titles of books published by Politkovskaia.

"But the walls of our cells / are impermeable": from Politkovskaia's *A Russian Diary: A Journalist's Final Account of Life, Corruption, and Death in Putin's Russia*, July 12, 2005.

Deposition III Dostoevsky

Tobolsk: One of the locations in Dostoevsky's *The House of the Dead*. While traveling west after serving eight years of exile in Siberia, Dostoevsky stopped in Tobolsk, about 2,500 kilometers from Moscow. Orlando Figes describes it as the "provincial backwater" where Tsar Nicholas, Alexandra, and their five children were sent in 1917 before they were all transferred to Ekaterinburg. There they were executed at close range by a Bolshevik firing squad at night.

Deposition IV Chekhov

"painless needle and thread": Chekov, a physician, once said, "Medicine is my lawful wife, and literature is my mistress."

"my fingers were so cold . . . I could no longer move them": A personal recollection of felling diseased elm trees in a forest east of Galt, Ontario, during the winter of 1973–74. In the evenings, I read the first volume of *The Gulag Archipelago*.

Deposition V Bulgakov

apparatchik: A member of the Communist Party bureaucracy. Often derogatory.

zek or *zaklyuchënniy*: Prisoner in a Russian labor camp, or gulag.

Deposition VI Akhmatova

Lubyanka: The KGB's dreaded Lubyanka Prison, where torture and summary execution was the fate of many of the Soviet Union's *desaparticidos*.

Deposition VII Brodsky

"Slave of Stalin": In *The Gulag Archipelago* Solzhenitsyn reports seeing *zeks* who had loved Stalin, with this phrase tattooed on their foreheads.

"The death of one man diminishes me, the death of a million is a statistic": Attributed to Joseph Stalin.

"So, I guess you don't get much sleep": Quoted by Babel's wife, Antonina Pirozhkova.

OKRANA/CHEKA/OGPU/NKVD/NKGB/MGB/KGB/FSB: These acronyms chronologically list the changes in nomenclature for the sometimes-distinctive versions of the Russian secret service, from Tsarist times to the most recent change from KGB to FSB under Putin, the former head of the KGB.

Deposition VIII Mandelstam

banished to Scythia: In 8 CE Ovid was banished from Rome to Scythia, now a part of Russia, a very distant banishment at that time. See Delacroix, Ovid Among the Scythians.

Voronezh: Stalin initially banished Mandelstam to Voronezh, in the area that the Greeks and Romans knew as Scythia.

Ode to Stalin: Mandelstam's desperate and failed attempt to curry favor with Stalin.

Deposition IX Solzhenitsyn

In Memoriam, Henry Kock: Written in a Hamilton hospital cancer ward, after driving my friend Henry there for treatment.

J'accuse!: Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn. *The Gulag Archipelago: An Experiment in Literary Investigation*, vols. 1–3.

"And I thought: What have I done? I have put myself in their hands again": (*The Oak and the Calf*). After the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, Solzhenitsyn traveled to Moscow to be honored, and booked himself into a hotel room. He took an evening walk and discovered with alarm that his accommodations were next to his "old *sharashka*" (prison slang for a research institute staffed by prisoners) where he was first imprisoned.

Deposition X Khrushchev

"Abolition of the cult": Quotations are adapted from Khrushchev's Kremlin-shaking speech, as quoted in Helen Rappaport, *Joseph Stalin*.

"Most of all the blood": Frances Spufford, *Red Plenty*, London: Faber & Faber, 2010, p. 419.

Deposition XI Mikhalkov

"A film clip": the repeated couplet throughout this deposition references the repeated image that haunts the jury deliberations in Mikhalkov's film *12*.

50-caliber machine guns: the guns may be of higher caliber.

medal-beribboned chest: references the fate of the Russian revolutionary hero Colonel Kotov in Mikhalkov's *Burnt by the Sun*, as Stalinist torture and murder accelerate in 1936.

"*Voilà une belle mort*": Napoleon's words upon regarding Andrei Bolkonsky's body lying on the battlefield. (*War and Peace*, p. 291, Pevear & Volokhonsky translation).

Deposition XII Kasparov

En passant refers to the capture by a pawn of an opponent's chess piece in passing.

41 *Q-B*: The move of the Queen to Bishop. In the 1971 chess match between Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky, Fischer's forty-first move, *Q-B*, led Spassky to concede.

Deposition XIII Knight

Lubyanka Ninth Circle Requiem: presents parallels between the hell of the Lubyanka where Mandelstam was originally imprisoned and Dante's ninth circle of hell, where Stalin is surely imprisoned *in aeternum*.

In 1933, in his "Conversation About Dante" a few years before his imprisonment by Stalin, Mandelstam responded to the *Inferno* with a deep understanding of the orderly nature and meaning of Dante's lasting achievement. Surely Mandelstam could not have imagined the chaotic and meaningless suffering and death he would face a few years later, in a cold hell that even Dante could not have imagined.

Doodling wolves: "the last observed activity of Stalin," Gjertrud Schnackenberg, *A Gilded Lapse of Time*, NY: Farrar Straus, 1994, p.143.

Warfarin: a rat poison, also used medically as a blood thinner. When consumed in high doses concealed in food it leads to uncontrolled bleeding and death, reputedly the fate of Stalin according to some sources.

mad father savagely: Schnackenberg, p. 143.

seepage of your blood: Schnackenberg, p. 99.

ninth circle of hell: Although betrayal now seems to be an increasingly endemic and oblivious choice, in the *Inferno* Dante placed those who betrayed others

in the deepest pit of Hell, where suffering was the most intense.

The lives of others: In *A Gilded Lapse of Time*, Gjertrud Schnackenberg presciently used this phrase in her poem for Mandelstam “A Monument In Utopia (Osip Mandelstam).” In 2006, the film *The Lives of Others* (*Das Leben der Anderen*) opened in Germany. Its presentation of the lives of paranoia, under meticulous, widespread surveillance and imprisonment, would have been envied by Stalin, surrounded as he was by blunt-force trauma underlings and their often random brutalities. Hexagon is only available: enough said.

Warsaw 1944: Hitler, Himmler, and the Warsaw Uprising

By Alexandra Richie. New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 2013. 738 pages including illustrations and index. ISBN: 978-0-374-28655-2.

Anna M. Cienciala

Alexandra Richie is already known for her book *Faust's Metropolis: A History of Berlin* (New York: Carroll & Graff, 1997), a runner-up for the Pulitzer Prize in 1998. She married Władysław Bartoszewski, Jr. and now resides in Warsaw. Her book on the Warsaw Uprising of 1944 is the most detailed account of the *Armia Krajowa* (Home Army) two-month fight to free the city from the Germans as the Red Army stood by across the Vistula in the eastern part of the capital, Praga, from mid-September onward. The Polish language version with Zofia Kunert is titled *Warszawa 1944* (Warsaw: Grupa Wydawnicza Foksal, 2014).

The year 1944 has different meanings for many nations. In Western Europe it means liberation from German occupation by American and British troops, with the latter including Polish units. In Central Europe it means liberation by Soviet troops, but also the imposition of Soviet domination. For Poles, 1944 is the year of the Warsaw Uprising against the Germans (August 1–October 2) with the political aim of demonstrating Polish independence against the “Polish Committee of National Liberation” set

up on July 22, 1944 by Polish Communists, allegedly in Lublin but in fact in Moscow.

It may seem strange that the book starts with a chapter on Belarus, but this is as it should be. It was here, under German occupation, that the Wehrmacht began to use—mostly with other helpers—the strategy of wiping out entire villages and towns to crush Soviet-supported partisan resistance. These actions were carried out with the full knowledge of German military commanders and were directed by two criminals: Oskar Paul Dirlewanger (1896–1945)—a Nazi since 1923, Ph.D. in political science, member of the SS (Schutzstaffel, or Protection Units), and Bronisław Kamiński (1899–1944), born in Vitebsk. Dirlewanger formed a military unit out of renegades held in a German concentration camp; they were supposed to be “rehabilitated” by military service (sic). Kamiński’s father was of Polish descent and his mother was German. He was an engineer working in the alcohol industry. His hatred of the Soviet system stemmed from his arrest and sentence for adherence to a “counter-revolutionary group”; the sentence was light, since it meant employment in a network distillery. He was sent to the Lokot area near Bryansk, where he offered his services to the Germans in November 1941; they allowed him to organize a militia to fight the partisans. The militia grew into a brigade and retreated alongside the Wehrmacht to Poland. Both men led their units as part of the German Army, wore its uniforms, and were responsible for the massacres of Warsaw civilians during the Uprising, accompanied by unheard of cruelty. General Erich von dem Bach-Zelewski (1889–1972) was in charge of the operations both in German-occupied Belarus and in Warsaw.

Richie’s book is based on broad German and Polish documentation, as well as secondary literature, published memoirs, and the author’s interviews with survivors. She shows that Hitler was determined to destroy the Polish capital and closely followed the fighting—as reported by the head of the SS, Heinrich Himmler—while sitting in his bunker in East Prussia. The Führer devoted to this task forces that could have strengthened his army in the west, particularly airplanes, and an almost indestructible armored