

¹⁹ I rely on K. Niedźwiadek's "Struktura i rozwój momentu produkcji duchowej," in: P. Buczkowski and A. Klawiter, editors, *Klasy – światopogląd – idealizacja*, Poznań: PWN, 1985, pp. 17–46.

²⁰ P. Grzegorzczak, *Czy musimy repolonizować media? Analiza zagranicznego kapitału w mediach*, in: Jagielloński24.pl
<<http://Jagielloński24.pl/2015/09/14/czy-musimy-repolonizowac-media-analiza-zagranicznego-kapitalu-w-polsce>>, accessed 5 January 2015.

²¹ P. Grzegorzczak, *Media na państwowym garnuszku. Analiza wydatków instytucji publicznych na reklamy*, in: jagielloński24.pl
<<http://Jagielloński24.pl/2015/12/01/media-na-panstwowym-garnuszku-analiza-wydatkow-instytucji-publicznych-na-reklamy>>, accessed 5 January 2016.

²² P. Grzegorzczak, *Media na państwowym garnuszku*.

²³ Z. Kuźmiuk, "Sejmowa komisja śledcza w sprawie wyludzeń VAT?" In: wpolityce.pl
<http://wpolityce.pl/gospodarka/276932-sejmowa-komisja-sledcza-w-sprawie-wyludzen-vat-ustalilaby-w-jaki-sposob-i-za-czym-przyzwoleniem-dochodzilo-do-rozszczelnienia-przepisow-dotyczacych-podatku-vat-i-kto-na-tych-rozwiazaniach-zyskiwal>, accessed 5 January 2016. According to the Global Financial Integrity report, "foreign companies illegally siphon about 90 billion zloties a year out of Poland, i.e. 5 percent of our GDP, mainly by way of frauds concerning VAT, CIT, and customs." Quoted from Z. Kuźmiuk, "Polska wśród 20 najbardziej 'okradanych' państw świata," in: wpolityce.pl
<http://wpolityce.pl/gospodarka/276449-polska-wsrod-20-najbardziej-okradanych-panstw-swiate>>, accessed 5 January 2016.

The First World War Writer as Dictator in Zakopane

Rafał Malczewski

Translated by Adrian Lukas Smith

At the end of October 1918, after four years of war, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy collapsed. The army from the front changed into a horde of displaced persons wanting to return home as quickly as possible. The legal authorities perished into ash, blasted away by a hurricane of

enjoyment and rebellion blowing through the constituent countries of the Austro-Hungarian empire and nations of the dying Holy Roman Empire. It acted from Trieste to Suczawa, from Bregenz to Dolna Watra. Galicia and Lodomeria and the principalities of Oświęcim, Zator, and Kraków resisted being taken over. The coup occurred quickly and almost without pain. Authority was grasped by people who were more clever and more experienced in underground work. Secret organizations appeared. There were new faces and new heroes, as well as demonstrations, oaths, rallies, outbursts of patriotism, garrulousness, and improvisation. New homelands were born, former officers of the monarchy stepped down quietly and silently; they were disheartened because of the coup's lack of order, the unjust contempt for bureaucracy. Amateurs grasped governance. Young people persuaded the army to give up their weapons because the army was tired and had been waiting for this for a long time. Hearts rose. New countries began on their journey to the unknown in this intoxicated, anarchic world.

Zakopane entered this new epoch beautifully. The people proclaimed: we no longer have an Austrian monarchy! The power of governance was deposited in the hands of a writer. It was not offered to Piłsudski's Legion or to professional Sokół patriots, or to a lawyer or doctor, but to the writer Stefan Żeromski. I am not sure whether this action came from the ghosts of the dying epoch or whether it initiated new times. We know how writers gradually lose their importance. At that time, despite its beautiful blushes, Europe fell ill. Power was lost and law and freedom were scorned, people became delusionary and began to believe in superstitions and gods, dark and bloodthirsty. As usual, Zakopane survived unscathed from the Great War to the time of the cable car to Kasprowy. At the beginning of 1915, Russian patrols came to the foot of the Gorce hills. The *Russkies* lasted on this line until May 1915 when the German offensive pushed them hundreds of kilometers to the east.

Out of spite for Zakopane, the First World War broke out in the summer season. It was a blow to

the town's pocket. Many Poles, as well as Russian citizens, were astonished by the war's activities that cut them off from Warsaw, Łódź, Młociny, and Piotrków. The richer and more courageous individuals faithfully lasted to the end of the summer on Krupówki and in the Tatras. In the autumn, the inhabitants of Congress Kingdom Poland had to return home via Romania. The young people who were stuck under Giewont headed at the proper time to the monarchy's higher schools to complete their studies. Galician universities were not mentioned, Lwów was in Russian hands, Kraków prepared itself for a siege. Kraków allegedly was a "professional defensive stronghold," and it was only then that its inhabitants realized what that meant. An inhabitant was allowed to return to his or her abode if he had proof that he possessed a few sacks of flour and grain, peas, sugar, a barrel of sour cabbage and a large cut of pork fat. During the so-called siege of Kraków in the winter of 1914 to spring of 1915 many Russian officers appeared at the Słowacki Theatre in Kraków. The front was garrisoned loosely; no one was attacked. They had known that theater well before the war; they admired Solski in *Judas* and *Warszawianka*. Obviously they came in civilian clothing and pretended to smile naïvely. Ushers knew them from before the war. They smiled discreetly to the regulars. The theater building did not stay empty—private boxes were full and even Russian officers paid tips.

Something happened in Podhale at that time that changed the world. In the argument between the poet Jan Kasprowicz and the county judge, the second was right; or so we think today. However, from the perspective of 1914 the county judge did something really foolish, or he made a big mistake. He was a local pedant who arrested the Poronin holidaymaker Vladimir Ulyanov (aka Lenin) at the outbreak of war and sent him to prison. Kasprowicz, who befriended Mr. L., approached the authorities and showed the senselessness of the judge's action. They had to let Lenin go, apologized to him and sent him out to the world to carry out his work that blew up the tsarist system. The Austrian monarchy obeyed the Polish poet: Lenin went to

Switzerland while the judge looked like a fool. He was a man from before the First World War, an old-fashioned chap who did not realize how easily one could liquidate people even when all laws were ostensibly observed, if the time was right, and there was tacit approval from above, just because the season for nihilists was open. Perhaps he saved us from an exploding bomb that would make Hiroshima and Bikini look like mere fireflies. Lenin moved on to Switzerland, and the rest is history. At that time Zakopane had other troubles; who needed to worry about a nobody like Lenin?

With his herd of cadets Zaruski left for Piłsudski's Legion. Orkan from Niedźwiedź wanted to do something, so he trudged to Nowy Targ via the summit of Turbacz, leading a cow on a rope. He sold the cow at the market but was attracted to heavy liquor, so all the money for equipment was drunk away. Only when Lgocki, the district head from Łopuszna, helped him, did Orkan finally reach Oleandry.

In the first phase of the war Zakopane froze with fear. A dark future hovered over this so-called Summer Capital of Poland. It was just as well, then, that the people from the Congress Kingdom were trapped while those from eastern Galicia were blown over, especially large landowners. Some could be trusted to pay up and dig money out of their pockets because if they weren't able to pay we knew where we could get the property they owned from behind the army cordon. As time passed, Zakopane recovered from its fear. The fronts moved deep to the east, the governor returned to Lwów, there were no fewer people ill with tuberculosis, this and that person tired of war settled with their whole family in Zakopane. As we know, the mountains are special; they are safe, healthy, and nobody cares about the rules. Even winters began to be nice.

At that time in Zakopane there was a private school owned by Xavery Praus. He later became the Minister of Religion and Public Enlightenment in Moraczewski's cabinet in free Poland. The school was well run by clever people who were amiable to youngsters. This establishment was located in a villa called

Wołodziejówka. We don't know exactly what seeds of knowledge were dispersed in the adolescent heads; the memories of former pupils of this school testify to how different this school was from the school style of the Habsburg Empire. Did it create human beings ready to know how to live in this real life, not as described in literature? We are obliged to answer! This school didn't do what its leader wanted, and so hundreds of dreamers died not only from tuberculosis but also from the inability to adapt to existence in the world of crude Bolshevism.

In guesthouses they enjoyed themselves in modest ways, as was appropriate during "those struggles." There were dances in amateur theaters and, of course, *Damy i huzary* organized by *Dom Pod Jedlami*, or the Pawlikowski family. The Pronaszko brothers produced Wyspiański's *Legion*, featuring their own stage design) on the stage at *Morskie Oko*, every now and again the actor Czarnocki from Lwów produced some new play at this same venue without success. He later founded a school of elocution that many people aged from fourteen to sixty attended. This business did not make any money either. Fortunately Lwów was liberated so they could hurry to larger theater stages.

Jan Gwalbert Pawlikowski, together with the daily newspaper *Słowo Polskie*, his son Michał, and the Russians, withdrew to Kiev. The Austrian government had not confiscated the Pawlikowskis' property in Medyka, and Jan Gwalbert Pawlikowski Jr. was released from the Austrian army so that he could maintain the country estate. Besides the great library and the collection of Chodowiecki's etchings in Medyka there was, among other things, rich soil waiting to be sowed. Junior did not like that kind of work and sat under Giewont, writing *Bajda o Niemrawcu* (The Legend of a Clumsy Person). None of us was astonished at that. No one talked about collective responsibility and the confiscation of the property of enemy citizens. Perhaps they made the distinction that a Pole is not an Austrian and he wants to have his own country, or perhaps this only concerned rich and influential people.

Séances took place at *Krywań*, the Zaruski family's modest guesthouse. I don't know whether this was at the end of the war or a short time after Poland's independence that a street-lamp on a rotten wooden pole fell into the middle of a darkened salon among many famous people, with Władysław Reymont at their head. No one knew where this lamppost had come from. The author of *Chłopi*, who was very excited about the vibrating tables, was flabbergasted. We need to remember that the lamp was an object filled with paraffin, torn from somewhere in Zakopane's streets. No one was able to determine where this lamp was originally located. Regiec, the mayor, who shortly afterwards was accused of being a spook working for the Austrian Internal Security ministry, hardly had the time to monitor municipal streetlamps. The unlucky man did not know that going through the intelligence and counterintelligence department of the Defense Ministry would soon be considered like taking part in the Samosierra charge, or receiving the Order of the Garter, or drinking with the politician Wieniawa.

Egon Petri arrived in Zakopane for the first time. He was a great young pianist, a hungry Dutchman living in Berlin; he appeared with his wife, Mrs. Mita. Who could have supposed then that he would permanently attach himself to Zakopane and the Tatras? He was not a Pole, but would become a Zakopane citizen to the core. Today he lives in California. He was introduced to Zakopane's society; he liked to be a regular socialite and to play. He would settle at the piano after supper and only stop long past midnight.

Many artists and politicians hung out in cheap restaurants: Sroński, Kasprowicz, Żeromski; later Tetmajer, Sichulski, Solski, Kossak, Axentowicz, Augustynowicz, the Pronaszko brothers, Tymon Niesiołowski and so on. Alcohol, no stranger to the Polish nation in good times and bad, served them faithfully. At that time vodka wasn't drunk neat in Galicia and Zakopane. Vodka had to be with taste. What was neat was Aqua Ultra, homemade with smelly dregs, suitable for simple folk. Rowan tree liquor and herbal vodkas were consumed, and of

course many types of liquor including the mysterious *rosolis*.

The Women's League founded a teahouse in which legionnaires gathered, supposedly sipping tea. These unknown faces became well known and decorated the front pages of the capital's daily newspapers, and thus the photos became ever more prominent. Wincenty Witos's supporters and the poor gathered there; anyone who had cash went to Karpowicz's, to the restaurant by the stream. Karpowicz appreciated artists; he didn't poison them with vodka and his cellar wasn't bad. Sichulski produced a series of satirical caricatures there under the influence of alcohol, war, and a plump host.

Huge, dark slabs of meat began to appear more and more often on the tables of guesthouses and restaurants. This indicated that Podhale's poachers were venturing abroad, hunting on Duke Hohenlohe's land in Jaworzyna Valley. Guards were stationed at the front, but no one guarded the wild game. Young men armed with rifles went to Świstowa and Czeska in Żabie Stawy in Białczańska Valley and killed deer, fantastic cross-breeds of the Carpathian deer and Canadian Wapiti deer. As time passed, highlander poachers broke down four-meter-high fences on Hohenlohe's land. This meant that large and small animals crossed the border not only of his land but also the country, and entered the Valley of the Five Lakes, Morskie Oko, and Roztoka Valley. Not for long, however, because the poachers' fury steadily rose, especially when extreme hunger hit the Great Powers. There was no way to starve the whole of Galicia; the Austrian civil servants, who were often Polish by birth and conviction, could not achieve this.

In vain they sent commissioners from Vienna to confirm that pastries, paté, roasted meat, white bread and butter—all of which were forbidden fruit—were being served in Zakopane's restaurants. The ministry officials ate legal dinners on beautifully laid tables. Dinner consisted of scraps of meat and dark, tasteless bread and finished with barley coffee. At the same time, the restaurant host called out the names of our people one after the other—the

county judge from Nowy Targ, the commissar of the health resort, and smaller fry too—to lead them to a cleverly camouflaged small room. Here there were glasses full of liquor, plates of sandwiches and meat pastries because it was late autumn, followed by fieldfare in broth, large goose thighs, small drumsticks in breadcrumbs, warm loins with red beetroots and Brussels sprouts. The Commission returned to the capital reporting that they were fiercely hungry in Podhale, especially in Zakopane.

We should add that, as usual, the poor went hungry. The rich society that had settled for a while at the foot of Giewont had connections; they knew shop owners and were never short of sugar, white flour, tea, and coffee. The common folk suffered from deprivation, not as bad as in Vienna or Berlin, but enough to antagonize them against the get-rich-quick merchants.

Meanwhile, Zakopane received Legionnaires as guests, who appeared during the holidays. There also appeared soldiers from the regular Austrian army and summer holidaymakers from Galicia and parts of recently liberated Congress Kingdom Poland. In winter there were ski courses for members of the army.

As we know, Zakopane possessed, and will always possess, people who have no income or job. They don't steal but live in a special way; only they know how. For them, especially the younger ones, ski courses held for soldiers were a kind of salvation. The army didn't care who served as the instructor or to which country or race he belonged; they only wanted their skiing and speaking skills. Since the instructors were paid quite well and were awarded the rank of lieutenant for the duration of the course, these ne'er-do-wells seized this new opportunity to get money from the "enemy country." Not every instructor employed by the Austrian army belonged to this type, but Zakopane's true locals showed great skills, technique, and heart in teaching newcomers how to ski.

I do not remember how often the Austrian soldiers were rotated; I heard every two months. For soldiers pulled from the front or from time in hospital it was a great windfall and a period of rest, as long as they didn't work too hard on

those damn skis. “Our boys” understood this straight away. The course took place every day in a nearby valley under the leadership of an instructor. They built a fire and prepared food they had brought with them. When there was some sun they stripped down to their underpants and sunbathed. If the instructor was musical he organized a choir that sang Polish, Ukrainian, Czech and German national songs. If he was musical the instructor conducted; often he passed the baton on to a soldier and dozed off. About 4 p.m., after a few exercises, the group made their way down to Skoczyska barracks.

Commandants, who were usually middle-ranked officers, were skilled at being lazy. They were heavy drinkers and good mates. Every evening teachers met in any old cheap restaurant and drank themselves blind. Before returning to the front they drank and skied recklessly at breakneck speed. If only they twisted or broke bones, damaged a valuable organ, contracted pneumonia, or suffered from contorted intestines they could go to a hospital and wouldn't have to go back to the front lines. Zakopane's instructors helped as best they could, recklessly leading their squad on tourist trails and very steep slopes, skiing downhill to Jaworzynka or Mechy. Not everyone had good luck; sometimes they had too much. When one individual fell and another person skied over him the skies pierced him like an arrow and he died on the spot.

Global changes shook five continents. War, a terrible war of exhaustion, began to run its course. In the small Zakopane backyard we had a gale of revolution besides the *halny* windstorm. Highlanders had escaped to the mountains and hadn't returned from their vacation for almost a whole year. Autumn came, and the folk prepared themselves for winter. Highlander women delivered salt, flour, guns, and bullets. For the highlanders, wild game was enough: chamois, red deer, roe deer. It continued like this until one day we learned that the Habsburg monarchy was no more, unwittingly slaughtered by its stepsons and their great allies. Who could have foreseen that this signaled the death of an ordered world, and that we were marching toward great changes and crimes.

As we mentioned, a great writer took power in Zakopane. It was on his hand that army officers swore their oath to be faithful to the Republic. Żeromski set up a council and wanted to be a fair ruler. Deserters returned from the mountains; Zakopane was filled with long-forgotten faces. The poor and people without connections rebelled; they wanted to punish shop owners who had traded on the black market during the war and rob the well-supplied cellars of these illegal speculators.

The author-to-be of *Przedwiośnie* feared such mob rule. Hearing such threats, which were circulating widely, he created a citizen's guard to protect the goods of war-profiteering citizens. Lowlanders and law-abiding highlanders walked to Krupówki at night and stood guard holding sawed-off shotguns and scaring the few and far-between passersby. The author of this book belongs to a younger generation; he would never dream of spending a cold night guarding the sleep of someone who had profited from the black market. There were more such people – the whole of Kasprusie district where Żeromski dwelled didn't want anyone to disturb the peace and wanted to get away from “being dictated to” by the citizens' guards. The author of *Popioły* was angry with the rebels; he didn't speak and looked away from them with his heavy black eyes. However, the writer's power did not last long. Soon enough, those men who felt entitled appeared and young guards of the bureaucracy began to sprout on Zakopane's common soil.

With hindsight and the prospect of a Third World War, the short-lasting *caudillo* and leader of Zakopane achieved more than the Italian writer d'Annunzio who conquered Trieste. He did not harm anyone, and being a writer crazy about Polishness and at the same time a gentryman with socialist beliefs, he was neither a Fascist nor a thug.

Without great introduction, when we think about Zakopane, it is evident that we leapt into freedom. However, what resulted belongs to another chapter. Δ

NOTE

This is the first English translation of chapter 10 of Rafał Malczewski's memoir *Pepek świata*.

Wspomnienia z Zakopanego (The Navel of the World: A Memoir of Zakopane). Łomianki: Wydawnictwo LTW (www.ltw.com.pl), 2010. Rafał Malczewski (1892–1965) was the son of Jacek Malczewski, a noted Polish painter. Enamoured of the village of Zakopane in the Polish Tatras, he became an intellectual guide to this unique place and to the influential group of writers, philosophers, and artists who resided there. The remarkable thing about his memoir is its detachment from ideology: this is a diary of a private person who sees things that professional politicians and historians do not see. This truly is a report of what life was like at that time and at that place. The end of the war meant more than just the cessation of hostilities: a new world was ushered in, but some of Zakopane's inhabitants remained blind to these changes well into the 1920s.

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Coming of Age under Martial Law The Initiation Novels of Poland's Last Communist Generation

By **Svetlana Vassileva-Karagyzova**. Rochester: Univ. of Rochester Press and Boydell and Brewer Ltd, 2015. viii + 224 pages. Index. ISBN 13: 978-1-58046-528-1. Hardcover.

Jacek Koronacki

The author, who is Associate Professor of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the University of Kansas, argues convincingly that the cohort of Poles born roughly between 1960 and 1975—the '89ers, for short—forms a generational community clearly marked by the experience of the cataclysmic fall of communism in 1989 and conscious of a shared experience of social turbulence. This is so despite important differences between those born in the early 1960s and those born in the late 1960s or early 1970s. Indeed, it made a tremendous difference to live under communism and then see the leap to democracy (of sorts) when one was a teenager or in one's twenties. It must have made those beginning their adult life under a competitive

economy, all other things being equal, develop a different attitude toward work and life than of those who entered adult life in the last years of communist rule in Poland. Yet, to quote Vassileva-Karagyzova, "the Polish '89ers seem to be on two completely different agendas only at first glance. In fact, they are closely intertwined and function symbiotically" (17).

A multitude of scholarly works on Polish literature from 1989 until today has been published. Vassileva-Karagyzova is well aware of this fact and wisely relies on much of this work. She is thus equally well aware that hers should not be just another minor addition to this legion. Her aim is much more ambitious, and well described by Irena Grudzińska Gross on the book's cover: "The author places the 'developmental novels' she discussed within their literary, cultural, anthropological, and sociological contexts, thus moving her analysis out of the realm of area studies and into the common language of scholars working on all kinds of literatures and cultural phenomena."

In the first chapter Vassileva-Karagyzova examines the political manifestations of the intergenerational conflict as depicted in the self-thematization narratives of the '89ers in the Polish press between 2002 and 2014. She notes and provides her own explanation for a kind of a leitmotif found in these narratives: "self-blame for the inability of the group to organize itself as a community with a unified and distinct voice and considerable social influence" (12).

Vassileva-Karagyzova begins the second chapter with a brief overview of the developments of the genre of the Bildungsroman since late eighteenth-century Germany to the present time to focus on the post-1989 Polish initiation novels. She elaborates on what she summarizes thus: "Instead of experiencing healthy maturation and smooth integration into an affirmative society, the young protagonists in Polish works adopt a wide range of escapist strategies to resist societal pressures urging compliance with normative values and behaviors and also as a means of psychological survival (self-arrest in an infantile stage of development