

# 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’rechi): Arresting these café  
habituées—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 Dzhughashvili 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 *desaparicidos*.

**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