Foreshadowing the things to come: Annihilation hidden in Zygmunt Haupt's Galician stories

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> Any examination of a given epic form is concerned with the relationship of this form to historiography.
>
> Walter Benjamin

As we know, almost all of Zygmunt Haupt's works refer to the past, the times before, during, or after WW2. The reader quickly notices that there are long lists of nouns in Haupt's stories, especially in passages that refer to pre-WW2 memories (before the writer's emigration). Such enumerations, which often play a metonymic role, "recall" things, objects, or proper names preserved in memory. They are probably intended to create a textual substitute for a reality which is distant in time and space; they help remember and forget at the same time: remember the past and forget, if only for a moment, about the present. The most characteristic in this respect is the title story in the collection *Pierścień z papieru* (The Paper Ring). It consists of three interrelated lists of nouns which concern various breeds and colors of horses and harnesses, largely unknown to the vast majority of readers today.[1]

The ostentatious matter-of-factness of Haupt's descriptions seems to suggest a realistic representational convention but that could not be further from the truth. Diegesis – storytelling – is more

[1] Zygmunt Haupt, *Baskijski diabeł* [The Basque Devil], ed. Aleksander Madyda (Wołowiec: Wydawnictwo Czarne, 2016), 422–426. All quotations from this edition are marked with the abbreviation BD.

important than mimesis. Every now and then the narrator shares his doubts with us; he is not sure if he can trust his memory and he wonders if, at times, he changes the story or, still worse, adds something that did not happen at all. In this way, the textual islands of the nominal real/ity lose the illusory materiality that realist poetics endows them with and transform into signs. (Let us briefly recall Roland Barthes's *l'effet de réel*: "Semiotically, the 'concrete detail' is constituted by the *direct* collusion of a referent and a signifier; the signified is expelled from the sign, and with it, of course, the possibility of developing a *form of the signified*, i.e., the narrative structure itself. […] This is what we might call the *referential illusion*."[2]) In Haupt's prose, the lists of objects both complement and slow down the narrative. Emotional and expressive, they are a source of short-term joy for the remembering "I;" they are a substitute for being in a world which has disappeared a long time ago.

However, in Haupt's Galician stories the hidden – things and events that do not belong to the main storyline, to the main narrative – is also manifested in a different way. In a veiled, metaphorical way, the hidden was described at the end of the late story "*Z Laczczyny*" [From the Polish shore] as a play of light among the clouds. It creates a great phantasmagorical picture which is certainly not real:

> Wieczór ciągnął się długo. Nad nim pionowo w górę wznosiły się zamki z chmur postawione jeden na drugim. Pomiędzy ich różowymi blankami przedzierało się niebo błękitne i fioletowe w górę, a nad nim nowe kondygnacje murów, fos, przypór i baszt chmurowych. Pomiędzy zamkami otwierały się dalekie krajobrazy w głąb i w górę i cieniowały się liliowo. Były wpośród nich drogi wijące się stokami wzgórz, urwiska, skarpy i przepaście. Pomiędzy murami wznoszącymi się na tych stokach wykwitały nowe widoki: dalekie i wysokie zbiorowiska chmur jak szranki wojsk uszykowanych do szarży. Wymieniały się pomiędzy tymi widokami tęcze, mosty, łuki, fantastyczne akwedukty, gaje, fontanny, szpalery i perspektywy. I nagle wystrzelała ponad nimi w górę masa wieży aż czarnej od cienia, ażeby przez okna jej ukazać niebo tym różowsze i tym błękitniejsze. Pomiędzy tymi krajobrazami wojny i zawieruchy bitewnej jak strzały z armat i moździerzy oblężniczych wymieniały się błyskawice pozostałe po burzy. Te dreszcze błyskawic rozświetlały na mgnienie oka partie murów w cieniu i ukazywały ukryte dotąd dla oczu nowe krajobrazy i widoki [The evening dragged on forever. Cloud castles rose above him, one on top of another. Between their pink battlements a blue and violet sky could be seen, and above it, new tiers of cloud walls, moats, buttresses, and towers. Between the castles, distant lilac vistas opened up. Roads winding down hillsides, precipices, escarpments, and abysses. Between the walls rising on these slopes, still new vistas appeared: distant and high groupings of clouds, like armies ready to charge. Among them, rainbows, bridges, arches, fantastic aqueducts, groves, fountains, lanes, and perspectives flickered. And suddenly a tower, black with shadows, shot up above them, so as to show through its windows a sky that was all the more pink and blue. Between these images of war and battle, like shots from siege cannons and mortars, lightning strikes, which were still there after the storm, struck. These shivers of lightning illuminated the dark parts of the walls for a moment and revealed new landscapes and sights hitherto hidden.] (BD 633).

This description, like a palimpsest, has two layers, or a second hidden layer, which one might ignore if one focuses only on the top layer. At first sight, we see colorful clouds – pink, blue, violet, lilac and of course white – which could be found in an Italian Mannerist, Baroque or Rococo painting.

[2] Roland Barthes, "The Reality Effect", in: Roland Barthes, *The Rustle of Language*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1986), 147-148.

On the other hand, the vast architecture of imaginary castles projected onto the clouds, connected by "rainbows, bridges, arches, fantastic aqueducts," reminds us of Piranesi. Alas, the color black, which Piranesi's *carceri d'invenzione* are known for, is only "applied" to one tower (which is not illuminated by light). Suddenly, however, these picturesque and slightly theatrical decorations are invaded by troops and battle begins, marked with the zigzags of lightning. Cannons and siege mortars are mentioned; we can thus assume that this is not a 20th-century but rather a 17th-century battle – a siege of Zbarazh, Khotyn or Kamianets-Podilskyi. Be that as it may, the initially idyllic picture reveals a hitherto hidden layer of terror, danger, violence, and death. Such sudden revelations – an apocalypse, a fall, or a disintegration of the world may also be found in Haupt's other short stories. They do not concern very distant times. While the writer did not draw on his personal experience, he studied historical texts and the personal testimonies of survivors. In the scenery of remembered landscapes and interiors, apocalypse points to the terrible future – the inevitable destiny of Red Ruthenia. The remembering "I," who usually exists in a specific space and (past) time, is granted access, albeit limited, to events that are yet to take place. Thus, the poetics of literary realism is compromised. As Frank Kermode notes, "[i]t seems to be a condition attaching to the exercise of thinking about the future that one should assume one's own time to stand in an extraordinary relation to it. The time is not free, it is the slave of a mythical end. We think of our own crisis as pre-eminent, more worrying, more interesting than other crises."[3] Haupt's crisis was the end of the world as he knew it, including the end of the Polish world in Galicia and Podolia.

The collection of Haupt's short stories entitled *Baskijski diabeł* [The Basque Devil], edited by Aleksander Madyda, opens with "Entropia" [Entropy], a story published in 1944. The first paragraph explains what entropy is so that the readers who are not familiar with the basics of physics may also follow the story: "Kto zajmował się termodynamiką, natknął się zapewne na pesymistyczną formułę powiadającą że «entropia wzrasta do zera». Różne temperatury dążą do wyrównania. Takie samo zjawisko inwolucji zachodzi wszędzie, napięcia elektryczne chcą się wyładować, kolory zmieszane dają jeden kolor szary […] Kiedy się tak wędruje po świecie, wydaje się, że nawet pory roku tracą swe oczywiste granice i zlewają się w jedną szarą, gdyby nawet była kalifornijską wiosną, porę roku" [Anyone who has studied thermodynamics has probably come across the pessimistic rule 'the change in entropy is zero.' Different temperatures tend to equalize. This phenomenon of involution takes place everywhere; electric charges want to discharge and colors which are all mixed together produce grey […]. When you wander around the world, it seems that even the seasons lose their distinct character and blend into one gray season – even if it is Californian spring] (BD 21). However, the story itself, apart from the theoretical introduction, consists of five typographically distinct parts which describe four different seasons. Haupt managed to contain entropy for the sake of recalling the still vivid image of the past. The descriptions of the Galician countryside and nature are, as is often the case in Haupt's works, vivid and sophisticated. In the second part, shapes of clouds are described in a separate paragraph. We are also offered a glimpse into the future. For example, a falcon is compared to the Hawker Hurricane fighter plane, which the writer was to learn about during WW2 in Great Britain. The last part ends with the image of a town which was not mentioned in the previous parts:

> Miasteczko ze swymi domami, które słoty i ubóstwo poplamiły trądem, było szare i płaskie pod sklepieniem niebios. […] Obszerny rynek jest źle zniwelowany i podle zabrukowany, ale dzieje się to

[3] Frank Kermode, *The Sense of An Ending* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2000), 94.

> w cieniu wspaniałej kolegiaty o liniach renesansu tak czystych, że doznaje się wprost fizycznego ukojenia. Harmonia gmachu, jego spokój, duma, skończoność dają wrażenie zamkniętej myśli ludzkiej. To nic, że dzieje się ta architektura na najbardziej ubogim tle, że ubóstwo i pustka jej towarzyszące, zapomnienie i nieuchronna groźba czasu nad nią zawieszona chciałyby pomniejszyć tę wspaniałość. […] Różowy marmur jest świeży i rumiany, jakby nim okładano ściany nie trzysta lat temu, ale wczoraj. Ciężkie płótna obrazów Altomontego czernią się kolosalnymi kwadratami na murach naw i u dołu wiszą fałdą jak żagle. Alabaster pomników nagrobkowych ma ciepło skóry kobiecej. Kopuła na transepcie pęka i wpuszcza wodospad światła [The town with its houses, which hardship and poverty had stained with leprosy, was gray and flat under the vault of heaven. […] The big market square is uneven and badly paved, but it lies in the shadow of a magnificent collegiate church with Renaissance lines so clean that the sheer sight makes one experience a physical relief. This well-proportioned building, this calm, proud, and complete structure, is like a complete human thought. It doesn't matter that this architecture is revealed to you against the poorest background; it doesn't matter that the surrounding poverty and emptiness, oblivion and time which loom over it, threaten to diminish its magnificence. […] Pink marble is fresh and rosy, as if it was put on the walls not three hundred years ago but yesterday. The heavy canvases of Altomonte's paintings are like huge black squares on the walls of the naves and spill out of their frames like sails. The alabaster of tombstones is warm like a woman's skin. The dome above the transept is cracked and a waterfall of light falls in] (BD 31).

The name of the town is not mentioned but anyone who happened to visit Zhovkva should recognize it immediately: the market square is virtually the same (although it is more elevated) and the collegiate church is as magnificent as it used to be (it has been restored relatively recently by a team of Polish conservators). Only Martino Altomonte's paintings commemorating John III Sobieski's victories at Vienna and Párkány are missing, so are the earlier paintings celebrating Stanisław Żółkiewski's victory at Klushino and Sobieski's victory at Khotyn. (Altomonte's paintings will be displayed in the near future in the central part of the restored Sobieski castle). In the story, the market square and the surrounding buildings are somewhat flawed, and John III Sobieski's castle is not even mentioned, but the perfect town, which was founded by the chancellor of the Polish crown Stanisław Żółkiewski, relies on its most beautiful building – the collegiate church of St. Lawrence. Its architectural grandeur keeps the surrounding in check; the chaos of the poor shtetl does not affect it. The church is about two hundred meters away from the great synagogue, another important landmark. As luck would have it, the narrator and the Lady visit the town during the Jewish holiday of Purim, described in the story as the "Day of Haman," as if it was the bloodthirsty official of the Persian king from the Book of Esther, later hanged, who triumphed, humiliating his victims. In the streets, one can come across "children's apocalyptic parades," which remind one more of the infamous children's crusade from the 1210s than of the Jewish holiday. What is the reason behind it? We must look for answers outside "Entropia."

The first clue may be found in the story "O Stefci, o Chaimie Immerglücku i o scytyjskich bransoletkach" [About Stefcia, Chaim Immerglück and Scythian bracelets] (1953) published in *Pierścień z papieru*. The narrator, this time undoubtedly made in the image of the author, arrives in Zhovkva in September 1939, shortly before leaving for Hungary with the 10th Armored and Motorized Brigade:

> Liczę na palcach, ileż to: dwa? trzy lata, jak tu byłem? Rynek, na rynku ta sama studnia ze statuą Matki Boskiej i z podstawy jej biją dwie szpryce wody ze źródeł na wzgórzach sprowadzanej, i wybrukowany

> plac naokoło, i szczeliny pomiędzy kamieniami zawsze wilgotne, i u studni małomiasteczkowy nosiwoda, na pół idiota, z tym samym idiotycznym: „A ga! A ga!" Zamek wystercza ponad akacjowymi drzewami i poza nim wieże kolegiaty i banie cerkwi Bazylianów. Po drugiej stronie, naprzeciw, sklep tytoniowy rozbity i szkło okienne szczerbi się i lśni na chodniku, i puste tekturowe pudełka po papierosach wszędzie porozrzucane
> [I count the number of years since my last visit on the fingers of my hand. How long has it been? Two years? Three years? The market square, in the market square, the same well with the statue of the Virgin Mary; it dispenses two streams of water from the spring in the hills. The paved square around it, and the cracks between the stones which are always wet, and at the well there is a small-town water carrier, an imbecile, who keeps repeating: "Oh, ga! Oh, ga!" The castle protrudes from the acacia trees and beyond it one can see the towers of the collegiate church and the domes of the Basilian church. Across the street, there is a tobacconist shop with a smashed window, and the glass is gleaming on the pavement and empty cardboard cigarette boxes are scattered everywhere] (BD 233).

The description of the market square in Zhovkva is more detailed: in front of the entrance to the castle, there is a well with a small fountain and a statue of the Virgin Mary (it has recently returned to the market square after a long break), the texture of the cobblestones is also described, and apart from the collegiate church, the Orthodox Basilian church next to it is also mentioned. That is correct. On the other side of the market square, there are empty spaces where three tenement houses once stood. Perhaps one of them housed the aforementioned tobacco shop, which was not renovated. Meanwhile, the narrator continues:

> Na drugim końcu rynku spotkałem Chaima Immerglücka – pamiętam go z dawnych czasów, miał sklep z żelazem i farbami, i narzędziami, sznurami i łańcuchami – i poznał mnie od razu, chociaż to dobrych parę lat, jak tu byłem. Poznał mnie z jakimś błyskiem porozumienia w oczach. To porozumienie akceptujące mnie, zjawiającego się z tą wojną, w pewnej mierze wojnę tę tu ze sobą przywiozłem, byłem jednym z jej współtwórców, jej bogów. […] Może błysk porozumienia w oczach Chaima Immerglücka to złudzenie, a może ma ono skontrastować, powiedzieć, że nic już nie jest ważne. Że ludzie, jakich widzę na rynku: zbieranina tępych twarzy, oddech ich zmieszany z powietrzem – a żebym był nawet zwiastunem złych czy dobrych nowin, to nie ma dla nich apelu. Są bezosobowi jak chrobot, szurgot szczurów za ścianą domu, bezosobowy i martwy chlupot wody rozbijającej się o kamienie potoku, skrzyp gałęzi giętych porywem wiatru
> [At the other end of the market square I met Chaim Immerglück – I remember him from the old days, he had a hardware shop – and he recognized me at once, although it's been a good few years since I was here. He recognized me with a kind of understanding in his eyes. This understanding accepts me, as I arrive with this war – to some extent I brought this war with me, I was one of its co-creators, its gods. […] Perhaps the understanding in Chaim Immerglück's eyes is an illusion, or perhaps it is meant to provide a contrast – to say that nothing is important anymore. That the people I see in the market square: a collection of dull faces, their breaths mixed with air – and even if I am a harbinger of bad or good news, they do not care. They are impersonal like squeaking and chirping rats behind the wall of a house, impersonal and lifeless like water crashing against the stones in a stream, like branches bent by a gust of wind] (BD 233–234).

Shortly before the outbreak of WW2, 11,100 people lived in Zhovkva, 38% of whom (or just over 4,000) were Jews. Walking around the town, Haupt happened to come across a Jew he

knew. He even remembers his name. In the next paragraph, the narrator observes: "Tych trochę ludzi to tak jak muchy na twarzy osoby umarłej" [They are like flies on the face of a dead person]. In fact, Zhovkva is no more, and the living sign of its residual existence, imminent annihilation, is Chaim Immerglück, neither a Pole nor a Ukrainian. This, in turn, points to a completely different text written in a bunker in the years 1942-1944, namely the diary of Clara Kramer, a resident of Zhovkva, who survived the Holocaust together with 73 other Jewish people. One day in 1942, Clara Kramer, née Schwarz, wrote:

> Our city was in desperate mourning. Carriages loaded with dead bodies were taken to the cemetery. Everyone was in shock as they described family members who had been killed while trying to run. Or else they had been shot trying to get up when they were told to kneel in the center of the town. Or they had been shot while jumping off the trains. Or else they had been shot when betrayed by the Poles whom they had begged to hide them. Aunt Rela lost her mother, brother, and sister-in-law. Mr Patrontasch lost his youngest sister Pepka (the girl Josek had flirted with before marrying Rela) and her child. She had been running to the house of a Polish friend who had promised to hide her, but the friend didn't let her in when she got there. Papa's friend, Mr Taube, saw her lying in a puddle of blood. They went for her body but couldn't find her again.[4]

We again find ourselves in the same market square in Zhovkva, where Haman, so enigmatically mentioned in "Entropia," triumphs, but at the same time the distance between that market square, neglected and transfixed, and the Holocaust is huge. Between them lies the market square where the narrator-lieutenant Haupt found Chaim Immerglück. Nothing had happened then, but everything was clear. Not people but rats may be found in the streets. Flies gather as if waiting for corpses, and instead of a chorus of voices, we hear "impersonal and lifeless (…) water crashing against the stones in a stream." As such, Haupt's story reads like an apocalyptic story – it seems to foreshadow the (then unimaginable) Shoah. Of course, in 1953 everyone knew what had happened but the u n i m a g i n a b l e is not explicitly mentioned in the story. The story ends, somewhat out of the blue, with a description of a Scythian burial mound and a princess in a "diadem of gold plates," with gold bracelets on her wrists, who was buried there. Let there be no doubt that this story is about death.

Naturally, Haupt's most important story about Zhovkva is "Lutnia" [The Lute], published posthumously in the collection *Szpica* [Vanguard] (1989). It is undoubtedly one of Haupt's greatest literary achievements. Andrzej Niewiadomski analyzed the story insightfully, enumerating all the graves that can be found in it, i.e., tombstones in the Zhovkva cemetery, the sealed room of Lieutenant Sterba, whom love pushed to commit suicide, the crypt in the collegiate church full of rotten coffins and, once again, the burial mound of the Scythian princess.[5] Niewiadomski also examined the structure the story, which was based on the sequence "Moscow-Zhovkva-death-Moscow-Zhovkva-Moscow-Zhovkva-death."[6] Instead of Zhovkva, the reader at the beginning visits Moscow. The city is occupied by the Tatars, who are reduced much later to waiters accepting tips in Moscow restaurants. Then the reader is

[4] Clara Kramer, *Clara's War: One Girl's Story of Survival* (New York: HarperCollins, 2009), 58-59.

[5] Andrzej Niewiadomski, "*Jeden jest zawsze ostrzem". Inna nowoczesność Zygmunta Haupta* ["One is always the blade." Zygmunt Haupt's other modernity] (Lublin: Wydawnictwo UMCS, 2015), 67.

[6] Niewiadomski, 41.

transferred to Zhovkva and then to Klushino in the interwar period, from where he returns to Zhovkva for a short while to look at the standard post of the Sixth Regiment of Mounted Riflemen "marked by death." Then he goes back to Moscow, this time occupied by the Poles, one of whom is punished severely for desecrating the icon of the Mother of God. Then, the reader goes back to the ideal town of Zhovkva, where he learns about the Italian architect who built the synagogue, Battista di Quadro di Lugano, a genius conservator of historical Galician buildings in the interwar period, Antoni Łobos, Mounted Riflemen who died a violent death, and the owner of the Plitna estate, Mr. Żarczewski, whose family name was Witz. Then, we go back to Moscow and witness Żółkiewski leaving the city. Finally, we visit Zhovkva a few days before its annihilation, that is before September 17, 1939.

First, the narrator, overcome with the feeling of the uncanny, notices a destroyed Luxtorpeda – a famous diesel railcar which run between Lviv and Zakopane, Boryslav, Kolomyia and Ternopil. (In reality, however, this was impossible, because four out of six railcars of this type were destroyed elsewhere, and the other two were not damaged). The railcar is turned upside down which represents the failure of modernity (the flagship railcar of the Second Republic of Poland is a "symbol of defeat") and the failure of dreams about progress and modernization. Haupt's battery was stationed near the castle, so he could – as it turned out for the last time – visit the seat of the victorious king. Before the war, one of the wings housed the magistrate's office and the municipal archive, where for almost three hundred and fifty years the history of Zhovkva had been documented: "tomiska, foliały, szpargały, pracowicie pozszywane kopiariusze, teki, z których wysypuje się zawartość" [volumes, folios, scraps, painstakingly stitched copybooks, portfolios from which documents spilled out] (BD 459). The order of the archive, maintained by officials for centuries, gave way to disorder: "pod sklepieniami, na półkach góry papierzysków: akta, stosy ksiąg, foliałów, fascykułów dzienników podawczych" [under the vaults, on the shelves, there are heaps of papers: files, piles of books, folios, fascicles, journals] (BD 458). In this chaos, we find a lute: "wdzięczna jej szyja, gryf i cudowne ciało, sklejone kiedyś z cieniutkich wiórów, drzazg, deszczułek, podbiega do spodu i zbiega się w uchwycie, czerni się jej wnętrze nabrzmiałem rezonansem" [its grateful neck, bridge, and wonderful body, once glued together from thin chips, splinters, boards, bends and fits perfectly in one's hand, its insides turn black, pregnant with resonance] (BD 461). According to the narrator, the beautiful old instrument resonates well with books, especially those written by poets, including the quoted Mikołaj Sęp Szarzyński. Alas, the narrator gets carried away but for a moment:

> Wdzięczy się ta lutnia, ale brakło młodej ręki, by z niej głos wydobyć. Śliczne drzewo, dźwięczne struny, ale jest w nim martwota, jakby nie była to lutnia, ale trumna, trumienka, pusta kołyska. Brał ją kiedyś ktoś w ręce i wykołysywał słowa, i słowa przebrzmiały, i wargi zniechęcone zwiędły. Tak jak to miasto kiedyś rozbrzmiewające głosami, echem młodych kroków, szumem liści i zgrzytem kry lodowej po wodzie; a dzisiaj po nim pozostał tylko pusty grób – *kenotaph*
> [This lute was so graceful but a young hand that could make it sing was no more. Beautiful wood, wonderful strings, but there is a deadness in it, as if it were not a lute, but a coffin, a little coffin, an empty cradle. Someone once took it in their arms and rocked it, making it produce words, and the words faded away, and the discouraged lips withered.
> Just like this town that once resounded with voices, the echo of young steps, the rustle of leaves, and the sound of ice breaking in the stream; and today only an empty grave remains – a *cenotaph*] (BD 461).

The lute is an equivalent, a metaphor for Zhovkva. The town has been transformed into its empty tomb, in which the people, still alive, are only shadows of the former residents. Haupt, who wrote the story *post factum*, more than twenty years after WW2, once again seems to predict the future. He both announces and anticipates the end of Zhovkva – the fall of the town founded by the chancellor of the Polish crown. The victims of the Holocaust in the literal sense were, almost without exception, Jews, but the world of Poles and Ukrainians was also destroyed. They were expelled from the town and deprived of the right to decide about the future of their country. Most historic buildings of Zhovkva have survived: the collegiate church, the Basilian church, the wooden church of St. Trinity from the beginning of the 17th century, the former Dominican church. Although the Nazis destroyed the interior of the synagogue, its walls are still standing, and the roof has been restored. The ruined castle is awaiting another renovation. However, its *genius loci* has either completely disappeared or is but a shadow of its former self.

"Lutnia" ends with, as Niewiadomski writes, death. After WW2, in 1951, even the name Zhovkva was erased from the map. The town was renamed Nesterov. Quoting *Wielka Encyklopedia Sowiecka* [The Great Soviet Encyclopedia], Haupt informs us that this was the name of a great "pilot of Tsarist Russia" who was shot down by an enemy airplane near Zhovkva in the early days of WW1, in August 1914 (BD 462). This raises a question to which there is no clear answer: why did the Soviet rulers of the Ukrainian Socialist Republic chose a pilot from the pre-revolutionary era as the patron of Stanisław Żółkiewski's town? Surely, a Soviet hero would have been a better choice. We do not know why. Another mystery is the collegiate church in which we find the epitaph of the occupier of the Kremlin. Why was it not destroyed? This notwithstanding, Nesterov "works" within the internal logic of the story, insofar as the story begins and ends in – tsarist, imperial – Moscow. Thus, the capital of Russia triumphs over Zhovkva: by erasing its name, it symbolically takes revenge for the 17th-century insult. No onomastic trace of the Polish Grand Hetman of the Crown Stefan Żółkiewski remains. The return to the historical name after 1990 was, to some extent, also an act of reviving the memory of the great leader and warrior, who respected the Ruthenians and spoke Ruthenian. Bohdan Khmelnytsky's father, who died at Cecora, was the commander of the troop which protected Żółkiewski.

Prophetic motifs also appear in two stories from the *Nietota* series; Nietota was a girl from a good family who was sent to a boarding school at the Monastery of Benedictine Nuns in Przemyśl. The first story is "Perekotypołe." The Ukrainian title, allegedly borrowed from Nietota's herbarium, refers to a local plant, a tumbleweed. The writer compiles a long list of Galician plants in Polish and in Latin. The Lady explains:

> A to? To? To *perekotypołe*. *Perekotypołe*? No tak, ze ślazowatych. *Salsola pestifer*. Tu nie jego miejsce, bo to zielnik roślin leczniczych, ale zabłąkał się. Bo wiesz, błąka się, nie czepia miejsca, toczy się kulą po ziemi, czepia płotów i krzaków, wiatr niesie nim, sam widziałeś, nie? *Perekotypołe*…
> [And this? This is *perekotypołe*. *Perekotypołe*? Well, from the Amaranthaceae family. *Salsola pestifer*. It doesn't belong here, because it's an herbarium of medicinal plants, but it got lost. Because, you know, it wanders around, it doesn't stay in one place, it tumbles on the ground, it clings to fences and bushes, the wind carries it, you've seen it, haven't you?] (BD 514).

This tumbleweed could be described as a migrant plant. It is always on the run; it must wander around the plain, the steppe, pushed by the wind in the dry dust. However, it also has a peculiar

intra-textual function, as it "drives" the plot, or rather triggers a change of scenery – activates a set of associations. These include Salomea Wiśniowiecka and her numerous estates in the Kremenets region, Frederick Barbarossa, childhood memories, card games, WW1 and the chaotic times that followed (when Volhynia and Galicia were annexed by different countries), Nietota's medical studies and her room in the sanatorium, where she ended up perhaps as a result of her mental problems. Intertwined with these associations is the palpable feeling of fear, first inspired by the ghost of the abbess of the Przemyśl monastery, who supposedly haunts the girls at the boarding school. The narrator devotes an entire analytical paragraph to fear:

> No bo oczywiście strachy. Jest coś niesamowitego w trwodze, zmorze, drżeniu i dygocie przed sprawami strasznymi, a zarazem czemuś one pociągają i wabią, choć dojmują i wstrząsają, i za tym wstrząsem, dreszczem coś ciągnie porywa, tak jak pociąga nas ostrze opartej o ścianę siekiery, błękitnej zastygłej w grozie stali, albo kiedy nieuniknienie ciągnie urwa, przepaść, obryw skalny, czy przerębel w lodzie, czy toń bezdenna wody, czeluść klatki schodowej w wielopiętrowym domu, gzymsowanie na wieży zapraszające do przejścia się pomiędzy niebem i ziemią
> [Well, of course, fear. There is something amazing in fear, nightmares, trembling and shaking at the sight of terrible things, and at the same time they are fascinating and appealing; although we are shocked and moved, we enjoy this feeling, just like we would be attracted to the blue steel blade of an ax leaning against a wall, frozen in fear; a pit, an abyss, a cliff, an ice hole, the bottomless depths of the ocean, the abyss of a staircase in a multi-story house, a tower's cornice inviting you to walk between heaven and earth – all these things fascinate us] (BD 507–508).

Such reflections give way to the memory of WW1, that is waiting at some junction station for an "escapee train." It was supposed to take the family (the Haupts?) to a safe place that was far away from the front, which was at the time moving dangerously closer to Volhynia. Fiction is suddenly invaded by the real, suggesting for a moment a turn towards autobiography, i.e., a certain continuity which is, however, soon broken. Considering biography in relation to historiography, Karlheinz Stierle writes: "If biography addresses the relationships of all life, and thus the continuum of life, this narrative form is countered by another form, perhaps the best literary equivalents of which are drama and the novel, and which, to draw on Johann Gustav Droysen, can be called 'catastrophic historiography.' Catastrophic historiography emphasizes the episodic nature of the superior historical context, making it the object of history."[7]

Haupt's Galician stories have either a sporadic or a fundamentally deep connection with historiography, that is with "catastrophic historiography." As Walter Benjamin argued, this form of historiography puts emphasis on important events that shed light onto a process which can be described and analyzed. The image of the evacuation, which probably took place in the late summer or early autumn of 1914, is vividly imprinted in the narrator's memory. More importantly, however, it can transport the reader to a rather distant future, about which Haupt knew at the time of writing the story not because he had witnessed it but because he had read about it in books and survivors' testimonies:

[7] Karlheinz Stierle, "Erfahrung und narrative Form Bemerkungen zu ihrem Zusammenhang in Fiktion und Historiographie", in: *Text als Handlung: Grundlegung einer systematischen Literaturwissenschaft* (Leiden: Brill, 2012) 249.

> Przed nami czeluść towarowego wagonu. Odsunięte na rolkach ciężkie drzwi, brudnoceglana wypełzła od słońca i pluch barwa desek oszalowujących ściany, szczeliny wąskich okienek, znaczone białą farbą hieroglify metryki wagonowej, cyfry, zrudziałe żelazo okuć, sztab, śrub. Przed tłoczącą się ciżbą ludzką rozdziawiona straszliwa paszczęka drzwi wagonu towarowego. W lata potem miał wyglądać tak samo, tyle że szczeliny okienek oplatał drut kolczasty, a za siatką ramki despeczerskiej widnieją kartki ceduł frachtowych i destynacji dla tych, co na torach rozrządowych zestawiają eszelony, [kartki] pedantycznie informujące o miejscach przeznaczenia: Birkenau, Bełżec, Sobibór, Theresienstadt, Dalstroj, Wostok, Gułag…
> [The depths of a freight car open before us. Heavy doors on rollers are pushed aside, sunwashed boards the color of dirty bricks cover the walls, the narrow windows barely let any light in, the train number is written illegibly in white paint. Numbers, rusty iron fittings, bars, screws. In front of a throng of people, the terrible jaws of a freight car door open wide. Years later, it was supposed to look the same, except that the windows were covered with barbed wire, and in the dispatch window there were freight bills and destinations for those who controlled the rails, [sheets of paper] pedantically informing about destinations: Birkenau, Bełżec, Sobibór, Theresien-stadt, Dalstroj, Vostok, Gulag] (BD 509).

The image of things to come, connected with the railway, combines both totalitarianisms and both mass exterminations, be it of the "inferior race" or the "enemies of the people and of the Soviet Union." People who are transported to extermination camps and gulags are treated like cargo, like things that are already dead. They are registered in official documents and given numbers. A horrific and much more vivid vision of a train transporting people presumably to the Nazi German extermination camp in Belzec, where most Jews from Galicia, including Lviv, were sent to, also appears in the story "El Pelele" which was written at the same time as "Perekotypołe:"

> I oto nagle wydaje mi się, że wagon jest w ruchu. Najwyraźniej słyszę stuk jego obręczy kół na spojeniach szyn, przez szczeliny w deskach widzę migające drzewa, na krzywiźnie toru podłoga wagonu chyli się i chwieje i daleko, daleko, gdzieś na początku wielkiego zestawu wagonów pociągu wyje lokomotywa, i głos jej miesza się z wyciem, rykiem tłumu, pochlipywaniem dzieci, bezsilnym tępym łomotem pięści ludzkich tłukących w deski oszalowania wagonów, i straszny chóralny krzyk: „*Gewaaałt!*" zwierzęcy, bezsilny strachu i rozpaczy ludzkiej ludzi stojących po kostki w gruzowisku wapna, jakim podłogi wagonów wysypano precyzyjnie dla dezynfekcji. A potem już, po wyładowaniu ciżby ludzkiej, wagony już puste i lekkie, w stukocie, w metalicznym stuku zderzaków przebiegającym jak dreszcz zestawami eszelonów rozrządzanych, przestawianych i sczepianych na torach, dobrze wydezynfekowane wagony odchodzą po nowy i nowy ładunek ludzki
> [And suddenly it seems to me that the freight car is moving. I can hear the metal wheels moving on the metal rails; through the gaps in the boards, I catch the glimpses of trees. As the rail turns, the floor of the car tilts and wobbles and far, far away, somewhere at the head of the train the locomotive wails, and its wailing mixes with the howling and the roar of the people, the sobbing of the children, the helpless, dull sound of the human fists pounding on the wooden walls, and the terrible, animal, powerless, and fearful scream "Gewaaalt!" let out by people who are standing ankle-deep in quicklime, a disinfectant, with which the floors of the cars were covered. And then, once the people are unloaded, the cars are empty and light. They bump and move, metal against metal. They are rearranged and coupled on the tracks. And then thoroughly disinfected cars leave for new human cargo] (BD 522).

Again, Clara Kramer, in an entry probably made in late autumn of 1942, before she and her family were hidden by the Becks family, confirms Haupt's vision. At that time, she was still in contact with other Jewish residents of Zhovkva and knew about the horrors of the deportation:

> There is terror and panic in our city. The Jews are building bunkers of all kinds: underground, double walls, anywhere they can find a spot to hide. Others are looking for help from the gentiles. Others are crying in despair about the loss of their loved ones… There are rumors they are being poisoned with gas. Others say they are being electrocuted, burned or shot with guns. One thing is for sure, there is no return from there. (…) Nobody knew where the train was headed. Somebody, I don't know who, hired some peasants to follow the train. They reported back a few days later, telling us that the train had stopped near Belzec, where the Nazis had built a camp in the deep woods. They said they couldn't get near the camp because there were too many soldiers. Although they were still kilometres away, they said they could smell the stench of burning bodies.[8]

The horror of the Holocaust left a mark on Haupt's prose. Still, Haupt does not only write about the Jews but also about other Galician nations. He described them in the story "To ja sam jestem Emmą Bovary" [I Am Emma Bovary] (1969). The Jews are characterized first:

> Nazywali się: Ajzyk, Aszkenazy, Mordka, Szmul, Judka, Symche, Kimmel, Brajtszwancowa, Sobel, Grünbaum, Tennenbaum, Eck, Wassermann, Glück, Bickels, Szlome, Icyk, Mejir, Mendel, Mendelson, Zwiebel, Brillant, Jojne, Cukier, dzieci ich nazywały się pieszczotliwie: Sara, Sarusia, Jankiel, Mojsze, Izio […], z całego żydowskiego folkloru małomiasteczkowego dochodziło nas: 'pod chajrem', 'chazoka", 'cheder', 'makagiga', 'puryc', 'majufes', '*myszygene*', '*mazeł tow*', '*szabes goj*', 'Hamanowe ucho', na drzwiach niskich domów były skośnie przybite w blaszanej oprawie 'przykazania' […]
> [Their names were: Ajzyk, Aszkenazy, Mordka, Szmul, Judka, Symche, Kimmel, Brajtszwancowa, Sobel, Grünbaum, Tennenbaum, Eck, Wassermann, Glück, Bickels, Szlome, Icyk, Mejir, Mendel, Mendelson, Zwiebel, Brillant, Jojne, Cukier. Their children's names were: Sara, Sarusia, Jankiel, Mojsze, Izio […]; this small-town vibrant Jewish community had its own language; the words we knew were: 'pod chajrem', 'chazoka', 'cheder', 'makagiga', 'puryc', 'majufes', 'myszygene', 'mazel tow', 'Shabbos goy', 'Haman's ear', 'commandments' in tin frames were nailed to the doors of their tiny houses […]] (BD 476).

Describing the diverse population of Zhovkva – the three different religions, the three different cultures, and the three different communities living together yet apart – Haupt focuses on the individual, on the personal. First, he lists the names and the surnames of the Jewish residents, in random order. It is important to know their names because almost all of them were murdered in the Holocaust. It is Haupt's own private remembrance roll call ceremony. To repeat after Jean-François Lyotard, it can be said that in this way at least the "honor of the name"[9] of

[8] Kramer, 40, 48.

[9] In the final paragraph of his famous essay "Answering the Question: What is Postmodernism?," Lyotard writes: "The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have given us as much terror as we can take. We have paid a high enough price for the nostalgia of the whole and the one, for the reconciliation of the concept and the sensible, of the transparent and the communicable experience. […] The answer is: Let us wage a war on totality; let us be witnesses to the unpresentable; let us activate the differences and save the honor of the name." "Answering the Question: What is Postmodernism?," in: *Philosophers on Art From Kant to the Postmodernists: A Critical Reader*, ed. Christopher Want, trans. Régis Durand (New York: Columbia University Press, 2010), 248–249. The words "whole" and "unrepresentable" take on unexpected meaning in Haupt's prose.

the victims of mass executions and gas chambers is saved. Hebrew words and phrases which a gentile picked up are like visitation stones placed on graves which cannot be found in the Zhovkva cemetery.

Then, Haupt writes about Ukrainians, or Ruthenians. They were usually poor people who lived in the villages around Zhovkva and visited the town in search of medical help or to buy industrial goods. Their language also resonates in the writer's memory:

> Wieś podchodziła pod miasteczko i tu nazywali się: Hrycaj, Kołcan, Onufrej, Kłym, Hilko, Wołodyszyn, Wasyl, Petro, Matwij, Czmoła, Pajuk, Kłymowycz, Zazula, Krywyj, Ostafij, czyli Eustachy, Panas, czyli Atanazy, Kołymyszyn, Stup, Werbowyj, Bajan, Mykoła, Naum, Palij, Maksym, […] Kowalczuk, Borowyj, Jewka […] Mówią: '*Onufreju, tela zariż… Poobidały taj piszły w połe żaty… Widczyny dweri…*', chwalą Boga: '*Sława Isusu Chrystu… Nawiky-wikiw… Maty Preczystaja…*', wspominają: '*Ne tak buło za cisara… Buwało, horiwka za try krejcary i miszok jaczmieniu za piwtora rynśkoho… Pojichały na prażnyk na Światoju Pokrowu…*' […]
> [The village came close to the town and they were called: Hrycaj, Kołcan, Onofrey, Kłym, Hilko, Wołodyszyn, Wasyl, Petro, Matwij, Chmoła, Pajuk, Klymowycz, Zazula, Kryvyj, Ostafij, i.e. Eustace, Panas, i.e. Athanasius, Kolymyszyn, Stup, Werbowyj, Bajan, Mykoła, Naum, Palij, Maksym, […] Kowalczuk, Borowyj, Jewka […] They say things like: '*Onufreju, tela zariż… Poobidały taj piszły w połe żaty… Widczyny dweri…*', they praise God: '*Sława Isusu Chrystu… Nawiky-wikiw… Maty Preczystaja…*', they remember: *Ne tak buło za cisara… Buwało, horiwka za try krejcary i miszok jaczmieniu za piwtora rynśkoho… Pojichały na prażnyk na Światoju Pokrowu…*' […]] (BD 477–478).

Haupt rarely writes about Ukrainians. They are sometimes portrayed unbiasedly, and sometimes as enemies of the Poles. Although even they can recall with nostalgia their service in the Polish army under the command of a captain who treated his subordinates humanely, and even happened to be "i ojcem i matką w jednej osobie dla swoich konnych strzelców" [a father and mother in one person to his mounted riflemen] (BD 455). A fierce nationalist and a survivor of the Ukrainian People's Republic met in Paris at the end of a heated discussion asks for "siedemdziesiąt centymów na metro" [seventy centimes for the metro] (BD 214), which he receives because he is, after all, a compatriot, despite the fact that he threatened to kill Polish people who live in Western Ukraine. Sometimes, as in "Poker w Gorganach" [Poker in the Gorgany], the narrator finds a telling trace of Ukrainian presence – a Cyrillic inscription in a cable car which reads "Proklatyje Lachy…" (BD 242). On the one hand, the writer does not ignore the ethnic conflict, but, on the other hand, "Ruthenians" are part and parcel of the social landscape for him. They are present in his stories, if only because of their language.

The third ethnic group in Zhovkva, found at the top of the social ladder, is, as one might expect, ethnically Polish. Poles are craftsmen, small entrepreneurs, shopkeepers, judges, police officers, doctors, pharmacists, lawyers, civil servants, military men, and priests. They are all "gentlemen" and "ladies:"

> A przedmieście to pan Lenartowicz (zakład ślusarski), pan Domerecki, pan Sadłowski (betoniarnia i studnie artezyjskie), pan Kwaszczyszyn [zapewne spolszczony Rusin – M.W.], pan Turczaniewicz (sklep kolonialny i pokój do śniadań […]), pan Nowaczek, pan Wysocki, pan Kozorys, pan Smalaski

> (plenipotent folwarku radziwiłłowskiego […]), pan Gwóźdź, Hawrysz, Machan, Motowidło, Salewicz, Zuber, Sadowski, Wantuła, pan Roszlakowski i pan Pierdziel (legionista-inwalida – miał kiosk koło izby skarbowej: papierosy i gazety […] Tytułowali się: sędzia Baryński, radca Kudlicki, radca Steinberger, aplikant Słomka, dependent adwokacki Szmurło, pan mecenas Czesny, dyrektor Ferdynand Ślepowron-Wierzbicki, komendant Wołoszyn, naczelnik Braun i doktór Owocowicz, i sekretarz Aleksander Bułka, kontroler Bazyli Skowroda, doktór Pfau, doktór Gegenwarten, profesor Konstanty Leliwa-Podhajski, inspektor Weltschmertz, magister Podsoński […], ksiądz dziekan Paweł Suchecki i ksiądz katecheta Browniak, kapitan Trznadel, podkomisarz Wijun, doktór Umański i doktór Eisennagel […] [And in the suburbs live Mr. Lenartowicz (locksmith), Mr. Domerecki, Mr. Sadłowski (concrete plant and artesian wells), Mr. Kwaszczyszyn [probably a Polonized Ruthenian – M.W.], Mr. Turczaniewicz (colonial shop and breakfast room […]), Mr. Nowaczek, Mr. Wysocki, Mr. Kozorys, Mr. Smalaski (plenipotentiary of the Radziwiłł estate […]), Mr. Gwóźdź, Hawrysz, Machan, Motowidło, Salewicz, Zuber, Sadowski, Wantuła, Mr. Roszlakowski and Mr. Pierdziel [a former soldier and an invalid – he sold cigarettes and newspapers next to the tax office] […] Their titles were: Judge Baryński, Counselor Kudlicki, Counselor Steinberger, Trainee Attorney Słomka, Lawyer's Assistant Szmurło, Attorney Czesny, Director Ferdynand Ślepowron-Wierzbicki, Commandant Wołoszyn, Chief Braun and Doctor Owocowicz, and Secretary Aleksander Bułka, Inspector Bazyli Skowroda, Doctor Pfau, Doctor Gegenwarten, Professor Konstanty Leliwa-Podhajski, Inspector Weltschmertz, Mr. Podsonski […], Fr. Dean Paweł Suchecki and Fr. Browniak, Captain Trznadel, Deputy commissioner Wijun, Doctor Umański and Doctor Eisenagel […]] (BD 479–480).

Most surnames are "typically" Polish surnames. Only a few doctors, one councilor, one commandant, and one inspector are ethnic Jews or Ukrainians whose social status changed because of education, religious conversion, or other circumstances. It is clear, however, that it is the Poles who are the small-town elite: they hold official positions, observe the law, heal, and promote the Roman Catholic religion. Their language corresponds to their professions, education, possessions, aspirations, and circumstances:

> Mówią: 'grzech', 'przylepka', 'oścież', 'brytfanna', 'kataster', 'onyks', mówią: 'kolastra', 'krzywa Queteleta', 'płonica', 'okrężne', mówią: 'a szlag by to trafił', 'sen kataleptyczny', mówią: 'ni w pięć, ni w dziewięć', mówią: 'cud', 'zalecać i 'przedrzeźniać', mówią: 'na ukos', 'wzdęcie', 'szablon', 'anachronizm', 'baju, baju', 'orli nos'. Mówią, mówią – słowa, słowa [They say 'sin,' 'sticky,' 'ajar,' 'casserole,' 'registry,' 'onyx,' they say 'sulfur,' 'Quetelet curve,' 'scarlet fever,' 'circular,' they say 'damn it,' 'catalepsy,' they say 'neither this nor that,' they say 'miracle,' 'recommend' and 'mimic,' they say 'diagonally,' 'flatulence,' 'template,' 'anachronism,' 'old wives' tale,' 'aquiline nose.' They say, they say – words, words] (BD 480).

This triple portrait made of words and enumerations, which reminds one of Bakhtin's reflections on Dostoyevsky's poetics (the sociology of language in literature), shows a social hierarchy which Haupt, as a Pole, both acknowledged and at the same time ironically distanced himself from. ("Words, words" is, after all, a paraphrased quote from *Hamlet*; the power of words is questioned). All the different names, occupations, ranks, titles, and positions, combined with the words used by a given ethnic group (which are both representative and random), create a living world of the city of Zhovkva, causing an illusory, as it turned out, impression of continuity and resistance. "Perekotypołe" dispels this illusion. Before the war, Nietota took the narrator to a dissecting room, where she showed him the corpse of an old woman: "wymoczone w formalinie ciało

koloru mahoniu z wydatnym nawet u staruszki wzgórkiem Wenery" [body the color of mahogany soaked in formalin, with the mound of Venus which was prominent even in the old woman] (BD 514). Much later, this memory took on a different meaning as a result of historical events:

> I znowu po latach przyszło to nawrotem, kiedy na świadectwo czasom pogardy ukazano nam setki, tysiące fotografii stosów ludzkich trupów w obozach śmierci czy u rozkopanych dołów masowych egzekucji. Wyschłe i kanciaste od kości obciągniętych skórą, straszliwy teatr lalek, manekinów, żebra, piszczele, miednice, wyszczerzone zęby i golone czaszki, spiczaste kolana i stawy łokciowe, skóra napięta na kościach policzkowych, wpadłe w oczodoły, zagasłe oczy – i w tym ciała kobiece bezwstydne w ich nagości, ukazujące właśnie ów sterczący wzgórek Wenery. Widoki jakby z obrazu jakiegoś mistrza z quattrocenta, góry zwłok jakby w ruchu, jakby podnoszących się z ziemi, powstających z martwych, by pójść tłumem, zdążyć długim wijącym się wężem ku dolinie sądu ostatecznego
> [And again, years later, it came back to me when, as a testimony to the times of contempt, we were shown hundreds, thousands of photographs of piles of human bodies in extermination camps and mass graves. Dry and angular, with skin-covered bones, a terrible theater of puppets, mannequins, ribs, shinbones, pelvises, bared teeth and shaved skulls, pointed knees and elbow joints, skin tightly pulled over the cheekbones, the extinguished eyes deep in the eye sockets; and female bodies, shamelessly naked, were there as well, and I could see the mound of Venus. Images as if from a painting by some Quattrocento master, piles of corpses as if in motion, as if rising from the ground, rising from the dead to follow the crowd, to travel down the long winding road towards the valley of the last judgment] (BD 514–515).

The reference to "some quattrocento master" reminds one of, for example, Hans Memling and his triptych *The Last Judgment* (now in the National Museum in Gdańsk), painted at the turn of the 1460s and 1470s. Resurrection is shown in the central panel, as the archangel Michael weighs the bodies and the souls of men. The saved go to the right (from his perspective), that is to heaven, and the damned go to the left, that is to hell. Grotesque devils torture the damned in various ways. As in *The Divine Comedy*, Memling's hell is "busier" than the queue to the gates of heaven, where St. Peter, taking his time, greets the saved. There are a lot of bodies in this painting – happy, unhappy, anxious about their destiny – but they are all complete, untouched bodies. Haupt's bodies are different.

Haupt's bodies remind one of the photographs taken by the US Army after the liberation of the Buchenwald Nazi concentration camp in April 1945. The writer could have seen the photographs because they were reproduced in different newsreels and the press – they were iconic testimonies of Nazi bestiality. Over time, more and more such photographs appeared – as it turned out, many of them were taken by the members of the Einsatzgruppen who executed Jews on a mass scale on the Polish lands which since September 17, 1939, were occupied by the USSR. The vast majority of the victims belonged to the first of the ethnoreligious groups described in "To ja jestem Emmą Bovary." Still, the corpses, which were so terrifyingly and vividly described in the story, have no nationality. It can be assumed that at least some of them were Ukrainians and Poles killed by the Germans or by the NKVD or sent to gulags or forced to move to Kazakhstan or Siberia. The image of the dead bodies painted by Haupt is thus a collective epitaph of the once living and breathing Zhovkva – a world that disappeared almost without a trace forever.

Almost, because some traces were committed to memory by the narrator of "O Stefci, o Chaimie Immerglücku i o scytyjskich bransoletkach," "Lutnia," and "El Pelele:"

> Myśmy tam żyli, współżyli z ludźmi, którzy podobnie, ale inaczej mówili, inaczej żyli, pazurami z tej ziemi wydzierali sobie byt, kochali, umierali… Mówili podobnie, ale inaczej: z przydechem, *aspiré*, od nich przychodziło wiele do nas, do lwowszczyzny, do tej szlacheckiej, mieszczańskiej, inteligenckiej polszczyzny, przydając jej prowincjonalizmy, prowincjonalny rozpoznawczy akcent. I owszem, dumki, zaśpiewy ruskie, bo mówiło się u nas 'ruski', 'Rusini', mówiło się: 'grecko-katolicki', a nie jak Kongresowiacy, co to mówili: 'rusiński', 'unicki'
> [We lived there, we lived there together with the people who spoke a similar yet different language; they lived differently, they worked hard to make ends meet, they loved, they died… They spoke a similar yet different language: they breathed heavily, with *aspiré*, we borrowed a lot of words from them, they found their way into the Lviv dialect, into this noble, bourgeois, intellectual Polish dialect, brining regionalisms, and a kind of a provincial twang. And yes, dumkas, Russian songs, because we used to say 'Ruski' or 'Ruthenians', we used to say 'Greek Catholic', and the rest of Poland used to say 'Russian', 'Uniate'] (BD 526).

The narrator focuses, on the one hand, on the relations between the Galician villagers, who were mostly "Ruthenian", and the people who lived in towns and cities, who were mostly Polish. He also describes, in general terms, the relations between Poles and Ukrainians. Jews are not mentioned, probably because the Jewish-Polish or the Jewish-Ukrainian language exchange and *vice versa* took place on a much smaller scale. To this day, in the Galician dialect of Ukrainian we find a lot of borrowings from the Polish language, which people from other parts of Ukraine do not understand. The Galician dialect of Ukrainian is still popular in Lviv, where borrowings from the Polish language are "natural" (e.g., filiżanka [cup], fotel [armchair], kalafior [cauliflower], kieliszek [glass], kredens [sideboard], marynarka [jacket], parter [ground floor], rower [bicycle]). There are not as many borrowings from the Ukrainian language in Polish, partly due to the fact that few Poles used to live in the former south-eastern voivodeships. They are still present, along with pronunciation patterns, only in the linguistic memory of the people who were born and raised in Galicia before WW2.

The story "Fragmenty" is particularly personal and clearly autobiographical. Apart from other towns, Haupt mentions "Ułaszkowce, gdzie się urodziłem" [Ulashkivtsi, where I was born] (BD 427) in Podolia and the river Seret. He also comments on the fleeting and fragmentary nature of memories, which fade with time:

> Gont na dachu, gont poczerniały na sinoszaro, wyszurane chodnikowe płyty miasta, bańka wydęta z pozłacanego szkła w mieszczańskim ogródku, zapocony kołnierz marynarki, zapocony na czarno u tragarza przepasanego sznurami, łydki dziewczyny służącej trzepiącej dywan na galeryjce balkonu, suchotniczy kelner w restauracji ścierający nieschludną serwetą plamy z piwa po poprzednim gościu (po poprzednim gościu – po człowieku, po królu stworzenia, po bliźnim – zostały tylko plamy z piwa i połamane wykałaczki w solniczce; jak Boga kocham, to prawdziwa tragedia zniknienia!). To to tak więc powraca do nas dawne życie? To tyle zostało z tamtego świata? Tylko tyle?
> [Shingles on the roof, shingles turned blue and gray, the town's worn pavement, a bubble made of gilded glass in a some bourgeois family's garden, the wet collar of a jacket of a sweating porter, with ropes across his chest, the calves of a servant girl who is cleaning a carpet on a balcony, a consumptive waiter in a restaurant wiping off beer stains with a dirty napkin (beer stains and broken toothpicks in a salt shaker are all that is left from the last patron – a man, a master of creation, a neighbor – only

> beer stains and broken toothpicks in a salt shaker; as God is my witness, it's a real tragedy of disappearance!). Is this how our old lives come back to us? Is that all that's left of that world? Is that it?] (BD 429).

I am not sure if the story about the "last patron" is serious. Ultimately, he seems insignificant; we should not think about him. But what if the thinning substance of the narrator is made of beer stains, and the "dirty napkin" held by the sick waiter? What if the narrator has no choice? If this is the case, then forgetting, even if it is unintentional, means that you are complicit in the murder of the people (acquaintances, neighbors, and strangers) of Lviv and Zhovkva, who were either killed during the war or forced to emigrate. After all, the "tragedy of disappearance" may refer to the Holocaust, the deportation of the politically active Ukrainians to Siberia, the expulsion of Poles to the west, and, last but not least, to what involuntarily always happens with human memory. What connects all of them is the merciless transformation of being into non-being, presence into absence, although making a direct comparison between the fates of the Jewish and the non-Jewish residents of Galicia is naturally out of the question.

translated by Małgorzata Olsza

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KEYWORDS

GALICIA

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Abstract:
The article is devoted to the annihilation of the ethnically, religiously, and linguistically diverse population of Galicia and Podolia during WW2 and its metaphorical representation in Zygmunt Haupt's Galician short stories collected in *Baskijski diabeł* [The Basque devil]. Memories are arranged in a palimpsest-like manner in Haupt's short stories, which are often set in Zhovkva, a Galician town with which Haupt had a special bond. The only countermeasure against forgetting this lost world is memory, which unfortunately fades over time. The writer thus relies on fragmentary associations and retroactive imagination.

PALIMPSEST

memory

death

Note on the Author:

Marek Wilczyński (b. 1960) – Professor at the Center for American Studies at the University of Warsaw. His research interests in Polish studies include Polish Romanticism in a comparative perspective, Polish prose of the 20th century and Polish Galician literature. Selected publications on Polish literature: "Zasypie wszystko, zawieje…? Pisanie kresów Włodzimierza Odojewskiego" [Will it bury us will it cover us…? Włodzimierz Odojewski's borderlands], in: *Kresy – dekonstrukcja* [The Polish Borderlands – deconstruction], ed. Krzysztof Trybuś, Jerzy Kałążny, Radosław Okulicz-Kozaryn (Poznań: Wydawnictwo Poznańskiego Towarzystwa Przyjaciół Nauk, 2007), 277–288; "Najmniej słów. Doświadczenie Zagłady w prozie Idy Fink" [As few words as possible. The Holocaust in Ida Fink's prose], in: *Wojna i postpamięć* [War and postmemory], ed. Zbigniew Majchrowski, Wojciech Owczarski (Gdańsk: Wydawnictwo Uniwersytetu Gdańskiego, 2011), 133–141; "Szyfr masochizmu. Amerykańskie konteksty prozy Brunona Schulza" [The cipher of masochism. American contexts of Bruno Schulz's prose], *Schulz/Forum* 1 (2012): 47–61; "*Emigranci 2. Jak jest zrobione* Polowanie na karaluchy" [Emigrants 2. How Hunting Cockroaches is made], in: *Dramaturgia Janusza Głowackiego – trochę teatru* [Janusz Głowacki's plays – a bit of theatre], ed. Jan Ciechowicz (Gdańsk: Wydawnictwo Uniwersytetu Gdańskiego, 2013), 179–184; "Psychoanaliza ognia. *Księga ognia* Stefana Grabińskiego" [Psychoanalysis of fire. *The Book of Fire* by Stefan Grabiński], in: *Światło i ciemność V. Podróż inicjacyjna, podróż metafizyczna, podróż metaforyczna* [Light and Darkness V. Initiation Journey, Metaphysical Journey, Metaphoric Journey], ed. Diana Oboleńska, Monika Rzeczycka (Gdańsk: Wydawnictwo Uniwersytetu Gdańskiego, 2014), 227–246; "Redeemer Nations: Polish and American Romantic Rhetoric of Mission", in: *Affinities. Essays in Honour of Professor Tadeusz Rachwał*, ed. Agnieszka Pantuchowicz, Sławomir Masłoń (Frankfurt am Main: Peter Lang, 2014), 191–200; "Polska proza galicyjska przed wojną i po wojnie. Bruno Schulz w kontekście literatury katastrofy" [Polish Galician prose before and after the war. Bruno Schulz in the context of the literature of disaster], *Schulz/Forum* 5 (2015): 5–17; "Ciągłość szyn, ciągłość rynków i ogrodów. Wspólne przestrzenie Romana Jaworskiego, Stefana Grabińskiego i Brunona Schulza" [The continuity of the rails, the continuity of the markets and gardens. Common spaces of Roman Jaworski, Stefan Grabiński and Bruno Schulz], *Schulz/Forum* 8 (2016): 31–42; "Powtórzenie. Haupta Kierkegaardem raz jeszcze" [Repeating. Haupt through Kierkegaard once again], in: *'Jestem bardzo niefortunnym wyborem'. Studia i szkice o twórczości Zygmunta Haupta* ['I am a very unfortunate choice.' Studies and sketches about the works of Zygmunt Haupt], ed. Andrzej Niewiadomski, Paweł Panas (Lublin: Wydawnictwo UMCS, 2018), 49–59.