Mythologizing Lviv/Lwów: Echoes of Presence and Absence

GEORGE G. GRABOWICZ

Introduction

Images and visions of Lviv/Lwów in, respectively, Ukrainian and Polish history and culture go to the very heart of national memory and provide for each society powerful symbols of national identity, particularly as narratives of collective struggle, victory, and defeat.[1] Even though these identities are in large measure and for long periods (especially in terms of modern political history) counterposed, antagonistic, and presumably antithetical, the symbols and narratives that subtend them are remarkably similar—even while their points of contact and the ways they mirror each other have for the most part been studiously ignored. While partaking of various common themes, topoi, and (often repressed or unconscious) intertextualities they coalesce into national myths which are central to the respective collective, national experiences and are characteristically defined by an implicit and explicit confrontation with the Other. Although for each society the collective experience of the city encompasses virtually all seven centuries of Lviv's existence, the focus here will be primarily on the twentieth century where the oppositions and actual conflicts, the narrative and modal nuances, and ultimately the mythic resonance are most crystallized. The cultural and political patterns, however, and the modern historical background were already formed in the preceding centuries.

The notion of myth, of course, is often as nebulous as it is fashionable. In various usages it is no more than theme or topos; more often it is tantamount to any (especially popular, collective, irrational) belief, indeed any large collectively resonant narrative. In our context, an adequate use of myth, its cultural (not publicistic and political) applicability, depends on breadth and collective resonance, as well as on narrative scope, on the necessary presence of variants, and above all on symbolic and psychological roots, on the articulation of profound truths and values, and indeed traumas and fears, that go to the very heart of a society and its perception of itself. For this reason we can speak of both a Polish and a Ukrainian mythos of the city. However, these two major versions do not exhaust the subject or the mode: one may also speak of symbolic and indeed mythical constructions of Lviv in the other important legacies of the city—particularly the Austrian and the Jewish, and perhaps the Armenian as well, and future studies need to address them.

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Even in the convoluted and multifaceted East European context, Lviv exemplifies a city of different, at times polar, experiences and interpretations. Its history and historiography were, and to a large measure still are, as much hostages to ethnic and national experiences, perspectives, exclusiveness, and denial as is the teaching of history in the countries of former Yugoslavia.

This polarization was perceived already several centuries ago. In 1665–1672 the Polish poet (and mayor of Lviv) Bartłomiej Zimorowicz wrote a history of the city, under the title *Leopolis triplex*, in which he referred to the three phases of the growth of the city: the first, the Ruthenian (ca. 1240–1340); the second, the German (referring, as he saw it, to the German colonists of the subsequent two centuries); and the third, from 1549, the Polish period proper. As schematic as this parsing may be, and as modest as its oppositions may be compared to later developments, it presages the pattern of competing claims of ownership and identity and of a history and historiography that resemble the layerings of an archeological dig—complicated by the fact that each expedition approaches it with different premises and priorities and hence also blind spots.

Lviv is not unique in this regard, of course. It is one of many divided, contested cities, cities that switched hands and now belong to two separate and often competing histories. In Eastern Europe there is the prominent example of Vilnius (also formerly a Polish city), or the now Polish and formerly German (and before that, in the more distant past, Polish) cities of Gdańsk/Danzig, Wrocław/Breslau, Poznań/Posen, Szczecin/Stettin—in fact, the whole so-called regained territories (*ziemie odzyskane*). (This larger political context, the westward shift of Poland's boundaries, framed for postwar Polish society the overarching psychological problem of conceptualizing and coping with the loss of Lwów.) Other examples are not hard to find: Trieste, Fiume/Rijeka, Czernowitz/Cernăuţi/Chernivtsi, and many others.

However, as far as historical and emotional involvement and investment are concerned, it seems at times that the nearest analogue (*toute proportion gardée*) is that of Jerusalem. The latter, of course, is a holy city—for three major religions and civilizations. On the face of it, Lviv and its cultural space is more modest and more secular, but the degree of cathexis, and of sheer psychological involvement, is not moderate. For both sides it is close to transcendent. In both Ukrainian and Polish culture Lviv/Lwów becomes the preeminent objective correlative of narratives of national self-assertion.

These narratives, moreover, become inextricably linked in the late nineteenth century, certainly after the Ukrainian-Polish War of 1918–1919. The one requires the other. As in virtually all such cases, it is through opposition to the Other that the collective self, that which is one's own or "native," is defined. In the process that Other is often marginalized and even demonized. In its most developed form—that is, in terms of psychological depth and narrative extension—this becomes the process of projecting the shadow, a phenomenon that is as central to the formation of collective identity as it is underexamined in

formal culturological studies and especially in the larger public domain of various societies.

The question of the yoked nature of the two perspectives, the Polish and the Ukrainian, of their interpenetration, can again be dramatically shown through the already mentioned example of Bartłomiej Zimorowicz, one of the first chroniclers of the city. The interesting fact is that in his overall artistic-literary achievement, the two major works that assure his place in Polish literature—*Roxolanki* (1654) and *Sielanki nowe ruskie* (1663)—are both animated (as their titles imply) by the surrounding Ukrainian/Ruthenian setting: the landscape, the folklore, the peasant society (even if in Arcadian garb), and the ethos (even if filtered through Baroque and classicizing conventions).[2]

The twinned settings, their thematization, and the emphasis placed on them are highly revealing. Thus, the Khmel'nyts'kyi revolution of 1648 described in the *Sielanki nowe ruskie*—i.e., in "Kozaczyzna" and "Burda Ruska" (one should particularly note here the Baroque paradox of dealing with a bloody civil, social, ethnic, and religious war in terms of an "idyll," *sielanka)*—is shown as finding its victims among the city's Ukrainian and not Polish burghers, among its Uniates and not the Catholics. In short, complex processes of projection and of concealing/revealing are already at work here. These processes, moreover, are mirrored on the other (Ukrainian/Ruthenian) side—as Ivan Franko pointed out in his seminal study of the Ukrainian writer Ivan Vyshens'kyi and the Ukrainian political and cultural presence in Lviv in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, i.e., in the decades leading up to the Khmel'nyts'kyi revolution. What he points to is a profound and corrosive process at work in the interrelation of the minority and subordinate Ukrainian (Ruthenian) society with the dominant Polish one—the process of self-imposed separation. With typical acuity Franko notes the historical causes—the discrimination, oppression, and ridicule of the Ruthenians by the dominant Polish side, their "natural" and "inevitable" resentment and rancor at this treatment—and the ideological, religious articulation of the response, Vyshens'kyi's fundamentalist injunction to the Orthodox flock: "be prepared to separate yourself from the destructive Antichrist and the sin of Sodom." He adduces the study of the Lviv patricianate and burghers by the Polish historian Władysław Łoziński to show that that program was indeed successful:

> The Ruthenian burghers stood outside of Lviv, outside of its burghers, one might even say outside of themselves, for they learned almost always to draw their material and moral sustenance not from among themselves and within themselves, but from the outside and indeed from outside the Ruthenian community [Rus']. They were more a foreign colony in the Ruthenian city than the Germans, than the first Poles, more even than the Armenians.[3]

For the Ukrainian side, as Franko sees it, this cultural separatism led to far-reaching self-impoverishment and a profoundly false, self-deluding consciousness:

> From this [Łoziński's] characterization we can see how dangerous and morally injurious was this program of separatism, which immediately put the Ruthenians beyond the pale of civic life and civil competition in the area of common interests, which taught them to conceal their real thoughts, to say and do one thing and to think another, whereby in time the mask became part of the face, so that a person no longer knew what is authentic and true in him and what is masked, which meant that in the end true, sincere thoughts and feelings died away and character was demoralized. The results of this process are all too obvious: Rus′ lost faith in itself, it lost the sense of its own dignity and that natural, live solidarity which holds together every living society and constantly renews it, doubling its strength; Rus′ became accustomed always to look to others, to beg, to curry someone's favor, to bow and scrape without need, to measure life and social matters with the short rod of personal utilitarianism. [4]

What is particularly notable here is that the process of marginalization, of "making invisible" is, so to say, self-imposed. (Indeed, as we can infer from Franko's biography and his writings, the picture he paints is even more applicable to his times than to those of Vyshens'kyi.)

Franko wrote this in the early 1890s—when he still believed in Polish-Ukrainian cooperation and complementary development and indeed placed his own political hopes on such an alliance. A few years after his hopes for such cooperation were dashed, Franko wrote *Ein Dichter des Verrates* (which he published in 1897 in the Viennese newspaper *Die Zeit)* about the leading Polish cultural figure, Adam Mickiewicz (on whom he had frequently written with great admiration, and precisely in terms of the paradigm of influence), and on the eve of the centennial of the poet's birth accused him of poisoning the minds of his countrymen with the ideal of "Wallenrodism," i.e., with the doctrine that all means, even the most foul, are fair if used for a higher patriotic purpose—in this case, for Poland. With this attack Franko (a full one-fifth of whose prodigious literary output—belles lettres, criticism, scholarship, and publicistic works—was in Polish) broke off virtually all contacts with his many erstwhile Polish colleagues and collaborators and became in Polish circles—and literally in Polish Lviv, where he was hanged in effigy in the streets—a *persona* ultimately *non grata*. This sorry, but perhaps inevitable, development can serve as a dramatic introduction to the conflicts and the seeming irreconcilability between the Polish and the Ukrainian sides in the twentieth century.

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Underlying the contexts evoked both by Zimorowicz and Franko—and frequently, indeed purposefully, overlooked—is demographic reality: the simple fact that just as Ukrainian society in the seventeenth or in the nineteenth

or in the early twentieth century was an enclave in the city, an island so to speak, so, too, in the larger context of eastern Galicia, Polish society, specifically Polish Lwów, was also an enclave, an island, in a much larger Ukrainian (Ruthenian) sea. This awareness is paradoxically pervasive and for the most part strongly repressed. For Zimorowicz, for example, it surfaces with relative openness and a certain naïveté; its only mask is classical convention and Baroque poetics. In the interwar period it becomes a profound awareness, all the more repressed as its denouement—the loss of Polish Lwów—becomes imminent. However, the Ukrainian side also does not emerge a victor. On the immediate and simple political level Lviv becomes for many decades as much or even more a Soviet than a Ukrainian city; and even after Ukrainian independence the problems remain. On a deeper level the question becomes not that of the city's Ukrainianness, but of *how* this historical quality, and now uncontested political reality, correlates with the city's history, its spiritual, artistic, and cultural legacy, its own ineffable space. On this score there is no triumphant revindication, but rather the sadness of missed opportunities and the all-but-impossible task of restoring the city's erstwhile cultural and artistic prominence.

The Nineteenth-Century Background: Literary, Historical, and Political

Lviv emerges into the nineteenth century as an Austrian city, and becomes in the course of that century part of that peculiar empire which also gave us Kafka's Prague and Freud's Vienna. It, too, will come to reflect the Austro-Hungarian mode of cultural pluralism, political power-sharing, and ultimately decentering, and—for all its paradoxes—a special kind of cultural and ethnic authenticity.

Throughout the nineteenth century, Lviv also becomes the setting for the reformulation ("reinvention" according to the "constructivists") of Polish and Ukrainian historical and national identities. Even though it was partitioned at the end of the eighteenth century and taken off the political map of Europe, Poland had remained—in the eyes of its society (particularly its elites) and also of other European nations—a "historical nation." Despite its formal political non-existence, in Austria and then Austria-Hungary it continued as an all-but-political, and certainly social and cultural, presence—a virtual country, so to say. Poland under Habsburg rule, i.e., as Galicia, is undoubtedly the most free and most dynamic of the three partitioned regions, and Lviv and Cracow are its major capitals. The emergence in the second half of the nineteenth century of Polish society with the landed aristocracy as the dominant and politically empowered force in Galicia provides even more substance to this virtual nationhood. At the same time, in light of larger geopolitical processes, the success with which Polish efforts to reclaim nationhood were crowned in the immediate post-World War I period, i.e., in the Polish-Ukrainian War of 1918–1919 and then the Polish-Soviet War of 1919–1920, gave—in light of what was to come—an illusory sense of triumph and security. Significantly, however, on

the deeper level of unconscious collective representations—in effect, on the level of the mythical—a sense of imminent catastrophe was palpable.

For the Ukrainian national movement Lviv was fated to play an even more decisive role. After the "Spring of Nations" of 1848 and the growth of nationalism in Central Europe, the Ukrainian revival through the rest of the nineteenth century played itself out primarily in Galicia, and specifically in Lviv. At the same time, in the Russian Empire the nascent Ukrainian movement was undergoing ever more repression, beginning with the arrest of the members of the secret Saints Cyril and Methodius Brotherhood in 1847, the Valuev directive of 1863 limiting the use of Ukrainian, and especially the Ems Ukaz of 1876, which broadly prohibited the publication and importation of Ukrainian books. What in the earlier decades had been tolerated as a more or less harmless provincial or regional activity was now labeled politically separatist and subversive. For the Ukrainian national movement, Galicia became a "Piedmont." In effect, it became much larger than itself—the core of an emergent new nation.

In the course of the nineteenth century the identification (and self-identification) of the Ukrainian side was unequivocally tied to pressing social issues: peasant emancipation, political, economic, and cultural representation, and so on. This in turn was inscribed into the ethos of populism (*narodnytstvo*), the metaphysics of the *narod (narodnist'),* and in time (until the retrenchment of the interwar period) ever more radical socialist politics. Judging from the political as well as the cultural balance sheet—"historical" vs. "non-historical" nation, "superior" (or "developed") vs. "inferior" (or "developing") cultural status, enfranchised vs. disenfranchised elites, and so on—the relationship between the Polish and the Ukrainian sides would seem to fit the classical colonial paradigm. This may be argued even though formally Poland did not exist on the map of nineteenth-century Europe: in fact, especially in the latter half of the century, Polish rule, or at least predominance, was mandated in eastern Galicia by virtue of various formal and informal arrangements in the Habsburg Empire. There were, however, a number of other complicating factors.

On the Polish side, the collective and symbolic perception, indeed an overarching myth of Ukraine, was a major literary and cultural fact that clearly impinged on the narrower topic of Lviv/Lwów. In the course of the nineteenth century (actually, beginning in the late eighteenth century) this Polish myth of Ukraine, specifically focused on the historical past, passed through several major phases:

1. The Enlightenment and pre-Romantic phase, from Staszic and Kołłątaj to Niemcewicz, Zaborowski, and Lelewel, largely saw the Ukrainian-Polish past as a test case of Poland's failure as a just and ordered society and the resultant alienation of the Ukrainian (Cossack) side as the major cause of Poland's downfall, i.e., the partitions. While the modality of addressing this issue was

expressly rationalist and political, the mythic, as witnessed by Lelewel's recourse to the Vernyhora legend, was also drawn upon.

2. The Romantic Ukrainophilism and Cossacophilism phase—the "Ukrainian school" in Polish literature—along with minor writers like Zaleski, Goszczyński, Czajkowski, and Grabowski, also included the major writers Malczewski, Słowacki, and Rzewuski. Historically speaking, the major moment here is that the Ukrainian theme is the first developed Romantic theme in Polish literature and as such leaves a deep imprint on the entire literary legacy and the collective psyche. The content of the myth (if it can at all be summarized) is a symbolically coded movement from a golden age in the distant past, through massive bloodshed and suffering (the Cossack wars, the *haidamak* uprisings) to a new hard-won maturity—in effect, articulating a collective rite of passage. Characteristically, only one writer, Słowacki (in *Sen srebrny Salomei*), achieves a synthesizing vision; most (especially the popular minor writers, such as Zaleski and Czajkowski) are fixated on an idealized and infantilized (and escapist) past.

3. The pendulum swing into so-called Positivism and late Romanticism is accompanied by the emergence of conservative attitudes that now reject the Romantic legacy and indeed demonize the Ukrainian past. Sienkiewicz's *Ogniem i mieczem* becomes the paradigmatic work here, and one which to this day has a remarkable hold on Polish popular perceptions of Ukraine and Ukrainians. The essential structure emerging here is that the shadow conjured up in the Romantic treatments and seen as an integral part of the Polish character, of Polish history—emblematically in Antoni Malczewski's *Maria,* Seweryn Goszczyński's *Zamek kaniowski*, and Juliusz Słowacki's *Sen srebrny Salomei*—is now projected onto the Ukrainian side. In short, a radical and radically simplifying polarization takes shape: beginning with *Ogniem i mieczem* and culminating in the mid-twentieth century with such popular fare as Jan Gerhard's *Łuny w Bieszczadach* (dealing with the immediate post-World War II period and the Polish and Soviet war against the Ukrainian underground) the two sides are polarized into the domains of good and evil; for several decades after the war, Ukrainians are routinely cast in the popular literature as bloodthirsty barbarians.

4. A central issue, but one that until now has been addressed only tangentially in various historical and political science studies, is the question of how the literary (and cultural) myth affected the emergence of political attitudes and modern ideologies. By the 1860s Polish attitudes become sharply divided: a minority (largely coterminous with the left) is supportive (if with some qualifications) of Ukrainian claims to a separate identity and the political agenda that flows from it. The majority is strongly opposed. (The notions of "minority" and "majority" are relative, of course, and devolve on the basic fact that in eastern Galicia—as in Right-Bank Ukraine, i.e., within the Russian Empire—the "Polish side" is largely the land-owning gentry, whose conservative stance on social and ethnic issues is a given.) Still, in the discourse of Polish society the

unquestionably dominant stance on this issue is a rejection of the very claim of separateness that the Ukrainian side is raising (which closely parallels the official and subsequently, in the late twentieth century, the popular Russian stance). Thus, the position of the tsarist government (as stated in the Valuev directive of 1863) is that "There was not, there is not, and there cannot be a Ukrainian language" (i.e., there is only a dialect). Around that time the Polish émigré Leszek Borkowski is formulating it quite similarly: "There is no Ukraine [Rus']. There are only Poland and Muscovy." For the son of Adam Mickiewicz, Władysław, there are no "Ukrainians" as such; there are only young, semiliterate upstarts, troublemakers, and socialists bent on destroying the gentry order.[5] Even for the minority that is sympathetic to Ukrainian claims of separateness and identity, that sympathy seldom if ever includes a readiness to apportion the historical legacy, or to concede its bipolar or multipolar nature. The very rhetoric of ethnic identity formation rests on such an exclusionary approach.

At the turn of the century these attitudes had not changed. Indeed, even those sympathetic to the plight of the Ukrainian population see it as part of the larger Polish nation. Analogously, Ukrainian literature is subsumed under the Polish. Thus, the critic Adam Grzymała-Siedlecki, who sees himself as sympathetic to the Ukrainian side, speaks in one breath of Orkan and Stefanyk, Jedlicz and Lepkyi as regional writers—all implicitly within one literature (i.e., the Polish). Around this time, too, in the stance of the nationalist movement, the Narodowa Demokracja, there is a vigorous rejection of the Ukrainian claim to political self-determination. In a word, in the dominant Polish discourse of the time Ukrainians are almost Poles or about-to-be-Poles.

At the start of the twentieth century, in the context of the city itself, the Ukrainian element—to the extent that it is noticed at all—is seen as an extension of the surrounding village; in the urban sense as such it is all but invisible. Indeed, demographically the Ukrainian presence in Lviv was only about 15 percent of the population (as compared to 50 percent for the Poles and 25 percent for the Jews). Thus, the Ukrainian takeover of Lviv on 1 November 1918 and then the three-week-long battle for Lviv and the subsequent Polish-Ukrainian War of 1918–1919 were perhaps more of a shock for the Polish side than such conflicts usually are.

Towards a Myth of Lwów in Twentieth-Century Polish Writings

In contrast to the nineteenth century, when the Polish collective mythos with respect to Ukraine was expressed largely through literature, from the early "Ukrainian School of Polish Poetry" to the novels of Sienkiewicz,[6] in the twentieth century that vision underwent significant generic differentiation. In the context of Lwów, which was always at the core of the collective sense of self and which by virtue of the successful outcome of the Polish-Ukrainian War of 1918–1919 came to symbolize the new Polish state, the sense of collective

identity and of a "national mission" came to be articulated primarily in the mode of historiography. Later, after the trauma of World War II and then the Soviet subjugation, the center of gravity of such self-reflection (even while maintaining a literary presence, for example in the novels of Włodzimierz Odojewski) seems to have shifted to the mode of memoirs, and later still to regional studies, i.e., the recently burgeoning field of the "kresy" and of "kresoznawstwo."[7]

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In a curiously prescient way the earliest twentieth-century perception—indeed, canonization—of Lwów as a presence in the collective psyche is focused in a retrospective mode. The work that initiates and sets this tone is *O szarym Lwowie* by Franciszek Jaworski (1916). In a series of lightly nuanced historical sketches on events and characters in Lviv's eighteenth- and nineteenth-century past it weaves together the aesthetics of nostalgia and of all-but-explicit elegy. *O szarym Lwowie* also projects an ambient sense of impermanence, almost of evanescence; the penultimate, thirteenth chapter is in fact entitled "znikający Lwów" (Vanishing Lwów). Implicitly, the city is seen as resistant to any objectivist inquiry and thus seemingly able to convey only shades of "greyness." At the same time, it is anything if not colorful—as witnessed by Jaworski's humorous historico-anecdotal tour. In his account of the city's freemasons, for example, he tells of Count Rudolph Strassoldo who was treasurer of the lodge of Three White Eagles and also an avid gambler and ladies' man, and who after losing 6,615 zlotys (apparently a princely sum at the time) of the lodge's funds left family and office behind and absconded from the city with the lady of his heart. As Jaworski tells it, his (Strassoldo's) friend, the better-known Casanova, related that the count later lived in Moldova and then in Constantinople, where he converted to Islam. However, the point of the story is the miscreant's comeuppance:

> In the meantime Lwów seethed from the sensation. The "orphaned" lodge totally ceased all "masonry" activities and the rabble took part in a great public auction of the Count's household effects, while the legal authorities had great trouble with punishing the defrauder *in effigie*.
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> For despite the flight of Count Strassoldo, the Lwów tribunal passed a death sentence—which had to be carried out symbolically. An order came down to paint a portrait of the Count, this was placed in an ornate frame, and then the executioner was to hang it from the gallows. This course, however, was appealed by the Count's wife who claimed that, as a nobleman, her husband could not be hanged but only beheaded. The tribunal accepted this argument, but the executioner claimed that he was not able to behead a portrait. As a result the portrait was condemned to be burned. But this again occasioned remonstrations from the family, who claimed that this was an unwarranted

> augmentation of the punishment, for burning at the stake was reserved only for heresy and for counterfeiting. These legal subtleties were finally untangled by Emperor Joseph II, who ordered the portrait to be nailed to the gallows and the sentence to be promulgated in four languages in newspapers and posters.[8]

In short, even if fated to exist in the past, Lwów/Lviv indelibly inscribes itself on one's consciousness—indeed in various languages and modes. The linked modalities of this inscription (from nostalgia and elegy to humor and whimsy), the technique of anecdotal narrative and pastel portraiture, and especially the sense of the city as a timeless repository of arcana and oddities set a pattern that persists to this very day—in both Polish and then with increasing intensity in Ukrainian writing. The emphases, however, and the degree of conscious continuity and intertextual reflection varied considerably.

In the aftermath of the Polish-Ukrainian War of 1918–1919, Lwów becomes for most Poles a triumphant symbol of national assertiveness, and the work that ushers in that mode is Stanisław Wasylewski's *Historje lwowskie*, published in 1921, the first postwar year of Polish statehood. The approach of this collection of historical sketches, however, is more subtle than the standard heroics and martyrology that was building up steam at the time. For the focus here, as the brief foreword informs the reader, is not on the period of the city's glory and ascendancy, but on what was purportedly its darkest hour, i.e., the century lasting from the eve of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth's first partition, when the city was to pass to Austrian rule, to the eve of the Habsburg Empire's arrangement with the Poles, when Galicia was to pass back to their *de facto* control. In contrast to the tale of Lwów's days of glory told by historians like Łoziński and Jaworski, "The pages of this book," as the author says in his preface:

> tell of a captive lion, bound and struggling in the years 1760–1860. They tell of the city's burning temperament, full of miracles, of a city that never knew how to weep. And finally of what is vivid even without documents: the indomitable, stubborn, eternal Polishness of Lwów.[9]

In effect, beginning with the first sketch, "A Very Pleasant City," which argues that even during the political decline of the late eighteenth century the cause of Polish patriotism was alive and sprouting new shoots (and that the masonic lodges that Jaworski had described provided a haven not only for fraudulent counts à la Strassoldo, but also for Kościuszko's patriots), through the chapter on secret political societies and finally the flourishing artistic scene of the second half of the nineteenth century, the city's essential (ethnic, political) nature is shown as a teleology, indeed a tautology. What is posed in the opening sketch as a series of rhetorical questions,

> Whose city after all is this—in which the inhabitants speak elegantly in French, the occupiers in German, all the while becoming less sure what will become of this Galicia, will it be sold or exchanged for some other Serbia?

> What is one to think of this dwarfed metropolis to which the carpetbaggers of the entire continent have gathered?

and then,

> Did the old song of the night wardens [i.e., to keep the gates tightly shut—G.G.G.] really die out in the darkness of the night? For already the old chronicler had called the capital of Red Ruthenia [*Rus' Czerwona*] a *Leopolis triplex*. So then perhaps alongside a Rococo Lwów and an Austrian one and an indifferent one, one could find some kind of third Lwów—a Polish one?[10]

is answered with rousing affirmation: the Polishness of Lwów is inescapable. Indeed, the pages of the book show that surface realities—of official Austrian rule, for example, of Rococo debauchery, and so on—neither limit nor measure underlying social or political realities, and certainly provide poor prognoses for the future. However, the political agenda, and pathos, that underlie the argument also serve to impoverish that deeper reality of Lviv/Lwów. Where Jaworski projected an implicit and irreducible pluralism, an essential nuancing, Wasylewski, in a manner that will become a pattern for the coming decades, affirms an essentialist, national—and, indeed, nationalist—city. The substitution is apparent—as is the high pathos of his reformulation of Zimorowicz's notion of *Leopolis triplex*. Now, while conceding an "occupying" role for the Austrians, the concrete social and cultural third presence is replaced by the vague notion of the "indifferent." In effect, in its moment of triumph, programmatic Polishness can hardly conceive of the city as having also been—even in the putatively dark century delimited here—Ukrainian (or at least "Ruthenian"). Underlying this is the essentialist agenda's need to dematerialize the Other. In time this will be ever more insistent and crude.

The general national trauma of the Second World War and its massive destruction, and then the Soviet occupation, the loss of the eastern territories, the imposition of communist rule, and the redrawing of Poland's western boundaries, had a no less massive impact on Polish perceptions of Lwów, the very symbol of the resurrected Poland of the interwar years. The genre that arguably most eloquently captures the interface of the human and the collective dimensions of this reversal, of the perceived national tragedy, is the memoir. In this mode three narratives of Lwów stand out in terms both of literary quality and of the individuality of their approach. The earliest and perhaps the most powerful of these is Józef Wittlin's *Mój Lwów*, written in Riverdale, New York, and published in New York in 1946. In its impact and its ability to weave together—and indeed anticipate—the various strands of the pre- and post-World War II Polish condition, this thin volume combining memoir, elegy, and fanciful baedecker stands unique. Its greatest virtue—made all the more striking by coming so soon after the cataclysm, long before the political dust had settled and a consensus had crystallized as to the response, the rules of engagement in this national catastrophe—is its seemingly unprecedented self-reflection, the ability to see beneath the surface and beyond the visible.

In tone and structure *Mój Lwów* is an elegy—indeed, doubly so, for it laments and celebrates the author's own youth and the city of his youth, both of which have now passed into oblivion. For Wittlin, however, the elegiac and nostalgic impulses are continually reformulated into tools of self-discovery and subtle revisionism. The very first sentences address the traps that such narratives contain:

> The title of this tale [*gawęda*], having been imposed by the publishers, absolves the author of the charge of talking here about himself. It would appear that there is nothing more pleasant than bathing in the warm stream of memory, of preening before years past. It's a deceptive warmth. For suddenly from the bottom of memory will rise to the surface of consciousness monsters which we would prefer to forget. A danger a hundred times worse also lurks in wait for the person who would spin the tale of memory, and that is self-admiration. For partiality to those places where we spent our early years is only a masked love of self. It is not Lwów that we long for after years of separation, but ourselves in Lwów. There is also no greater counterfeiter of so-called reality than memory. It falsifies everything: people, landscapes, events, even the climate.[11]

He returns to this theme again at the end of the first chapter as he speaks of the essence of "Lwówness"—that strange mix of the sublime and the street urchin [*łobuz*], of wisdom and cretinism, of poetry and the mundane—as a special indefinable taste (as of a *czereha*, neither cherry nor sour cherry), but then notes again, "Nostalgia likes to falsify taste as well, telling us today to feel only the sweetness of Lwów. But I know people for whom Lwów was a bitter cup."[12]

In a manner that echoes Jaworski and Wasylewski and foreshadows Vynnychuk and Andrukhovych, and various other contemporary spinners of Lviv's tale, Wittlin focuses on the anecdotal, the personal, the amusing. In the phantasmagoria of the city's past he sees a special tendency for buffonade—and thus seems to anticipate by several decades the antics and the special artistic and cultural vision of Bu-Ba-Bu (to which we shall return). Like Jaworski, but with greater verve and emphasis, he sees Lwów not only as a city of eccentrics, but also of con artists, frauds, and hoaxes. It is a city where preening is more important than substance—indeed is the substance—where—this in a section dealing with apothecary shops—a store window is so beautifully engraved that nothing has to be displayed behind it,[13] or where one of these shops, called "Pod rzymskim cesarzem Tytusem" ("At the sign of the Roman Emperor Titus"), displays the same title not only in German ("Zum römischen Kaiser Titus") but also in French ("Sous [*sic*] l'Empereur Titus"). For which Frenchmen, wonders Wittlin, was their language being fractured?—after all, there were not so many of them in Lviv.[14] It is a city where nothing is really quite unambiguous or "normal," where *trompe l'oeil* and look-alikes abound; where the monument to Jan Sobieski, the "victor at Vienna, looks (especially to the Ukrainians) uncannily like Bohdan Khmel'nyts'kyi;"[15] or where a poet like

Ostap Ortwin, whose real name was Katzenellenbogen of medieval German fame, who was the last president of the Polish Union of Writers of Lwów and also its only Jewish member, and who had an unforgettably large bear-like frame and Cossack mustache and could cow by his very presence policemen and antisemites—too had a double:

> There was a double of Ortwin walking the streets of Lwów, a certain engineer Piotrowski. He even dressed the same. When the two doubles would meet on the street they would doff their identical black hats with wide brims. Thus, for many years, they would greet each other, although they did not know each other at all. They would greet their simulacrum as well as their awareness of this doubled nature.[16]

It is a city that establishes its own criteria and frame of reference, and thus the impact of seeing St. George's Ukrainian Greek Catholic cathedral and participating in a service becomes indelible: "When for the first time in my life I stood at the entrance to the Vatican I was reminded of Lwów's St. George. I would not want to slight the Apostolic See, but the reader has already gathered which I liked better."[17]

The issue for Wittlin, however, is not uncovering provincial preening, or cataloguing the multifarious deceptions and illusions, impressions and memories of a colorful city; it is nothing less than penetrating to the core of things, going beyond the merely virtual to the authentically, transcendentally human and thus also mythic. Characteristically, Wittlin confronts head-on the charge that he feels will come from the defenders of what he had just called "so-called reality":

> If someone were now to accuse me of hankering only for imponderables, of taking trifles and blowing them up to giant proportions and dealing casually with honorable tradition, history, geography, architecture, in a word—the culture of "Leopolis semper fidelis," and of having nothing to say about Lwów "the multiplier of Polishness," of a "triplex" Lwów, as it was called by the most famous seventeenth-century mayor of the city, Józef Bartłomiej Ozimek, known as Zimorowicz (and not a bad poet at all, although worse than his brother Szymon) and if someone were to think ill of me for supposedly passing over in silence the Vows of Jan Casimir, the Ossolineum, the Colosseum, the Dzieduszycki Museum, the Lubomirskis, the Stauropegion, the Panorama of Racławice—then I would say, first of all, that he's wrong, and secondly, I assure him that, paraphrasing Terence, "Leopoliensis sum et nihil leopoliensis a me alienum puto." But I do admit that for my childish impressionability the arrival of Buffalo Bill's Circus (in 1905 if memory serves me right) or the hanging of the murderer Czabak are of the same epic proportion as the arrival of Emperor Francis Joseph, the assassination of the viceroy Count Andrzej Potocki, or the fact that his successor, Michał Bobrzyński, was showered with eggs.[18]

The argument, in fact, meanders along with further "trifles" (like the fact that during that royal visit his Royal and Imperial Majesty praised the opera

performance, this being either *Aida* or *Straszny dwór*, and the mayor, Ciuchcinski, overcome by the honor of sitting next to the emperor, replied with all appropriate modesty "Jawohl, Majestät! Die Sänger sind gut, nur die Chóren sind schlecht," to which Wittlin only adds "Honi soit qui mal y pense!"). The point, however, is made: positioned between "trifles" and "imponderabilia" and in proximity to Terence's dictum, the whole issue of Lviv/Lwów assumes new dimensions.

Aesthetically, the city, its evocation, is brought into the force field so powerfully projected only a decade or so earlier by Bruno Schulz in his mythologizing *Sklepy cynamonowe* (1934) and *Sanatorium pod klepsydrą* (1937), i.e., of a poetics where the real and the childishly perceived meld perfectly to construct a timeless and universal vision of the human condition—balanced on the cusp of the childish and the adult. Wittlin's Lwów is not coterminous with Schulz's Drohobych, specifically in his radical infantilizing and mythologizing of "so-called reality"[19]—but it is of the same region, on the outskirts of that same mythology.

Politically, Wittlin's counterpoint to the burden of ideology—of "Leopolis semper fidelis;" of Lwów, the lion guarding Poland's portals to the east; of the eternal "antemurale Christianitatis;" and of erstwhile triumphalism now turned into a new sense of martyrdom—could not be clearer. What makes it all the more telling, as noted above, is that this implicit rejection of what would long be a total ideological denial of the new realities is presented well before a new vision of Poland's role in and relationship with the East, and specifically with Ukraine, would be articulated by the circle of the Paris *Kultura.*

In fact, Wittlin's evocation of the city is consistently unpolitical; in this narrative that reality is clearly in the category of "so-called reality." What *Mój Lwów* brings to light, even though it is the shimmering light of memory, is the city's mythical core, the fact that contrast and the pulsation of oppositions is its very essence, that presence/absence, the pairing of irreconcilabilities (of sublimity and *łobuzeria*, of pathos and idiocy) make it all the more real. The real Lwów/Lviv begins where the conventional, political, ideological one leaves off.

Nothing shows this off with greater force than the work's coda where, having revisited his haunts and having met again the many unforgettable, larger-than-life characters, especially writers and critics and artists, so many of whom perished in the war, he reassembles their shades. But first he makes a remarkable aside that goes to the heart of his uncannily perceptive vision of Lwów/Lviv as *coincidentio oppositionorum* and thus, too, as simultaneous presence and absence:

> It is no great feat to love when one belongs to the same clan, nation, or party, when one is united by the same attractions and disgusts. Love, friendship, and collegiality begin precisely where stark contrast and oppositions take shape. I don't want to touch the wounds on the living flesh of these memoirs and thus I

> won't speak of the year 1918. I intend to tear conscientiously with my pen at those wounds on another, less elegiac occasion. I cannot, however, pass by in silence that moment in those fratricidal Polish-Ukrainian battles which cut not only the city into two hostile parts, when my old gymnasium friend, Zenon Rusin, at that time a Ukrainian *khorunzhyi*, stopped hostilities in front of the Jesuit Garden so that I could cross the front and get home. There was harmony among my friends, even though many of them belonged to various warring nations and held to different beliefs and views. National Democrats got along with Jews, socialists with conservatives, Old Ruthenians and Russophiles with Ukrainian nationalists. There were no communists at that time, but if there had been they would certainly have gotten on well even with the socialists. Let us play at this idyll.[20]

There is indeed irony and self-irony in this, but the final coda puts that also in its proper perspective. The throng of shades that the author conjures forth flows along the Corso, from the Opera House to the Mickiewicz monument to Pilecki's apothecary shop and back; "the dead walk with the living"; "enemies united in death walk hand-in-hand like friends . . . Officers of Austrian dragoons with monocles in empty eye sockets jangle their spurs . . . Ukrainian Sich riflemen from 1918 go hand-in-hand with the Polish defenders of Lwów, the 'orlęta.'" "The spirits of the Sokoły promenade with Jewish soccer players from the Hasmonea team"; the son of Mozart makes an appearance; a meeting is held in front of the George Hotel interrupted by the blinking "bajka" sign and then by mounted police headed by Sacher-Masoch; the crowd disperses and then recombines and courses back and forth. "And so without pause: back and forth—back and forth—perpetually—to the end of time."[21] This timeless rhythm, the ebb and flow of life and death, of memory, of elegy, and farce, of presence in the face of absence is the myth of the city in as powerful and moving a form as one can hope to encounter.

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In 1975 Stanislaw Lem, already then a renowned author of intellectual and ironic science fiction, published a memoir, *Wysoki Zamek*, focusing primarily on his earliest childhood years in Lviv, but in brief glances also including his school years and early maturity. The connections to Wittlin and indeed to the other treatments of the city noted here are tenuous, for this is a highly self-focused work, much more intent upon examining the workings of memory as an autonomous and unpredictable presence in the psyche than on the city itself, whether as reality, or ought-to-be-reality, or myth; the social, political, ethnic and cultural element—in general and not with reference to the invisible Other—is all but absent. Lviv (which the English translation, as if echoing the work's studied indifference to this dimension, renders as "Lvov"—that, pre-

sumably, is neutral ground) is at most a background, a hum. However, this is also justified in that the focus, the nature of the reality that is examined here is that of childhood, and in the light of that these other dimensions are not intelligible or "readable." Here, too, the connections to Schulz's world are evident—but the differences are also substantial. In contrast to Schultz's poetic, often dreamy tone, the tone here is curiously analytical, often emotionally disengaged, as the author reflects on the meta-thematic problem of writing childhood memory. In Lem's later depictions of school, especially in his ruminations on the gymnasium as an incarnation of the Absolute, incomprehensible to anyone outside its time and space (cf. Chap. 5), one also sees a distant echo of Gombrowicz's *Ferdydurke*—but without that work's explosive absurdity. Instead, as we also see from the minute description of his construction of an alternative childhood reality (Chap. 6), which begins with various forms of identity papers and decrees and moves on to a whole alternative bureaucracy and in fact a separate world, we see the writer as the future author of *Solaris*. Only at the very end (Chap. 7) is there an awareness of the fact that the Lviv of his time and youth was fated to be destroyed—and the point of his reflection is that at the time he was unable to make the connection:

> So what exactly was it that formed the bond between the child walking those streets—always the same streets—and their pavement and walls? Beauty? I saw no beauty, did not know that the city could be different, that it could not go in folds of stone, could not be hilly, that streets like Copernicus and Sextus didn't have to soar upward, or the trams claw their way to the top and careen down. I did not see the Gothic architecture of Elizabeth Church or the eastern exoticism of the Armenian cathedral. If I raised my head, it was to look at the metal hens turning on the chimneys.[22]

Ultimately, as the background to this radical disjunction between the present and the time remembered, between the individual and the larger context, Lviv emerges as something both absent and unreconstructable—except in the endless minutiae of self-analysis as self-absorption.

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Like Wittlin and Lem, Adam Zagajewski also confronts Lwów through the prism of childhood memory, and indeed of apparently total absence, but his vision is also the total antipode to Lem's in that he fully engages the interface of the individual with the social, the cultural, the collective. His essay "Dwa miasta" appeared in 1991 and constitutes, after Wittlin, perhaps the most intense and subtle treatment of Lwów—as the very essence of trauma and loss—on a personal, but even more so on a collective, all-Polish level. To address it, however, one must first look at his poem "Jechać do Lwowa," which appeared six years earlier in a collection by that name.[23]

"Jechać do Lwowa"—revealingly dedicated by the author to his parents—is a powerful poem that gives voice to still more powerful collective feelings of loss, victimization, and alienation that gripped and in many respects fixated thousands of Poles forcibly repatriated to Poland from Lviv after World War II. In a manner seemingly paradoxical, but in fact essentially enabling, the fact of the expulsion is never once explicitly mentioned—it is entirely implicit, a central given, the core, or rather the gaping void of an emotional universe projected here with no recourse to political, ideological, historical, or rhetorical statements or postures, but entirely through a fabric of childhood impressions and a child's attempts at making sense of a human cataclysm beyond the ken of a whole generation and a whole community. Ultimately, bypassing the categories of the conventional and the rational, Lwów becomes a metaphysical presence. What had been lost in innocence, becomes, like the holy city of Jerusalem, a transcendent quality, an ideal vision of happiness, a reward and consolation for the suffering; it becomes ever present: "Lwów jest wszędzie" (Lwów is everywhere) concludes the poem.

Zagajewski's memoiristic essay "Dwa miasta," which, like the poem, also provided the title for the collection of essays in which it appeared,[24] can be said to serve as an autobiographical elucidation to "Jechać do Lwowa." It is a highly personal story of growing up in the shadow of collective loss and trauma—the two cities of the title are Lviv and the Silesian (and "post-German") city of Gliwice to which his parents were resettled after the war. It is also an elegy—not so much for Lwów (although that too) as for those generations, of his parents and grandparents, who never adjusted to their expulsion, for whom time stopped the day they were put on the trains and left their city, their past, their very essence behind. They themselves become (the echo of Wittlin's work is audible) shadows of what they were. While the author grows up in Gliwice (he was only a few months old as his family left Lwów), his earliest years are overshadowed by the first of these cities—for that was the all-but-exclusive frame of reference for his family, their neighbors, their generations. For them, Lwów, despite being in the past and separated from them by an impenetrable wall, is more present than the city and the life they now live. Lwów thus becomes a state of mind; they all "were still in Lwów," and thus, too, their present life becomes a kind of theater, a make-belief reality, at best a going-through-the-motions of reality. The two cities were thus not only projections of absence/presence and their more potent reversal—the absence that is more real than presence—but also competing and irreconcilable ideologies: the past that is *eo ipso* better than the present, and the present that can only be inferior and alienating. That this dichotomy and fixation could, and did, lead to withdrawal from reality, to forms of psychic paralysis and madness, is a major somber theme in this story. Its centerpiece is precisely the author's liberation from this alienation and metaphysics of despondency through the process of normal growth and individuation. Ultimately he succeeds in breaking through the bonds of Lwów, of family, and of collective perceptions and fixations and finds

not only his own way as an adult, but also his own voice as poet and writer. In the same way, as "Dwa miasta" becomes an intellectual autobiography, a process of growth and cognition, the writer's ability to see "two cities," to find nuance, and to discern the boundaries of the real and the imagined becomes a means for thematizing the hold of Lwów on his psyche and thus, paradoxically, both a major reiteration of the myth of the city and an exorcism of it.

As much as Wittlin's and Zagajewski's memoirs establish a benchmark of aesthetic achievement and psychological subtlety, they do not provide closure for reminiscences of Lwów in Polish literature. (Given that it appeared as early as 1946, Wittlin's *Mój Lwów* could hardly aspire to such a role—the process of separation and loss was only beginning, and reflections on it were still in the future.) In the following decades the steady stream of Polish writings on the city was channeled primarily through such forms as popularizing descriptions of the city and its Polish past in the style of *Volkskunde*, reprints of various prewar works,[25] memoirs, and various scholarly works. The emergence of an independent Ukraine in 1991 and subsequent contacts with Ukrainian scholars had a clear and productive impact on the last category.

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The non-scholarly modes of writing about Lviv/Lwów, however, were quite unaffected by this development inasmuch as they related to and narrated a separate reality. As in the prewar years, but augmented now by the trauma of loss and palpable despair at its irreversibility, the case of making the city exclusively Polish also implied shutting one's eyes firmly to the Ukrainian presence there—in the past but especially in the present. By all indications this denial was as much unconscious and visceral as it was ideological; but it did have its institutional bases, such as various associations of Poles from Lviv or the Warsaw-based Instytut Lwowski. Emblematic of this is the six-volume *Tamten Lwów* by Witold Szolginia, which goes in great detail into various aspects of the city, particularly its architecture (which also reflects the author's professional interests and competence), its parks and streets, its folklore and customs, and its anecdotes and jargon—but studiously avoids any reference to any Ukrainian presence in the city. Here and in other such treatments this becomes a central, structured absence.[26] What is made present, on the other hand, and what closely echoes the anthropology of Zagajewski, is also highly structured, and here there is little difference between the Koło Lwowian in London and the perspective of *Tamten Lwów* or the Instytut Lwowski and its *Rocznik Lwowski* [27] in Warsaw: theirs is a quintessentially émigré perspective. For all of them, Lwów and the cult of Lwówiana around it become a virtual reality, essentially beyond time and space, with the city preserved and free of its barbarian occupiers, both Russians and Ukrainians: an ideal, fundamentally

inner landscape built out of the poetics of (attempted and putative) total recall and above all of totalizing nostalgia. Nostalgia, of course, was also implicit in Wittlin's *Mój Lwów*, but it was countered there by genuine irony, humor, perspective, and distance. The essential émigré model is better conveyed by Kazimierz Schleyen's *Lwowskie gawędy* published in London in the early 1950s. On the surface it seems to echo the same garrulous and humorous anecdotal style of Wittlin and others, but in fact it is only a brave pose. The penultimate section, "Lwów się nie dziwi" (Lwów is not surprised), tells how the city cannot be surprised by anything, neither the fact that a princess married a tram conductor or that the head of the Ukrainian cause fighting against Polishness is the metropolitan [i.e., Andrei Sheptyts'kyi], who is a former lieutenant of the Austrian cavalry, a brother of the Polish general and minister of defense, and a scion of the Fredro family, and concludes with this coda:

> Lwów, in whose walls the enemy frequently visited knows that this will pass and the rightful owners [*gospodarze*]will return.
>
> But we are in a hurry . . .
>
> So that at least once . . . to see at least once, with our own eyes...in which at this moment . . . no, do not be ashamed of this tear . . . [28]

What stands revealed is precisely what Wittlin had warned against—not just total sentimentality, but the total internalization of the city, the identification of subject and object and with it the creation of a separate, implicitly martyrological and mythical reality, quite independent of history and the contingencies and cultural complexities that underlie it.

The passage of time, of course, and particularly the decade of Ukrainian postcommunist independence, could not but reassert the historical over the mythical. Even on the broad popular level, for example in Jan K. Ostrowski's *Lwów: Dzieje i sztuka*,[29] a shift in attitudes becomes evident: despite various persistent problems—a general skirting of some issues and vagueness on others, a traditional Polonocentrism and skimpy knowledge of the Ukrainian perspective (specifically of Ukrainian culture in Lviv today)—the treatment of this topic is considerably more balanced and "politically correct," and departs fundamentally from the "rejectionist agenda" of an earlier age. Full normalization, however, is still a matter for the future.

Twentieth-Century Ukrainian Narratives of Lviv

If the Polish-Ukrainian perceptions of Lviv/Lwów can be seen as mirror images of each other, then their corollary is an inverse relationship in the development of the theme of the city in the respective literatures. In short, the respective periods of growth and decline seem to be directly and inversely proportional—reflecting, of course, the political and social realia of the times. The flourishing of the Lviv theme in the Ukrainian literature of today is

matched by its inexorable constriction in the Polish context. In the interwar period the Polish focus on Lwów was particularly intense; in Ukrainian literature of the time the attention paid to Lviv was considerably narrower, for various reasons. For one, the Ukrainian demographic and social presence in Lviv was circumscribed, coming third after the Poles and the Jews; this would be the case until after 1945.[30] Moreover, in the Ukrainian perspective of the pre-World War I and interwar periods Lviv was arguably perceived not as the city as a whole, but as selected neighborhoods, buildings, institutions, and individuals. More significant was the general non-urban tenor of Ukrainian literature of this time. While an urban focus had already been introduced at the turn of the century by Ivan Franko, Ol'ha Kobylians'ka, and Les' Martovych, its development remained slow. With only an occasional exception,[31] Lviv as a city was not thematized in interwar Ukrainian prose. To be sure, the outstanding Ukrainian poet of that time, Bohdan Ihor Antonych, does focus his last, posthumous collection, *Rotatsii* (1938), on the city, but he conceives it as quite apart from any social or indeed specifically national features or issues: his Lviv is out of time and apocalyptic, captured in a mode that echoes the catastrophist poetics then assuming prominence in Polish poetry.

As a result of the high degree of political tension between Ukrainian and Polish society (at times resembling a suppressed civil war), the non-acceptance by Ukrainians of Polish rule, and the Polish unwillingness to provide concessions, like a Ukrainian university—let alone the autonomy mandated by post-World War I treaties—cultural and specifically literary relations in the interwar period reflect a situation of imposed and self-imposed cultural apartheid. As in the period of Ivan Vyshens'kyi described earlier by Franko, Ukrainian life in Lviv basically bypasses the Polish presence; at most it exists parallel to it, but it does not intersect with it. Here Antonych, whose poetry teems with echoes and intertexts, and with close personal contacts with Polish poetry, serves as the major exception.[32] It is an exception, however, that proves the rule. Moreover, as noted, in his urban vision Lviv is perceived in an expressionist key and is populated more by shadows of people than by Ukrainians or Poles.

For the broad spectrum of Ukrainian poetry of the period, however, whether in such major poets as Ievhen Malaniuk or Iurii Lypa, or in various minor ones, the theme of Lviv is invariably addressed in a political, rhetorical, and pathetic mode.[33] In a manner all too familiar, already well represented in the Polish literature, and soon to be massively repeated in the Soviet period, poetry becomes an extension of and surrogate for political and journalistic discourse. Typical of this may be Sviatoslav Hordyns'kyi's poem "Do pol's'kykh poetiv," where he counters the triumphalism and complacency that he sees in the Polish side with a brooding sense of new and ominous historical reversals to come.

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"Liberation" by the Soviet army, first in 1939 and again in 1944, presaged new strictures, and a new, now official pathos and rhetoric (reflected, for example, in official poems by Tychyna and Ryl's'kyi on reunification and the reabsorption of Lviv into Ukraine), and then a decades-long moratorium on any imaginative discourse of the city. A prelude to the dramatic revival that was to come with the end of the Soviet order began to crystalize in the early 1970s around such writers as Hryhorii Chubai, Ihor Kalynets', Mykola Riabchuk, Oleh Lysheha, and others. In normal circumstances the differences between them would far outweigh any common denominator (and require fully separate approaches), but in this final repressive phase of the Soviet regime exemplified by the widespread arrests of 1972, all were cast as dissidents and subversives and each in his own way suffered the consequences of individualism and unsanctioned writing. The most charismatic, and tragic, was Chubai. His poetry, fame, and indeed cult among the dissident underground, then KGB-orchestrated "kompromat" (through rumors of purported collaboration), then eclipse and death (in 1982), and then revival—in large measure also through the music of his son, Taras, who created the rock group "Plach Ieremii" and gave new sound to his father's poetry—ultimately gave rise to a project that in rethinking and reasserting the Chubai phenomenon also became one of the first significant attempts in independent Ukraine at mapping the recent, underground and "concealed" history of Lviv. *Plach Ieremii*, a collection of Chubai's poetry and translations, and several memoiristic sketches and appreciations of the poet,[34] demonstrates—with all apparent spontaneity—how difficult, even after a relatively short time, it is to situate and explain a "legend," how predictable are the various explicatory agendas, and how readily the Lviv ambience facilitates mythologizing. The various reflections of Chubai that emerge here—from Ivan Dziuba's attempt to cast him as typical of the generation of the sixties, and Mykola Riabchuk's focus on Chubai's role in shaping the political consciousness of the Lviv intelligentsia (and then becoming a victim of its "incompleteness" or immaturity), to Iurko Kokh's and Volodymyr Kaufman's decidedly non-political, avant-garde appreciations—show a figure that clearly belongs to and generates legend, but no consensus. Yet a common ground does emerge—precisely in Lviv as a source of untapped, still inchoate, but powerful artistic and national energies. This articulation, however, was still in the future.

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By the mid-1980s one can speak of a two-fold process, still focused on poetry, whereby a dissident stance (self-reflection and "internal emigration" as the Soviet locution had it) was linked to rediscovery of the city. After decades of obscurity, Lviv was progressively seen anew, specifically as a nexus of themes

and stances expressing both a rediscovered national past and with it a newly asserted national identity, and also a sense of Western values and with it a still dimly perceived avant-garde. Given Soviet reality, this was also the implicit nexus of a budding counter-culture.

One of the first to address the theme of Lviv in a new key was Iurii Andrukhovych in his first collection of poetry, *Nebo i ploshchi*, published in Kyiv in 1985. In a cycle called "Études of Old Lviv" he introduces topoi, themes, and descriptive devices that will soon coalesce into a new poetics of Lviv—a city both exotic and romantic, a setting both intimately familiar and yet elusive, evanescent, unknowable. Characteristically, the city is situated in some indefinite time frame, more medieval and Baroque than contemporary, and its physical and temporal indefiniteness is projected—as we have so often seen in various Polish treatments—through strange and quirky characters (e.g., "Astrolog" or "Alkhimiia") and through an ambient playfulness and a sense of the carnivalesque ("Ploshcha karnaval"). However, even if the collection is not free of reflexive Soviet commonplaces (for example, in "Etiud ratushi," where the bad past of executions in the city square—with a nod to the monument to Ivan Pidkova—is countered with the belief that "today the square is bright/ nations choose a righteous path"), its tone anticipates an entirely different, post-Soviet sense of the city.

The several years leading up to and immediately following independence can best be viewed through the prism of the literary group "Bu-Ba-Bu" (the initials standing for *burlesk*, *balahan* [performance or commotion], and *bufonada*). What sets Bu-Ba-Bu apart from several other groups that also have come into existence at this time are the following key factors: 1) the undeniable talent and articulateness of the group: its members, Iurii Andrukhovych, Viktor Neborak, and Oleksandr Irvanets, are each in their own right prominent writers; 2) their ability to combine the seemingly incompatible modes of parody, comedy, and satire, and with that also their carnivalesque, performance and even "street"-oriented literary style capable of engaging in intellectual and sophisticated literary and critical discourse and participating in both with verve and ingenuity; and, not least of all, 3) a remarkable sense of their historical and cultural context which expresses itself on the one hand with unabashed parody and epatage of the establishment, as well as with aggressive self-promotion, and on the other with humorous and ironic self-reflection. A major part of the latter quality is a reflection on their origins and setting, which for all of them is western Ukraine, but most specifically perhaps the city of Lviv. Already in the first retrospective collection of their poetry, *Bu-Ba-Bu* (the full title is rather lengthy),[35] published in 1995, the theme of Lviv is both a basic leitmotif and the background—beginning with Andrukhovych's mock historical gallery of monsters, the first of which is the seventeenth-century Lviv bandit Samiilo Nemyrych, and continuing to the eve of independence when, as in Neborak's poem "Mis'kyi Boh Eros (Versiia vulytsi Akademichnoï zrazka 1987 roku)," the city is transformed into one ambient, pulsating sexual organ. To be sure, the

general tone of the collection tends to adolescent epatage (Irvanets' "hymn-ode to Bu-Ba-Bu," for example, is called "Turbatsiia mas," and that the allusion not be missed the two words are also reversed) and in this tumescent state self-reflection is not always on the agenda.

It was to come, however, in only a few years in the writings of the same Viktor Neborak, self-appointed archivist and historian of the group. His two memoirs-chronicles—*Povernennia v Leopolis* and *Vvedennia u BU-BA-BU*, the former devoted more to the city and the latter more to the group, but both liberally devoted to the figure and Romantic topos of the author himself—establish a basic reference point for a post-Soviet and self-avowedly (if not altogether unequivocal and persuasive) postmodern sense of a Ukrainian Lviv.[36]

The image of Lviv that emerges from the first of these books is, as always, determined by the perspective itself, and that is determinedly eclectic and open. As the author puts it,

> "Povernennia v Leopolis" is not so much a collection of heterogeneous material (interviews, reviews, portraits, essays devoted to these or other events and people, mainly from the 1990s, in a given artistic milieu in Lviv) as it is an attempt to re-create the atmosphere of this milieu by some form of transcription. The interested reader (and this certainly will not only be the bohemian mentioned in these pages) will be able to become an invisible participant in the babble, the incredible theater, the aesthetic travels along the labyrinths of our eternal city in which fiction becomes truth and truth recalls fiction.[37]

Neborak, in fact, does not devote his primary attention to the large youth festivals and happenings, the various mass "Vyvykh" festivals, or the mass rock opera "Kraisler Imperial" that signaled the move toward independence and the "Lviv phenomenon" of the late 1980s and early 1990s, with its commingling of political demonstrations and counterculture happenings, its openness to the West and its programmatic break with the Soviet past and its values—all as if performed to the tune of the then popular rock number "Bye-bye kompartiia." Those, after all, were mass phenomena on the large socio-political stage—although Bu-Ba-Bu did play a central role in them. Now, however, they are also in the past. His focus in the personal *silva rerum* that is *Povernennia v Leopolis* is rather on what is present and, if not necessarily concealed, still beneath the surface—the life of cafes and art and avant garde artists, of bohemians and poets and musicians, of a pulsing rhythm of the city that is both eminently real and for most quite imperceptible. The image that captures this—and (in all probability) unconsciously alludes to the larger, historical intertexts of Lviv—is of the city as an island, with its own immanent laws and its own cyclicality:

> Lviv reminds me of an island. Every medieval city was, in a certain sense, an island surrounded by defensive walls and moats. But that is not the issue. Lviv is such an island, the governor of which could be some Sancho Panza, an

> island which could be reached by horse, or by car, or train with no need to take a sailing ship. (Although an attempt to restore the Cossack fleet did take place in May 1992 when a Cossack *chaika* sailed off from the Opera into the unknown.) It is an island on the landmass of Galicia. Here cars play the role of Venetian gondolas and the city transportation the role of slave ships transporting savages (but is it to the New World?) and all of this circles along an eternal orbit and the latest cheated Sancho Panza tries to cope with all of this.Various tribes came to the Lviv shores. And more than once they were obliged to leave the comfortable haven and thus add their contribution to nostalgic mythologizing. But the artistic company never disappeared. The landscape projects itself on the eye, the eye imposes on the landscape its visual vectors, architectural perspective comes into being and materializes in a new island landscape where native islanders now are born and live. They are the new architects. Creativity continues. There would be no disharmony were it not for the waves of different colored occupations. But the eternal artistic tribe is a guarantee of a renewed treaty between the city and its inhabitants. The foreigner is either enchanted or disappears.[38]

While oblique, and perhaps precisely because of this obliqueness, it becomes a telling, optimistically transcultural and transtemporal comment on the city's fate narrowed now to the essential and the universally human. A tale, as it were, not of Poles replacing the Austrians, or the Ukrainians the Poles (and earlier the same, only in reverse order), but of succeeding generations of artists continuing to build their island-city. At the same time, the image of the island cannot but convey a sense of potential danger only slightly below the surface. In an essay on music that is borrowed from *Vvedennia u Bu-Ba-Bu*,[39] Neborak speaks of Lviv as a musical instrument that resonates with its inner voice and timbre, but which is also continually assaulted and overpowered by the mechanically magnified, mass-produced, omni-present ersatz music: a city, like all culture, under siege. This dissonant note does not dominate in Neborak's projection of Lviv's inner workings and labyrinths—but it is there and it reveals a sensitivity and a sense of reality that extends beyond the city he so lovingly depicts.

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As much as Neborak's evocations of Lviv mean to focus on the authentic and creative and hold at bay the mass-produced and the ersatz, the latter cannot but also work its way into the Lviv theme and forge *its* specific version of the city. As part of the recent boom of Ukrainian "Lviviana," and the popular discovery of the cachet of "myth" and "mythmaking," there appeared, also in 2001, a book of memoirs by Nadiia Morykvas entitled *Za nas u L'vovi* and subtitled "Mity i Mify." (The attempt to "cover the bases" is reflected not only in the two possible Ukrainian spellings of "myth," but also in the book's self-designa-

tion: "Povistʹ-esei Nadiï Morykvas 'Za nas—u Lʹvovi'—oryhinalʹna za zhanrom i stylem versiia poetychnoho Lʹvova kintsia XX–pochatku XXI stolittia v imenakh i stosunkakh, z pozytsiï dukhovnosti i deshevnosti."[40]) Whether as "mify" or "mity," or from the position of "dukhovnistʹ" or "dushevnistʹ," or as "novel" or "essay" or both, the book is a garrulous and pretentious salad of personal reminiscences and anecdotes raised now to the level of artistic and national importance, indeed to the level of "legend" and "myth." As part of the marketplace, and the commercial opportunities that a focus on national pathos, "myth," and Lviv itself provide (especially in Lviv) it is, of course, inevitable and not deserving of particular attention—except for the way in which it reminds us that no topic is proof against banality, and that the essence of the Lviv theme, as of any other cultural narrative, inheres in the tone and the perspective, not in the manifest content.

This proposition can be tested on the variegated and ever expanding literary "Lviviana" of Iurii Vynnychuk. A native of Ivano-Frankivsk, and something of a dissident in the 1970s, Vynnychuk relocated, as the trite prose of a recent English-language edition tells us, "to the larger city of Lviv, where he hid at apartments of several friends, constantly covering his tracks from the all-seeing eye of the KGB"[41]). By the late 1980s, however, he had moved from the underground and from pseudonymous furtiveness to counterculture prominence as the guiding spirit behind the satirical musical group "Ne zhurys" (Not to worry) and as an increasingly popular writer. In the last decade he programmatically reintroduced the topos of Lviv as a city of the underworld, of prostitutes and gangsters, with his highly popular collection of stories, *Divy nochi* (1993 and 1994). At the turn of the millennium the growing fashion for "Lviviana," particularly the exotic, arcane, and erotic, spurred Vynnychuk to new commercial inventiveness as he published in quick order *Lehendy L'vova* and *Knaipy L'vova*, both in 2000, and a year later *Taiemnytsi lvivs'koï kavy*.[42] That same year, with his name now a household word for Lviv aficionados, Vynnychuk apparently leased or franchised it to a newly established series of pulp detective stories entitled "Iurii Vynnychuk prezentuie." The first such work that "Iurii Vynnychuk Presents" is, appropriately enough, *Lvivs'kyi Sherlok Holms*, a collection of pulp detective stories from the interwar period.[43]

All of these publications share a basic appearance or "feel": they are all unabashedly popular and commercial; they are stitched together hastily and eclectically and make little pretense at literary and cultural sophistication; their kitschiness appears to be programmatic and as such can serve as an example of newly discovered Ukrainian camp. (In this regard *Lvivs'kyi Sherlok Holms* is most direct: it not only has the correct pocket format, and cheap newsprint paper, but also a loud yellow jacket design and, to top it off, a red, presumably bloody, thumbprint on the cover.) In their content and design, and particularly their illustrations which draw on old nineteenth- and early twentieth-century advertisements, photos, signs, etc., *Knaipy L'vova* and *Taiemnytsi lvivs'koï kavy*, in particular, but the other books as well, are clearly positioned to exploit

the rich vein of nostalgia that remains a prominent feature of the Lviv identity. Interestingly, however, the object of that nostalgia, that "golden age" that was presumably lost for ever, but is now being virtually reconstructed is not confined to the Austrian past—it also includes the Polish one, both of the prepartition and especially the interwar periods. In all of these pulp books (the term surely applies to the whole gamut, not just the Sherlock Holmes take-offs) the line between the Polish and the Ukrainian (and indeed also the Jewish) identities is for the most part simply not drawn. While the designations of "Polish" or "Ukrainian" may appear here or there, and national or ethnic identity is usually easily decipherable from the names and the context, these differences are not stressed. Indeed, they are largely and apparently programmatically ignored: the emphasis throughout is on a general, overarching "Lvivness". Thus, in *Lehendy L'vova* (which strongly vies with *Taiemnytsi lvivs'koï kavy* for sheer puffery—the latter features many photos of Arabs and camels and exotic places, but the former has an introductory statement about Lviv legends and heroes by the rector of the Lviv National Agricultural University, who is also the head of the Lviv branch of the Agrarian Party of Ukraine), there is a short, five-page section on legends associated with the oft-mentioned Zimorowicz, i.e., "Opovidi pro slavnoho l'vivs'koho poeta Varfolomiia Zymorovycha."[44] The "opovidi" or "legends" in question are rather unremarkable anecdotes, but what is remarkable is that Zimorowicz/Zymorovych, now made into a paragon of justice and common-sense wisdom, is never defined by national or ethnic terms. We are told that he wrote poetry, but what language it was written in is not mentioned; he is here simply as a colorful Lviv mayor of the seventeenth century. In a similar vein there is no mention in the *Lvivs'kyi Sherlok Holms* that the stories in question were translated—although everything about them, from the names of their authors (Adam Stodor and Wilhelm Raort) to the setting and realia, clearly suggest that they were first written in Polish. Now that, too, is apparently extraneous, for what is at issue is the city, and *its* identity. As the introduction from the team of three "compilers" [*uporiadnyky*]—translators?—avers,

> We are particularly appreciative of the fact that [Stodor] does not shift the action to Paris or some exotic islands, as was done by other masters of the Lviv detective novel, but allows his characters to act here, in Lviv itself. The subtle plot of his works is steeped in the inimitable local color of prewar Lviv, that Lviv which will never return. "That" [*tamtoi*] Lviv—a city of charmingly affable detectives, polite prosecutors and police chiefs, simple-hearted policemen, noble palaces, sophisticated coffee houses, and dark Jewish taverns—is no less a hero in the works of Adam Stodor. Like a good, old story there arises before us a city where even criminals "have honor."[45]

The search for this fantastic city seems to have come full circle—not only in the return to the same old nostalgia and local exoticism and mystery, and the populist and unconcealed sentimentalism, but even in the appropriation of specific topoi. "Tamtoi" Lviv is still in an unrecoverable past, but unlike

Szolginia's "Tamten Lwów," the topos now serves not to keep the Other out, but to dispense with that very demarcation and subsume both sides, all sides, in a more general and generous and inclusive space. It may be pulp city, but everyone is welcome.

In Vynnychuk's latest work, the novel *Mal'va Landa*, serialized in the Kyiv journal *Suchasnist'*,[46] the process of defusing and marginalizing the national is taken a step further. As one less than amused critic put it,

> If at the beginning of the world Ulysses sought his Ithaca in the clear waters of a world ocean still unpolluted by literariness [*literaturshchyna*], then at the end of civilization Bumbliakevych [the hero of the novel—GGG] searches for his Mal'va Landa in the Lviv dump, created out of the detritus of civilization, literary trash, and immature and unfinished Ukrainian notions of state-building.[47]

That the city dump joins the labyrinth, the library, and the museum as yet another self-reflective and self-parodic metaphor of the postmodern condition is entirely predictable, although in the Ukrainian case—given the manifestly unfinished process of state- and nationbuilding, the undiminished flourishing of national pathos and national mystifications, the entirely real presence of Russian cultural hegemony, and the absence of Ukrainian political will and maturity—the relocation of the baggage of national myths, legends, heroes, and sacred causes to this very concrete dustbin of history is more than usually provocative. However, it should not surprise us that this mix of provocation, farce and exorcism takes place in Lviv.

NOTES

1. Throughout this article I use "Lviv" to designate the city as such, regardless of time frame. When referring to Polish and Ukrainian perceptions and imaginings of the city I use "Lwów" and "Lviv," respectively (e.g., "Wittlin's Lwów" and "Neborak's Lviv").
2. *Roxolanki*, frequently attributed to Bartłomiej's younger brother Szymon (1608 or 1609–1629), was, as recent studies attest, clearly written by Bartłomiej himself.
3. Władysław Łoziński, *Patrycyat i mieszczaństwo lwowskie w XVI i XVII wieku* (Lviv, 1892), p. 225.
4. Ivan Franko, "Ivan Vyshens'kyi i ioho tvory," in Ivan Franko, *Zibrannia tvoriv u p'iatdesiaty tomakh*, vol. 30 (Kyiv, 1981), p. 127.
5. See Daniel Beauvois, *La Battaile de la terre en Ukraine 1863–1914* (Lille, 1993), passim.
6. See George G. Grabowicz, "Ukraina," *Słownik literatury polskiej XX wieku* (Wrocław–Warsaw–Cracow, 1994), pp. 977-981, and Hryhorii Hrabovych [George G. Grabowicz], "Hrani mifichnoho: obraz Ukraïny v pol's'komu i ukraïns'komu romantyzmi," in *Do istoriï ukraïns'koï literatury* (Kyiv, 1997), pp. 170–95.
7. For a polemical but informative overview of recent Polish literature on the "kresy" and the reception of Beauvois' *La Battaile de la terre en Ukraine 1863-1914* in Poland, see Iaroslav Dashkevych, "Daniel' Bovua ta vyvchennia istoriï pol's'ko-ukraïns'kykh vidnosyn," in Daniel' Bovua, *Shliakhtych, kripak i revizor* (Kyiv, 1996), pp. [9]–48.
8. Franciszek Jaworski, *O szarym Lwowie* (Lviv, [1916]), pp. 180–81.
9. Stanisław Wasylewski, *Historje lwowskie* (Lviv, 1921), p. [1].
10. Ibid., pp. 13 and 15.
11. Józef Wittlin, *Mój Lwów* (New York, [1946]), p. 1.
12. Ibid., p. 8.
13. Ibid., p. 13.
14. Ibid., p. 12.
15. Ibid., p. 25.
16. Ibid., p. 32.
17. Ibid., p. 19.
18. Ibid., pp. 14–15.

19. Cf. especially Schulz's minimalist aesthetic program expounded in "The Treatise of the Tailor's Dummies" in his *Sklepy cynamonowe* (English translation by Celina Wieniewska, *The Street of Crocodiles* [New York, 1977], p. 61. The excerpt is from a tirade by the narrator's father):

    "We are not concerned . . . with long-winded creations, with long-term beings. Our creatures will not be heroes of romances in many volumes.

    Their roles will be short, concise; their characters—without a background. Sometimes, for one gesture, for one word alone, we shall make the effort to bring them to life. We openly admit: we shall not insist either on durability or solidity of workmanship; our creations will be temporary, to serve a single occasion. If they be human beings, we shall give them, for example, only one profile, one hand, one leg, the one limb needed for their role. It would be pedantic to bother about the other, unnecessary leg."

20. Ibid., p. 41.

21. Ibid., pp. 41–42.

22. Stanislaw Lem, *Highcastle. A Remembrance*, trans. Michael Kandel (New York, 1995), p. 132.

23. Adam Zagajewski, *Jechać do Lwowa i inne wiersze* (London, 1985).

24. Adam Zagajewski, *Dwa miasta* (Cracow, 1991).

25. Thus, for example, reprints of the herein cited works of Wittlin, Wasylewski, Schleyen and others. Cf. also Barbara Mękarska-Kozlowska, *Posłannictwo kresowe Lwowa* (London, 1991).

26. Witold Szolginia, *Tamten Lwów* (Wrocław, 1992–1994).

27. *Rocznik Lwowski* (Warsaw, 1991).

28. Kazimierz Schleyen, *Lwowskie gawędy* (London–Toronto, n.d.), p. 127.

29. Jan K. Ostrowski, *Lwów: Dzieje i sztuka* (Cracow, 2000).

30. See Philipp Ther's article in this volume.

31. See, for example, Bohdan Nyzhankivs'kyi's story "Brat Mis'ko," in Bohdan Romanenchuk, ed., *L'viv. Literaturno-mystets'kyi zbirnyk* (Philadelphia, 1954), pp. 45–58. In her pretentious study of the "Lviv text of the 1930s" (where a diction saturated with such terms as "text," "code," "myth," as well as "Ukrainian cosmo-psycho-logos" etc. is used both as window dressing and as a mask for old-fashioned national and nationalist values and pathos), Stefaniia Andrusiv (*Modus natsional'noï identychnosti: L'vivs'kyi tekst 30-ykh rokiv XX st.* [Lviv, 2000]) is hard pressed to mention any specific Ukrainian texts of this period that actually deal with the city itself (see particularly "L'viv iak tekst," pp. 123–32).

32. Lidia Stefanowska, "Between Vision and Construction: The Poetics of Bohdan Ihor Antonych" (Ph.D. diss., Harvard University, 1999).

33. See, for example, *L'viv. Literaturno-mystets'kyi zbirnyk.*

34. Hryts'ko Chubai, *Plach Ieremiï* (Lviv, 1999).

35. *BU-BA-BU: Tymchasovo vykonuiuchi obov'iazky /Mahistriv H/ry v osobakh Patriarkha Bu-Ba-Bu Iuriia Andrukhovycha (nar. 13.03.1960), Pidskarbiia Bu-Ba-Bu Oleksandra Irvantsia (nar. 24.01.1961), Prokuratora Bu-Ba-Bu Viktora Neboraka (nar. 09.05.1961), zibrani z nahody storichchia (34-33-33) ïxnikh urodyn, iake vypovnylosia 9 travnia 1994 roku vid Rizdva Khrystovoho* (Lviv, 1995).

36. Cf. Viktor Neborak, *Povernennia v Leopolis* (Lviv, [1998]) and his *Vvedennia u BU-BA-BU* (Lviv, 2001).

37. Neborak, *Povernennia*, p. 2.

38. Ibid., p. 77.

39. Cf. "Pro doliu L'vova, Bohdana Boichuka, festyval' 'Kontrasty' ta deiaki inshi rechi," in Viktor Neborak, *Povernennia v Leopolis*, pp. 65–67.

40. Nadiia Morykvas, *Za nas u L'vovi. Mity i mify* (Lviv, 2001), p. [2].

41. Yuri Vynnychuk, *The Windows of Time Frozen and Other Stories* (Lviv, n.d.), introduction (presumably by the translator, Michael M. Naydan), pp. 6–7.

42. Iurii Vynnychuk, *Lehendy L'vova* (Lviv, 2000); *Knaipy L'vova* (Lviv, 2000); *Taiemnytsi l'vivs'koï kavy* (Lviv, 2001). *Knaipy L'vova* was published by the publishing house Spolom; the other two by the "literary agency" Piramida.

43. Adam Stodor and Vil'hel'm Raort, *L'vivs'kyi Sherlok Holms* (Lviv, 2001). The publisher, again, is "Piramida."

44. Vynnychuk, *Lehendy L'vova,* pp. 70-75.

45. Stodort and Raort, *L'vivs'kyi Sherlok Holms*, pp. 5–6.

46. Iurii Vynnychuk, "Mal'va Landa," *Suchasnist'* 2000 (2): 9–46 and (3): 38–73; and 2001 (10): 9–60 and (11): 7–71.

47. Dmytro Stus, "'Velyka L'vivs'ka Smitarka' Iuriia Vynnychuka," *Suchasnist'* 2001 (11): 74.