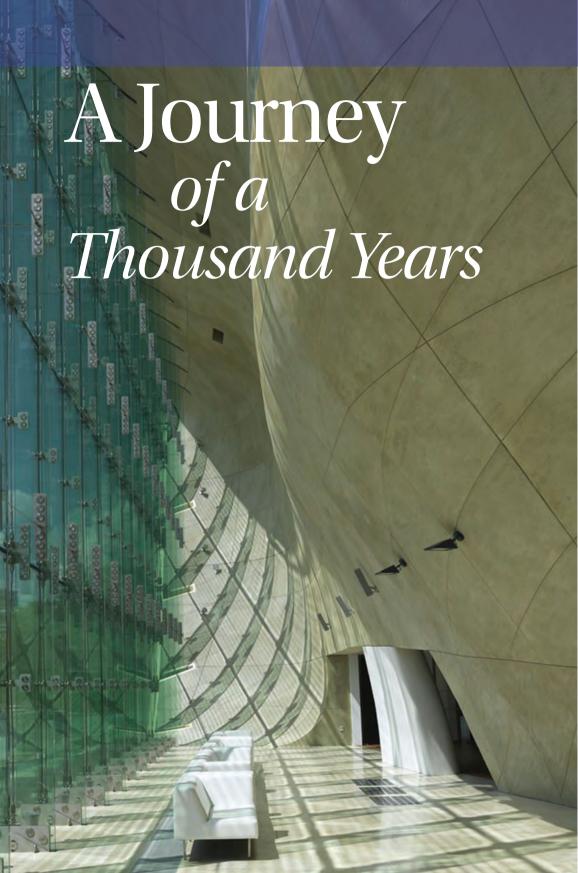




PHOTOS COURTESY OF M. STAROWIEYSKA AND D. GOLIK
POLIN MUSEUM OF THE HISTORY OF POLISH JEWS



It is a deeply complicated story. Its every aspect presents grounds for passionate debate, for applause and anger, for wonder and tears; it is a theatre of history. It is rare for a museum to elicit such diverse emotions, yet manage to tell a narrative that succeeds in being both comprehensive and selective in its rendering of the story of a people whose lives were intertwined with another history that was central to their own.

It is the Polin Museum of the History of Polish Jews. Even its location is fraught: situated in the heart of the former Warsaw Ghetto, destroyed by the Germans in 1943, facing Nathan Rapoport's marble and bronze Monument to the Ghetto Heroes in a city that was itself totally demolished by the Nazis. This is a place that had once been at the heart of European Jewish culture -Jews were about a third of the population of the city – and just a short distance from the Umschlagplatz, the deportation point for the last 300,000 Jews to the death camps. During World War II, there were more people killed in Warsaw alone (about 600,000) than in France or the UK.

Polin is a museum of life, not death. "A theatre of history in seven acts, with a prologue and an epilogue," ethnologist Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett explains. A small, slender woman of about seventy, she is the program director of the Core Exhibition, the only Canadian on the large team of scholars, curators, designers, and filmmakers from all over the world. Kirshenblatt-Gimblett views this museum as the experience of a lifetime, not only because of what she believes has been achieved here, but also because her parents, indeed her whole family going back generations, were both Polish and Jewish.



The point she and the museum want to make is that Jews had not been a people apart, but an essential element of Polish life. Poles and Jews had been inseparable for a thousand years.

The huge glass, copper, and concrete building, designed by Finland's Rainer Mahlamäki, is a formidable statement rather than an inviting presence on this cold, windy day in Warsaw.



But once we enter, the light through the glass illuminates the main hall, draws us to the grand staircase, and down to the prologue: the legendary forest where Jewish travellers thought they heard a voice inviting them to stay.

Then you begin to wander through the galleries - the Middle Ages, the years of tolerant monarchs, the grand Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth, the golden age of Jewish culture,



Prigate Scale Scal

Fulda Fulda Magdeburg Magdeburg

Brahim ibn Jakub wspominał Krakow trzykrotnie:

- Krakow ogruswał jakowskiejly od Prago crzy cygodnie dno - Bodawał iz z Krakowa przychodzą do Prago "Rusowie ysłowanie z powacznii.

- Krola Holeshwa nazywal "krolem Praga Czoch i Krakowa".

Brahun én fakub napsal o Fuklae. W. zadnym kraju draweijanskim nie ważaidem większego kwienola nie tent am boguszego w zkoro sodwo Znajkije się tam townież wedym poddeżna boswa o keznianch ich męczennika. Jest tam ... owsza boswa ze zboto o wadze joo zad. plecami wiszacy na burdzo długiej tsznokaj tableje, w swadzia bo hiacyntami i szmarajskami, a obu ramiona macen otwarte jak u ukrzyz wanogo.

Ibahim ibu Jikab napial o Magkeburgu: "Styszalem, że król rzymski josoraj powodział. «Cheailbym podac podarek do stakcy w Hospani, ponioważ badzo progrego proco.", o kon mozemnika. Umorożo obiewszewie się doślety.

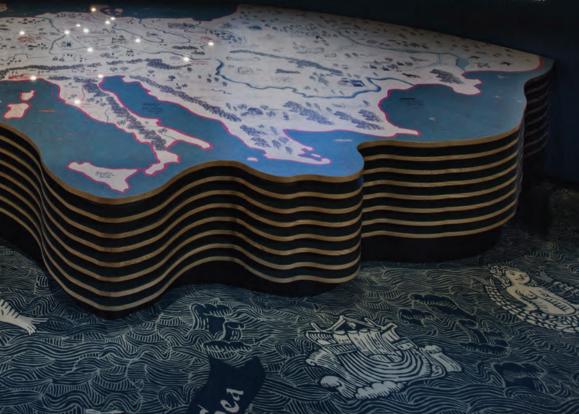
Ibrahim fen Jakub napisał o kraju Mieszka: "Obfituje w żywność, mieso, miśd i rolę orus. Pobierane przez niego podatki stanowią odważniki handlowe. Idą one na żoki jego piechurów. Ma on trzy tysiące pancernych ... daje on tym mężom odzież, konie, beroń iwosyako, czego pozrzebuja. A gdy jednemu z nich urodzi się dziecko on każe mu wypłacać żodł od chwili urodzenia, czy będzie plki męskiej, czy żenkiej." Kraków Kraków kraj Mieszka Land of N

brahim ibn Yakub mentioned Kraków rhrec Kraków was three weeks away from Pragus From Kraków to Prague carne "the Rus and

About Fulda, Ibrahim ibn Yakub wrote: Indid I see a bigger church, nor one more rich in There is a silver idol representing their marry: a golden idol weighing 300 rail hanging — onpanel. It is studded with hyacinths and emeraopen like a man crucified. It is a likeness of th

About Magdeburg, Ibrahim ibn Yakub wrot Romm king, the emperor, said: T should like ruler in Spain, since I greatly desire to ask hin of the marryr, (whise body lies in the church

About Mieszko's realm — Poland — Ibrahim in It abounds in food, meat, honey, and arable listhere are based on merchants' weights. They is the king's retainers. He has three thousand are he provides them with everything they need: and weapons. And if a child is born to one of payment to be made to him from the moment whether the child is male or female.





the growth of the populations, the dramatic "Corridor of Fire," or the Khmelnytsky Uprising, the wars, the killings, the seventeenth-century pogroms ... all deftly handled, yet recalling the terrible atrocities that occurred in this period. I kept thinking about my art collector friend Murray Frum, for whom even the mention of Poland was troubling. He had been here once – Kielce, I think, and had no intention of returning. His



daughter Linda, however, visited the museum and was awed by the experience.

The visitor then goes on to the town – a re-creation of the boisterous Jewish life in the Commonwealth – a history told through individual stories that engage you in the personal lives of the merchants, the villagers, the brewers, the printers, the rich and the poor who inhabited the "Jewish town,"









conjured here in a remarkably lifelike way. There is a fantastic reconstruction of the painted synagogue of Gwozdziec, as painstakingly re-created as the furniture and ornaments of the Castle in Warsaw's Old Town, which was looted, then dynamited when the city was razed.

The disappearance of the Commonwealth into the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian empires ends the eighteenth century and leads us into the Jewish **Enlightenment and the rise** of Hasidism led by charismatic rabbis - the rendering of a small yeshiva where visitors can join students and listen. But there are new pogroms even as the question of modern Yiddish or Hebrew culture is debated and even as the First World War threatens.

This is not a museum of artifacts – indeed I doubt if many objects, other than broken tombstones and whatever Hitler's men carried off for what was to be "the museum of a vanished people," remained. There is, however, through models and lifelike drawing, tangible







evidence of creativity – the building of the Great Synagogue of Tlomackie, journals of every description, books, passionate engagement with local politics, Zionist organizations and cultural associations. Still, as I read the contemporary stories, I was haunted by the memories of Pinchas Gutter, a Holocaust survivor whose childhood was cruelly interrupted by the 1939 German invasion and his family's "escape" to the Warsaw



Ghetto. As the Holocaust years rolled by, I kept thinking of that little boy and what he witnessed of the German murder machine, and no amount of brave effort by the museum's founders could persuade me to see the events as they unfolded. Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett explained the plan: "We asked visitors to forget what they already knew and put themselves in the shoes of those who knew little about what



was about to happen." The idea is consistent with the rest of the museum: experience what you see through the eyes of those who were there.

For me, though, remembering the stories and knowing that more than 3 million Polish Jews were murdered here, in Poland, that fewer than 10 percent of the Jewish population remained, made it almost impossible to go on to the final gallery of the postwar years. Yet, there was still the Kielce postwar pogrom, the desperate emigration, the blame for communism and then for anti-communism in 1968 when the government provided one-way tickets out of the country for Jews.



This museum is timely – it opened 25 years after the Iron Curtain was raised. Under the thick ice of communism, those east of the Iron Curtain had not dealt with the Shoah, the murder of their Jewish populations. Except for the immediate postwar execution of a relatively small number of collaborators, a complicit silence shrouded the 6 million dead, despite the fact that most of the extermination centres were here, east of the Oder–Neisse line, with the full knowledge of the population and, in some places, with their complicity.

The last time I was in Warsaw, I went to the Singer Festival – just one of the many annual festivals celebrating Jewish culture





in Poland. I was amazed to see period costumes, Yiddish books, imitation Jewish sweets, handmade figurines (one of them an old Jew clutching a money bag – a good-luck charm, I was informed), wildly joyful klezmer bands, and an imported Israeli singer to lead a "traditional" line dance through the fake-Jewish street.

"There are no Jews here," my guide had said. "But we miss them."

Stanislaw Krajewski, a teacher of logic and mathematics at the Institute of Philosophy, told me it was futile to search for logic in Poles' desire to rediscover their missing Jewish selves. "The challenge we face is very simple. We have a choice between oblivion and remembrance. Can anyone have doubts about which is preferable?"

The Polin Museum of the History of Polish Jews will go a long way towards remembrance. It may even show the way to a different, shared future. It may even help restore some of Pinchas Gutter's happier childhood memories. He could, in some small way, reclaim his birthright.

ANNA PORTER is an author, journalist, and former book publisher. Her most recent books are Buying a Better World: George Soros and Billionaire Philanthropy and The Ghosts of Europe: Journeys through Central Europe's Troubled Past and Uncertain Future. She has also been writing about Central Europe for Maclean's and the Globe and Mail.



