



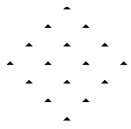
List Józefa Piłsudskiego do Feliksa Perla - Tłumaczenie angielskie

To Felek or the one who shall write my obituary.

Dear Felek!

You promised once that you would write my obituary when I breathe my last. Now that I am setting off on an expedition I may never return from, I'm sending you a card as my future necrologist with a humble request. I don't mean to force any opinion about my work or life on you, of course not! You have a completely free hand in this matter. What I would like to request is to not portray me as a "good officer", "whiner" or "sentimentalist", meaning a man of sacrifice spread on the cross of mankind or things like that. I was like that to some extent, but this was only in the times of my grandiloquent youth, and it's no longer the case. Those days are gone, and they're gone forever. I've grown sick and tired of all that sobbing and crucifying myself when I noticed the very same thing in our intellectuals; it's so weak and hopeless. I keep fighting and I will die only because I cannot live in the kind of privy our life is, it insults me – you hear that? – it insults me as a man of non-servile dignity. Let others waste their time on growing the flower of socialism, Polishness or whatever else in this privy (not even toilet) atmosphere – I can't! It is not sentimentalism, not whining, not a machinery of social evolution or anything. It's simple humanity. I want to win, and without a fight – and a fierce one – I'm not even a wrestler but just an animal whipped or bashed with a stick. I think you get what I mean. It's not despair nor sacrifice that drives me but my will to win and prepare the victory.

My last idea, which I've never elaborated on yet, is that in our circumstances, we need to create a function of physical strength in each party, especially in ours, a function of – let me use an expression so unbearable for the ears of "humanitarians" (hysterical ladies that can't stand scratching at glass but are fine with being socked in the face) – brutal violence. I wanted to develop this idea in the past years and promised myself that I would either do that or die. I've already done a lot to achieve this but too little to rest on my laurels and start serious and direct preparations for the battle, so now I put myself on the line.



You know that my only hesitation is that I would die during expropriation, and I would like to explain that fact. First of all, it's sentimentalism. I have sent so many people to that and – because of that – sent so many of them to the gallows that, if I die, it would be natural moral satisfaction for all those silent heroes that their leader did not despise their work and did not set only them to dirty work, keeping clean one to himself. That's one thing. The other is strict necessity. Coin! To hell with it! I despise it so much but still prefer to take it like the spoils of war than beg for it from Polish people, who have already gone senile from cowardice because – after all – I don't have it but need it for my purposes. So I would like to emphasize this very bitter truth with my own self, called both a noble socialist and a man about whom even the worst enemies wouldn't say abominations out loud, a man who actually has done something for international culture, that in a society that does not know how to fight for themselves and that tries to escape from every whip, people have to die even in circumstances that are not noble, great or beautiful.

That's it then. Lots of kisses to you, my boy, and all of my friends with whom I dreamt so much, experienced even more and enjoyed lots of love.

All yours,
Ziuk

(J. Piłsudski, Wybór pism [Selected writings], introduction by W. Suleja, K. Polechoński, ed. W. Suleja, [Kraków, 1999])