

## Linguistic record of suffering in pain disease (Wallenberg syndrome) in “The Diary without vowels” by Aleksander Wat

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### Abstract

The elaboration is rooted in the humanities, it constitutes a so-called case study and it suits the discussion on the significance of psychosocial, biographic and axiological factors in the study of people with disabilities. The Diary by Aleksander Wat, a poet and intellectualist constitutes an extraordinary and the only such mature testimony of suffering written in Polish, a linguistic record of pain in Wallenberg syndrome. Raising awareness and the holistic approach to disability is particularly important if rehabilitation is almost impossible. Apart from physical pain, mental pain is equally significant, and a physiotherapist with their compassion and understanding can significantly alleviate suffering of the patient and their loved ones. In the elaboration significance of the humanistic coefficient is highlighted, the application of which in the rehabilitation interaction protects both sides of the contact from the asymmetry of power relations.

**Key words:** Aleksander Wat, personal document literature, diary, Wallenberg syndrome, suffering in a pain disease

### Introduction

The elaboration addresses the issue of linguistic and biographical empowerment of the patient with a pain disease. The approach of a humanist is important and inspiring for physiotherapists, as presentation of the biographic side of suffering of the patient through linguistic communication allows their compassion and holistic approach to the disabled to be built. The elaboration draws attention to the humanistic and individual dimension of not only somatic suffering, but also mental pain which occurs in the face of a terminal disease, helplessness of medicine, new social, legal and professional contexts, among others, related to the experience of disability. Discussion of this subject is related not only to the ongoing discussion in “Physiotherapy” on humanistic and social aspects of rehabilitation, but also with personal experience of the author, the sense of helplessness in the face of suffering of another person (taking care of a person dying of cancer and of a husband with a back injury).

Intimacy of the records in the Diary allows the recipient (reader, physiotherapist) to better understand the nature of suffering and highlights an extremely important role of people from the closest surrounding of the poet, Aleksander Wat, whose experience of his disease constitutes an axis of presented considerations. Therefore and first of all, the text joins the discussion about an important role of psychosocial and humanistic factors in defining and describing some effects of rehabilitation [1, 2]. Second of all, it will be useful for therapists who deal with terminally ill patients and if medicine is helpless, physiotherapists involved with the axiological sphere of the patient (the patient and their family, friends, neighbors)

can alleviate mental pain with their involvement, understanding and compassion through a non-medical response to the needs of the patient dealing with biographic relations with the surroundings. Third of all, it highlights the importance of biographic studies [3] and axiological studies [4] with the application of memoirs, the cognitive status of which turns out to be different than data obtained as a result of various types of depth interview. The record from the phenomenological perspective “should be treated as a tool of internal discourse, an element of self-perception and self-understanding [and therefore – H. J.-R created a “game” of reflexivity and subjectivity of the studied person” [5].

The elaboration is a reconstruction in the aspect of cultural and literary study of the manner in which the subject talks about his suffering and laboriously builds the axiological spaces of autobiography. The analysis presents how a man with an extraordinary linguistic sensitivity, an artist who loves life and is enchanted by it, a man – a husband and a father – deals/does not deal with suffering and how he domesticates it through linguistic expression. *The Diary without vowels* is a kind of linguistic sublimation of suffering and emotions related to it. It is a testimony of destruction and rescue of a man, his lack of consent to be imprisoned in the impotence of his own body, a portrait of a man crushed by pain and constantly undertaking not only a linguistic fight so that suffering does not destroy what is his and exceptional, to avoid accepting the sense of nothingness.

*The Diary without vowels* by Aleksander Wat [6] is a completion of a memoir *My age. The spoken memoir* [7] consists of three parts. *Moralia* from the 50s, *The Diary without vowels* from 1963-1965 when the poet was in Paris and Berkeley,

and finally *Papers in the wind* written in the last years of his life – 1966-1967. The title of the book may be misleading, as *The Diary without vowels* was not written on a daily basis which is a genre requirement. It could not be written in such a way as Aleksander Wat in 1953 went down with an incurable, exhausting pain disease which determined further life of the poet. Neurology determines this disease as Wallenberg syndrome. The disease was presented for the first time by a physician from Switzerland – G. Viessux during a symposium for surgeons in Geneva in 1808 as his own case. At the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century Adolf Wallenberg described the disease from the neuropathological perspective. The cause of Wallenberg syndrome was closure (as a result of an embolism or blood clot) of the posterior bottom artery of the cerebellum, its small branches or the vertebral artery itself. There are various clinical types of the syndrome, depending on the extent of damage. Symptoms include among others severe neck pain, headache, cranial nerve palsies, transient loss of consciousness and coma. In literature we can find descriptions of single cases [8], and authors highlight that the prognosis is different – from complete resolution of symptoms and recovery, through long-term escalating pain, lack of effective possibilities of pharmacotherapy and physiotherapy. Consequently, the patient requires palliative care in which the deciding role is played by intimate and empathic features of direct contact, e.g. communication. Records of suffering as a result of Wallenberg syndrome finished with a defeat (the poet committed suicide) are found in *The Diary without vowels* by Aleksander Wat [9].

### What is destructive

Wat took advantage of temporary improvements of health to work. When he did not feel pain, he rushed to write, note and record all he could. He wrote the Diary, even though it was not his most important work. It was created alongside when he worked on *My age*, a kind of summary of experience and thoughts related to communism. Painful and constant attacks of the disease slowed down the creative process, caused anxiety, frustration and almost made him give up the work of his life. Alongside this huge creative effort and fighting pain, he created *The Diary without vowels*. Several years after the poet's death, Ola Wat deciphered his work with the editor and therefore, his notes being a testimony of his fight with the disease, his great experience, thousands of subjects, motifs, ideas, the poet wished to develop, undertake and leave after himself, became public.

The disease of Wat is a source of almost everything that is written in the Diary. It is a principle constituting the narration: the objective of the poet, the subject of his fight – and finally what he is internally. It is actually a trait typical for his poetic creativity and some critics speak about it directly: "his poems constitute a transcript of suffering; the poet could not raise above the subject of his own experience, the source of which is physical pain" [10].

However, can it be different if each written verse or sentence is accompanied by inexpressible physical suffering? It seems that describing it using metaphors, a literary attempt to deal with it is not just a manner to distance it from oneself, but a fight so that it does not dominate you, not to lapse into it completely. The disease and pain related to it are associated with prison, a tight and suffocating imprisonment in the cell of one's body where we cannot allow ourselves for freedom of thoughts, to live daily life normally. The disease rules the entire human body, it is a weakness, thinness, dematerialization: "I have a physical sense of gradually losing weight, I become thinner, dematerialized, I have an extraordinary sense of lightness when walking which would be pleasant if it was not

a weakness, as well" (DS, 96). What is worse, weakness penetrates the mind which results in the lack of productivity, barrenness of thought, lack of discipline and diligence, and consequently causes despair, lethargy, a sense of defeat and failure: "Discipline, will, diligence, focus on one sentence. It is so difficult for me, who every morning after waking up, must raise himself from falling into despair and inertia. So that I do not fall apart for the entire day" (DS, 167). A frequent metaphor of the disease as powerlessness is "my bed of sorrow at Niemcewicza Street" (e.g. DS, 183), slavery (medications), vileness: "For several days I am excessively overwhelmed by a note in *Christian Science* that percodan is heroin and it is very addictive! Therefore, I am threatened by enslavement and vileness of a morphine addict" (Ds, 169-170) and finally a philosophy: "It is a puzzling matter to speak of the disease which for me is a fascinating subject and a mother of philosophy (...) – it is astounding how difficult it is for people who do not suffer to understand what chronic physical pain is, what a disease is" (DS, 222).

It is different in the case of the beloved ones, e.g. Ola, however there is another problem – the difference in understanding the disease and its importance by the patient and his wife. The poet is fully aware of that. For him his lethal disease means godsend, realization of dreams about the imminent end of suffering, on the other hand, for his wife, cancer, and therefore death, means the end of hope, tragedy, break down and the end of remaining physical strength: "Ola's pain when she sees my pain is based on a thorough belief that my life is not at risk. The thought of cancer would break her down. (...) It is opposite for me. A selfish bastard (...). She, the thought of cancer and close death, she healed me from unbearable depression (...). Therefore, I will not go to the doctor and because of Ola – if I have cancer, and because of me – if I do not have cancer and a desert of many years of suffering is awaiting me" (DS, 96).

The poet determining and explaining his disease to himself, draws handfults from literature, in particular from the Bible. This way, his disease begins to bear signs of sin. "If the disease is a symptom of a sin of the soul, then how sick, how sinfully sick my soul is" (DS, 93). It is also Cain's stigma "...literally pressed on my face" (Ds, 188). In his reflections, Wat comes to the conclusion that he is cursed, his disease is a curse from God in whom he cannot believe. Such a punishment and a kind of possession by a demon "Sathan" (DS, 173), or even by a horde of demons in his head which dispel thoughts like papers in the wind. The patient, an old man, struggles with young devils who make it impossible for him to work and function normally, making him insane: "What a shameful possession, and there is no faith, and there will be no patroness nor exorcist to save me from the devil's captivity. As I absolutely and completely do not believe in the existence of the devil, although I believe that I am possessed by devils" (DS, 173-174).

Direct symptoms of Wallenberg syndrome, which were experienced by Aleksander Wat, were chronic headache, neck pain, paralysis of cranial nerves, paralysis, clumsiness and problems with feeling. The entire Diary is a record of fighting with pain, battles which were won sometimes, but more often lost completely. Aleksander Wat, a poet and master of words, applies numerous euphemisms, epithets, he describes the shape and he gives names to pain. Pain is his hell and a wish for eternal non-existence, a freezing wind. Personalized pain is "Furies, Erinyes – are devouring me" (DS, 218). You can try games with pain: "Now he was lying still and numb. He must be pretending to be dead. I know this from my experience: when pain is unbearable, I do the same, cleverly to deceive it. <You can see: I am dead anyway: why would you bother me?> It works sometimes" (DS, 228).

Pain is intransigent and Wat thinks that it talks to him: "You cannot doubt that we will stay with you till the end, till the

very horrible end" (DS, 216). Pain is a wall, "it does not leave space for any sublimation, for any hope, for any indulgence towards oneself" (DS, 165). Pain is loneliness, despite the greatest efforts of his family, the poet is left alone with pain forever: "Here, in the circle of physical pain, no one will follow. Not even my faithful wife" (DS, 229). Suffering finally brings him into the sphere of mysticism: "I have sought rescue in baptism, I strongly believed, I wanted to believe that the sacrament, even though it will not release me from my pain, it will give me mercy and strength, and joy to deal with it" (DS, 231). Unfortunately, Wat was rejected; God did not give him the mercy of faith alleviating pain.

For the poet a very important consequence of the disease is creative infirmity. A horde of devils in his head cause constant waves - alternating waves of weakness and short-term waves of euphoria ruling the patient's mind. The poet works with difficulty. He feels as if a rubbish bin is growing in his head which he cannot deal with. On one hand, pain and suffering cause the sense of infirmity, on the other - an internal command prompts him to express the truth - registered by Miłosz - as a witness of the era, a communist disappointed before the war, a Jewish intellectualist, a person who used to be an avant-garde poet, Wat wished to present his experience of "a skeptic and scoffer who found God at the bottom of a dungeon" [11], faith which helped him survive the time of separation from his family and a shocking attempt to force him to accept a Soviet passport. While, work depended on temporary freedom from pain: "When the demon of pain fell asleep for a moment due to oblivion or fed with nembutal, its victim made a dash on a piece of paper and rushed to write - along, across and on any empty centimeter - the most important thoughts recovered from the depths of the sore mind. Some records were encoded in a peculiar record without vowels due to rush - hence the title of the entire work" [11].

This way the Diary was created; it is full of subjects commenced and then given up mid-word, obsessive thoughts - a testimony of a constant battle with a mental block. "I am constantly in a panic state of soul and intellect, distracted, I lose time due to my despair, I have not done anything positive in two months. Time flies and I will waste my chance again, but maybe it is not so?" (DS, 145). This style of work causes the darkest thoughts. After leaving for America, which was supposed to change so much in his life, awareness of numerous moral and life obligations - towards his protectors in the USA - exhausts him. "Projections, illusions, deceiving myself and others again. I cannot do anything anymore" (DS, 181). So that he does not fall into poverty, good friends obtain favorable helpers, however it only causes shame and humiliation. Wat hates his powerlessness and lack of productivity, he feels dependent, he calls himself a cripple, a bankrupt. Even more because he found himself in a society which - as he describes accurately - is afraid of pain and disease, and separates useless individuals "(...) with American logic of ruthlessness towards themselves and others. Sorted, sifted. As I belong to the world of the useless (...)" (DS, 183).

All these issues arising from the disease, and striking the most important part of Wat's ego - his creativity - cause fear from which he cannot escape. "(...) none of our fears disappears, all are rooted in my soul, old age is a bag of fears and then you find out that all, all the fears were a prefiguration, a mask and a substitute of one fear: death" (DS, 129). There was only one efficient remedy for this fear: culture and literacy. It intertwines in the Diary with descriptions of his creative intentions, it is a basis for intellectual fascinations. Extensive reports on his reading are naturally combined with experiencing everyday life and memories: "Ola bustling around us at home of the siblings from Magdala, beautiful, joyful, cautious, calm and me, Lazarus, who has died and been resurrected so

many times. I am aware that writing about it, I introduce literature, that huge doses are contained in the act of my experience and also in the act of my perception (...). This belongs to my secondary nature (...). I am a cultural man" (DS, 126).

However, this also must be destroyed. As noticed by Wojciech Ligęza "...tempus edax rerum in Wat's creativity is audacious to the greatest extent" [12]. Myths, beliefs and symbols, sophisticated words are buried here - all fictions of his ending life. There is nothing left from illusions of the inherited culture. "I am a naked old man now", says Wat.

The last important and dramatic consequence of the disease for Wat is suffering of his beloved ones which seems more horrible than his own pain and inability to write. The fact that he burdens his wife, causes her sadness with his behavior, coldness, the fact that his son "starts to be afraid of him" constitute additional torture. The disease becomes a cause of arguments, conflicts.

"My greatest concern with Ola. When I feel better, tension of her energy weakened, she was gaunt, tired and annoyed, and this sight, my God, caused my anger which was impossible to control. It is me who suffers in my own body and if I have enough strength to survive, she should, too" (DS, 102). Difficulties in communication, the sight of his wife who goes out to crowded streets of Berkeley not to cry after her husband, and her complete mental exhaustion drive Wat to despair. Additionally, a difficult financial situation, a complete lack of certainty about the future torment the poet. Due to his disease he does not have any influence on his life anymore. "I leave everything unfinished, my wife, my son and my so-called heritage. Unfinished. Unfinished. Confusion, disorder. (...) The last wave of my night despair about Ola (...) that I will leave everything so unfinished in such an extreme chaos" (DS, 219).

Disease changes not only a human being, but also the world around them which becomes hostile, alien and without understanding. Despite tangible beauty around the poet, he falls into himself, he does not belong to this world anymore. The patient is subjected to melancholy and he cannot believe that his soul which used to be rich in experience and content, now has become indifferent to anything that is not pain and suffering. He cannot afford to cry any longer, all human reflexes have been taken away from him. This causes a sense of real misery - final destruction of internal life, rule of the sick body over the mind.

## What survives

Death - there is nothing else the narrator analyzes more profoundly. Many times on the pages of the Diary he speaks about it with yearning, it is nearly a reward for him which will end his misery and suffering. However, analyzing this motif in the course of days and years of writing the diary, we can observe significant changes. Initially, death means liberation from suffering, a desired end of everything, but without despair of the beloved ones. The specter of death introduces the sense of finality, the end of misery: "The thought about cancer brought order, serenity, renewed willingness and ability to work, consent to everything, and even willingness to live, a taste of life (if only short-lived!), goodness, gentleness to everyone and everything. Goodness of farewell" (DS, 96).

Writing his diary, Wat admits that he masks his fear of death. Even though he has been living with a belief that he is not afraid of it, is it really possible? Finally, three years before he died, in 1964, he wrote: "I know now that I was mistaken: we cannot fear death. (...) It is fear" (DS, 214). The author speaks about his battle against death many times and at the same time he brushes with it. Death is "the fear of fears" and also a wish: "It means that none of our fear disappears, all of

them are in the soul, old age is a bag of fears and then you find out that all, all these fears were a prefiguration, a mask and a substitute of one fear: death, all of them led to it" (DS, 129). Fear needs to be tamed, pain must be endured. There is someone to do it for. However, struggles must continue because of the beloved person: (...) no pain without hope was strong enough to exhaust the memory, the sight of Ola to whom I cannot do it (...). Then, for so many years, for twelve years of the disease, I was the master of my life and death, every night I prayed and I believed and I did not believe (...), asking and not asking for death, I dreamed about it, it was for me, in my thoughts and in all my wishes, it was a summary and the idea of goodness, it was understanding. Death was given, sent, however not death taken by force, not my bad will of death" (DS., 216).

The vision of death seems to come from beyond, it occurs like fate. Wat speaks about the stigma of death, that he was born dead and this determined his life. He tries to reconstruct his imagined death. If some time ago he imagined that during agony pain will disappear, he will die calmly, serious, focused, now just before dying he is not so sure about it anymore. He sees an image of dramatic death he saw, death is not so poetic anymore. It is frightening. However, a sudden growth takes place. The dying person needs awareness of death. „I cannot waste it, my death cannot be wasted" (DS, 220). One needs to face death with courage like throughout life. Death, despite being terminal in nature, highlights the value of the entire life. It cannot be annihilated. This way the narrator wishes to face "the opponent or brother". "(...) I will die standing, I am an old wrestler, if needed, despite all softness, intelligent oversensitivity, my jaw is a jaw of a boxer (...). I will experience great harm if I die in dullness, passively, feeling impotent" (DS, 220).

As foreseen before, understanding of death by the patient and his beloved ones is extremely different. Only in one place in the Diary these differences fade. When Wat arrives to America, he observes: "It is easy for us to talk about gas being at comfortable conditions: Ola finally said the word which is stuck and plays in my brain for such a long time since we decided that we will not go back to the bed of agony at Niemcewicza Street. We survived, she said, there have been such and such misfortunes that we can say enough. It is easy to say, gas, however with our crazy wish to live and appreciation of life and about life, in life and with life!" (DS, 147).

Life saves, disease and death disappear before the passion of experiencing events, people, works of art and beautiful landscapes. Feeling life through awareness of weakening of the body sharpens. The poet wants the world and he cannot refrain from joy when he experiences relief from pain. He appreciates his wife, their 40-year struggle with life, beautiful, extremely difficult memories. As it is the past and memories which reappear that relieves fear, ensures certainty of continuous cycles of life – all will finally lead to the current moment as it is, as it should be. Images coming to the poet's head from literature and culture he lives with, are found around him, in his wife, in simple events in life. Such a sense *du déjà vu, du déjà vecu* (DS, 126) ensures a sense of safety, "what I need (...) is to know that what I experience now, has been experienced before (...), that it is in human power, in my power, to survive it. While it does not matter whether it is dangerous, common, easy or cliché" (DS, 126).

Wat rescues himself from annihilation in the disease, therefore he says who he is and why he writes. Hence, the fragment concerning the past – the poet believes that everything that happened in his life has a deeper meaning, confirms some values which played an important role in constituting his person. Everything that took place in the past is arranged logically, events are kinds of components of the entirety of the current

moment. He explains the world and himself to himself, trying to embrace things in a broad context. Such a generalization is an escape from himself, from the obsession about himself, "there is no other rescue apart from the thought about a brother rather than about myself" (DS< 220).

Indeed, what most efficiently motivated the man tortured by the disease to fight with pain, with himself and his weaknesses, was love. Wat speaks a lot about his wife Ola. He does it in an unaffected, delicate and subtle way. He also mentions their years of marriage, moments of forced separation, life under extreme conditions (labor camps, interrogation, exposure to starvation), complete consent and understanding of their common ideas regardless of the price to be paid. In suffering Wat, Ola was the only loyal, faithful and committed person. He describes his wife as a pure, calm and strong woman. Their unity of thoughts, bravery and fortitude of his wife led to compete fusion of two people: "However, in my all misfortunes I found strength in myself as our life was so close that none of us can say they are only themselves. In each of us we both are" (DS, 221).

Treatments and toil of his wife were the most effective remedy for the disease even tough at the end of his life they turned out to be ineffective and they cannot ensure rescue. As long as the author had strength, apart from love, in a natural way, also work and literature supported and rescued him.

### Le moi haïssable – Self (is) hateful to me

Between what destroys and rescues, there is the narrator. Constant, internal fight of oppositions causes Wat to determine himself as *le moi haïssable*. "I do not like writing about my life as I am one of the people for whom 'self' is *le moi haïssable*. If Pascal could have defined it so beautifully, it certainly means that there has been a species since the beginning of the world" (DS, 188). Demons, the disease and life, identity and nothingness, beauty and destruction, live and hate torment the author to insanity. Wat calls himself using numerous extreme terms. He is multiplicity, multitude as there are numerous thoughts and subjects which come back obsessively, demanding development. In the Diary the narrator is a prisoner, a poet "oversensitive and insufficiently tamed horse which is pricked by a spur and whipped by an incapable rider" (DS< 189). He determines himself as a bankrupt, Jewish, Pole, coward, and an old wrestler. He feels old and naked. He is a bursting and dying volcano, Lazarus and a man constituted by literature. He speaks of himself that he was born dead and oscillates between the offender and the follower. Contradiction is everywhere; everything becomes a space for battle between antagonistic forces. Multitude of identity dilemmas increases with progress of the disease – there is less and less time and so many questions the poet did not have time to answer. Dramatic internal contrasts constitute the entire image of *le moi haïssable*. "Hateful self" comes from one side of the body, its powerlessness, load, and from another side from beyond self. "Wat tried to think with his body: "He looked for hidden relations between what we feel and what thinks and feels in us". He was interested in an attempt of extra-personal seeing. Perception of self as a third person, from a distance. His own fate was interpreted as an example of general law. Taking care of details, he skillfully highlighter analogies" [13].

Freeing oneself from writing about oneself is not possible – a sick and indifferent man must fight for himself, for his thoughts, memories which create him. If they disappear, there will be no man. This mental compulsion, a requirement from oneself brought a piece of work as a result – papers. Piles of paper, as determined by Wat, "papers – which is where a whim of a coincidence meets a whim of the mind which serve itself, and not me, and goes where it wants to go and

when it wants. (...) Whims, sets of whims, and not a piece of work" (DS, 180). Wojciech Ligęza will define the form of the Diary in a different way. In his opinion it is a record of a testimony, however not literature. This private document, if it was not for the disease, could be arranged, however, it was impossible and therefore "an original mixture of words must be between < pretentiousness and commonplace>" [12]. It is a form suspended between poetry and prose, poetry of a fragment which is most suitable to present bitter and scattered meditations. There is a "principle of a miserable sum deprived of any illusions about cruelty of life and time, in which fear and fate are mixed" [14].

It is worth looking at the form of writing *the Diary without vowels* at the end. Partially it was written without vowels, hence the title of the work. A question remains why Wat wrote in code, what is the significance of it for the text. As noticed by Ola Wat, reconstructing and preparing the diary for printing: "...I found more than a hundred pages written in code – with words without vowels (...) I cannot clearly solve this mystery, however I think that it deserves attention in the context of my husband's biography. A vowel is light, breath, life of words, its pulse. And therefore, pages filled with consonants must show suffering. Coarse, rough and crushed words were a symbolical and very particular expression of his condition at the time" [14].

Following this path, we can say that the code is another proof of Wat's struggle with the disease and pain, or a proof of increasing sinking in suffering of the author. Artur Stęplewski agrees with such an explanation. He believes that it was a conscious process to return to the author's roots. Wat, being a son of a Jewish tsaddik, knowing Jewish philosophy profoundly and struggling with his identity as a Jew-Pole-Christian, finally at the final stage of the disease, he pays tribute to the Jewish nation. "The nation with which he has always wanted to be connected after death at the Christian cemetery in Erec Israel" [15].

It can be also assumed that giving up vowels was a dramatic attempt to extract primary meanings of works. Struggling with the lack of understanding from friends and associates, Wat saw how difficult it was for them to believe in words – a testimony of his pain. "He seeks [a friend] these non-verbal signs on my face which he normally associates with pain. And the need of confirmation with scream, groan or mimics indicates how little trusted words are" (DS, 241). Maybe that is why the form of writing was shaped as an escape from words "into the world of characters logically related in the mathematical analysis which cannot be falsified" [15].

## Conclusion

*The Diary without vowels* is a set of fragmentary notes which through their form and content give testimony to a dramatic nature of time when they were created. Extraordinary multiplicity of meanings of the statement, its multiple function: testimony, disclosure, trust, rescue, collection of moments and images, a draft of works which have never been written down, and finally a confession, auto-reconstruction, autobiography. In his narration Wat perfectly present the nature of the opponent with whom he fights - the disease. He constructs battle fields on which the eternal struggles with it take place, acknowledges it as necessary to construct himself – from the beginning, against all odds to stand to fight. Finally, he presents the object of his fight – what he must protect, what he struggles for. And all this closes in himself. The disease is in him, it is his integral part. This way the Diary is "a kind of dialogue with oneself, a dialogue about people, about God, about politics, Stalin and poetry. It is a record of unanchored and chaotic thoughts, which are contradictory sometimes. Everything in him arises from

pain" [13]. Wallenberg syndrome in the case of Aleksander Wat is a chronic disease, incurable, impossible to treat with pharmacotherapy or physiotherapy. It is only possible to alleviate pain with increasing doses of narcotic drugs. At moments of pain there is an important place for a physiotherapist who accompanying the suffering family, through his presence and compassion has a chance to alleviate pain and at least partially eliminate fear and trembling, anxiety due to what is inevitable, anxiety about the fate of the loved ones.

Long-term pain and the influence of medications in combination with literary rationality and Wat's reflexive mind constitute "unitas multiplex". His record without vowels does not exist without the author, similar to its content – without many associations of Wat to literature. The author and people from his surroundings, objects and events in which he is involved do not exist independently from one another. This multi-element combination is a research challenge as in the scientific analysis there are numerous biographic details, as well as in the area of social rehabilitation, as the common discourse rooted in scientific discourses (e.g. medical, legal) opposes and re-orientates the policy of disability [16]. Establishing reasonable borderlines intersecting various territories of daily life of the Wats is not possible. Like Wat who plays with pain, the researcher, guardian, rehabilitant are also forced to play, however not according to the principles of a discourse of power relations and a scientific discourse, with their boards, pawns and movements, but the game of Wat with his pawns and according to his principles. Wat's autobiographic records are like boards with complementary principles, it is "a system of values in which specified components constantly create a network of relations, dependencies and interactions between one another and the system as a whole" [4]. The boards bring to mind the issues with mapping elements of the system of values, constituting the world of a sick person: "another 'map of text' is created by its author, another by a common recipient, and another by a professional researcher" [5]. In rehabilitation practice, the use of a multiplicity of interpretations and in particular selection of what's best – authentically in the sense of "real" and adequately nuanced – cannot eliminate the "depth" and authenticity of human experience.

Reading and creating literary descriptions with love to his wife is a remedy for Wat to his painful daily life in which associations with the past co-define current choices and assessments. Trusting the word of Wat as a testimony of an internal compulsion to write the truth regardless of contradictions and existential dilemmas is the most important objective of a researcher, rehabilitant and other disabled people. Therefore, the meaning of the humanistic coefficient is highlighted which "makes it possible to become familiar with the reality of the disabled in specified contexts of their functioning, frequently incomprehensible for able-bodied people and disabled people remaining beyond these contexts" [4, 17]. This trust protects both sides of the direct rehabilitation contact from the asymmetry of power relations hidden in social conventions of using linguistic expressions [3]. At the same time it allows both parties of the interaction to discover nonlinearity of symbolical relations between the past, the presence and the future of their trans-subjective experienced world (*Lebenswelt*). An effect of such narrative trust is the need for constant interactive development of existential justifications to exclude consequences of acting with a partner in the areas of *Lebenswelt* of the patient by the patient and the rehabilitant. In the common area of existential justifications, the value of trust dominates the indicator of which is "an agreement between units not to undermine authenticity of features which appear on this common field/area" [3].

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