

*The Savage Style of Jaroslav Hašek.
“The Good Soldier Švejk”
as a Politically Incorrect Comic Masterpiece*

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(Reading)

Even in the English translation, the *Good Soldier Švejk* is a savage book notable for its splendidly obscene, blasphemous, ‘racist’ and ‘sexist’ language. Indeed if politically correct Americans were ever to read it carefully it would probably be banned from the syllabi of the universities of that censorious country. Likewise it is difficult to imagine Hašek’s masterpiece ever being accurately and successfully turned into a widely shown television film in an English speaking country as it contains too many elements that would be censored by administrators or distorted out of all recognition by television producers and writers terrified to offend the susceptibilities of their peers (Davies 1996). Not only the content would be censored and distorted but also Hašek’s distinctive *style*, which is far too savage for those who shudder at the least hint of ‘racism’ or ‘sexism’ or any other kind of groupism in comedy, even in great works of the past. They are as much prisoners of the present as the Victorians were, even though the ideologies have changed. Besides, even today, influential persons with a more traditional outlook would raise their own objections to the broadcasting of such a film and notably to the obscenity, blasphemy and disrespect for religion and authority in Hašek’s work. The Anglo-Saxon world is free only in a purely formal First Amendment sense and Britain doesn’t even have a constitutional First Amendment.

None of these comments stem from my analysing Hašek’s work only in the English translation; they could almost certainly be made with even greater force

by a scholar using the Czech original. From the account given by Sir Cecil Parrott the most recent and best known translator of Hašek's work into English the original Czech text seems to be even more offensive and shocking. Parrott notes that for the translator "A further complication is the richness of Czech 'bad language' as compared with our own. In common with other Slavic languages and with German, Czech can boast a wide range of words of abuse in all shades of intensity. We cannot match these in Britain, where - no doubt under the influence of Puritanism - the bulk of our terms of abuse are too mild and our strong expressions are limited to one or two hackneyed obscenities. Czech words of abuse generally involve domestic animals, excrement or the parts of the body connected with it" (Parrott 1973: xxi)

Parrott is wrong in ascribing this difference to English Puritanism and it is the Central European love of scatological humour that is peculiar rather than its relative absence in the English-speaking world. Whatever their political differences Czechs and Germans are bound together by a common humorous obsession with shit and shitting that is not shared by most other Europeans. Alan Dundes' (1984) analysis of German culture and humour in which *Das Leben ist wie eine Hühnerleite - Beschissen von oben bis unten* applies very well indeed to Hašek the Czech. The problem rather lies with the tedious middle class British tradition of linguistic restraint and self-control which has deprived their language and literature of a properly abusive vocabulary. Only very recently have published British accounts of army life come to report the language actually used by the equivalents of Švejk and it would have been very difficult at the time when Hašek was writing for an English author to depict a respectable middle class civilian speaking as the Hungarian iron-monger Gyula Kákonyi did when he read Lieutenant Lukáš 's letter to his wife:

"Then from the room into which the maid had carried the letter there could be heard a tremendous shouting and uproar. Someone threw something heavy on the ground, then glasses could be clearly heard flying and plates splintering mixed with a bellowing of *Baszom az anyát, baszom az isténet, baszom a Kristus Máriát, baszom az astyádot, baszom a világot!* (Hungarian for fuck your mother, God, Christ, the Virgin Mary, Father and the World) (Hašek 1973:367)".

It is difficult to imagine an English author of the same period putting such words in the mouth of a bourgeois iron-monger, even one who sensed that Lieutenant Lukáš was intending to make him a cuckold. H.G. Wells' English iron-monger Rusper in Wells' comedy. The *History of Mr Polly*, does not use such language even when involved in a fight on the pavement with his fellow shop keeper Mr Polly (Wells 1928:536-40). The only person to use bad language in Wells' entire novel is Uncle Jim, a lower-class criminal and even then Wells re-

presents his vile oaths and obscenities with euphemisms such as 'sanguinary', 'decorated' or 'richly decorated' (Wells 1928:586,596) The combination of obscenity and blasphemy to form a string of abuse in Hungarian is a creation all of Hašek's own invention. It is an instance of Hašek's 'wild' style and it draws on an ethnic stereotype of the Hungarians as being absurdly jealous of their honour and easily aroused to anger and excitement.

The memorable fight between Czech and Hungarian soldiers that followed the Kákonyi incident is then described by Hašek in a thoroughly "racist" way, particularly through the utterances of Sapper Vodička made after he and Švejk had been arrested by the military police:

"Vodička spat contemptuously: 'A chap has his head full of worries about how to get out of this jam, how to manage to get free so as to be able to pay out those damned Hungarian bastards and this bloody fool here wants to cheer him up with some cow shit!

How can I pay those Hungarian bastards out if I'm sitting locked up here, and if in the bargain I've got to pretend to the judge advocate that I don't feel any hatred for the Hungarians? It's a dog's life, my god really it is, but when I manage to get my paws on one of those Hungarian bastards I'll strangle him like a puppy. I'll teach him their "*Isten, ala meg a magyar*" (God Bless the Hungarians, from the first line of the Hungarian national hymn). I'll be even with them'. (Hašek 1973:382)".

Later when Švejk and Vodička had been acquitted by a court martial Vodička continued with his denunciation of the wretched Magyars:

".... 'When that bastard of a judge advocate asked me straight out: "Did you fight?, I said: "Yes I did". Did you manhandle anybody?" "Certainly I did sir". "Did you wound anybody?" "Of course I did sir". "He should know who he's dealing with. And the real disgrace is that they acquitted us. It's as though he didn't want us to believe that I broke my bayonet - belt over those Hungarian bastards, that I made pea soup, bumps and bruises out of them. You were there weren't you, at the very moment when I had three of those Hungarian bastards on top of me and you could see after a short time how all of them fell on the ground and I stamped on them' (Hašek 1973: 393)".

What a splendidly "racist" piece of Czech humour. Its only real counterpart in English is to be found in Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall* [1965 (1928):64-6,82-3,211, see also Davies 1999] when Dr Fagan, Headmaster of Llanabba School denounces the Welsh but even that is milder. It is a good example of the sheer exuberance, exaggeration, ludicrousness and indeed violence of Hašek's style.

No doubt there will be shifty politically correct Americans who will want to evade the embarrassment that stems from knowing that one of the world's great humorous masterpieces contains many passages like this that they find objectio-

nable. Their position is rather like that of French tutors in Oxford's women's colleges in times past who felt that their charges could only be trusted with the bowdlerised version of Rabelais (1955]. If forced to confront the numerous "nasty bits" in Hašek such as the utterances of Sapper Vodička they are likely to retreat into the argument that Hašek only created situations and characters of this kind in order to satirise Vodicka's absurd bigotry. Nonsense. In the first place we do not know what Hašek's intentions were. As a nationally conscience Czech he may have been resentfully aware that it was the Hungarians, who having satisfied their own desires for power and autonomy with the creation of the Dual Monarchy, were the main factor blocking a more equitable nationalities policy for the Austro-Hungarian empire that would have fulfilled the aspirations of the Czechs, (Crankshaw 1963: 294, 299). Besides Hašek savagely mocks all the national groups propping up the Empire – Austrians, Sudeten Germans and Poles as well as Hungarians. They are all portrayed as comically deplorable and even the Gypsies are denigrated (Hašek 1973: 388). Hašek does not use the *Good Soldier Švejk* to attack and satirise bigotry. He is merely enjoying himself in a wild and reckless way and at the expense of all and sundry.

Even if Hašek's portrayal of Vodička were a thought-out undermining of xenophobia (and we have no reason to suppose this), it is still open to the reader to revel in and enjoy Vodicka's savage bigotry. The whole point of humour is that it is ambiguous and the text has an existence substantially independent of the author's intentions which may in consequence be regarded as irrelevant. A parallel may be drawn here with the very successful British television comedy series *Till Death do us Part* (Speight 1973) whose central character Alf Garnett was a typical working class cockney bigot with an absurd contempt for foreigners and immigrants of all kinds. When some viewers protested at the intemperate racist opinions expressed by Garnett, the author Johnny Speight and leading spokesmen for the B.B.C. such as Sir Huw Wheldon defended the programmes by correctly pointing out that they were a satire on and criticism of people like Garnett (Davies 1996: 50,59). However when the members of a random sample of the huge television audience were interviewed it became clear that many of them liked Garnett and agreed with him (Davies 1996: 50, Husband 1977). They knew it was a satire and that Garnett was being mocked but they enjoyed the vigorous and uninhibited way in which he was able to express views on prime time television that would otherwise not have been made available to them. The B.B.C. later lost its nerve and many of the most vigorous and popular episodes that had tens of millions of viewers at the time are no longer being repeated.

For the same reasons the politically correct writers and producers for television of the English speaking countries will never make an accurate televised version of the *Good Soldier Švejk* for fear that the viewers, particularly the working class viewers, would enjoy it too much and for the wrong reasons. Not just the content but Hašek's wild and reckless style, the style that is so successful in making everyone laugh, has placed him outside the bounds of what can be shown in the highly censored world of British and even more so American television. Such as film is far more likely to be made in Hungary where Hašek is immensely popular among his "victims" (there is even an excellent Good Soldier Švejk restaurant in Budapest whose walls are covered with sketches by Josef Lada and in whose entrance hangs a fly-spattered picture of old Procházka) and where the Anglo-Saxon nonsense of political correctness has not taken hold.

Hašek's "racist" comedy of Czech encounters with the Hungarians will also be condemned by the politically correct as "sexist" because of the way his male characters behave towards Hungarian women and also because of the way in which the male Czechs comment on the Hungarian women's secondary sexual characteristics and sexual performance. Vodička characteristically comments:

"The girls were bloody neat pieces, you know, with plump calves and fleshy arses, and marvelous thighs and eyes. From the way those Hungarian bastards squeezed them you could see that those girls had breasts as full and firm as rubber balls, that they got a kick out of it and knew their onions ... [One of the Hungarian girls] had fallen for our Mejstrik (a Czech soldier) and went with him afterwards on the way up to Királyhida below the forest where the haystacks stand. She dragged him into one of these haystacks and afterwards wanted five crowns from him. But he socked her one across the jaw instead. Afterwards he caught up with us at the top just before the camp and told us that he had always thought that Hungarian women had fire in them, but this cow had been as dead as a log of wood and only jabbered something all the time (Hašek 1973: 361)".

It is not only Sapper Vodička who speaks in this fashion for Colonel Shröder on learning of Lieutenant Lukáš' attempt to proposition Mrs Kákonyi commented genially:

"Don't say Lieutenant that you've only just begun to correspond with her – when I was your age, I spent three weeks in Erlau on a geometry course and you should have seen how during all those three weeks I did nothing but sleep with Hungarian women. Every day with another one. Young ones, single ones, elderly ones, married ones, just as they came. I ironed them out so thoroughly that when I returned to my regiment I could hardly move my legs. It was the wife of a lawyer who took most out of me. She showed me what Hungarian women can do. She bit me on the nose in the process and didn't let me close my eyes the whole night (Hašek 1973: 378)".

It is impossible to say exactly who or what Hašek intends us to laugh at here and pointless to ask. Humour exists in a domain of its own and it makes no sense

to try to reduce humorous texts to some kind of serious counterpart. Nonetheless one cannot help feeling that the anarchic Hašek would have enjoyed the distaste likely to be felt by American feminists at these sections of his text. Shadenfreude at the imagined indignation of other readers often adds to the enjoyability of a comic text for those who view it differently.

The success of Hašek's humour lies in his willingness to break all the everyday rules. *The Good Solder Švejk* is often seen as a humorous work about 'the World War' (World War I) but it is rather a series of disparate tales that provide wonderful comic abuse directed at all manner of groups and institutions, with the war merely providing a background, a setting and an *excuse* for Hašek's extreme, derogatory and rollicking style. Švejk never really got to the war and most of the comic descriptions of the horrors of military action occur in Švejk's eccentric stories and imaginings or in those of his friend the fat one year volunteer. Had Hašek not died of drink before he could write the final sections of his novel (Hašek 1973: 752 Translators note, Parrott 1978) about Švejk's fortunes actually in the war rather than getting to it, he might have found it more difficult to maintain his cheerful style; philosophy might have kept breaking through in the form of Owenite Sassoonery. It is interesting that when the telephonist Chodounský describes seriously and in detail the horrors he had experienced directly and in person on the Serbian front, Švejk stops listening to him and chooses to play two-handed mariáš (a card game) with Quarter-master Vaněk instead (Hašek 1973: 452-5). War is a subject to be avoided both for Švejk and for Hašek. Perhaps, though a man of Hašek's genius could have managed to be funny about real war, as we can see from his handling of two somewhat unpleasant incidents. First the fatal accident to the Deutschmeister corporal who fell out of a train and was accidentally stabbed to death by a points lever (Hasek 1973: 484-6):

"Spiked on the stupid points lever, the bellicose corporal was already dead and a young soldier from the station command was soon standing over him with fixed bayonet. He took his responsibility very seriously and assumed a triumphant expression, as though the spiking of the corporal on the lever had been his own work ...

... 'He spiked himself very neatly' said Švejk walking round the corporal from the other side and observing him with a professional eye. 'His guts are in his trousers' ...

... 'Well don't let's talk about it any more, Švejk'. And Vaněk spat.

'As a matter of fact it makes no difference', Švejk observed once more 'where exactly his guts came out of his belly for His Imperial Majesty. He did his duty all the same ... He could have ...' 'Listen, Švejk,' Vaněk interrupted him, 'look how Battalion Orderly Matušíč is rushing towards the staff carriage' (Hašek 1973: 485-6)."

Hašek's account is funny because of its use of inappropriate understatement by Švejk. Even Vaněk feels queasy at Švejk's attitude, though he is more concerned lest the Germanic cadet Biegler who has overheard Švejk should feel that Švejk is pleased because the gruesome accident has happened to a German in front of a Czech audience. There is an ethnic dimension to this gruesome comedy but it is still merely an absurd comic text.

The second example of an unpleasant incident to be considered is Sapper Vodička's description of the strangling by Czech soldiers of a Gypsy who had volunteered to hang Serbian comitadji in exchange for cigarettes:

'We knocked him on the ground and a chap called Beloun strangled him with his belt. The bastard had as many lives as a cat'.

Old Sapper Vodička spat: 'You just couldn't strangle him. He shitted, his eyes bulged and still he was as live as a half-decapitated cock. And so they wrenched him in two like a cat. Two chaps took his head and another two took his legs and they broke his neck. After that we put his rucksack on his shoulder with the cigarettes in it and threw him into the (River) Drina (Hašek 1973: 388)''.

Once again the description is comically inappropriate, this time because of the exaggeration and the relish displayed in and similes used by Vodička in telling the story. Some will laugh at Vodička and some with him, some with *Galgenhumor* and some with *schadenfreude*. This is not anti-war propaganda, it is a mere, sheer comedy of nastiness. Indeed *The Good Soldier Švejk* is in many respects a very 'nasty' book which supports Max Brod's shrewd and well-deserved comparison of Hašek with the equally 'nasty' Cervantes and Rabelais as a humorist of the highest calibre (Parrott 1973: xvi-ii) Hašek's *The Good Soldier Švejk* is not just the good-hearted garrulous progress of a loveable innocent used to expose the idiocy of military authority. It is a much greater book than that; it is a comedy that spares no one.

It is curious to note that at times even Hašek's enthusiastic translator Sir Cecil Parrott finds his savage style somewhat excessive:

"... Švejk is certainly not the man to pull punches, as can be seen by the way he joins Vodička in the brawl with the Hungarians or eggs Kunert on to complain against Lieutenant Dub.

The parallel with Rabelais is more valid. In this book Hašek comes near to scraping the barrel in coarseness and nastiness. ... This (the adding of as much filth as possible) is exactly Hašek's method of treating the (Roman) Catholic Church. Some of the episodes dealing with the army chaplain can hardly be said to embellish the work ... he shot wide of the mark and the reader soon becomes surfeited, if not nauseated (Parrott 1973: xvii)''.

There is something in Hašek to offend everyone though different groups will be offended in different places and for different reasons. It is important to stress

Hašek's masterly offensiveness in order to get away from the one-dimensional image of Švejk and his creator Hašek as perpetually and *only* loveable, good-hearted opponents of a mean-spirited traditional autocracy – the image conveyed by the pink-cheeked felt *feldgrau* miniature Švejks sold to visitors in Prague or the wooden Švejk cut-outs through which smiling German tourists poke their faces for Czech photographers. Hašek is a much nastier and a much greater writer than this. Indeed this should be clear from Max Brod's insightful comparison of Hašek (Parrott 1973: xvi-ii) with the grotesquely coarse Rabelais (1955 and 1955A) and the compulsively violent Cervantes. If any of these three authors' works were read without an understanding that they are humorous they would simply be disturbing, insane and unpleasant. The important thing is *not* to try to reduce humorous texts to some kind of tendentious serious equivalent.

Sir Cecil Parrott's concern to protect propriety and religion is a quite different one from that of Hašek's politically correct potential critics who will excuse any degree of abuse directed against bourgeois or clerical institutions. Roman Catholicism is perceived by them as a traditional, authoritarian patriarchal force that is a fair target for the satirist because it can not be brought under the protection of their crude ideology of underdogery. Different people are nauseated by different things and it is a measure of the breadth of Hašek's talent and outlook that in *The Good Soldier Švejk* and in the collection of Hašek's short stories *The Red Commissar* (1983) there is something for everyone to feel sick at. One man's meat is another man's emetic. To ask a person laughing at a particular section of *The Good Soldier Švejk*, 'how could you possibly enjoy such a text?' is to ask a meaningless question.

Hašek's reckless, aggressive style works well precisely because at any particular point in his text some sections of his readers will feel offended because they have taken him too seriously. Besides nausea is less likely to be brought on by strong meat than by excessive sweetening. This antidote for anyone who considers that Hašek's style is inappropriate, excessive and tasteless is to imagine *The Good Soldier Švejk* being made into a long animated cartoon film by Disney, so that an ever-beaming Švejk swirls across the screen accompanied by a band of happy yapping dogs that he has groomed for sale led by Colonel Friedrich Kraus von Zillergut's Fox (Hašek 1973: 201-6). There are few things less amusing than a smile. Confirmation of this may be found in a comparison between Ernest Shepard's illustrations of A.A. Milne's (1926, 1928, 1958) *Winnie the Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner* and *The World of Pooh* in which Pooh never smiles and Disney's schmalz – and – saccharine-ridden film version of Milne's work in which Pooh does little else. Disney transformed Pooh from a

clever Švejk-like creature merely pretending to be a bear of very little brain into a Disney-bear with no brains at all and he would have done the same to Švejk. Hašek's bad taste is infinitely to be preferred to Disney's tastelessness. Hašek's clever blending of the brutal and the comic has produced an art that lasts; Disney is Mickey Mouse even when he or it is seeking an adult audience.

It may seem unfair to suggest that *The Good Soldier Švejk* be turned into a cartoon film rather than one peopled by actors; yet how else could Hašek's savage style be reproduced? Hašek's savagery as in the fight between the Czech and the Hungarian soldiers or the death of the Deutschmeister corporal would not be funny if portrayed by actors; it would need the abstract violence of the animators of *Tom and Jerry* or *The Roadrunner* (Gruner:1997: 70). Yet any kind of film would lose the central glory of Hašek's style, his ability to use words to extract humour from or add humour to situations that are not particularly funny in themselves. Words are more flexible than pictures and are better food for the imagination. *The Good Soldier Švejk* is a verbal triumph, however good Josef Lada's illustrations may be.

As pointed out earlier *The Good Soldier Švejk* is not successful anti-war propaganda indeed not successful propaganda of any kind and this is one of its strengths as a humorous creation. Indeed it is doubtful whether humour ever can be didactic, for humour is ambiguous, incongruous and imprecise. To implant clear didactic meanings in a work like *The Good Soldier Švejk* would be to destroy its humour, as can be seen from the failure as comedy of Brecht's (1976 (1943)) play *Schweyk in the Second World War* which was written as propaganda. When I say that Brecht's play is "not funny", I am not using that phrase in the American politically correct sense that the play could be regarded as offensive by or about some group who ought to be protected; no diatribe against Hitler could ever come in that category. Hitler, like Stalin and Mao Tse-Tung, can only represent evil. Rather I am saying that Brecht's on the whole worthy piece of propaganda fails to amuse. Brecht's didacticism gets in the way of his ability to create successful comedy. Hašek is much funnier because *The Good Soldier Švejk* is without clear intentions and without any social consequences whatsoever. *The Good Soldier Švejk* uses but does not in any significant sense reproduce or exacerbate the many conflicts of Central Europe. The obvious refutation for the inane view that humour has consequences is to ask (without prompting) an independent observer to list the main causes of an undesirable phenomenon such as, say, the ethnic and religious conflict in Central Europe. Humour in general and Hašek's work in particular would not even get in the top twenty items on the list.

Judged by that test, (Davies 1990, Davies 1998) humour is a trivial phenomenon and Hašek's writings are insignificant. Indeed even didactic literary creations are of little practical importance. There is a clear *intellectual* link between Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* [1988 (1944)] with its sinister female Soviet "Comrade Agronomist" in military uniform with her 'plans', its "girl tractor driver" quoting Mayakovsky in favour of the iron cage of Soviet reason and its powerful male expert from the capital with his schemes for a dam (Scene One) and the end of the millenium Russian drive once again to suppress and destroy the Chechens. The final line of Brecht's [1988 (1944)] ultra-didactic play 'And the valley to the waterers, that it shall bear fruit' (Scene 6) is a crude legitimization ostensibly for the benefit of the peasants of what was in fact Stalin's murderous and genocidal tyranny in the Caucasus (Conquest 1970) but no historian would cite Brecht's play as a significant cause of any subsequent events. Brecht, though a morally and politically disgusting individual, is not in any sense to blame for the Chechnya tragedy. It is ironic and horrific that a Chechen on learning that a visiting journalist was Austrian could say to him in 1999 with a beaming smile, "Hitler choroscho", Hitler was okay (Seifert 1999: 28). Brecht would have been horrified at this, though probably for the wrong reasons. We may with reason blame Brecht but he is not to blame.

Brecht was a fool and a scoundrel but his impact on political events was negligible. If this is true of a writer who composed serious propaganda to try and influence history, how much more is it true of Hašek who penned any wild comic fantasy that came into his head. Hašek was splendidly irresponsible as befits a comic genius. The serious purveyors of aggression such as politicians or soldiers have to be constrained within strict moral limits but those who like Hašek make verbal play with aggression for comic effect may do as they please.

Humour does not even have any measurable benign practical consequences. During the long night of the German National Socialist occupation and Communist oppression of the Czech Lands (Parrott 1977) individual Czechs could and did find cheer in reading and re-reading *The Good Soldier Švejk* and in telling jokes and anecdotes that mocked the horrid regimes imposed on them (Filip and Skutina 1981, Filip and Steiger 1981, Littell 1969: 242-3, Obrdlik 1942). Such humour *may* have helped to undermine the rule of the Nazis (Obrdlik 1942) and the Soviets or it *may* have taken the edge off the Czechs resentment and thus been functional for these regimes. We do not and can not know what the net effect was but we do know that in historical terms the effect was insignificant. But that is besides the point. Humour is important not for its practical consequences but in and of itself as a source of individual enjoyment and intellectual insight

and ingenuity, a sophisticated game with its own internal rules. It is by this measure that Hašek must be judged.

When enjoying great humorous works such as those of Hašek, we must clear our minds of cant and fill them with Kant (1951: 37-8) for humour exists in a domain of its own and must be assessed according to its own standards. *The Good Soldier Švejk* belongs to its own sub-universe, a sub-universe of humour set quite apart from the usual pragmatic world of everyday life and one which has its own province of meaning (Schutz 1962: 207-8, 232, 236). Hašek's work can not and should not be viewed using the rules and categories appropriate to bona-fide communication (Raskin 1985: 55, 100). Rather *The Good Soldier Švejk* should be seen as a wonderful mixture of disparate conventional, fictional and mythological scripts (Raskin 1985: 180) for that is the essence of Hašek's meandering style. Hašek was not a tidy person. Hašek's greatness lies in his perfect mastery and matching of comic incident and comic style. Where the use of words in a humorous context is concerned the question is who is to be master – that's all. Hašek was a master of words and a master of humorous style. All else is irrelevant.

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Dziki styl Jarosława Haszka. „Przygody dobrego wojaka Szwejka” jako niepoprawne politycznie arcydzieło komiczne

Powieść *Przygody dobrego wojaka Szwejka* Jarosława Haszka nie jest zwyczajną opowieścią o sympatycznym, dobronurzym człowieku osaczonym przez wojnę, nie może też być na serio traktowana jako antywojenna propaganda. Jest to znacznie bardziej podstępna, dużo bardziej śmieszna i o wiele wspanialsza książka. Napisana jest

The Savage Style of Jaroslav Hašek. "The Good Soldier Švejk"

CHRISTIE DAVIES

ostro, a jej autor zřęcznie wyřmiewa się i kpi zarówno ze wszystkich haseł politycznej poprawności, jak i z instytucji będących ostoją tradycjonalizmu. Haszek dostarcza humoru „rasistowskiego” i „seksistowskiego”, obscenicznego i świętokradczego, podważającego wszelkie zasady oraz różnego typu autorytety. *Dobry wojak Szwejk* jest anarchiczną i planowo obraźliwą książką, a w konsekwencji jednym z największych humorystycznych dzieł dwudziestego wieku.