

their neighbor's wedding – but this one seems most fixed. I think this is because, although she is unusual as an outsider, it is the one that most fits with their idea of what a proper Góral child should be like, resilient and full of implicit local knowledge of place, of where their kin are in place, and of the land. In these memories of my mother and my daughter, then, what people are doing in a sense is making kinship, by emphasizing likeness and proper social relations rather than difference, and in so doing transforming potentially dangerous *obcy* (outside) things into things that are “ours,” inside.

Family Memories – Childhood

At the time of my first fieldwork, in the late 1970s, the oldest villagers told stories from the past which nearly always revolved around a mosaic of family memories, memories of war and occupation (more often the Second World War but also the First, when some of the oldest men remembered their time in the Austrian army), memories of hunger and poverty, and memories of migration. In the telling of these stories, or the recounting of the memories, I would argue that they were making and reinforcing kinship, both their own place and position within a kindred, and the ties of emotion and interest that linked them to some families and kept them separate from others. So in some ways these stories and memories simultaneously create kinship and the person, describe the hierarchical and egalitarian relations between kin, and provide a commentary on proper and appropriate (as well as improper or inappropriate) behavior and relations between people.

Some memories, such as those of poverty, are repeated over generations. My friend Anka, who was born in 1948, talked often about her childhood. In her stories, she always emphasized the warmth and care she received from her maternal grandmother and her fear and, I think, dislike of her cold and overly religious paternal grandmother. Anka's parents married when she was 3 or 4, and until that time she and her mother lived with her maternal grandparents. She always refers to this period of her life in relation to place, beginning a story with “When I lived up in Kowale.” These very early memories are on the whole her most positive ones of childhood. She played with her mother's youngest brother, who was her age mate, and together they ran in the

forests, hid in the barn, and shared what she depicts as a happy and safe few years. When her parents married, she and her mother moved in with her father and paternal grandparents, and with the placing of her stories in another part of the village, further into the center and further from the woods, the mood of them becomes much bleaker. Her new companion was her father's youngest brother, also her age (both her MB and her FB remain her closest male friends and confidantes today); her memories of this time are of the trouble they got into, and of their fear of punishment the grandparents would dole out. When Anka's own daughter was grown, with a child of her own, we were talking about treatment of children and how it has changed. Anka's mother commented that both Anka's children and my daughter received so much. Anka immediately retorted with a story, which I had heard several times over the years. When she was a small girl, but had already moved to the paternal grandparents' house, a traveling tinker came to the village with a basket full of wares (I think this must have been about 1953 or 1954). Among them was a small doll, and she fell in love with this doll and desperately wanted it for her own. The tinker told her he would give it to her for the price of one egg. She begged her mother for an egg, but was refused; all the eggs had to be sold at market, money was too short. This, concluded Anka, was why she gave her children everything she could. Her mother, to whom she is extremely close, laughed as she listened to her daughter's story of thwarted desire, but commented, well, it was true, they *had* to sell all the eggs, she couldn't imagine what her mother-in-law would have said if she had given one to a peddler for a *doll*.

Again, there are subtexts to these memories which on the surface seem so mundane and everyday. The tension between the maternal and paternal houses is clear, rooted partly in their different status (the paternal house was higher-status with more land and political clout) but I think most strongly in the fact that there was a child before marriage, that the father had to be coerced into marriage, and that the marriage when it did take place was *na firmak* (sibling exchange). Anka's mother's elder brother married her father's elder sister, so that in effect the houses exchanged daughters and the land stayed still. My own understanding of Anka's acute distress, which was obvious even decades later when she recalled the incident of the doll, is that the event brought up for her an entire set of connected experiences, to do with the loss of her first home, where she was happy, and her

move to the second; and with the low status accorded her mother, and perhaps by extension herself, by her paternal grandparents. In another conversation, at a different time, I commented to her that I thought that villagers were tolerant of what might elsewhere be seen as transgressions – premarital pregnancy and illegitimacy. She answered very softly, so I had to strain to hear, but with fierce conviction: “No, Frances, they seem to be, but they always remember. They never forget.”

Zoska also remembered deprivation, but in her memories the division between the rich and the poor was much clearer. She would talk frequently about the poverty of her family and how, as children, she and her sister and brothers would be sent by their parents to steal out at night to gather wood from the forests belonging to wealthier villagers, and how they were beaten if caught. Again, this is a memory of close interaction within the family, of stratification between houses and families, and of place. Implicitly, in telling it, she is teaching her own children and later grandchildren that children obey their parents before the formal law, and that they act for the good of the house even if it gets them into trouble. She is commenting on the harshness of the rich, which allows them to beat small children, and the social distance that can exist between close neighbors. And as is so often the case, her stories are set against an intense evocation of place within the village, so vivid that the listeners can see clearly the late night flit across the fields, the exact points where the woods would then have begun, the paths through the forest.

These stories of childhood, on the surface rather slight, interest me because on closer examination they appear to be concerned with much deeper issues: gender inequality, stratification between houses, the house versus the outside and movement between houses, the relentless poverty which until the mid-1950s affected even the higher-status village houses. They are also ways of talking, and transmitting ideas, about kinship, both in the sense of personal kinship, what my family, my mother, etc. were like, and of what kinship *should* be (as well as the constraints which sometimes prevent or circumscribe these ideals, or the contradictions and conflicts which, structurally and personally, are always part of kinship relations). Finally, through recalling childhood, people are also talking, sometimes implicitly and sometimes explicitly, about change – change in their own lives, and more general economic and social change. So kinship is both a given, something

which is always there, and myriad practices and emotions which, personally and collectively, shift and alter continuously over time.

In many even apparently slight stories, what is remembered and what is transmitted is not a sense of kinship as a warm and easy relationship, or of the domestic world as a safe and cosy place.⁵ In this sense, kinship is about big and complicated emotions, about exclusion and inclusion, about conflicting loyalties and loss and pain. So Anka's memory of thwarted childhood desire portrays a world in which parents are estranged, grandparents are pitted against each other but joined in their endeavors to control their children's fate, and the fear of a fierce mother-in-law is so intense that a young mother is unable to part with an egg for her daughter. A memory evoked of a child meeting a peddler, receiving an egg and buying the doll, and returning to play with it in the warmth of the kitchen is less likely to be told and retold. The memories which challenge the ideal of the safe, warm internal world of kinship are in many cases the ones which address most clearly moral precepts and contradictions, and as such they both evoke and retain the most powerful emotions, and carry the most force.

In the mountains, people talk about kinship through memory most often and most directly in the contexts of place, work, and rituals of the house (which are of course rituals of kinship). Children join adults working in the fields from a very early age; at first they play while the adults work, but also join in from time to time, planting or picking potatoes, raking hay, weeding, and so forth. While they work, the adults gossip about village and family affairs, compare the current state of the crops and fields to ones in past years, and tell and show the children what to do. Often, adults talk about their own memories of working as children, of how their own grandfather first handed them the horse's reins, of whom they worked with, who did what, of how a grandfather or grandmother had decided when to plant, of how they used to hide behind haystacks or run into the forest when the work seemed too grueling, of what a particular field is called and how it came to be in their family. As children take in this information, they are also learning more general kin "facts": how the contiguousness of fields maps the kin relations between people and houses, perpetuated by land settlements through marriage and inheritance; with whom their house exchanges work during planting and harvest; who is feuding with whom over a field boundary or some work badly performed in

the past, and so *not* part of the exchange circle. In these conversations, the past and the present mingle, constantly drawn together by the connecting thread of the land, and the arrangements of people through land. In the summer months, children accompany adults, often their grandparents, to the forest to pick wild berries and to hunt for mushrooms; sometimes they go with their mothers to the *bacowka*, the summer shepherds' camp above the village, to buy *osypki*, the smoked cheese the shepherds make. In the winter, they may accompany a parent or grandparent to market, to sell sweaters or leather slippers, or some farm produce. On these expeditions, children learn, by watching, the dramatic art of marketing, and they listen to stories about the aunt who taught their mother to knit or the elder sister who first took her to sell her crafts in the market, or about how the market is so much bigger now, and when their grandfather was young and he went with *his* father to market, it was a different place altogether.

Thus, Ujna, now in her eighties and the very active matriarch of a middle-sized farm and a closely knit extended family, teases her grandchildren about their easy lives, as they drive their cars into town and buy ready-made clothes and packaged convenience foods. She tells them that when *she* was much much younger than they are now, only a small child, she had to walk barefoot the nine kilometers to market, or even further, to Zakopane, carrying little baskets of wild strawberries or eggs to sell to the big houses. She remembers how tired she was at the end of the day, and how her mother allowed her only a stale roll, to eat on the way home. But she is equally likely to tell them about her latest trip by plane to Chicago, to visit her daughter and her grandchildren there, and of the astonishing devices her daughter has in her kitchen, or the clothes and houseware that can be bought in Chicago department stores. And she is the one who has taught them over the years how to work the land, and to understand the history and the peculiarities of each field, as well as how to plan and save and scheme to get a visa and air fare to Chicago to make as much money as possible, and then bring it home, to build up the farm and the house.

Ambiguities of Migration

This continual layering and interlaying of past and present, of near and far places, produces a particular sense of kinship as, on the one hand,

integrally connected to the house and the land in the village, and on the other, endlessly elastic and pliable, extendable to remote places and to people barely remembered or never met. In the late 1970s, stories of migration rooted in the memories of grandparents who traveled by foot to Budapest, as well as remembered tales of migrations to Chicago during the years of famine and plague in the late nineteenth century, were juxtaposed to the current reality of villagers' struggles to obtain passports and visas (see Pine 1999). As the first decade of post-socialism drew to a close, new memories made their way into conversation, of the socialist period, of the years of shortage and hardship which turned people's dreams and often their lives towards America, and these newer memories were held up as mirrors to reflect and compare to the current reality of economic confusion and of wider migration, after 1989, to Italy or Greece, France or Germany and, increasingly, the UK.

When people talk about migration, it is nearly always as a process or action juxtaposed to stability and stillness of the village and the mountains. They give detailed accounts of arranging the visit, negotiating work abroad, working out transport, obtaining a visa if necessary. They talk about the pain of leaving, and the beauty of the mountains, the healthy air, the forests full of life, and the village sociality which means that people look after each other. It is of course obvious from their daily lives, as well as from other memories of different pasts, that the village is as conflicted and strife-ridden as anywhere else. Many villagers, now as in the past, leave because of economic hardship or lack of prospects but probably, for at least as many others, the momentum to emigrate comes from family strife, the refusal of a father to relinquish control of the land, the failure of a mother-in-law to empathise with dreams of a different life, an irresolvable incompatibility between spouses. These conflicts are clearly recalled and recounted in reference to particular families and individuals, by themselves as well as by others. But in the other rather formulaic accounts of migration, the village is a still place, constant and unchanging, which is longed for in absence. In this particular genre of memory-time, bad things come to the village and its landscape from the outside, in the form of dangerous outsiders or the intrusive state, as for instance in memories of the war (see Pine 2002) or of the worst years of the socialist period.

Marta was born in 1947. She was married in 1966 to Tomek; the marriage was arranged by her mother, and she didn't want it. She

thought of running away, but didn't know where to go, and so, in an agitated state, she went through with the marriage. She and Tomek had one daughter, and they all lived with his parents until she managed to obtain an American visa and a Polish passport and went to visit her married sister in Chicago. Officially, she was going for two months, and it was assumed by both sets of authorities that, as the mother of such a young child, she presented no risk in terms of overstaying, and that she would return home. Once she arrived in Chicago, she was very happily reunited with her sister. She got an illegal job in a restaurant, through her sister, and although she spoke no English, managed with help from other Poles. She got a second illegal job, working nights as an office cleaner, and regularly sent her money home to her mother and her husband. After about a year, when her husband and his parents had built a big new house, and had bought a tractor and other machinery and more livestock, they started to suggest she return. When she refused, Tomek went to America to fetch her, but she remained adamant, and he missed his farm and the village and the mountains too much to stay. He returned home, and their daughter continued to move between her two grandmothers. Finally, after almost five years, Marta's mother went to Chicago herself to order her daughter home. Marta obeyed her mother. When I first met her she was working in the village bar, living with her parents-in-law and working on the farm, and quietly but deeply unhappy. When she talked to me, it was more often about her life in Chicago than about the village. She told me she had a friend there, and she missed him, and she talked about her work there, and her sister, and occasionally tried out a few words in English on me. At home, she transformed her house into a replica of American suburban style: she created for herself and Tomek the first separate bedroom I saw in the village, where sleeping space tends to be combined with living space, and is rarely individually designated. The bedroom had a mirrored dressing table and double bed with a pink satin quilt, and its whole style, like that in the living rooms she decorated, was based on her recollections of the houses she knew in Chicago. Her daughter continued to share a room, which served doubly as a sleeping and living room, with Tomek's mother, and the kitchen remained more or less unaffected by her reconstruction, but otherwise she succeeded in creating an entirely non-village space within her village house.

During this period, Marta was quite harshly criticized by other villagers, for neglecting her daughter and leaving her to the grandparents to bring up, for refusing to work with her mother-in-law, for not seeing that Tomek was exhausted from working so hard on the farm, for having become too American. She argued continually with her mother, and sometimes with her younger sister. At the same time, she continued to help her mother whenever possible; she arranged for her difficult younger sister to get a job in the bar; she was the godmother of one cousin's child, and the *staroscзина* at the wedding of another. Despite people's harsh judgments, it was also clear that she was working very hard both in the bar and on the farm, as she had worked at her two jobs in Chicago. I have some photos of her in the village from this period: in one she is dressed in her waitress uniform, laughing and holding up a bottle of vodka behind the bar; in another she is dressed in elegant trousers and an American shirt, and leading a cow down the road through the mud. She is smiling self-consciously, half turning her head away, as if she realizes that the camera is catching her at the intersection of her two worlds and is embarrassed.

Marta's story is unusual in her desire to leave the mountains permanently, and in her final capitulation in returning with her mother. In effect, during this time she was caught between two overlapping worlds, both of which were structured around kinship relations, kinship obligations, and work but in rather different ways. In her personal, emotional interior, and in her own aesthetic, the mountains represented a backward and dirty place, the sociality of kinship and community was an oppressive, consuming and judgmental cage that trapped her, and local culture lacked style. In her constant return to her memories of Chicago, her creation of an American appearance for herself and, whenever possible, for her daughter, in her redesigning of her house space as she remembered American houses, she seemed to be reversing the usual and expected cultural narrative of migration, in which people go to Chicago, live with Górale kin in Górale neighborhoods and eat Górale food, all the time longing for the mountains and anticipating the day they can return. And at the end of the proper narrative, which is in fact a fairly accurate account of many villagers' travels, return they do, with enough money to expand their house economy and keep going for a decade or more, and with endless recollections of both the wonders of American material life and the coldness, racism, and inequality of the culture. It is also true, however,

that as long as villagers have been going to Chicago, from the 1880s onwards, some have stayed permanently, eventually signing their land over to siblings or offspring, or selling it. On the whole, they maintain contact with kin in the village, generation after generation. They also do in America, collectively, the reverse of what Marta did by herself in the village, on a much larger scale: they create a Górale space, based on their memories of mountain culture, in Chicago, which is then, in an even more complicated set of memory practices, reimported into the mountains as bigger and better forms of “remembered” music, traditional dress, wreaths and handicrafts, special masses and processions.

The complexity of migration and movement, and the often painful and conflicting choices which are generated by moving between and living in different worlds, are highlighted in Marta’s story. I have included it here precisely because it reverses the classic Górale narrative (see Pine 1999). In this sense, it sheds a slightly different light on some of the fears and anxieties, and the sense of grief, associated with memories of migration, for it reveals the other side of memory and longing: the danger that the object of longing may become not the mountains but the other place, and that the memory of that other life may penetrate and damage life in the village.

Memories Evoked by Death

Some of the images of place and movement, and the tensions between kinship loyalties and oppressive kinship, which recur in migration stories, are also encountered, not surprisingly, in memories of death and the dead. In the accounts which follow, the first, the death of an old man, shows memory as a conciliatory process, while the second, an untimely death, reveals the ways personal memories intertwine with wider political narratives.

In 1979, when I had been living in the village for almost two years, old Jan, the grandfather of the house I lived in, died. He was a dominant figure, not only in his own family, which he ruled with a mixture of humor and cruelty, but also in the whole village; he had been the mayor during the war, and was a key member of a small tight circle of powerful old rogues who drank together on Sundays after Mass.