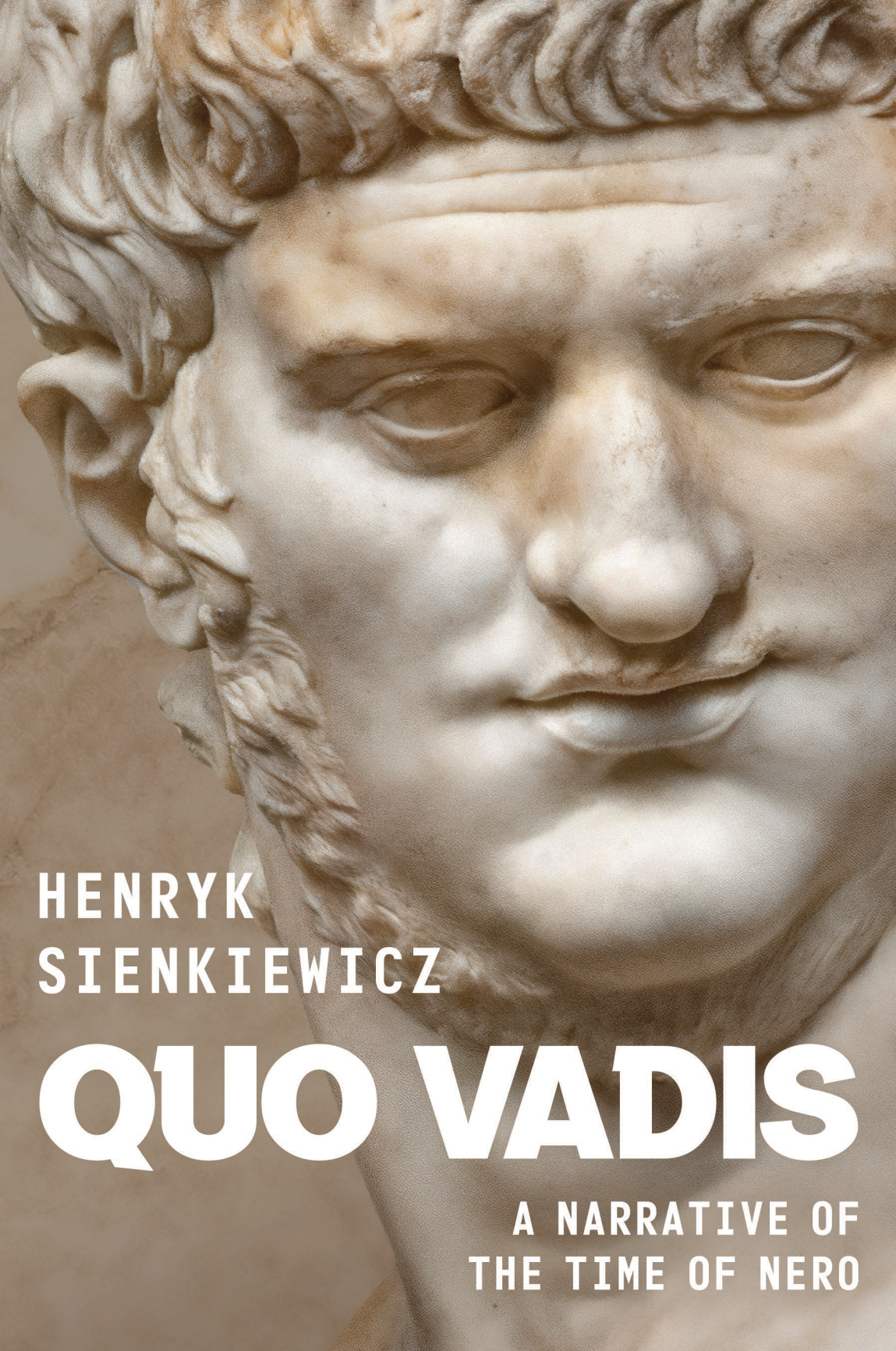

HENRYK
SIENKIEWICZ
QUO VADIS
A NARRATIVE OF
THE TIME OF NERO

QUO VADIS

QUO VADIS:

A NARRATIVE OF THE TIME OF NERO

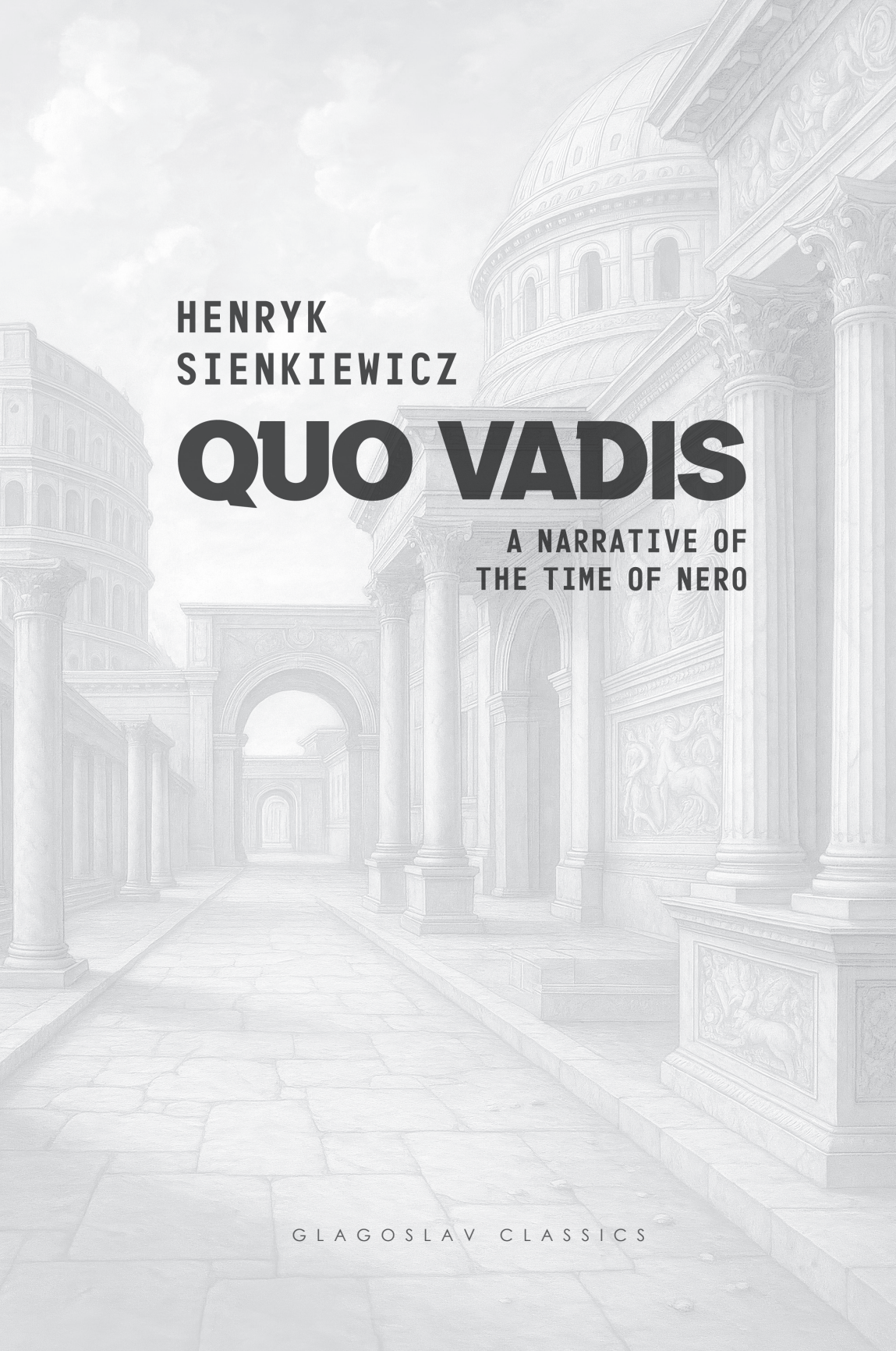
Henryk Sienkiewicz

Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin

Edited by Jack Monro

www.glagoslav.com

ISBN: 978-1-80484-232-4



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

QUO VADIS

A NARRATIVE OF THE TIME OF NERO

GLAGOSLAV CLASSICS

Contents

Introducing

A Colossus of Faith and Fire

Few novels in the annals of literary history have exploded onto the global stage with the force and immediate, widespread acclaim of Henryk Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis: A Narrative of the Time of Nero*. First published serially in Polish newspapers between 1895 and 1896, and swiftly translated into a multitude of languages, it became nothing short of an international sensation, a veritable publishing phenomenon that transcended borders, cultures, and even, to some extent, literary tastes. In an era before the instantaneity of digital media, its success was staggering, marking its author as a global literary figure and earning him the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1905, in no small part due to this novel's extraordinary impact. As we approach it now, in 2025, from a world transformed beyond the wildest imaginings of Sienkiewicz's contemporaries, *Quo Vadis* still offers a potent, if at times challenging, journey into the heart of a civilisation at a dramatic crossroads.

To understand the genesis and profound resonance of *Quo Vadis*, one must first appreciate the singular figure of its author. Henryk Sienkiewicz was not merely a novelist; he was, for his subjugated Poland, a spiritual beacon. Writing at a time when Poland did not exist as an independent state, its territories carved up between Russia, Prussia, and Austria-Hungary, Sienkiewicz consciously took upon himself the mantle of national bard. His celebrated "Trilogy" – *With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael* – had already electrified Polish readers with its epic portrayal of 17th-century Polish heroism, offering, as he famously put it, stories "for the strengthening of hearts." This deep-seated patriotism and his profound understanding of history as a wellspring of national identity are crucial to understanding his approach, even when he turned his gaze from the Polish plains to the marbled grandeur of Imperial Rome.

Why Rome, then? Why, for an author so deeply invested in his own nation's past, this shift to the crucible of Western civilisation nearly two millennia prior? The choice was both artistically inspired and thematically rich. The reign of Emperor Nero (54-68 AD) provided a canvas of unparalleled dramatic potential: a world of breathtaking opulence and terrifying cruelty, of sophisticated aestheticism and grotesque self-indulgence, presided over by an emperor who was

both artist and monster. It was a period, meticulously researched by Sienkiewicz through classical sources like Tacitus, Suetonius, and Cassius Dio, that offered a compelling collision of pagan decay and emergent Christian fervour.

For Sienkiewicz, and for many of his contemporary readers across Europe, the story of early Christianity's struggle against the might of the Roman Empire held potent allegorical weight. The persecution of a seemingly powerless minority by an omnipotent, decadent state resonated deeply with the experience of Poles and other oppressed nationalities. The ultimate triumph of the spirit over brute force, of faith over cynicism, offered a powerful message of hope against seemingly insurmountable odds. It is no accident that the steadfast, dignified resistance of the early Christians in *Quo Vadis* mirrors the quiet endurance Sienkiewicz hoped to instil in his own countrymen.

The narrative itself is a masterclass in epic storytelling, weaving together historical figures and fictional creations with a confident, sweeping hand. At its heart lies the transformative love story of Marcus Vinicius, a young, impetuous Roman military tribune, and Lygia (or Callina), a barbarian princess from a northern tribe, held as a hostage in Rome and secretly a devout Christian. Vinicius, initially driven by lust and the arrogance of his patrician class, embodies the sensual, often brutal, spirit of pagan Rome. Lygia, in stark contrast, represents the purity, compassion, and unshakeable faith of the nascent Christian community. Their fraught, evolving relationship becomes the emotional core around which the novel's grander historical drama unfolds.

Surrounding them is a vibrant, meticulously detailed cast of characters. We encounter the historical Emperor Nero, portrayed by Sienkiewicz as a preening, dangerously unstable tyrant, a mediocre artist convinced of his own genius, capable of both sentimental poetry and appalling cruelty. His court is a den of sycophants, schemers, and terrified aesthetes. Among these, the figure of Gaius Petronius, the "Arbiter Elegantiae" (Arbiter of Elegance), stands out as one of literature's most memorable creations. A witty, cynical, and ultimately noble epicurean, Petronius navigates the treacherous currents of Nero's favour with languid grace and sharp intellect. His observations on Roman society, his detached amusement at its excesses, and his complex relationship with both Vinicius (his nephew) and the burgeoning Christian faith provide some of the novel's most insightful and engaging passages. Petronius, in many ways, represents the pinnacle of Roman pagan sophistication, yet even he finds himself drawn, with a mixture of curiosity and disdain, to the inexplicable power of this new, strange religion.

The apostles Peter and Paul also feature significantly, depicted not as remote saints but as deeply human figures grappling with the immense spiritual responsibility of guiding their flock through perilous times. Their encounters with Vinicius and their steadfastness in the face of persecution provide the moral and

spiritual anchors of the narrative. The legendary exchange that gives the novel its title – Peter, fleeing Rome and the Neronian persecution, encounters a vision of Christ on the Appian Way and asks, "Quo vadis, Domine?" ("Where are you going, Lord?"), to which Christ replies He is going to Rome to be crucified again – encapsulates the novel's central theme of sacrifice, duty, and the enduring power of faith.

Sienkiewicz does not shy away from the spectacle and horror of his chosen era. The novel is replete with vivid, often graphic, descriptions: the decadent feasts in Nero's palace, the gladiatorial combats in the arena, the burning of Rome (which Nero famously, if perhaps apocryphally, blamed on the Christians), and the horrific persecution of the Christians, thrown to wild beasts or used as human torches to illuminate Nero's gardens. This visceral portrayal of suffering, juxtaposed with the unwavering faith of the martyrs, created an immense emotional impact on contemporary readers, and it retains its power to shock and move even today.

Reading *Quo Vadis* in the 21st century is, admittedly, an experience that may differ from that of its first audience. Its sheer length, its sometimes overtly didactic tone, and its idealised depiction of early Christian virtue might feel somewhat removed from modern literary sensibilities, which often favour ambiguity and psychological nuance over grand moral pronouncements. Some characterisations, particularly that of Lygia, can appear somewhat one-dimensional by today's standards, embodying idealised virtues rather than complex human frailties. Furthermore, the historical accuracy of certain elements, while grounded in extensive research, is inevitably shaped by Sienkiewicz's narrative and thematic aims.

Yet, to dismiss *Quo Vadis* on these grounds would be to miss its enduring strengths and its profound historical significance. It remains a compelling page-turner, driven by a powerful plot, populated by larger-than-life characters, and imbued with a genuine sense of moral urgency. Sienkiewicz's ability to conjure vast, cinematic scenes (long before cinema became a dominant art form) is undeniable. His depiction of Rome is immersive, a world brought to life with a wealth of detail that transports the reader to its bustling streets, its opulent villas, and its terrifying arenas.

Moreover, the central questions *Quo Vadis* poses about power, faith, corruption, and the resilience of the human spirit remain profoundly relevant. In an age grappling with its own forms of tyranny, misinformation, and ideological conflict, the story of individuals standing firm in their convictions against overwhelming state power can still inspire. The transformation of Vinicius, from a self-absorbed Roman to a man capable of profound love and sacrifice, is a timeless narrative of personal redemption. And Petronius, the weary sophisticate who ultimately chooses integrity over survival, continues to fascinate as a complex figure caught between two worlds.

The novel's impact on popular culture has also been immense. It spawned numerous stage adaptations and, most famously, several epic Hollywood film versions, notably the lavish 1951 production starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, and a scenery-chewing Peter Ustinov as Nero. These adaptations, while often taking liberties with the source material, further cemented *Quo Vadis* in the global consciousness, ensuring its themes and characters reached an even wider audience.

As you embark on this journey into Neronian Rome, we encourage you to approach *Quo Vadis* not just as a historical novel, but as a cultural artefact that shaped the perceptions of millions. It is a work that seeks to entertain, to instruct, and ultimately, to uplift. While its style and moral universe may belong to a bygone era, its exploration of the eternal struggle between worldly power and spiritual conviction, between despair and hope, continues to resonate. It is a testament to the enduring power of storytelling to illuminate the darkest corners of human history and to celebrate the enduring strength of the human heart. Prepare, then, for a truly epic adventure.

Introductory

IN the trilogy "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," Sienkiewicz has given pictures of a great and decisive epoch in modern history. The results of the struggle begun under Bogdan Hmelnitski have been felt for more than two centuries, and they are growing daily in importance. The Russia which rose out of that struggle has become a power not only of European but of world-wide significance, and, to all human seeming, she is yet in an early stage of her career.

In "Quo Vadis" the author gives us pictures of opening scenes in the conflict of moral ideas with the Roman Empire,—a conflict from which Christianity issued as the leading force in history.

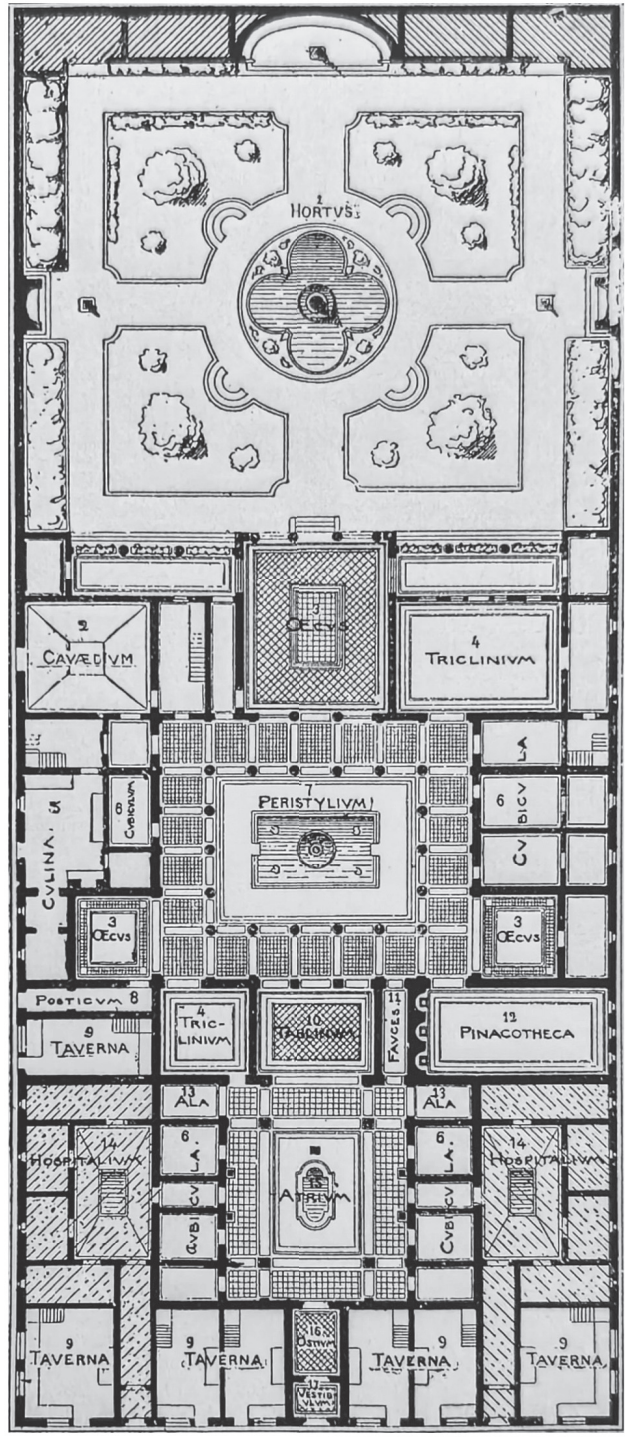
The Slays are not so well known to Western Europe or to us as they are sure to be in the near future; hence the trilogy, with all its popularity and merit, is not appreciated yet as it will be.

The conflict described in "Quo Vadis" is of supreme interest to a vast number of persons reading English; and this book will rouse, I think, more attention at first than anything written by Sienkiewicz hitherto.

Jeremiah Curtin Ilom,
Northern Guatemala,
June, 1896

Map of Aulus's House

1. Garden.
2. Open court.
3. Drawing rooms.
4. Dining room.
5. Kitchen.
6. Bedrooms.
7. Lower court adorned with fountains.
8. Back door.
9. Shops.
10. Reception hall.
11. Corridor.
12. Picture gallery.
13. Household altars.
14. Guest chambers.
15. Inner court.
16. Entrance to the apartments.
17. Vestibule.



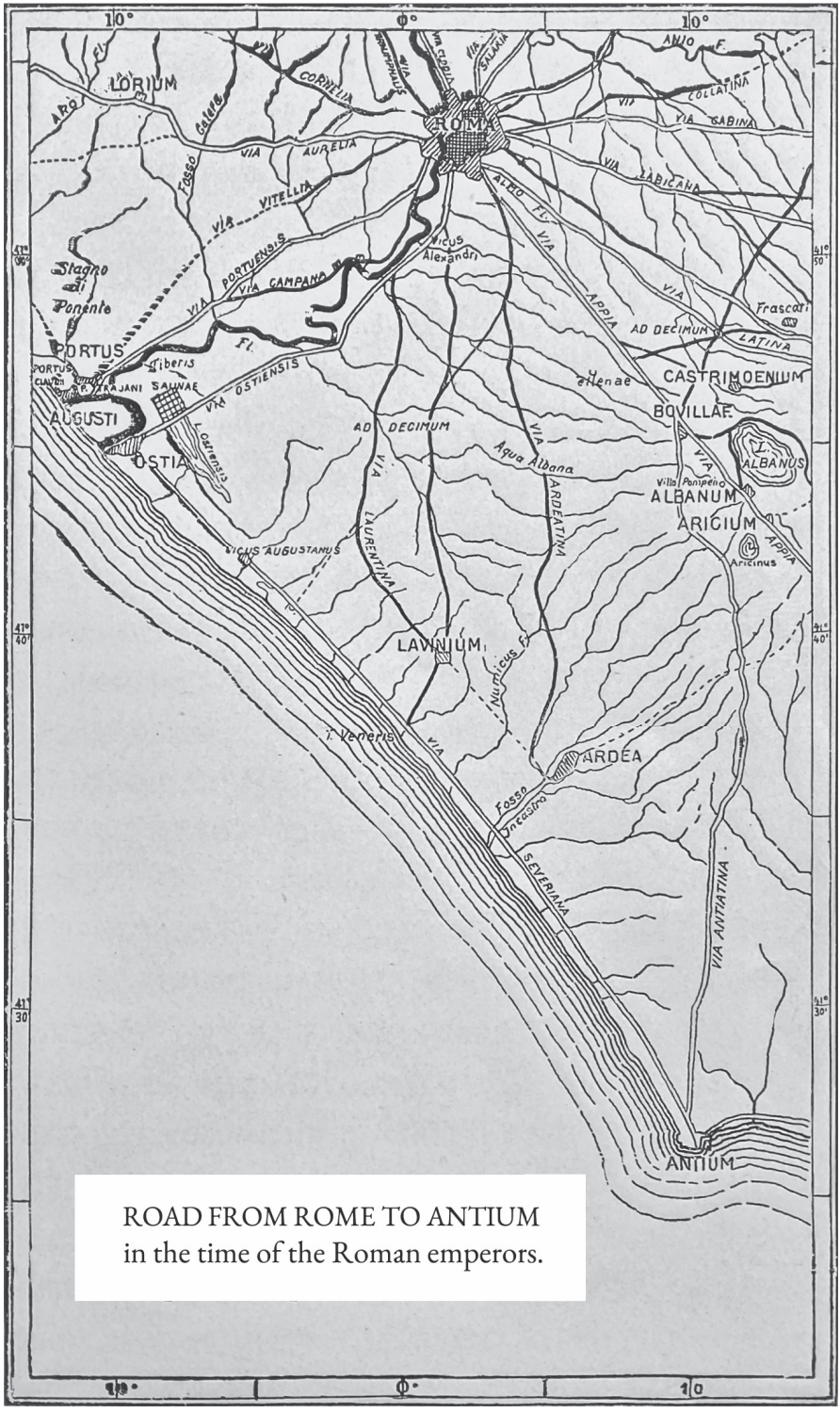
Vicus Patricius.

Plan of Aulus's House

To Auguste Comte,
Of San Francisco, Cal.,

My dear friend and classmate,
i beg to dedicate this volume.

Jeremiah Curtin



ROAD FROM ROME TO ANTIUM
in the time of the Roman emperors.

Quo Vadis

A Narrative of the Time of Nero

Chapter I

PETRONIUS woke only about midday, and as usual greatly wearied. The evening before he had been at one of Nero's feasts, which was prolonged till late at night. For some time his health had been failing. He said himself that he woke up benumbed, as it were, and without power of collecting his thoughts. But the morning bath and careful kneading of the body by trained slaves hastened gradually the course of his slothful blood, roused him, quickened him, restored his strength, so that he issued from the elæothesium, that is, the last division of the bath, as if he had risen from the dead, with eyes gleaming from wit and gladness, rejuvenated, filled with life, exquisite, so unapproachable that Otho himself could not compare with him, and was really that which he had been called,—arbiter elegantiarum.

He visited the public baths rarely, only when some rhetor happened there who roused admiration and who was spoken of in the city, or when in the ephebias there were combats of exceptional interest. Moreover, he had in his own "insula" private baths which Celer, the famous contemporary of Severus, had extended for him, reconstructed and arranged with such uncommon taste that Nero himself acknowledged their excellence over those of the Emperor, though the imperial baths were more extensive and finished with incomparably greater luxury.

After that feast, at which he was bored by the jesting of Vatinius with Nero, Lucan, and Seneca, he took part in a diatribe as to whether woman has a soul. Rising late, he used, as was his custom, the baths. Two enormous balneatores laid him on a cypress table covered with snow-white Egyptian byssus, and with hands dipped in perfumed olive oil began to rub his shapely body; and he waited with closed eyes till the heat of the laconicum and the heat of their hands passed through him and expelled weariness.

But after a certain time he spoke, and opened his eyes; he inquired about the weather, and then about gems which the jeweller Idomeneus had promised to

send him for examination that day. It appeared that the weather was beautiful, with a light breeze from the Alban hills, and that the gems had not been brought. Petronius closed his eyes again, and had given command to bear him to the tepidarium, when from behind the curtain the nomenclator looked in, announcing that young Marcus Vinicius, recently returned from Asia Minor, had come to visit him.

Petronius ordered to admit the guest to the tepidarium, to which he was borne himself. Vinicius was the son of his oldest sister, who years before had married Marcus Vinicius, a man of consular dignity from the time of Tiberius. The young man was serving then under Corbulo against the Parthians, and at the close of the war had returned to the city. Petronius had for him a certain weakness bordering on attachment, for Marcus was beautiful and athletic, a young man who knew how to preserve a certain aesthetic measure in his profligacy; this, Petronius prized above everything.

"A greeting to Petronius," said the young man, entering the tepidarium with a springy step. "May all the gods grant thee success, but especially Asklepios and Kypris, for under their double protection nothing evil can meet one."

"I greet thee in Rome, and may thy rest be sweet after war," replied Petronius, extending his hand from between the folds of soft karbas stuff in which he was wrapped. "What's to be heard in Armenia; or since thou wert in Asia, didst thou not stumble into Bithynia?"

Petronius on a time had been proconsul in Bithynia, and, what is more, he had governed with energy and justice. This was a marvellous contrast in the character of a man noted for effeminacy and love of luxury; hence he was fond of mentioning those times, as they were a proof of what he had been, and of what he might have become had it pleased him.

"I happened to visit Heraklea," answered Vinicius. "Corbulo sent me there with an order to assemble reinforcements."

"Ah, Heraklea! I knew at Heraklea a certain maiden from Colchis, for whom I would have given all the divorced women of this city, not excluding Poppæa. But these are old stories. Tell me now, rather, what is to be heard from the Parthian boundary. It is true that they weary me every Vologeses of them, and Tiridates and Tigranes,—those barbarians who, as young Arulenus insists, walk on all fours at home, and pretend to be human only when in our presence. But now people in Rome speak much of them, if only for the reason that it is dangerous to speak of aught else."

"The war is going badly, and but for Corbulo might be turned to defeat."

"Corbulo! by Bacchus! a real god of war, a genuine Mars, a great leader, at the same time quick-tempered, honest, and dull. I love him, even for this,—that Nero is afraid of him."

"Corbulo is not a dull man."

"Perhaps thou art right, but for that matter it is all one. Dulness, as Pyrrho says, is in no way worse than wisdom, and differs from it in nothing."

Vinicius began to talk of the war; but when Petronius closed his eyes again, the young man, seeing his uncle's tired and somewhat emaciated face, changed the conversation, and inquired with a certain interest about his health.

Petronius opened his eyes again.

Health!—No. He did not feel well. He had not gone so far yet, it is true, as young Sissena, who had lost sensation to such a degree that when he was brought to the bath in the morning he inquired, "Am I sitting?" But he was not well. Vinicius had just committed him to the care of Asklepios and Kypris. But he, Petronius, did not believe in Asklepios. It was not known even whose son that Asklepios was, the son of Arsinoe or Koronis; and if the mother was doubtful, what was to be said of the father? Who, in that time, could be sure who his own father was?

Hereupon Petronius began to laugh; then he continued,—"Two years ago, it is true, I sent to Epidaurus three dozen live blackbirds and a goblet of gold; but dost thou know why? I said to myself, 'Whether this helps or not, it will do me no harm.' Though people make offerings to the gods yet, I believe that all think as I do,—all, with the exception, perhaps, of mule-drivers hired at the Porta Capena by travellers. Besides Asklepios, I have had dealings with sons of Asklepios. When I was troubled a little last year in the bladder, they performed an incubation for me. I saw that they were tricksters, but I said to myself: 'What harm! The world stands on deceit, and life is an illusion. The soul is an illusion too. But one must have reason enough to distinguish pleasant from painful illusions.' I shall give command to burn in my hypocaustum, cedar-wood sprinkled with ambergris, for during life I prefer perfumes to stenches. As to Kypris, to whom thou hast also confided me, I have known her guardianship to the extent that I have twinges in my right foot. But as to the rest she is a good goddess! I suppose that thou wilt bear sooner or later white doves to her altar."

"True," answered Vinicius. "The arrows of the Parthians have not reached my body, but a dart of Amor has struck me—unexpectedly, a few stadia from a gate of this city."

"By the white knees of the Graces! thou wilt tell me of this at a leisure hour."

"I have come purposely to get thy advice," answered Marcus.

But at that moment the epilatores came, and occupied themselves with Petronius. Marcus, throwing aside his tunic, entered a bath of tepid water, for Petronius invited him to a plunge bath.

"Ah, I have not even asked whether thy feeling is reciprocated," said Petronius, looking at the youthful body of Marcus, which was as if cut out of marble. "Had

Lysippos seen thee, thou wouldst be ornamenting now the gate leading to the Palatine, as a statue of Hercules in youth."

The young man smiled with satisfaction, and began to sink in the bath, splashing warm water abundantly on the mosaic which represented Hera at the moment when she was imploring Sleep to lull Zeus to rest. Petronius looked at him with the satisfied eye of an artist.

When Vinicius had finished and yielded himself in turn to the epilatores, a lector came in with a bronze tube at his breast and rolls of paper in the tube.

"Dost wish to listen?" asked Petronius.

"If it is thy creation, gladly!" answered the young tribune; "if not, I prefer conversation. Poets seize people at present on every street corner."

"Of course they do. Thou wilt not pass any basilica, bath, library, or book-shop without seeing a poet gesticulating like a monkey. Agrippa, on coming here from the East, mistook them for madmen. And it is just such a time now. Cæsar writes verses; hence all follow in his steps. Only it is not permitted to write better verses than Cæsar, and for that reason I fear a little for Lucan. But I write prose, with which, however, I do not honor myself or others. What the lector has to read are codicilli of that poor Fabricius Veiento."

"Why 'poor'?"

"Because it has been communicated to him that he must dwell in Odyssa and not return to his domestic hearth till he receives a new command. That Odyssey will be easier for him than for Ulysses, since his wife is no Penelope. I need not tell thee, for that matter, that he acted stupidly. But here no one takes things otherwise than superficially. His is rather a wretched and dull little book, which people have begun to read passionately only when the author is banished. Now one hears on every side, 'Scandala! scandala!' and it may be that Veiento invented some things; but I, who know the city, know our patres and our women, assure thee that it is all paler than reality. Meanwhile every man is searching in the book,—for himself with alarm, for his acquaintances with delight. At the book-shop of Avirnus a hundred copyists are writing at dictation, and its success is assured."

"Are not thy affairs in it?"

"They are; but the author is mistaken, for I am at once worse and less flat than he represents me. Seest thou we have lost long since the feeling of what is worthy or unworthy,—and to me even it seems that in real truth there is no difference between them, though Seneca, Musonius, and Trasca pretend that they see it. To me it is all one! By Hercules, I say what I think! I have preserved loftiness, however, because I know what is deformed and what is beautiful; but our poet, Bronzebeard, for example, the charioteer, the singer, the actor, does not understand this."

"I am sorry, however, for Fabricius! He is a good companion."

"Vanity ruined the man. Every one suspected him, no one knew certainly; but he could not contain himself, and told the secret on all sides in confidence. Hast heard the history of Rufinus?"

"No."

"Then come to the frigidarium to cool; there I will tell thee."

They passed to the frigidarium, in the middle of which played a fountain of bright rose-color, emitting the odor of violets. There they sat in niches which were covered with velvet, and began to cool themselves. Silence reigned for a time. Vinicius looked awhile thoughtfully at a bronze faun which, bending over the arm of a nymph, was seeking her lips eagerly with his lips.

"He is right," said the young man. "That is what is best in life."

"More or less! But besides this thou lovest war, for which I have no liking, since under tents one's finger-nails break and cease to be rosy. For that matter, every man has his preferences. Bronzebeard loves song, especially his own; and old Scaurus his Corinthian vase, which stands near his bed at night, and which he kisses when he cannot sleep. He has kissed the edge off already. Tell me, dost thou not write verses?"

"No; I have never composed a single hexameter."

"And dost thou not play on the lute and sing?"

"No."

"And dost thou drive a chariot?"

"I tried once in Antioch, but unsuccessfully."

"Then I am at rest concerning thee. And to what party in the hippodrome dost thou belong?"

"To the Greens."

"Now I am perfectly at rest, especially since thou hast a large property indeed, though thou art not so rich as Pallas or Seneca. For seest thou, with us at present it is well to write verses, to sing to a lute, to declaim, and to compete in the Circus; but better, and especially safer, not to write verses, not to play, not to sing, and not to compete in the Circus. Best of all, is it to know how to admire when Bronzebeard admires. Thou art a comely young man; hence Poppæa may fall in love with thee. This is thy only peril. But no, she is too experienced; she cares for something else. She has had enough of love with her two husbands; with the third she has other views. Dost thou know that that stupid Otho loves her yet to distraction? He walks on the cliffs of Spain, and sighs; he has so lost his former habits, and so ceased to care for his person, that three hours each day suffice him to dress his hair. Who could have expected this of Otho?"

"I understand him," answered Vinicius; "but in his place I should have done something else."

"What, namely?"

Petronius continued to converse cheerfully
with Vinicius and led him towards the triclinium.

It seemed to her that Vinicius was awakening within her feelings she had always known, yet had never been able to define.

“O Domina, allow me to go with my young mistress, to serve and protect her.”

Glagoslav Publications Catalogue

- *The Time of Women* by Elena Chizhova
- *Andrei Tarkovsky: A Life on the Cross* by Lyudmila Boyadzhieva
- *Sin* by Zakhar Prilepin
- *Hardly Ever Otherwise* by Maria Matios
- *Khatyn* by Ales Adamovich
- *The Lost Button* by Irene Rozdobudko
- *Christened with Crosses* by Eduard Kochergin
- *The Vital Needs of the Dead* by Igor Sakhnovsky
- *The Sarabande of Sara's Band* by Larysa Denysenko
- *A Poet and Bin Laden* by Hamid Ismailov
- *Zo Gaat Dat in Rusland* (Dutch Edition) by Maria Konjoekova
- *Kobzar* by Taras Shevchenko
- *The Stone Bridge* by Alexander Terekhov
- *Moryak* by Lee Mandel
- *King Stakh's Wild Hunt* by Uladzimir Karatkevich
- *The Hawks of Peace* by Dmitry Rogozin
- *Harlequin's Costume* by Leonid Yuzefovich
- *Depeche Mode* by Serhii Zhadan
- *Groot Slem en Andere Verhalen* (Dutch Edition) by Leonid Andrejev
- *METRO 2033* (Dutch Edition) by Dmitry Glukhovsky
- *METRO 2034* (Dutch Edition) by Dmitry Glukhovsky
- *A Russian Story* by Eugenia Kononenko
- *Herstories, An Anthology of New Ukrainian Women Prose Writers*
- *The Battle of the Sexes Russian Style* by Nadezhda Ptushkina
- *A Book Without Photographs* by Sergey Shargunov
- *Down Among The Fishes* by Natalka Babina
- *disUNITY* by Anatoly Kudryavitsky
- *Sankya* by Zakhar Prilepin
- *Wolf Messing* by Tatiana Lungin
- *Good Stalin* by Victor Erofeyev
- *Solar Plexus* by Rustam Ibragimbekov
- *Don't Call me a Victim!* by Dina Yafasova
- *Poetin* (Dutch Edition) by Chris Hutchins and Alexander Korobko

- *A History of Belarus* by Lubov Bazan
- *Children's Fashion of the Russian Empire* by Alexander Vasiliev
- *Empire of Corruption: The Russian National Pastime* by Vladimir Soloviev
- *Heroes of the 90s: People and Money. The Modern History of Russian Capitalism* by Alexander Solovev, Vladislav Dorofeev and Valeria Bashkirova
- *Fifty Highlights from the Russian Literature* (Dutch Edition) by Maarten Tengbergen
- *Bajesvolk* (Dutch Edition) by Michail Chodorkovsky
- *Dagboek van Keizerin Alexandra* (Dutch Edition)
- *Myths about Russia* by Vladimir Medinskiy
- *Boris Yeltsin: The Decade that Shook the World* by Boris Minaev
- *A Man Of Change: A study of the political life of Boris Yeltsin*
- *Sberbank: The Rebirth of Russia's Financial Giant* by Evgeny Karasyuk
- *To Get Ukraine* by Oleksandr Shyshko
- *Asystole* by Oleg Pavlov
- *Gnedich* by Maria Rybakova
- *Marina Tsvetaeva: The Essential Poetry*
- *Multiple Personalities* by Tatyana Shcherbina
- *The Investigator* by Margarita Khemlin
- *The Exile* by Zinaida Tulub
- *Leo Tolstoy: Flight from Paradise* by Pavel Basinsky
- *Moscow in the 1930* by Natalia Gromova
- *Laurus* (Dutch edition) by Evgenij Vodolazkin
- *Prisoner* by Anna Nemzer
- *The Crime of Chernobyl: The Nuclear Goulag* by Wladimir Tchertkoff
- *Alpine Ballad* by Vasil Bykau
- *The Complete Correspondence of Hryhory Skovoroda*
- *The Tale of Aypi* by Ak Welsapar
- *Selected Poems* by Lydia Grigorieva
- *The Fantastic Worlds of Yuri Vynnychuk*
- *The Garden of Divine Songs and Collected Poetry of Hryhory Skovoroda*
- *Adventures in the Slavic Kitchen: A Book of Essays with Recipes* by Igor Klekh
- *Seven Signs of the Lion* by Michael M. Naydan

- *Forefathers' Eve* by Adam Mickiewicz
- *One-Two* by Igor Eliseev
- *Girls, be Good* by Bojan Babić
- *Time of the Octopus* by Anatoly Kucherena
- *The Grand Harmony* by Bohdan Ihor Antonych
- *The Selected Lyric Poetry Of Maksym Rylsky*
- *The Shining Light* by Galymkair Mutanov
- *The Frontier: 28 Contemporary Ukrainian Poets - An Anthology*
- *Acropolis: The Wawel Plays* by Stanisław Wyspiański
- *Contours of the City* by Attyla Mohylny
- *Conversations Before Silence: The Selected Poetry of Oles Ilchenko*
- *The Secret History of my Sojourn in Russia* by Jaroslav Hašek
- *Mirror Sand: An Anthology of Russian Short Poems*
- *Maybe We're Leaving* by Jan Balaban
- *Death of the Snake Catcher* by Ak Welsapar
- *A Brown Man in Russia* by Vijay Menon
- *Hard Times* by Ostap Vyshnia
- *The Flying Dutchman* by Anatoly Kudryavitsky
- *Nikolai Gumilev's Africa* by Nikolai Gumilev
- *Combustions* by Srđan Srdić
- *The Sonnets* by Adam Mickiewicz
- *Dramatic Works* by Zygmunt Krasiński
- *Four Plays* by Juliusz Słowacki
- *Little Zinnobers* by Elena Chizhova
- *We Are Building Capitalism! Moscow in Transition 1992-1997* by Robert Stephenson
- *The Nuremberg Trials* by Alexander Zvyagintsev
- *The Hemingway Game* by Evgeni Grishkovets
- *A Flame Out at Sea* by Dmitry Novikov
- *Jesus' Cat* by Grig
- *Want a Baby and Other Plays* by Sergei Tretyakov
- *Mikhail Bulgakov: The Life and Times* by Marietta Chudakova
- *Leonardo's Handwriting* by Dina Rubina
- *A Burglar of the Better Sort* by Tytus Czyżewski
- *The Mouseiad and other Mock Epics* by Ignacy Krasicki

- *Ravens before Noah* by Susanna Harutyunyan
- *An English Queen and Stalingrad* by Natalia Kulishenko
- *Point Zero* by Narek Malian
- *Absolute Zero* by Artem Chekh
- *Olanda* by Rafał Wojasiński
- *Robinsons* by Aram Pachyan
- *The Monastery* by Zakhar Prilepin
- *The Selected Poetry of Bohdan Rubchak: Songs of Love, Songs of Death, Songs of the Moon*
- *Mebet* by Alexander Grigorenko
- *The Orchestra* by Vladimir Gonik
- *Everyday Stories* by Mima Mihajlović
- *Slavdom* by Ľudovít Štúr
- *The Code of Civilization* by Vyacheslav Nikonov
- *Where Was the Angel Going?* by Jan Balaban
- *De Zwarte Kip* (Dutch Edition) by Antoni Pogorelski
- *Głosy / Voices* by Jan Polkowski
- *Sergei Tretyakov: A Revolutionary Writer in Stalin's Russia* by Robert Leach
- *Opstand* (Dutch Edition) by Władysław Reymont
- *Dramatic Works* by Cyprian Kamil Norwid
- *Children's First Book of Chess* by Natalie Shevando and Matthew McMillion
- *Precursor* by Vasyl Shevchuk
- *The Vow: A Requiem for the Fifties* by Jiří Kratochvil
- *De Bibliothecaris* (Dutch edition) by Mikhail Jelizarov
- *Subterranean Fire* by Natalka Bilotserkivets
- *Vladimir Vysotsky: Selected Works*
- *Behind the Silk Curtain* by Gulistan Khamzayeva
- *The Village Teacher and Other Stories* by Theodore Odrach
- *Duel* by Borys Antonenko-Davydovych
- *War Poems* by Alexander Korotko
- *Ballads and Romances* by Adam Mickiewicz
- *The Revolt of the Animals* by Wladyslaw Reymont
- *Poems about my Psychiatrist* by Andrzej Kotański
- *Someone Else's Life* by Elena Dolgopyat
- *Selected Works: Poetry, Drama, Prose* by Jan Kochanowski

- *The Riven Heart of Moscow (Sivtsev Vrazhek)* by Mikhail Osorgin
- *Bera and Cucumber* by Alexander Korotko
- *The Big Fellow* by Anastasiia Marsiz
- *Boryslav in Flames* by Ivan Franko
- *The Witch of Konotop* by Hryhoriy Kvitka-Osnovyanenko
- *De afdeling* (Dutch edition) by Aleksej Salnikov
- *The Food Block* by Alexey Ivanov
- *Ilget* by Alexander Grigorenko
- *Tefil* by Rafał Wojasiński
- *A Dream of Annapurna* by Igor Zavilinsky
- *Down and Out in Drohobych* by Ivan Franko
- *The World of Koliada*
- *Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka* by Nikolai Gogol
- *Georgian Folk Tales* by Marjory Scott Wardrop
- *R.U.R. (Rossum's Universal Robots)* by Karel Čapek
- *The Hermit* by Ilia Chavchavadze
- *Spark in the Dark* by Astrid Lovell
- *The Slovak Epics* by Ján Hollý
- *Masquerade* by Mikhail Lermontov
- *Stus: A Narrative Poem* by Alexander Korotko
- *Quo Vadis: A Narrative of the Time of Nero* by Henryk Sienkiewicz
- *Letter Z* by Oleksandr Sambrus
- *The Vampire* by Władysław Reymont
- *Fu(*n*)k Bomb* by Karel Veselý
- *Liza's Waterfall: The Hidden Story of a Russian Feminist* by Pavel Basinsky
- *Biography of Sergei Prokofiev* by Igor Vishnevetsky
- *A City Drawn from Memory* by Elena Chizhova
- *Guide to M. Bulgakov's The Master and Margarita* by Ksenia Atarova and Georgy Lesskis

And more forthcoming . . .

Glagoslav Publications
www.glagoslav.com

Love, faith, and defiance amid
the ruins of a crumbling empire...

In the turbulent streets of ancient Rome, where Emperor Nero's madness reigns supreme, a proud Roman nobleman, Marcus Vinicius, becomes utterly enthralled by Lygia – a beautiful young Christian raised in the household of a revered general. What starts as a fierce, all-consuming obsession evolves into a profound quest for redemption, forcing Marcus to face the brutality of his society and the void in his own heart.

Against a backdrop of shadowy plots, brutal persecutions, and the infamous flames that devour Rome, Quo Vadis weaves an unforgettable tale of spiritual rebirth. The unyielding courage of the early Christians shines brightly against Nero's flamboyant tyranny, while the haunting question "Quo vadis?" – Where are you going? – echoes like a whisper of destiny, urging characters and readers alike to examine their paths.

Since its debut in 1896, this worldwide sensation has captivated hearts with its grand romance, vivid historical tapestry, and deep questions about morality and purpose. This refreshed edition, complete with timeless illustrations and thoughtful updates, invites today's readers to rediscover Sienkiewicz's enduring classic.

A passion that survives the inferno. A belief that topples tyrants. A story that still ignites the soul.

ISBN 978-1-80484-232-4
90000
9 781804 842324

Glagoslav Publications ⚔ ISBN 978-1-80484-232-4 ⚔ glagoslav.com