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COVER ..

Poles everywhere will remember August 1, 1944, as the beginning of the **Warsaw Uprising,** in World War II. It was on that initial, momentous and never-to-be-forgotten day that the populace arose to set Warsaw free. SARMATIAN'S cover, which is a memento of a people who did not want to be subjugated, was drawn by Mathew Gacek, an artist of Utica, N. Y.

Poland's Musicians

By Hyacinth M. Glomski

Many volumes have been written about Chopin, Paderewski, Szymanowski, Moniuszko and Nowowiejski. However, one will seldom find a keen analysis of such masters of music within the moderate scope of a magazine article. With deep penetration and insight into the masters' lifeblood—music, the author handles the analysis deftly. Miss Hyacinth M. Glomski, Ph.B., A.M., M. Mus., is an educator, musician, composer and lecturer in her own right. She is principal of Chopin School and president of the Polish Arts Club of Chicago, Illinois. For five years she was chairman of both the department of Music Education at Chicago Conservatory of Music and the departments of Music and Fine Arts at Chicago City Junior College. She is music director at Medill and Lake View High Schools, lecturer at De Paul University, composer of art songs, piano literature and cantatas, and recipient of four gold medals for piano proficiency.

IN a discussion of Poland and her musicians, several music giants stand erect most loftily as great beacon lights for all humanity to heed, their personalities and music having influenced and affected the lives of countless millions of people.

The Pole's heritage in music is rich indeed! Perhaps no country in the world can compare with Poland in the wealth of folk music with its colorful and rhythmic dances. There is a tragic beauty and a sweet enchantment in the folk tunes of Poland. And what may be the reason for Poland cherishing music as one of her dearest treasures? For centuries Poland has remained a battlefield and stamping ground for the warring nations of Europe, and came times, even as the present,. when it was overrun and subjugated by other nations. Is it any wonder, then, that the Pole deprived of emotional expression in civic life, found music as an outlet culminating in such a remarkable genius as Frederic Chopin?

In studying the life of Poland's great music-romanticist, one soon becomes aware of Chopin's intense patriotism and devotion to the land of his birth. Not being physically strong, Chopin was unable to take up the sword in the defense of his beloved country. Then, how did Chopin express his deep sense of loyalty to his country?

All the immortal masterpieces of Chopin are descriptive of his love for the land of his birth. In the polonaise he paints the glory and exaltation of Poland; in the mazurka, the charm of peasant life; and in the valse, he pictures the beauty of the Polish countryside. In the monumental sonata, Chopin presents the entire story of Poland. In the first movement of the sonata Chopin pictures a peaceful, quiet and happy country. One can hear the gay and smiling songs of the peasants. Then in the distance there are heard faint rumblings of war, tragedy and disaster. The rumblings gradually become more and more distinct until they finally reach the stage of terrific combat. In another movement of the sonata, Chopin presents the monumental funeral march which was written with his own country in mind at the time of the partitions; and in the last movement, Chopin describes the mournful breezes sweeping and moaning over the graves of the fallen but loyal heroes. It is said that Chopin while on his deathbed in Paris, kept near him an urn of precious soil from the country of his birth, and that often he would ask to see it, knowing as he said, "I have a premonition that I shall never again see my native land."

Frederic Chopin's works abound in pianoforte music. Chopin believed in the unlimited possibilities of the piano and so he wrote almost exclusively for this instrument. We know that he is frequently referred to as the greatest writer of piano literature and that no piano virtuoso's program is complete unless it contains some of Chopin's compositions.

We think of Chopin's music as possessing such distinguishing characteristics s refinement, exquisite grace and aristocratic effervescence and elegance. His works are filled with tragedy, sun-cloud melancholy and beauty. Chopin's music is a typical product of the romantic school. Variety is an important feature of his compositions; for example, amongst his fifty-one mazurkas, there are no two alike. Chopin embellishes and embroiders his melodies with gay and brilliant wreath patterns of notes. His nocturnes are quiet, pensive and lyric in style. We can think of his collection of twenty-five preludes as short poems or sketches, expressions of many moods and fancies. In number seven, Chopin sketches a gay little dance; number eleven suggests a brief moment of extreme happiness; number fifteen is called the raindrop prelude; in number twenty Chopin outlines bold, ecclesiastic chords, while number nine is often referred to as an expression of Chopin's last illness. His etudes contain many problems of pianistic technique for those who would learn them, but these are overshadowed by Chopin's genius in artistic inspiration. And so for lack of space, we might skip over his ballades, scherzi, valses and mazurkas to that stately and processional dance of courtly origin, namely, the Polonaise.

In the polonaise, Chopin expresses the pomp and circumstances of kingly grandeur. We can almost see the nobility passing in ceremonial dignity and review. Again in these works he is intensely nationalistic, intensely, Polish. In summarization, one may say that Chopin's music possesses buoyancy, effervescence, a longing for his country's resurrection, so that his beloved land can again take its place in God's shining sun as it so justly deserves.

One of the great lovers of the music of Chopin, and one who was its greatest interpreter, was Ignace Jan Paderewski. Paderewski loved all music deeply and into the music of Chopin, particularly, he reverently interpreted the history of Poland, her love of freedom, her belief in democratic principles, her religion and her customs. In the music of Chopin, the great Paderewski saw the land of Poland, her mountains and valleys, her rivers and plains. He also read bitter disappointment, abuse, humiliation and tragedy. But, as the master played on, he visioned in Chopin's music strength, courage and an everlasting love and yearning for liberty and righteousness for the country of his birth.

In Ignace Jan Paderewski, we have one of the most amazingly successful and brilliant personalities that the world has ever known. One of the greatest men mankind has ever produced, one of whom any civilization in any age would be justly proud. Paderewski's contribution to the development of music in America and in the whole world will never be adequately measured. It was he who with his music and personal magnetism intertwined gave an impetus to pianists and music scholars and so popularized the art of piano playing. Paderewski's first American visit had brought him $95,000, his second $100,000 and his third $250,000! Americans marvelled! Here was

a man, who, all by himself, and with his two hands alone, was able to earn more than a quarter of a million dollars in less than six months!

The writer remembers well the Paderewski concert at the Chicago Civic Opera House in 1932. Paderewski and his piano were on a temporary stage built over the orchestra pit. Every seat in the house was occupied, including the stage seats. There was a clamorous fringe of people on the outside who came too late to buy tickets. Here was a great musician and a great audience and in times of depression too! Upon Paderewski's entrance, the audience rose to its feet as was the usual reverent and devoted custom to this superman. Then, more than two hours of concert and two hours of encores, and the audience remained in its seats begging for more. What a glorious tribute to the man and the high art he represented. Perhaps the words of Eugene Stinson, an eminent Chicago music critic of that time, may explain this phenomenon. "Mr. Paderewski's playing never can be merely piano-playing and his music never can be mere music. It is a reassurance to the innermost heart of the human race."

This year marks the tenth anniversary of the death of Karol Szymanowski, often called the music-modernist of Poland. Szymanowski revealed a great love for Polish folk music. Often in his sojourns in Poland, he lived in Zakopane in the Tatra mountains. He wished to learn much about the mountaineer life of the people of this particular section of Poland. He took an active part in mountaineer life, in the dances and in listening to the songs of the shepherds. He absorbed deeply the folk songs of this region of Poland and by so doing detected weird and melancholy harmonies founded on the ancient scales interspersed with orientalism. His music contains modulatory harmonies, interesting dissonance patterns and is composed without key centre, namely, atonal and polytonal in quality. Even in his rhythms he became polyrhythmical. Szymanowski composed much fine music during the First World War. Poland recognized her distinguished son by bestowing upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Upon Szymanowski's death his heart was placed in the walls of Holy Church where also is contained the heart of Chopin.

The name of Stanislaw Moniuszko shall always be emblazoned in signal letters in the annals of Polish music. This year we are observing the seventy-fifth anniversary of his death. Perhaps there is no better way to pay reverence to his memory than by a revival of his grand opera *Halka*.

That this year of 1947 will stage an emphatic revival and interest in Moniuszko and his music is assured. For the first time an English translation and version of *Halka* has been completed. When asked how he came to undertake the laborious task of translating the opera, Mr. Anthony Lukaszewski of Chicago replied, " I wanted to do something positive and lasting to bring our Polish music to the English speaking world. All opera companies can now present *Halka* without depending exclusively on Polish artists."

In the remainder of this article, the writer wishes to speak briefly about a Polish composer of great fame, Felix Nowowiejski. Nowowiejski wrote operas, songs, ballets and choral music, all rich in Polish folk songs and dances. Much of Nowowiejski's precious manuscripts were destroyed upon the arrival of the Germans in 1939 and their

brutal evacuation of the Polish residents in Poznan.

In conclusion, may the writer quote from a recent letter sent by Miss Maryla Cynkowna, a resident of Poznan, Poland, to her uncle in America:

"Today we think of the fate of both his music and his country, let us remember the words of that song:

'We will not forfeit the land
Where our nation was born,
So help us God!'"

First of the Heroes

By Marion Moore Coleman

This is the first of a series of articles on early Polish history, recounting the stories found in the earliest chronicles by the well-known writer and wife of Arthur P. Coleman, professor of Polish at Columbia University, who collabo-'rated with her on "Mickiewicz in Music," a recently published book which inspired them to sponsor some of Mickiewicz's works in song, heard in the United States for the first time at the McMillin Theatre in New York City. The editors believe the readers will find the first story of Lech and the origin of the Polish White Eagle both interesting and informative. Piast, the second hero, will follow in the November issue.

"Who would not know thee,
O Slavonic Lech,
Thou first our region's savagery
to check,
Who made by manly strength the
northern plain His own
domain!"

—Jan Kochanowski

TO find the first of the national heroes of Poland we are obliged to travel far, far afield, to journey in our imaginations to the distant land of Colchis, on the shore of the Caspian Sea.

Now in Colchis, it seems, there lived in the remote ages of human existence a tribe of people who, besides being by nature warlike, were also possessed of a highly developed indigenous culture peculiar to themselves.

The tribe was known by a variety of names, but the chief warriors among them were known, as Lag, or Lach, or Lech. Bands of these warriors, or Lechs, went forth from the home nest, from time to time, and one such band, after crossing the Caucasus Mountains which lay in its path, made its way finally to the Danube and thence to the plain of Pannonia.

From there some of the Lech band pressed on still farther westward, until it reached Bavaria, where to this day the band's farthest advance is marked by the Bavarian River Lech. Still others of the Lechs drove toward the Carpathians, following in their journey the beautiful and romantic River Vah.

At the head of the River Vah the Lech band came to the mountains, and it was here, in the heart of the High Carpathians, that something happened which was never to be forgotten in the lore and legendary of the Poles.

For here, high in the granite peaks of the Tatras, not far from the present town of Krempach, the Lechs, according to legend, came upon an eagle's nest. Now the eagle was the great bird of the Lechs' own mountain homeland in Caucasus, and to find it here, so far from home, yet living in such utter contentment, as it appeared, was taken by the Lechs as a lucky omen. To make the bird even more a sign of good fortune to come,

the one which appeared to them here was not the usual gray of the mountain eagle, but white: a rare good sign indeed. The Lechs proceeded forthwith to establish their own nest—*gniazda*—on the spot.

From this nest the warrior band spread about in all directions. The portion of it in which we are interested took a northward course, following the silvery line of the River Poprad. What was the name of the leader who headed this portion of the Lech band? We do not know; history has given him to us, as, simply a Lech, which means: a warrior. And Lech we shall call him henceforth.

Pursuing his way northward, Lech arrived eventually at the lake region of the district we know as Great Poland. Here he halted, in the vicinity of the largest lake of the region, namely Gopło, and here established the seat of his authority. Out of nostalgia for the old seat of the Lechs in the Carpathians he gave the same name to his new capital as the old had borne, namely, *gniazda,* or nest. The name has in the course of time become altered to the familiar—*gniazdo.*

When the Lechs arrived upon the Vistula-Warta plain, they found the Slavic tribes that were already living there in a mood to accept some new idea. Up to now the Slav family as a whole was without either heart or head, lacking either a revealed religion or any sure and fixed authority. It was like a polyp, fertile and wide-spreading, but without any separate existence as an unique and independent organism.

It was the destiny of the Lechs to inject into the Slavic mass the new idea they seemed yearning to receive: the new idea, that is, of statehood.

Yet Lech was not able to establish a single authority over the tribes of the Vistula-Warta region without a struggle. With his well-knit, warrior band, his single purpose, above all his cavalry and efficient armor, he could not fail to triumph over the unarmed, half-naked foot soldiers of the plainsmen. After heroic, but vain, resistance, the tillers of the soil abandoned the unequal conflict, and the two races fused, eventually to become in history, as, the Poles.

(The above is an adaptation of *A History of Poland* by Adam Mickiewicz, a work very little known among our young Americans.)

America, Poland's Only Hope

By Rev. L. A Sikora

TODAY, there exists in Europe, on the crossroads between the East and the West, the political enigma that is Poland, land of patriotism and culture. Crushed between the intolerant communism of the Russians and the equally intolerant paganism of Nazi Germany, lies a bleeding nation that was once "the single, the only, the most magnificient democracy that ever existed in Europe." But four centuries ago, the mightiest state in Europe, this once great nation fought the hopeless fight of culture against brute force, of idealism against sordid realism, and today sees heaps of rubble and the chains of serfdom as her rewards.

Democracy, to the Poles, is not a new thing nor was it bred from copying the example of other nations. It is rather an inward urge of the true Pole

which expressed itself as far back as 1433 when the Polish Charter entitled the Privilege of Kraków was proclaimed, antedating the English *Habeas Corpus* by over two centuries. Poland, thus, received her charter of liberty and civic dignity at a time when other nations considered equality of man as ridiculous nonsense.

Consider a nation back in the Fifteenth Century with its eastern neighbor — the Russia of the autocratic czars who held and used the power of life and death over the Russian millions; its neighbors on the west—the military lords of Germany, constantly harassing her and ruling their own subjects by the might of the sword! As far west as England there was no freedom nor tolerance. The only right was the "divine right of the king." Consider these things and then wonder with awe at the spirit of a people who had organized a true democracy which offered equality in all matters of law and religion to those within their borders!

Nor is the Christian Religion a new thing in Poland. Mieszko I led his people to embrace Catholicism in 966 A. D. and from that early year, the creative forces of Christianity set to work, establishing an independent spirit of freedom from outside domination, love of country, a zest for culture and the encouragement of educational institutions.

Because of her missionary and Catholic action spirit, Poland merited the title of *The Defender* and *Bulwark of Christianity*. She has brought faith to the neighboring people of Lithuania and other pagan tribes. This was done peacefully and amicably, even if it was with a great deal of personal and national sacrifice. "Pro Deo et Ecclesia" was the motto of that noble nation. Lest we forget, it was Poland that brought back to the fold of the Catholic Church our slavic neighbors, the Ruthenians. Of Poland's missionary zeal and achievements we point to Madame Ledochowska who established the Peter Claver Society. Even now, sons of Poland bring consolation of Catholic religion throughout the world. In China, alone, besides many sisters and priests, two bishops—sons of Catholic Poland—zealous workers, spread the Gospel of Christ. I honestly feel that because of her contribution in the past in spreading the true religion, Poland today has been blessed by that invincible spirit—courage and perseverance. In spite of the heavy cross of Calvary, her people are strengthened and consoled by Heavenly Powers.

Under the Church arose the great University of Kraków, the Jagiellonian University, the Wilno University, and even a great high school educational system.

Latin became the official and cultural language of the Polish people, and the influence of this language tended to establish a cultural tie between Poland and the rest of Europe. In this modern day, the Latin suffixes and prefixes to words of Slavish origin stamp the language of the Polish people as a thing apart, the most beautiful of languages spoken by man.

The world knows the tragic story of the fate of this great liberty-loving people. The whole world saw her fertile plains and greatest cities given over as a battleground where democracy and Christianity fought against the pagan usurpers of Germany. The whole world has seen a nation of 35,000,000 valiant people reduced to 24,000,000 in one World War. The whole world witnesses the sufferings of 5,000,000 Polish children whose

frail bodies are wasting away for want of food and who cannot even obtain medical care to fight the ravages of tuberculosis and other dread diseases. The whole world viewed the betrayal of a deeply religious and patriotic people to the atheistic brutality of dread communism, with 170,000 Russian-Trained Security Police conducting a veritable reign of terror. That is the Poland of today—Poland that is no longer Polish but a puppet province of its worst enemy who knows not the meaning of the Christian virtues of faith, hope and charity.

There is, in this year of 1947, no real Poland! The great country that had stopped the Mongolian invasion at the Battle of Lignica in 1241, had fought behind the brave King Władysław Warnenczyk in defense of Catholicism against the Turkish invasion in 1444, and again rallied around its King John Sobieski to save Austria and all Europe from the Turks in 1683, that great nation of free peoples has been deserted by its allies and handed over to pestilence, famine and its enemies behind the "iron curtain." In God we trust!

Ten centuries of Catholic faith have given the Polish people a heritage of Christian spirit that can never die. Ten centuries of the practice of Catholic virtues has instilled into Polish hearts eternal hope that will never permit them to be willing slaves. The spirit of Christ, of liberty and of moral vigor are born within them and can never be erased from their inner soul. They, these wonderful people may be bleeding, persecuted, starving and in chains, but the spark of ten centuries of love of God and Country still lives and will some day again burst into glorious flame. Poland has suffered before; she has been crushed time and again beneath the conqueror's heels. Out of her ruins she has repeatedly risen, greater and more magnificent than before. We must believe she will rise again. We must believe that a people such as hers cannot suffer extinction. Poland will live!

The fate of Poland is more tragic because she was a martyr. She gave her country as a battleground in defense of democracy everywhere. A country of idealists, she believed in the final triumph of a just and holy cause and even in her present travail, she still believes. When we wonder how a people like the remaining twenty four million Poles can still keep faith while walking through the ruins of their once fair cities under the watchful and suspicious eyes of foreign police, we must realize that one thousand years of idealistic faith has been born and bred into these people who have often been defeated but have never acknowledged defeat.

We, the people of America, give all the sympathy of our hearts to the oppressed. It goes forth in copious plentitude to the noble sufferers in the land that was once a free Poland. We back our sympathies with gifts of money, of food, of clothing and medical supplies. We have given much but we can never give enough. We cannot give their children back to bereaved parents nor can we give back parents to orphaned, emaciated and maimed children. We will try to give them back their health and keep alive their faith. We are that kind of people. We cannot forget that, but for a great Polish patriot whose heart and help went out to us in our struggle for independence, we might not have been an independent nation and the hope of the world. We cannot forget that Polish men have marched and sailed and

flew in the uniforms of our America in the defense of our liberties. We can never forget the part of our Polish-American citizens in building this great America.

There is, beyond our material gifts, something infinitely more and greater that we can do for this martyred country of Poland. That part lies in the strong hands of our Polish youth. Their duty is to keep alive in this country the indomitable spirit of Polish nationality, to band together as true Poles and foster the culture, the ideologies and the faith of their mother country. Here, in America, are the heirs of Poland, the only large number of free Poles on earth. Theirs is the legacy of freedom and faith that must be nourished and preserved to be given back at some future time to the country that gave birth to their fathers.

To be an American is a wonderful privilege. To be a Polish-American is both a privilege and a great responsibility. The spirit of our ancestors, the great Polish patriots of many centuries past lives within you, the Polish youth of the United States of America. You can never forget your mother country and the millions of your fellow countrymen who fought, bled and died for her. You cannot forget the ties that bind you to the hundreds of thousands of Polish children who lie starving in Polish ruins. You must ever remember the source of your Catholic faith inherited from generations of soldiers of the faith.

The *Nie Pozwalam* (I disapprove) of the Polish Diet is gone. There can be no disapproval under the Russian system, for Russian slave camps are full of brave men and women who dared to protest against the communistic deviltry. Until freedom is restored to Poland, and the threat of Russian Security Police is removed, there cannot be peace in Poland or the world. May the Polish youth do its part for peace and freedom for its own native land, and for oppressed peoples everywhere!

The promised word of Russia is worthless. The Agreement of Yalta which she signed, promising free elections in Poland, is but another worthless scrap of paper. Force and power are the only arguments communists can recognize. The "elections" in Poland proved to be a ridiculous farce. At Turek, on December 24, the district and vice-chairman of the Peasant Party were stripped to their underwear in sub-zero weather and left for twelve hours in an unheated cellar before they agreed to resign. By January 2, 104 of the Peasant Party's 444 seats in the new Parliament were under arrest. The promised "free election" for Poland is past and gone, with the perfidy of Russia held up to the contempt of the whole world. The formal diplomatic protest of the United States, which claimed the elections were anything but free and gave proofs of coercion, brought nothing but ridicule from Russia.

The people, our people in Poland, cannot speak for themselves. For fear of reprisals, they cannot cry out in protest. Whatever protest is made, whatever efforts are directed toward the freeing of Poland from the claws of communism or other foreign ideology, must come from outside. They have no other hope, no other source of aid. If we, friends of the oppressed, united by ties of blood and kinship, fail them, then, indeed, is Poland lost, and her freedom-loving people are doomed to wretchedness and slavery. We, the sons of Polish forebears, must give them our voice, our united courage and our united strength. We are false to America and to the land of

our fathers, if we fail in our obligations to Poland, the fairest of nations. If we shirk in this our bounden duty, we are not Americans, nor are we Polish, but miserable men without a country.

Modern Civilization

By John Krulewski

DURING the past ten years, a continuous stream of proofs have convinced me that man is little more than a refined barbarian. Come, forget for a short time that you and I are part of this modern civilization, and let's study man with an open mind and see if he is as civilized as he says he is.

Only centuries of vain self-praise and conceit could have blinded man so that he could look upon the rotten, putrid wars, the suffering, the hate and greed, and the poverty, and still have the audacity to praise himself for being civilized. Poor blind fool! It will take many generations before our modern civilization will come anywhere near to being a true civilization.

Let us grant that man has made great forward strides in the fields of science, medicine and art! Man has always praised himself for these achievements. He has changed the course of rivers when he chose to; he has leveled mountains and made the earth tremble with sudden releases of atomic energy, but he seems to have forgotten that true civilization does not lie in the progress of material things alone, but rather in the coupled perfection of both physical and spiritual ideals.

Let us glance briefly into the soul of modern man! Let us stretch our imaginations and visualize the human soul as a large cauldron in which are churning the mixtures of human emotions, thoughts and morals! We dip our hand deep into this ooze of society and soon catch and pull out a green, slimy monster. We watch it twisting convulsively and recognize it as the greed within us. Once again we plunge our hand into the cauldron and this time an ugly, spider-like creature is exposed. We call it hate. Greed and hate, the real causes of war and human suffering; the real eaters of human flesh!

Man has spent so much of his time perfecting his machines that he does not find time to control the hate and greed which, like rodents, gnaw away at the pedestal upon which man has placed himself until it topples and falls, and once more we have maggoty battlefields and crying mothers. The civilization of our souls has not kept pace with our progress in material things, and therefore, man is in great danger of destroying himself.

Man's greatest dangers are not atomic bombs, tanks, rockets, but rather the greed and hate within him. These machines of death, these proofs of man's barbarism would be harmless if the hate in his soul did not set them free.

It's a curious thing that, since time began, civilization has flourished with its roots deep in greed, ineffable and fathomless. It has always been so! The sheer greed of it all, taking and destroying another's treasures for mere stupid satisfaction.

Man is a refined barbarian. Let us review a few interesting facts of the recent war! Let us consider the gas chamber!

The Germans have always been regarded a civilized and cultured nation.

Would any but low, filthy barbarians make use of the gas chamber to "eliminate a surplus population?" Indeed, "to eliminate a surplus population!" How monstrous! And those dump heaps of human bodies! Did you feel proud of modern society after seeing those pictures of ghastly piles of naked, human skeletons?

And those valleys and meadows covered with grave mounds! Beside each grave more than a silent white cross—a weeping mother and father, a wife, sisters, brothers and friends, all mournful because of one dead! And there are so many, many dead! How kind is mother nature for she tries to hide those mounds beneath daffodils, forget-me-nots and fresh green grass! A pity it takes so many long years to cover a broken heart with the fine moss of forgetfulness!

Why has man spent so much time and effort to improve his inventions and at the same time neglected the advancement of his soul? Why can't something be done to smother the hate and greed within us? Why do we find time for everything except for the teaching of Jesus Christ? We seem to have forgotten that He died to show us that true happiness lies in the purification of our souls, in the love and understanding of our fellow man.

We have just ended a terrible Second World War; our wounds have not yet healed; our women still weep; and, already we speak and prepare for a Third World War. How ridiculous is modern man and his civilization!

How pathetic we poor, foolish moderns are, each waving his little flag and shouting, "America-First!", "Russia—First!", "England—First!", until we fly at each other's throats with fire and destruction!

But, men of God and kindness, let us look with hope into the future! Some day, not in our lifetime, but some day, when man has finally grown weary of blood, overcrowded cemeteries and death, a great man will come among us mortals, a man whose genius and kindness will win him millions of followers from every nation. He will preach, "Civilization—First!" and the world will stop its mad slaughter and harken to him; he will preach, "Humanity—First!" and the world will lay down its weapons forever . . . and that day will be the dawn of true civilization, the dawn of love, happiness, light and joy.

Men of God and kindness, can you picture to yourselves the future? The wide world flooded with light and truth—all nations in harmony, thinkers in full liberty—believers in full equality; no more wars, mothers happy. It will come, men of peace; that day will come! Courage, and forward!

Music has charms to soothe a savage beast,

To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

—William Congreve

A Subterranean Court

Translated from the Polish by Amelia Jaskulska

IN Wieliczka, near Kraków, life goes on deep underground, in the salt mines. There, in the morning, the miner leaves his home and lets himself down into an underground palace, to leave only with the coming of evening. As long as his miner's lamp is lighted, the walls of salt with their everchanging colors shine and glisten, but when his lamp goes out, the miner is as if he were in a black tomb.

Once upon a time, long ago, a miner who had worked in Wieliczka for many years—he loved it as he loved the house in which he was born—suddenly had his light go out. He knew the place so well he could have made his way to the surface even without a light, but this was contrary to regulations, and so, feeling tired, he sat on the ground to rest until some fellow worker would arrive and give him a light.

He did not have long to wait before a light appeared. Soon a small flame began to glow. The miner expected one of his fellow miners to approach, and, to his astonishment he saw no such being, but a stranger, tall and gorgeously appareled in a miner's garb fashioned of some shining silken material, embroidered with precious stones. In his hand the stranger held a lamp of the purest gold.

Following quickly after the first flame, there appeared a second, then a third . . . a tenth. Dignified, calm, walking in single file, the miners advanced, their faces stony, showing neither pain nor joy. Their gait was strange, as if shadows were walking there, and they made no noise.

The lost miner saw the first stranger stop not far from the wall near which he himself was seated. But the wall was no longer as he had known it. Now it had in its center enormous doors, beautifully carved, such doors as you might find on some buried hut, only these were not fitted with wooden pegs but with pure rubies and emeralds.

The miner watched the shadows glide past him. Among them was a king in golden apparel, a crown upon his head. On the crown were three flowers made of shining salt more brilliant and transparent than diamonds. On his shoulders was a cloak as light as air.

Preceding the king was one who carried a flaming banner on an ivory lance. The banner was inscribed in silver with the words *Justice and Brotherly Love.*

Now the king braced himself on a silver hatchet. He struck the great door with the hatchet, and it opened wide. The poor miner seated on the ground saw undreamed of riches. The walls were of pure, transparent salt, as were the lamps and chandeliers which cast a wonderful glittering light all about. Near the table was a golden throne with a canopy above it, and here the king seated himself. By his side were the Ministers of State, all in their miner's hats, their rank indicated by green and golden stones. In the background were the common folk, these too in miner's garb, but without jewels. Near the table stood a chamberlain, a hammer in his hand with which to keep order.

The miner watched to see what would happen, not knowing whether or not to believe his own eyes.

For here, before the throne, stood one of his fellow miners, one whose

funeral had taken place a short time ago. With eyes, dull and lifeless, shoulders bowed a look of worry on his face, he greeted the king, and then, as he knelt, cried out, "Oh, King, upon thy banner shines the beautiful inscription *Justice and Brotherly Love!* And so, I have recourse to you with my wrong. Grant me justice.., as I was a faithful miner in thy holdings! Behold, I have left the earth, and the Supervisor of this mine, the evildoer, denies my wife the right to my earnings! Is the poor thing to die of worry over the fate of my two children? She hasn't my pay-book for I myself have lost it. But after all, the Supervisor knows well what is coming to her. My old friends testify honestly to what she should have but that does no good. The greedy creature knows that my poor wife will never take the case to court, for what can she accomplish there with only a bare hand? And so, where is this justice you talk about?"

The king answered quietly. Though he spoke in a low voice, each word could be heard as plainly as if a priest were speaking from a pulpit.

"Don't grieve, my good miner, my son! Your wife will not be wronged. Justice reigns in the mine, and to violate it is forbidden. I have it in my power to punish the evildoer. Your wife will be paid what is rightfully hers, and she will not suffer want. A living miner hears my verdict and he will return to the earth above to testify on your behalf."

At this, two miners with golden lanterns gave a sign to the seated one to come closer. Then, as he stood in awe in the presence of the brilliant company, the king said to him, "Honest man, today you behold the hidden secret of this mine for you love the mine sincerely and have a clean heart. As soon as you reach daylight, you will stand before the evil Supervisor and testify for the widow. And, if you are not heard, say aloud these words *'Justice and Brotherly Love shall not forsake the miner. As for the evildoer, let him fall and be lost.'* But what you have seen here today, never speak of or reveal it to anyone as long as you shall live."

At the sign the living miner made his way to the door. One of the ghostly cavalcade lighted his lamp. Then the door slammed, and the miner was alone in the corridor.

He looked at the wall. It was absolutely smooth without a trace of opening. He hurried to the mouth of the pit to find everyone returning from work. It was evidently the end of the day.

The next day was Sunday. The miner took advantage of this and called together some of his older fellow miners. They made their way to the Supervisor.

The Supervisor, however, would not listen. He demanded the pay-book as evidence but that was missing. He laughed sneeringly at the miner's request.

At this the exasperated miner called out in a loud voice, *"Justice and Brotherly Love shall not forsake the miner. As for the evildoer, let him fall and be lost."*

With this, all the miners went away together, and such a feeling of love seized their hearts that they went to the widow and took a great interest in her and the orphan children.

She no longer had to worry from whence the next meal would come. She thanked the miners tearfully for their kindness.

The next day, the evil Supervisor went down into the pit never to re-

turn again either dead or alive. No one knew where he had disappeared, and his body was never found.

The new Supervisor ordered the widow be paid her full due at once.

The miner, whose eyes had beheld the court, never said a word about it to anyone, for it is known that the Soul of the Mine punishes disobedience severely. After that, the miner always talked about justice, and in every struggle, he was always ready with a word of encouragement and a helpful hand.

Essence Of Architecture

By Edward S. Grzybowski

(This article serves as an introducton to one which will follow on Polish architecture by the same writer in the next issue in November.—Ed.)

MEN construct animals, and there is scarcely a human activity that does not presuppose a building. The lowest denizen of Jungletown knocks together his packing box howel; the robber has his lair; the artisan, his shop; the chieftain, his council house; and, the rudest hamlet, its shrine. A great deal of productive effort of the people is expended on buildings — dwellings, stores, tombs, factories, warehouses, schools, churches, institutions, theatres and a multitude of necessary structures that shelter us and our possessions.

Buildings are, therefore, the most conspicuous man-made elements in our environment. The very prominence of buildings gives them a powerful environmental influence over those that use and see them. They condition a large portion of our daily life.

If buildings are arranged conveniently, they can facilitate work; their agreeable qualities can nourish health and cheer the mind; and, their beauty can encourage belief in the dignity and ability of human aspirations. The value of good architectural layout and design, in terms of increased productivity and decreased turnover of labor, has been attested by modern industrialists.

Because of their durability and expressiveness, buildings are the most tangible documents of human progress that we have. They tell the absorbing and inspiring story of human needs by focusing hard-won technical skills upon available resources. In seeking the reason why and for whom a building had been constructed, in finding what materials had been used and how they were assembled, in searching the wherefore of its layout and the secret of its expressiveness, we attain a more immediate and intimate insight into the society that had produced it than can be had by any other single approach.

Architecture is an art of enclosing space and a science of constructing buildings. It is the fine art which creates beautiful structures for human use and is the primary planning profession. It is an old profession which has accumulated a rich tradition and experience, coincident with the progress of civilization. Architecture is everyone's profession for no one can escape it. He who understands it best enjoys it most.

"Architecture is frozen music," John Ruskin once wrote. An authority in this field of work, architect-writer T. E. Tallmadge, gave good elucidation of Ruskin's definition. In his consideration of a colonnade, which is a series of columns, he described the spaces be-

tween the columns as measures, and the spaces when divided regularly by smaller architectural features, such as, doors or windows, are the beats. He opined further that a resulting rhythm pervades the whole, and that when this feature and rhythm is repeated, style is born.

The masterful writer, G. K. Chesterton, made a very keen interpretation of architecture when he said, "Architecture is a very good test of the true strength of a society, for the most valuable things in a human state are the irrevocable things. And architecture approaches nearer than any other art to being irrevocable, because it is so difficult to get rid of."

Architecture is the "Mother of the Arts." It is older than recorded history, yet it is as new as today's newspaper, since it evolves from tomorrow's needs. It supplies a key to the habits, thoughts and aspirations of each period of human life, so that, without a knowledge of this art, history would lack that human interest with which it is invested. The "Mother of the Arts" has always had worshippers at her shrine, among whom were great rulers from Rameses the Great to Rockefeller.

All works of architecture are characterized by geological, geographical, climatic, religious, social and historical influences. The natural products—timber, brick, clay and stone—determine largely the character of the architecture of a country. And new architectural forms inevitably appear by accident, through necessity or because of genius.

Viewed only as decoration, architectural style is very simple. The three basic styles — Classic, Romanesque and Gothic—form the great fountain heads from which countless varieties of styles have resulted. Thus, style in architecture is what *species* is in zoology.

Viewing architecture historically by 500 year epochs, one sees that the matter is almost as simple as that of styles. The period from 500 B. C. to 1 A. D. was the era of philosophical democracy with its godlike expressions in Greek art; from 1 to 500 A.D., it was the age of imperialism with its pragmatism expressed in Roman art; from 500 to 1000 A. D., the age of feudalism, known as the Dark Age, expressed itself in deep-browed art of the Romanesque; from 1000 to 1500 A. D., it was the Middle Age—the age of ecclesiasticism, religious fervor and the Crusades, incarnate in the ecstacy of Gothic art and the cathedral; from 1500 to World War I, it was the Renaissance with its sense of modernity —the age of science and capitalism.

The architecture in the first and second of the 500 year periods was in the Classic period. Classic architecture, based on the use of the column and beam, was classified by name, as, Doric, Ionic or Corinthian Order which originated with the Greeks. An order was composed of a column with its base, shaft and capital. It was best identified by its capital which crowns the column. The Romans conquered the three Greek orders and modified them to such an extent that they made Roman citizens of them. And influenced greatly by the work of the Etruscans, the Romans created the arch and its products of barrel vault and dome. A barrel vault was a half cylinder similar to a nutmeg grater or the top of a prairie wagon.

Romanesque architecture included those phases of European architecture which were based on Roman art. To appreciate its character, one must try to form a mental picture of the con-

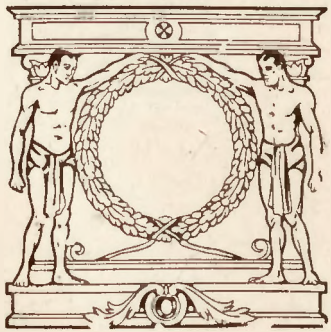
ditions of Europe during the period known as the Dark Ages. It was a 200 year period when little progress was made. Superstition that the world was about to come to an end was popular. Imagine the remains of an ancient civilization, vast in extent and uniform in character, no longer protected by Roman power! Its former glory was only recognizable by the multitude of its monuments, some of which were still intact, others were injured or partially destroyed while most of them were unused. All were alike—unguarded and neglected. It was the Rip Van Winkle period of European architecture. After that period, buildings sprang up at a very slow rate. Traditional forms were first modified in design and detail, and new features were later added. It was a period when Europe was seen to rise up like a strong man from the lethargy of a long sleep. He yawned, rubbed his eyes, stretched his giant limbs, shook off his slumber, and stumbled to his feet to look out again upon the work-a-day world and the treasures which were scattered about. He found himself surrounded by the achievements of a proud past, and as he became conscious of his own needs, he realized the possibilities of the present. Then, with dazed eyes and groping hands he collected the treasures of art and applied them to his daily needs. From the ruins of mighty edifices, he gathered fragments of hewn stones and placed them together upon old foundations to construct some building of service to himself. By a gradual discovery and understanding of the uses of old fragments, he succeeded in adapting them to new needs. Thus, was a new art founded on the old. In this way the birth of Romanesque architecture is explained, for the ruins of ancient buildings served as the quarry for the new, and necessarily determined the character, both of construction and decoration, in proportion to the extent to which old features were employed.

Gothic architecture, which evolved from the Romanesque, began in the early part of the Twelfth Century and was in full bloom up through the Fifteenth Century. The Gothic style owed its existence to three inventions. The first of these was the ribbed vault which made possible the rapid construction of stone coverings of vast interiors. The second invention was the flying buttress. This astounding device, counteracting the thrust of the vaults, enabled the mediaeval builders to run their cathedrals up to unbelievable heights. The third and most familiar invention of all was the pointed arch. Originally used for structural reasons, it was soon adopted for ornamental forms and has become the hall mark of the Gothic style. Victor Hugo, in looking at the Gothic cathedral, saw two spirits fight for control in the fabric of the cathedral: the vast destructive power of the weight of the great vaults is held by the throat and pushed back by the upholding strength of the flying buttresses. The stability of a Gothic cathedral depends upon the proper adjustment of thrust and counterthrust. The Roman military organization was not available in the Gothic period, and stone from various quarries had to be transported, often on pack horses, by laborers who were taken away ever and anon for feudal military service. Gothic architects had at their disposal neither the monumental marble of the Greeks nor the massive blocks of stone of the Romans, for the stone had to be split into smaller pieces for easy transport. Thus, they were compelled to erect large buildings with small stones, whereas the Greeks with conditions which na-

turally differentiated their architecture had erected small buildings with large blocks of marble. As a result of the development of the Gothic system of buttresses, walls became unncessary as supports although they continued to enclose the building and protect it against the elements.

Another step in the evolution of style was made possible by the invention of painted glass, which was used to form brilliant transparent pictures in the ever-recurring windows. These were enclosed under the pointed vaults which had been originally adopted for constructive reasons. The stonework of traceried windows in churches was merely a frame for pictures of incidents in biblical history.

The Renaissance, as its name implies, was a rebirth of every human art and faculty airily assumed to have been lying lifeless since the days of Greece and Rome. In architecture it was a definite abandonment of Gothic art and principles, and a distinct return to the Classic style of Imperial Rome. In it every intellectual effort was clothed with the vestment of beauty. If one has the enthusiasm of the humanist, one sees in the Renaissance the sun rising in Italy, and spreading light and warmth in succession throughout the countries of western Europe, finally to set beyond an ocean in America. The Renaissance in Italy was associated with great names, as, Brunelleschi Alberti, Bramante, Peruzzi, Angelo and Da Vinci. The Renaissance in France was a far different thing from that of Italy. It was distinctly a matter of styles. They were named after kings—Francis I, Henry II, Henry IV, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, the Directoire and the Empire. Renaissance architecture, instead of being the outcome of traditional methods, followed by the building crafts, in general, became an art of free expression with beauty of design as the predominant idea. Buildings were treated very much as pictures, largely independent of structural necessity which had been the controlling factor in mediaeval times. The whole Renaissance period, which was conspicuous for the many-sided nature of artists and craftsmen, was, by the same token, pre-eminently the Golden Age of accessories in which tombs and monuments, altars and portals, fonts and fountains, executed in marble or bronze, gold or silver, were designed in accordance with the whim and fancy of master craftsmen to adorn not only the new structures but also those of previous periods.



If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, it expects what never was and never will be.

—Thomas Jefferson

Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is painting with the gift of speech.

—Simonides

Judges of the Sarmatian Art Contest

WŁADYSŁAW T. Benda, illustrator and painter, was born in Poznan, Poland. He attended the school of technology and Academy of Art in Kraków, and art schools in Vienna, San Francisco and New York. His illustrations in books and magazines—Century, Cosmopolitan, Collier's, Scribner's and McClure's—are well-known. He is equally famous for the Benda masks which are used on the stage.

★

WŁADYSŁAW Borzęcki, associate editor of *Nowy Swiat,* was born in Lwów, Poland. He studied law at the University of Kraków. While he was editor of *Kuryer Narodowy,* he conducted a private school of music where piano and harmony were taught. He was director of music in the Polish Art Center in New York City. As an American correspondent, he wrote for *Ilustrowany Kuryer Codzienny* of Kraków, Poland.

★

ŁUCJA Dzierzkowska was born in Lwów, Poland. She studied with Stanisław Batowski who was a student of Matejko and later attended the academy in Monachaum. Her studies took her to Rome and Florence where she copied the masters in museums. A trip to France followed. Mme. Dzierzkowska exhibited at the Zacheta in Warsaw and the Salon de Printemps, Tuilleries in Paris. To exhibit at the latter is considered a distinct honor in the art world. In the United States, Detroit, New York and Chicago saw her paintings. She was awarded a prize in 1944 for a portrait of General Duch.

★

IT was in Warsaw, Poland, that Irena Lorentowicz, decorator and artist, was born. There she graduated from the School of Fine Arts and Government Theatrical Institute. Studies at the University of Sorbonne, Paris, France, followed. Her fine artistic work enabled her to become engaged as decorator for the Opera Comique in Paris. Miss Lorentowicz's pictures have been exhibited in Stockholm, Amsterdam, London, Geneva and New York. One of her pantings was bought by the French Government for "Jeu de Paume" Museum in Paris. At the International Fair in Paris she was awarded a gold medal for theatrical decorations and projects.

THE well-known art historian, art critic and author, Irena Piotrowska, was born in Poznan, Poland, where she received her early education. She later took graduate courses at the Ecole du Louvre in Paris and at the University of Poznan. In 1929 she received her Doctor of Philosophy degree from the latter. At present she is very active in Polish art circles in the United States. Under her direction, exhibitions in thirty-three of the most outstanding American museums and art galleries have taken place. She has delivered many lectures on Polish art. She is the author of several books, the latest one being *Art of Poland.*

TADE Styka's birthplace is Kielce, Poland. He is one of the foremost portrait painters of the time. At the tender age of 14, he exhibited portraits at the French Salon in Paris, and was awarded a medal for his fine work. Among the many portraits that he has painted are: Caruso, Ignace Paderewski, William Randolph Hearst, Prince and Princess Czartoryski, Marion Davies, General Weygand, General Haller, Marshall Foch and Pola Negri.

To A Forget-Me-Not

It seems but yesterday that I picked you,
Beautiful forget-me-not of heavenly blue,
The Tatras I climbed and found you there,
Peeking from beneath a stone cold and bare.

I stooped to pick you, and you seemed to say,
"Sit down beside me, don't hurry away!
I'm so lonely blooming here all alone,
With no one for company, but this cold bare stone."

'Twas so peaceful, so beautiful, so heavenly there,
High up in the Tatras, without a single care,
For the first time at peace with the world I felt,
As beside the forget-me-not that day I knelt.

Breath-taking Tatras, you haunt me still!
The sight of you, always, my heart will thrill.
How can I forget you, put you out of my mind,
When the chords of my heart for all time thou didst bind!

The snow covered mountains, the murmuring streams,
The waterfalls tumbling, as the sun on them gleams;
A "kobza" resounding in the distant hills,
While nearby, in an evergreen, a nightingale trills.

High up on a hill a mountaineer lad,
Playing his "gęślicki" as if he were mad;
The sheep on the valley trying to keep in tune,
Tinkling their bells on that fair day in June.

The "Eye of the Sea," so blue, so clear,
A sight, once seen, then forever dear.
Of all this beauty I am reminded today,
Because of a forget-me-not asked me to stay.

Forget you, dear flower of madonna-blue?
Ah, no, I'll return again to you!
Together we'll rejoice when Poland is free,
High up in the Tatras . . . . the world, you and me!

—Anna Maria Zajac

WHITE LILLIES
STILL LIFE
BY
JANINA FEDERKIEWICZ
BOSTON, MASS.

Take It From Me

THE poetic genius of Julius Slowacki is admirably revealed in his impassioned verse which shows a strong love for Poland. Although his works were written on foreign soil, they glow with a love of freedom and for Poland's past greatness. Without a doubt, he may be classified as a great eulogist of the past.

Julius Slowacki was born on August 23, 1809, at Krzemieniec, Poland. At the University of Wilno where his father was professor, he received his education which terminated at the age of nineteen so that he might enter the service of the State, two years after which he abandoned it and Poland, verily physically but not mentally.

Hugo, a romantic tale of the Crusades in verse, *Jan Bielecki, The Arab* and *The Monk* are works, notable for their beauty of diction.

Slowacki, however, is best known for his *Ode to Freedom, Hymn to the Mother of God* and *Song of the Lithuanian Legion.* The latter stirred the hearts of Poles and aroused their nationalism.

In 1832, Slowacki went to Geneva, where he wrote two tragedies, *Mazepa*

and *Balladyna,* which were followed by *Lilla Weneda.*

In Switzerland which contains some of the finest lyric lines in Polish poetry, he idolizes the Polish girl in a beautiful dream of love.

Julius Slowacki shall live because his wonderful imagination and superlative diction are embodied in his works. We honor him for he ranks among the greatest poets of the Nineteenth Century.

★

Readers of SARMATIAN are reminded that the SARMATIAN ART EXHIBIT featuring the works of artists of Polish extraction in the United States will be held at 56 St. Marks Place, New York, N. Y. over the Labor Day Week-End—August 30, 31 and September 1. Paintings in oil, pastels and water colors from the SARMATIAN ART CONTEST terminating on August 15 will be on exhibition. The winners of the contest to be selected by a group of eminent judges will be announced in the next issue of SARMATIAN in November. The first prize will be $100; second prize, $75, and third prize, $50. Three paint sets shall be awarded following the cash prizes, and, six honorary diplomas containing the names of the judges shall also be offered.

★

SARMATIAN is reaching public, high school and university libraries in the United States. Any reader wishing a library to be included on the regular mailing list should ask the librarian to contact the subscription department of SARMATIAN. The LOW RATE of $1.00 for a two-year subscription will be increased to $1.00 a year on September 1st. NO SUBSCRIPTIONS AT THE LOW RATE will be accepted AFTER THAT DATE. Subscription blanks will be found in this issue.

★

The Conference on Cultural Activities in Polish American Communites under the auspices of the Polish Arts Club of Chicago and The National Advisory Council will be held on August 7, 8 and 9 at the La Salle Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

The complete program of the Conference will be mailed out in the near future to all who are interested. As outlined in the tentative program, there will be morning and afternoon sessions daily and special events on at least two of the evenings. For information concerning final program, write to: Mr. Thaddeus Slesinski, Chairman of the Conference Committee, 1857 North Kedzie Avenue, Chicago 47, Ill.

Due to the SARMATIAN ART CONTEST and Exhibit for artists of Polish extraction, the Chicago Conference Committee is not proceeding with its proposed Art Exhibit in August. That will encourage artists to arrange to send their works to one or both exhibitions.

★

BOOKS FOR POLAND DRIVE conducted by SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL was very successful. To the number of books collected since the last report was given in SARMATIAN, 245 novels and scientific books were added from a contribution by Miss Anne Cladek, Librarian of the Perth Amboy Public Library in New Jersey. The drive netted a total of 1530 books. Everyone who sent in books for Poland is to be commended for a task well done.

THE EDITOR

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