

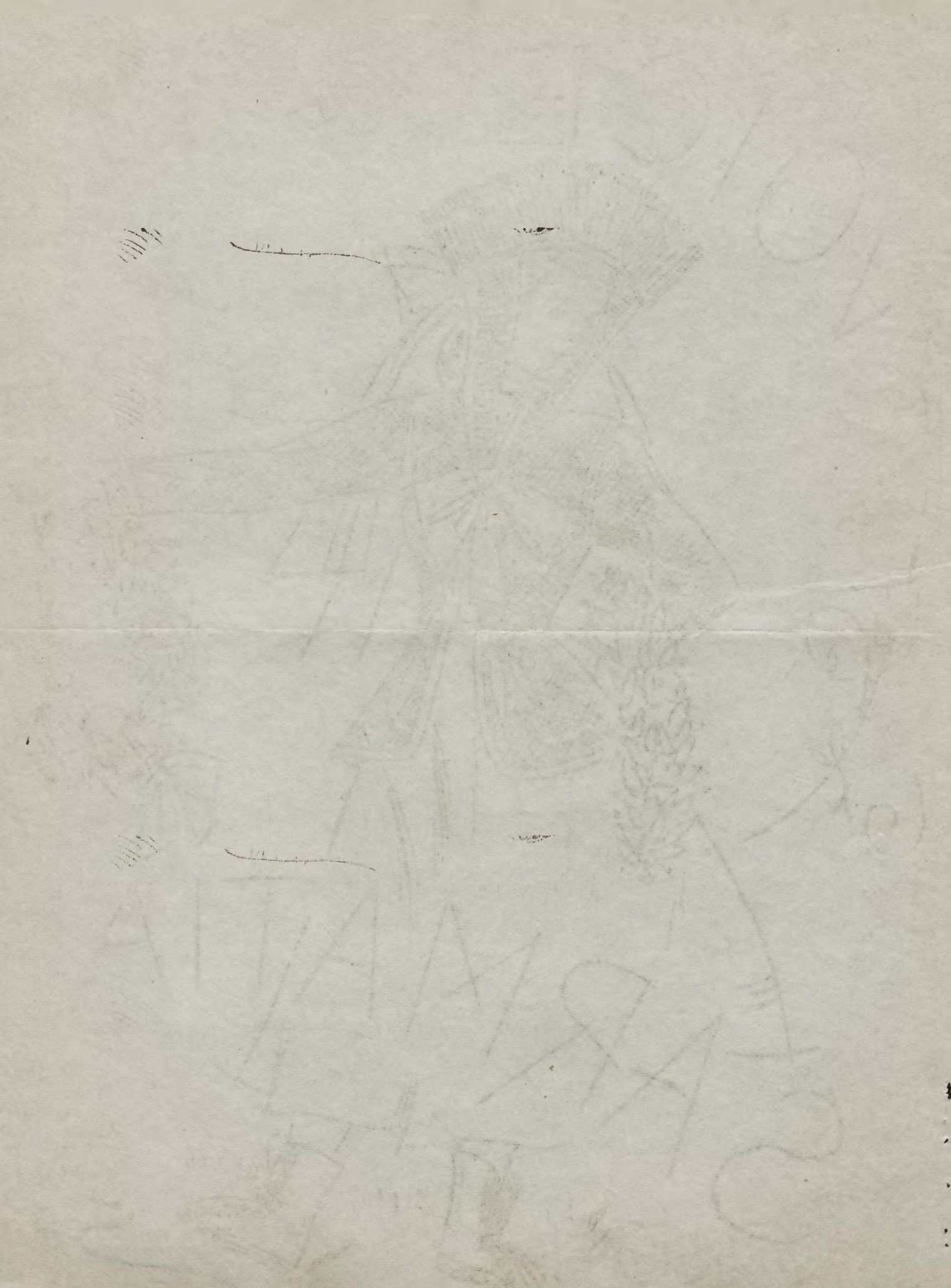


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SARAXATIA

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VOICE OF SARMATIA

Vol. 2; No. 1

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We Aim To Serve.

For the past few years the "VOICE OF SARMATIA" has been issued to the members of Sarmatia International every two months and that at a fairly regular rate of time. It has been, more or less, a fairly good and trying publication, for which those who were responsible in producing it would feel it was a task well done. And the individuals who contributed their work to this publication have accounted for its success.

The "VOICE OF SARMATIA" was organized recently in order to achieve its best success. Its editors and their staff have been selected, consisting of Mr. John Krulewski, Mr. Edward S. Grzybowski, and Mr. Caesar Gaza with his staff. The editors and their staff aim to serve the members of Sarmatia International by:

Bringing the "VOICE OF SARMATIA" to the members of Sarmatia International every month.

Stimulating in the hearts of Sarmatia's members a pride in their organization through reports on accomplishments of the organization and its members.

Reporting for the members of the organization important facts and information of social, cultural, and political variety, representing the organization and members news and views.

Stimulating interest in the extra-curricular activities of the organization through reports on each committee's work.

Attempting to provide, through letters to be published in the "Voice", a medium of expression for those who are drawn together in the Sarmatian fold.

Providing means of acquainting members with fellow-members and officers and editors, and by providing entertainment to members of the organization through our personals column.

The editors will welcome contributions from the members of Sarmatia International in the form of comments, poetry, and articles of social, cultural, and political nature. It may be sent to us at any time. We shall welcome the contributions for this will make for the most successful publication of the "VOICE OF SARMATIA".

M E N U E T

Menuet jest oryginalnym, bardzo subtelnym i elegaackim tańcem, modnym ongiś na dworach królów francuskich i szlachty dworskiej.

Pod wpływem mody francuskiej w wieku XVII przedostał się również do Polski jako taniec salonowy.

Nazwę swą wziął od drobniutkich kroków (menu-small). Z biegiem czasu menuet był grywany nie tylko do tańca, ale stał się także rodzajem muzyki koncertowej, o nastrojowym wolnym tempie. W wieku XVII był tak modny, że każdy koncert z reguły zawierał dwa menuety.

Mamy różnych kompozytorów, którzy pozostawili po sobie menuety. Dziś jednak, gdy mówimy o menuecie to w wyobraźni słyszymy menuet Mistrza Paderewskiego znany dziś powszechnie na całym świecie. Kto chociaż z amatorstwa interesuje się muzyką, ten zna menuet naszego Mistrza tonów.

Co jest przyczyną popularności tego pięknego i nad wyraz nastrojowego utworu? Ton, melodia, harmonia, fascynuje przejścia od najbardziej subtelnych momentów, do crescendo, (mocnych). Tak, to wszystko, ale coś jeszcze, co wprawia nas w zadumę, w zachwyt. W takt muzyki widzimy coś oczami duszy, czego nazwać nie jesteśmy w stanie...

Może to obraz dawnych polskich dworów i sal balowych, z przepychem wystrojonych tancerek i tancerzy, którzy w zręcznych ruchach wykonują subtelne figury menueta?...

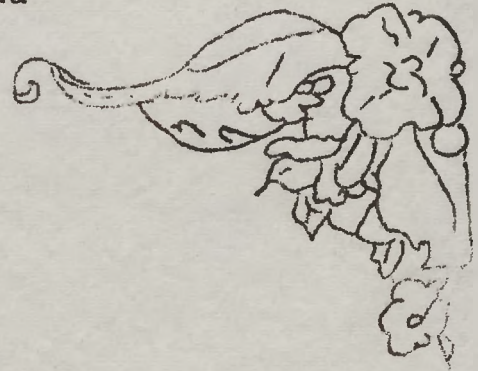
A może to kwiaty tak tańczą na Polskich łąkach i polach i za każdym podmuchem wiatru tworzą falę ukłonów i zalotnych umizgów w stronę swojego sąsiada lub swojej sąsiadki...

A może to lasy i gaje tak grają o zmroku wieczornym, a liście w takt nieuchwytniej melodii sponad konarów drzew, wykonują przedziwny taniec?...

A może srebrzysty chór pszczołek i roje motyli potracając skrzydełkami o skrzydło, wydają "ledwie słyszane brzęczenie?..."

A może to strzymyk tak szemrze q zaroślach?...

A może...a może to wszystko gra razem, co polskie, co nasze, co swoje? Bo to gra Polak, gra sercem i duszą, co kocha, bo tylko miłość tak grać potrafi...



W I O S K A . . .

Powiedzcie mi dlaczego
 tak tęsknię do tej wioski
 gdzie ujrzałem światło dzienne
 i gdzie kołem troski.

Gdzie witał dzionek Boży
 i matkę moją miłą
 gdy byłem małym dzieckiem
 pacierza mnie uczyła.

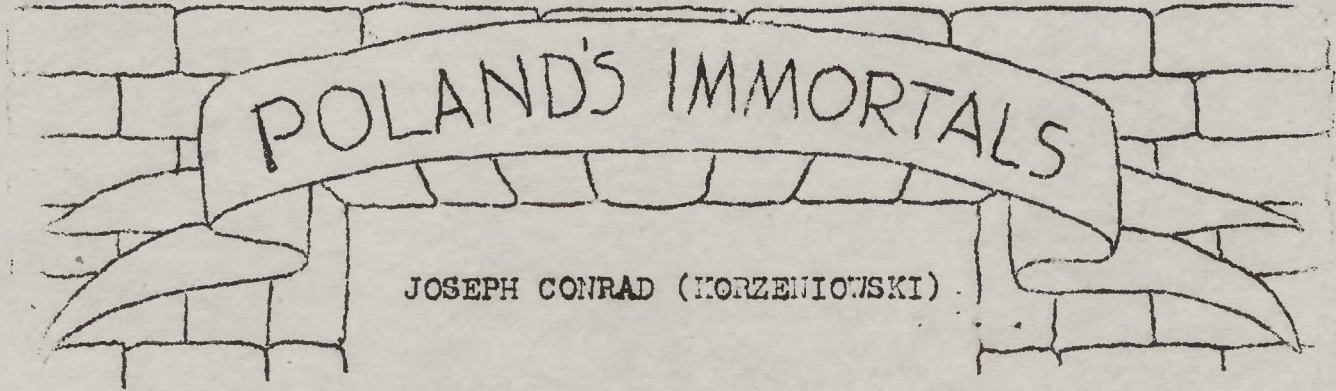
I widzę dworek niski
 i ściany pobielane
 a za nim sad i pola
 tak drogie tak kochane.

Pod lasem mgła się ściela
 wieczorna zorza płonie
 przeleci ptak spóźniony
 lub zarzą z łąki konie.

Na górze przy kościółku
 cisza hea dokoła
 wieczorna sygnaturka
 na Anioł Pański woła.

A na rozstajach krzyżyk
 i na nim Chrystus drogi
 zda się błogosławić
 te chaty i lud ubogi.

I wszystko wokół cichnie
 nim nocny mrok nastanie
 kochanej mojej wiosce
 błogosław Chryste Panie.



JOSEPH CONRAD is the most remarkable phenomenon in English literature. Pole by birth and descent, son of the patriot and scholar who translated Shakespeare into Polish, Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski, performed the miracle of becoming an Englishman and a front rank English novelist without sacrificing his Polish patriotism.

His father had inspired him with a love of freedom and literature. As the Poles were then under foreign dominance freedom was something which happened abroad, and as English literature and British ideals were common currency in the Conrad household, it was natural that Britain and freedom should become identical terms. But Joseph Conrad, child of a land without a seaport, added to his inherited love of British literature and British freedom a passionate love of ships and the sea. It was probably this passion which launched him into our seagirt consciousness. Like thousands British boys, he wanted to go to sea, and he was able to gratify his desire in his eighteenth year by joining an English ship at Marseilles as an ordinary seaman.

He spoke little or no English. Twenty years later Captain Conrad walked into a London publishing house with the manuscript of "Almayer's Folly" under his arm. He must have looked like Captain Kettle, but the resemblance ended there. Conrad had adventured on the high seas, but although he was a Master Mariner in the Merchant Service, he was primarily an adventurer in the realm of the imagination. Whilst a sea-

he trained simultaneously for his Master's "ticket" and the mastery of English. He taught himself to master a ship on the Eastern trade routes, where he stored his mind with impressions of the sea and seamen which were to fill the stockpot of his later career. He taught himself English in the spare time of his service on a coaster between the Tyne and Thames.

Conrad's genius was recognized at once by his peers and critics, but he had to wait for another twenty years before he became popular. That need not cause surprise. It is only necessary to recall his appreciative accounts of stiff-necked skippers to realize that Skipper Conrad would prove to be a more than usually stiff-necked man of letters. He no more yielded to the popular clamor than he would have yielded to the clamor of the lower deck.

Thus gradually and grandly he came into port leading a flotilla of masterpieces: "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Typhoon," "Lord Jim," "Nostromo," and many more now filling 23 volumes in the collected edition of his works. These books have entranced alike the cultural and the common reader, and may be expected to do so long as the mounting tyrannies of mechanization and mental decay permit us to read what is worth reading.

But the strange story of Poland's gift to Britain does not end there. Conrad is not only a teller of tales, and there are no greater tales in English than his, nor is he only the admiral of a fleet of masterpieces. This Polish-Englishman is the Homer of the Seven Seas. Joseph Conrad, born of

Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski -

ation of landlubbers, has written the epic of the sea for the first of the maritime peoples. No native writer of sea stories can equal him, either for knowledge of ships or for insight into the character of the officers of the merchant service.

Joseph Conrad was a man of extreme sensibility and reserve. This pudeur came was such that only by a great effort could he bring himself to write about the things that lay nearest his heart. In his works he mentions Poland but seldom, and in writing of his family it is rather of more distant relations that he tells us than of his parents. In speaking of matters that touch him intimately and painfully, there is evident the fear that he may be suspected by the reader of an appeal for sympathy, or worse still, for pity.

In his reminiscences Conrad mentions now and again his grandfather, a soldier of Napoleon and an officer in the Insurrection of 1830. More at length and with delicate humor, with which he endeavors to mask his own emotion, he describes his maternal granduncle Bobrowski who was also a soldier of the time of Napoleon's expedition to Moscow, giving a marvelous portrait of the valiant warrior whom hunger had driven to eat roast dog, and who, disappointed in all his hopes, took refuge in silence and solitude.

Of his parents he says but little. In speaking of his father, who left the Ukraine and went to Warsaw to take part in the preparations for the Polish insurrection, Conrad protests against the epithet "revolutionist" as applied to a man who did not prepare social or political revolutions, but "risings which were purely revolts against foreign domination." He calls his father "a man with a strong sense of responsibility in the region of ideas and action, indifferent to the prompting of personal ambition...He was simply a patriot in the sense of a man who, believing in the spirituality of a national existence, could not bear to see that spirit enslaved." Of his father's activities at that period Conrad tells us: "I learned the fact that the first

inception of the Secret National committee intended primarily to organize moral resistance arose on my father's initiative, and that its first meetings were held in our Warsaw house." In his memories of this Warsaw house, Conrad gives us this touching picture of his mother: "I remember my mother, a more familiar figure than the others, dressed in the black of the national mourning worn in defiance of ferocious police regulations. I have also preserved from that particular time the awe of her mysterious gravity, which, indeed, was by no means smileless. For I remember her smiles, too. Perhaps for me she could always find a smile. She was young then, certainly not yet thirty. She died four years later in exile."

About his life in exile with his parents in Vologda, all he tells us is that it was there he made his first acquaintance with Shakespeare and Victor Hugo, reading the translations on which his father was then working.

In 1868, Apollo Korzeniowski was liberated from his exile in Russia and came with his son to Cracow. According to Conrad, his residence with his father in Cracow lasted eighteen months, and after his father's death he spent four years in a high school in Cracow.

It may be that Conrad was thinking of his father and the inscription on his tombstone when in "Tales of Hearsay" he writes of Poland: "That country which demands to be loved as no other country has ever been loved, with the mournful affection one bears to the forgotten dead and with the unextinguishable fire of a hopeless passion which only a living, breathing, warm ideal can kindle in our breast for our pride, for our weariness, for our exultation, for our undoing."

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Joseph Conrad was a man of ...
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S P R E A D O F T H E W H I T E E A G L E

By Edward S. Grzybowski

WHY POLAND WILL BE FREE AND EVER-STRONG AGAIN.

It is not sufficient to think of the significance of Poland in today's history merely because of the sad plight it is in today. The significance of Poland lies in its great past, its very great past, which must be taken into account. The thing, seemingly insurmountable and endless amount of circumstances and misfortunes of its people of the 18th century, which resulted in Poland not existing as a state during the 19th century, and its consequent long absence from text books of history and geography, tend to hide the fact that during the time of Elizabethan England, for a hundred years before that time and for a century thereafter, Poland was to all the states of Europe the most vast of its territories, having extended from the Baltic Sea to the Black Sea. Its wealth and power were then commensurate with its size, and the richness of its culture had then matched the extent of its broad territories. It was Poland's "Golden Age" in the 16th century. The personal, literary, artistic, and architectural culture was of the highest order. Poland was then the largest and one of the richest and most powerful countries of Europe. Poland had then set itself a standard of civilization which remain an active factor in modern life, a treasured memory and a living inspiration. That great era in Polish history brought about the Polish Tradition, an effective social and personal ideal, cherished by all Poles.

Every Pole is conscious of this glorious past, and the memory strengthens his determination not to lose that which has been regained. To the Pole, Poland is a continuity, not a new entity.

Those who know the contemporary Pole and the Pole of history find him, in his typical or representative element of the nation, to combine a very definite set of qualities and attitudes toward life. His most distinctive personal qualities are his idealism, tolerance, individuality or even individualism, romanticism tempered by much of very real experience, dignity

and sense of honor, knightly or chivalrous character, respect for religion, and commitment to the Christian faith in its Catholic form. His Political conviction grows from his deep-rooted belief in democratic government linked with strong leadership, his unending devotion to freedom, love of his own soil and desire for that of no one else's, distaste for military aggression, and conviction of the necessities which are the basis of the political and economic strength of his state. Mentally the Pole is alert, intellectual, inclined a bit toward theory but aware of the danger of that characteristic, proud of his Latin and western tradition of culture and generally western orientation, a reader, and a man with a taste for thought, Socially he is hospitable, courteous, a bit reserved, and possessed of a very positive grace of life and manner. Racially he knows that he is on soil which is his and which has been his nation's for 25 years. By his tradition he knows that Poland is a crossroads of the nations, the place where the east and the west meet, and from these facts he derives his place in European civilization, the carrier of the culture of the west to the east and the bulwark of the west against eastern invasion. The blood of a thousand battlefields testifies to his faithful fulfilment of this latter mission from 1241 to 1939; it is therefore a permanent post.

The spirit of the Polish people is democratic. The Poles are passionately devoted to freedom. They are peaceful, but ready to fight for their independence, as history shows. They are strong of character, progressive, and idealistic, possessed of a deep sense of moral and historic right to be where they know is the land of Poland. Poles are brave and dashing soldiers, as many wars have proved.

Confirmed individualists, the Polish people unite for patriotic and national purposes. Firmly grounded in a tradi-

Why Poland Will Be Free And Ever-Strong Again...

tional and living patriotism, the Polish people react instantly and vigorously against aggression from a foreign foe. Living between the east and the west, the Poles know they are western by definite practice. They know that historically and politically they do belong to the democratic nations. Though they recognize the values of strong leadership, they have an utter distaste for totalitarian ideology. Their religious stability, the long record of cultural achievement, military prowess, and their miraculous survival and recovery after devastating war periods make them a people to be studied and valued.

Among the Poles best known to the world at large are: Copernicus, the astronomer; Marie (Sklodowska) Curie, the physicist in the field of science; King Jan Sobieski, Tadeusz Kosciuszko, Kazimierz Pulaski, and Joseph Pilsudski, as soldiers; Chopin, the de Reszke brothers, Paderewski, and Szymanowski, as musicians; Rejzko, Poland's da Vinci; Mickiewicz and Slowacki, as poets; Sienkiewicz, Dymont, and Zeromski, as prose writers; Helena Modrzejewska (Modjeska), as the artist of the drama. These persons of world renown have incessantly been the most beneficent means of success to every Pole from one generation to the other.

The partitioning of Poland in 1772, 1793, and 1795 and 1945 has been a shameful violation of international law. Hard, therefore, has been the fate of Poland after every long conflict. Yet the Poles

never ceased to be restless and unhappy under overlords! They developed a new national consciousness after the loss of their freedom, and the severest measures of repression failed to break their most undaunted spirit. In order to regain their independence and freedom, the Poles have the incalculable capacity and admirable ability to launch upon the greatest of insurrections. The three great insurrections of 1794, 1830, and 1863 live in the heart and mind of every Pole today! It is a very known fact that Poles organized insurrections at home and abroad, and took part in every revolution. Whoever rose in revolt against tyranny had Poles for their allies and comrades in arms! The legitimist governments called Poles scornfully, "cannibals of freedom." There was never more honorable name-calling attributed to the Poles in insult! The Poles, by temperament, are imbued with the strongest faith in the republican form of a democratic government. Pacifism of the Poles has been so deep-rooted that it has been regarded by its neighbors as a sheer indolence which encouraged them to invade Poland. Of course it had not been a country of meek and docile lambs, since the history of Poland's wars contained recordings, pages upon pages of the unparalleled heroism of its people! Tolerance of the Poles is unique in the history of Europe and it is their greatest pride!

R O T A

Nie rzucim ziemi, skąd nasz ród,
Nie damy pogrześć mowy!
Polski my naród, polski lud,
Królewski szczerp Piastowy.

Nie damy, by nas gnębił wróg -
Tak nam dopomóż Bóg!
Tak nam dopomóż Bóg!

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

REUNIONS AND CONFERENCES.

During the month of October, the Polish-American Youth of New York City and vicinity will have the opportunity to attend two conferences of Polish youth. As some of our Sarmatians may be interested in attending, we'll give you a little information about the two get-togethers.

The first reunion, on the week-end of 4th and 5th of October, will be held at the "Loafer's", a club of Polish-American youth from Mass., N.Y., N.J., Conn., and Brooklyn. Thus far the "Loafer's" reunions have been strictly for fun, dancing, laughs, and meeting people from other cities.

The club is unique from a standpoint that it is without officers and dues. At each reunion the "gang" decides when and where the next get-together will be and Mr. Wilfred E. Mis, the original "Loafer", through his "Loafer's News Letter", sees to it that everyone is notified at the proper time.

As many out-of-towners have hoped to see the annual Pulaski Parade on 5th Avenue, this fall's reunion will be held on that week-end and so give the people a chance to see and perhaps even march in it.

Saturday, October 4th, dinner and dancing at Hotel Times Square from about 7 pm. Music supplied by the same "band" that played at the "Ognisko Polskie" for the Sarmatians after their Conference on August 30th.

For more complete information and reservations (\$2), contact Mr. Wilfred E. Mis., P.O. Box 12, Chicopee Falls, Mass., before September 25th.

THREE WEEKS LATER, THE POLISH-AMERICAN YOUTH FEDERATION will convene in New York on the 25-26th of October.

The P.A.Y.F. had been in existence for the past five years and had blossomed from the Sport and Social Page of the P.N.A. newspaper, "Zgoda". Its members hail from approximately forty cities. During the war, the organization sent many packages to Polish soldiers and had published the "Polish-American Youth Federation Magazine", edited by Miss Wanda Kugaczewska, a name very familiar to Sarmatians. Although the magazine has been discontinued, one

glancing through some of the back issues will run across many names which are well known in Sarmatian circles.

A reorganization and expansion Conference of the Federation was held at Pine Grove Lodge, Harvey's Lake, Pa., during the week of July 20-27th. Sarmatians Wanda Kolakowska, Josephine Kolakowska and John Krulewski were among the delegates and guests present.

For full information about the Fall Conference write to: Miss Laura Urban, 2619 West 7th Street, Chester, Pa. Write before October 10th.

Sarmatians, Let us join hands and hearts with the many Polish youth clubs that abound in America...only through numbers and a solid front will we be able to champion the Polish cause!

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE ZGODA CONTEST.

At midnight, July 31st, the "King and Queen of the Zgoda" contest, conducted by one of our own Sarmatians, was concluded with Mr. Richard E. Zatorski of Brooklyn and Miss Mildred Piledki of Baltimore taking top honors.

Congratulations are in order not only to the winners but also to two Sarmatians, Miss Anna Maria Zajac of New Bedford and Mr. Leopold S. Sobanski of Chicago, both having ended second, a few votes behind the leaders.

HEMLINE BATTLE LOST!!

Although the shrill protests from our ladies have not entirely died down, the number of new-fangled, leg-hiding, low front dresses sold at our stores is increasing as many of our womenfolk decide that they would rather be stylish than alluring...so says a communication from the Dress Manufacturers Association.

The dress people also say that tailors and department store alteration rooms are swamped with orders to let down hems. Perhaps this is just propaganda to dishearten the die-hards who say they'll hold out for the short front no matter what and your Editor wishes to offer a word of encouragement to these staunch fighters.

We can't help but remark that these low-cut dresses would go well beside a zoot-suit!

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