

# THE POLISH REVIEW

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OCTOBER 31, 1946

No. 18



Painting of General George S. Patton, Jr. executed by Boleslaw Czedekowski, the noted Polish artist, shortly before the General's tragic death. It has been reproduced in the booklets prepared at Third Army Headquarters at Bad Tolz, Germany, dedicated to the memory of the gallant and colorful figure that was General Patton.

# The Will Of The Polish People To Be Free Has Always Overcome Any Combination Of Powers

Letter of Governor Thomas E. Dewey to Mr. Paul Nurkiewicz, Chairman of the Tenth Annual Pulaski Day Parade Banquet Committee, New York, N. Y.

THIS afternoon I reviewed your parade. To say that it was again a colorful demonstration, — to say that the solid ranks of thousands of marching men, women and children made me proud that I am the Governor of the State from whose citizens so many of these marchers came, — to say that all this was a great demonstration of patriotism, of love for America and sympathy for Poland, — all these expressions are inadequate to describe fully the emotions stirred within me by your parade today.

These thoughts dominated my mind this afternoon: America, a little group of Colonists, was fighting for freedom against the greatest nation at that time on the earth. Poland, then mighty Poland, was awaiting a third, — but as later events have proven, — not her last partition. There Count Casimir Pulaski, weighted down by the seemingly hopeless troubles of his mother country heard of another oppressed people far away who were waging a war for their independence. His fighting spirit heeded the call. He came to America after distinguished military service and served our cause so nobly that he became known as the "Father of American Cavalry." He gave his life at Savannah leading a charge of his beloved brigade.

General Pulaski's sacrifice is typical of the Poles. Having little themselves they will yet give all they have for others. Fighting against tremendous odds for their own liberty, they will still pitch in to help another nation in the same plight.

We could not watch the thousands who passed in today's parade without sad thoughts of the heroic Polish people today. The first to fight in 1939, they stood up to Hitler. They died in battle with the old Polish cry on their lips: "For Your Freedom and Ours." Crushed by overwhelming odds on the West and stabbed in the back on the East, Poland fell, but her people were not conquered. They fought throughout the long years of Nazi occupation inside and outside of Poland. Today they continue that same courageous, indomitable and relentless fight for liberty.

IF HISTORY HAS PROVEN ANYTHING, IT REVEALS THAT THE WILL OF THE POLISH PEOPLE TO BE FREE, TO LIVE IN TERRITORY INHABITED BY POLISH PEOPLE AND HISTORICALLY BELONGING TO THE POLISH NATION HAS ALWAYS OVERCOME ANY POWER OR COMBINATION BENT ON DESTROYING THESE ANCIENT RIGHTS,—AND THEY WILL IN THESE TIMES AGAIN SUCCEED.

With kindest regards and best wishes for a happy dinner and meeting, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) THOMAS E. DEWEY

STATE OF NEW YORK  
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER  
ALBANY

OCTOBER 6, 1946

## HYMN OF COMPLAINT

by KORNEL UJEJSKI

*With smoke of burning—with blood outpouring,  
O Lord! our voice we raise today  
In fearful wailing, in last imploring,  
In bitter sorrow that turns us gray!  
Songs without murmur we have no longer,  
Pierced are our temples with thorny bands,  
Like Thy monuments of wrath grown stronger,  
To Thee imploring we raise our hands!*

*O Lord! what horrors, what woes surround us!  
What days of terror upon us come!  
The Cains are many whose deeds confound us.  
The blood of brothers will not be dumb!  
But judge not sternly, — their eyes are blinded,  
Nor see the evil they do, O Lord!  
O punish instead the baser minded  
Who roused the anger that grasped the sword!*

—Translated by Paul Soboleski.

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Polish Scholar Honored in California

"The Great Challenge"

Roman Jasinski Dances at the Metropolitan Opera House

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# IGNACY MOSCICKI

(1867-1946)

**D**R. IGNACY MOSCICKI, President of Poland from 1926 to 1939, died in exile on October 2, 1946 at Versoix, Switzerland, after a long illness.

The man who gave up a career as one of Europe's greatest electrochemists and electrophysicists to be President of Poland for two successive seven-year terms, was born on December 1, 1867 in Mierzanow, Poland. As a boy, Moscicki attended secondary school in Warsaw and then studied chemistry at the Polytechnic School at Riga. Following graduation, he returned to Warsaw, where he took an active part in the Socialist independence movement.

Forced to leave his country in 1892, he went to London, where he stayed for 5 years, playing a very prominent role in the political movement. From London, in the fall of 1897, he travelled to Freiburg, Switzerland, where he was made assistant professor of electrochemistry and electrophysics at the University. In 1912 he returned to Poland to take over the chair of electrochemistry at the Polytechnic School of Lwow. Also in Lwow he organized a Chemical Research Institute. As founder of the Institute and leader in the organization of the Polish chemical industry, including the founding of large factories for the manufacture of synthetic fertilizers according to patents he owned, Moscicki had a large share in the preliminary work on which the economic power of Poland in the future was to be based.

Moscicki was one of the first exponents of a method of obtaining nitric acid from the air by the aid of electric discharges, which is of great importance in the manufacture of fertilizers and explosives.

As early as 1904, the young chemist, then an émigré in Switzerland, published the first scientific work in the annals of Cracow's Academy of Sciences. And as early as 1908 a factory was established at Chippis in Switzerland for the production of nitric acid by Moscicki's method. In 1910 synthetic, solidified nitric acid was successfully manufactured there for the first time in industrial history, and during the first world war, when the import of Chilean nitrates was interrupted, the existence of this factory

enabled Switzerland to cover its own needs. When working on these and related problems Moscicki invented a new type of high tension condenser, used with others on the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

Moscicki made several hundred inventions, mainly in electrophysics and electrochemistry, and owned over 600 patents. Even after he became President, he continued with his scientific research. His last invention was an apparatus which provided mountain air for lowland apartment dwellers.

Recognition for his contributions to the advancement of

science came from many institutions of higher learning. He held honorary doctorates from the Lwow Polytechnic, the Warsaw Polytechnic, the University of Wilno, the Sorbonne, and Universities in Tartu, Freiburg, Strasbourg and Sofia. He was also elected an honorary professor of the Lwow and Warsaw Polytechnics and was an honorary member of the Academy of Technical Sciences in Warsaw. Furthermore, he was an active member of the Polish Academy of Learning in Cracow and a founder member of the Academy of Technical Sciences in Warsaw, as well as a member of the Warsaw Scientific Society.

It fell to President Moscicki to decree general mobilization of the Polish Army on the eve of the German invasion of Poland. Throughout the months of tension that preceded Germany's aggression in September 1939, Moscicki expressed the will of the Polish nation when he refused to

yield to Hitler on the issue of Danzig.

When the Nazis attacked Poland without declaring war, Moscicki left the Polish capital, and when it became obvious that the country would be overrun by the Germans, Moscicki resigned as President, thereby making possible the formation of the Polish Government-in-Exile, and fled to Rumania, where he protested to the world against the destruction of open cities in Poland. In December 1939, he left Rumania for Switzerland because of ill health, remaining in the country where he had spent many years of his early life until his death at the age of 78.



The late President Ignacy Moscicki. Oil painting by Boleslaw Czedekowski.

# THE STRATEGY AND TACTICS OF RUSSIAN FOREIGN POLICY

by MICHAEL

STACHNIK

countries.

It should be remembered that not long ago Russia could afford to smile at the United States, while scarcely hiding her unfriendly attitude to Great Britain. Russia desired that in the future reckoning with capitalism—the inevitable and final one, in her opinion—she should have to deal with only one opponent. Her prognostications accepted the theory, already referred to, that the British Empire would disintegrate without a conflict. This theory has not been abandoned, and Russia is still mobilizing all those forces whose expansion would contribute to the downfall of the Empire. For instance, she drives illegal Jewish immigrants to Palestine and co-operates most actively and generously in the organization of that emigration.

The economic difficulties which would confront the Anglo-Saxon countries after the war would, in the opinion of the Russians, be insurmountable. Without a great expansion of her export trade, combined with a large increase in her foreign investments, the United States could not avoid a tremendous crisis. Great Britain would be in the same situation, but before she could develop her export trade to any considerable extent, she would have to obtain American financial aid. In addition, Great Britain would no longer be able to play the role of a big creditor and investor in the world. One of the main tasks of Russia and the Soviet Fifth Column is to do everything possible to hinder world economic co-operation. If international economic co-operation is not developed, then the Anglo-Saxon countries will very soon take the road to catastrophe, dragging with them the other capitalist countries—satellites in the American and English economic systems.

It was doubtless a great disappointment for Russia when, instead of the expected deterioration in Anglo-American relations, collaboration between the two countries became closer. In Liemnin's quoted article on the two crises in the capitalist system, considerable space is devoted to this disappointment: the situation is not as bad as it should be. He writes, for example:

"In consequence of unequal development in the capitalist world, there remain in fact two states which set the tone of international life—the United States and England. The antagonism between them, hitherto veiled by the common threat presented by the Axis countries, has now come out into the open and is again the main cause of differences in the capitalist world. But the special feature of these differences is that they develop within the narrow limits of co-operation in economic and diplomatic fields. Hence the endeavors to settle these disputes at the cost of other countries. The problem of the mutual relations between the two systems (i.e. the Soviet and capitalist systems—author's note) is again the most important in international politics."

This theory is rather obscure, since it is not clear why the Anglo-Saxons should settle their misunderstandings at the cost of the Soviet Union. But it is obvious from this that, instead of the hoped for Anglo-American conflict, an unexpected phase of historical process is taking place . . . a Soviet-Anglo-Saxon conflict is approaching. In short, it is as though one link had been omitted in the historical process forecast by Lenin and Stalin. It should be added that the theory quoted from Liemnin's article is repeated in a great many other articles in "Bolshevik," "Propagandist," "Pravda," "Novoje Vremia" etc. The approaching Soviet-Anglo-Saxon conflict is a new guiding principle in the strategy

(Please turn to page 12)

hatred for the Soviet Union . . ."

In his excellent book on the Soviet Union William C. Bullitt writes: "Those who complain that Soviet foreign policy is inconsistent and unpredictable confuse strategy and tactics with objectives. The Soviet Government progresses steadily toward its goal but changes its strategy and tactics like a good general staff, concealing its plans, shifting its forces. It judges carefully its own strength and weakness against the strength and weakness of non-Communist states. When it feels that it can strike successfully, it strikes.

"The establishment of Communist dictatorship throughout the earth, according to Communist teaching, may be achieved by two means:

"1. Class warfare—that is to say revolution within non-Communist states and "liquidation" of all classes except the proletariat.

"2. Conquest by the Soviet Union of non-Communist neighboring states, followed either by annexation or the installation of puppet governments run from Moscow."

Bullitt divides Russian foreign policy into six periods, starting from the seizing of power by the Bolsheviks in Russia. Each of these six periods is distinguished from the others by the different methods of approach to the final aim: the rule of Communism in the world.

Another excellent book on Russia, David T. Dallin's "The Real Soviet Russia," published a few years ago, also draws attention to the important distinction between the unchanging main aim and the elastic strategy and tactics.

In general all experts on Russian affairs state categorically that the thesis "Communism in one country" is a tactical thesis and a temporary one. For Russia has never abandoned the final aim—the rule of Communism throughout the world. Russian post-war publications definitely and precisely confirm this view.

During the period of Russian-German friendship from 1939-1941, Russia counted on the capitalist states bleeding themselves to death, thus making easier the reckoning with the capitalist world. The hope that new conflicts will arise within that world is apparent since the conclusion of the war. Briefly, in accordance with the theory of inevitable catastrophe inherent in the capitalist system, Russian politicians were counting on the capitalist world "swallowing itself up," which would greatly facilitate the gathering of the Communist harvest.

At the time of the suspension of American "Lend-Lease" aid for Great Britain and subsequently during the negotiations for the American loan to Britain and the discussions on this loan in American circles, it was apparent that the Russians still entertained the hope that Anglo-American misunderstanding would increase and that the two Anglo-Saxon colossi would in the long run drift apart. If not an Anglo-American war, then at least a lack of co-operation and a tendency to put spokes in the other's wheels, primarily in the field of economic relations with the rest of the world—such was the unbridled hope of Soviet politicians. But life does not necessarily conform to theory. The Russians did all in their power, both in America and in Britain, to make emotion the predominant factor in judging Anglo-American relations, so that the real point of interest should be veiled by a mirage. Russian public opinion began to hate Churchill, not so much for his Fulton speech, as for his role during his stay in America, in awakening the American public to a realization of the importance of solidarity between the Anglo-Saxon

## HYMN AT THE SUNSET AT SEA . . .

by JULIUSZ SLOWACKI

*Sad heart of me, Lord! In the West, for my sake,  
Thou didst scatter a myriad rainbow afar,  
And in the blue waters Thy taper didst wake  
A glittering star.  
Though Thou didst gild for me Heaven and sea,  
Sad heart of me!*

*As corn past its harvest, I stand with raised head,  
Void of delight and whom nought satisfies.  
From my face before strangers expression has fled—  
I am dumb as the skies.  
Though I discover my heart before Thee,  
Sad heart of me!*

*As do small children before mother goes  
Tremulous grieve, so to tears I incline,  
Watching the sun on the sea as it throws  
Its lingering shine.  
Though I tomorrow dawn's brilliance shall see—  
Sad heart of me!*

*Drifting today on the ocean's broad waste—  
Five score of miles from the land on each side,  
In a broad echelon, airily spaced,  
Some cranes I espied . . .  
As once o'er the fallows of Poland did flee—  
Sad heart of me!*

*Often I mused on the graves of dead men  
Of whose abode I was scarcely aware,  
A pilgrim was I, trudging wearily then  
By the lightning flare:  
Since I know not where my tomb-stone shall be—  
Sad heart of me!*

*Some day Thou shalt look, Lord, upon my white bones,  
No massive and pillared facade in my trust;  
To me, in my sorrow, for all else atones  
The sepulchre's dust . . .  
Since my last haven is known but to Thee—  
Sad heart of me!*

*An innocent child in my country was made  
To pray for me daily though now it is plain—  
Ne'er shall my ship which so widely has strayed  
My homeland regain.  
Pity the child and its impotent plea—  
Sad heart of me!*

*Neath Thy mazed sun-beams so colorfully spread  
By Thy angels surpassing along the great sky,  
Mayhap in ten decades shall men having shed  
A glance on me, die . . .  
Humbly to nothingness I must agree—  
Sad heart of me!*

—Translated by Noel E. P. Clark

# AN EXPERIMENT WITH A POLISH COMMUNITY THEATRE

by TADEUSZ JARECKI



Tadeusz Jarecki. Drawing by Gustaw Gwozdecki.

SOMETIME in the early thirties I set out on a concert tour, traveling once more the old familiar road towards southeastern Poland. This was the trail blazed by diligence and followed by train, conveying so many wandering minstrels even since the time of Mozart's father. Modjeska and the de Reszkes had taken it, Adelina Patti, Paderewski, Richard Strauss, Sembrich, Didur, Kreisler, Sigismund Stojowski, Ernest Schelling, Mischa

Elman, Zimbalist, Pablo Casals, legions of European celebrities. In Lwow the show was the thing. Never all through the restless surge towards independence in the years before the first World War, nor through the lean post-war days amidst scarred buildings when dilapidated cabs bumped over the "catheads" drawn by skinny, undernourished horses, never had her people been deprived of the spectacle they loved so well, the music without which they could not exist. It was with a thrill of pride that I found, returning for a concert after many years in America, that this border city of mine had lost none of its old buoyancy. It could not be put to shame by the great capitals with their brilliant concert halls; for it had the awareness of many races which welded together, gave it an independent individuality.

The old Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted more than a quarter of a century before by my father, Henryk Jarecki, had abandoned its regular subscription concerts. But those they gave were singularly progressive. It was Lwow that insisted Ravel should conduct the entire program of his own compositions when he came to Poland, unlike Warsaw, which feared to let him appear with anything more taxing than the piano concerto, which could be safely left to the competence of Marguerite Long, the French pianist who accompanied him on his tour. But Lwow took a chance on him and gave the audience an unforgettable evening with Maurice Ravel who, glowing with excitement, endeared himself to them all.

With a like initiative was I engaged for an experimental tryout of my unpublished symphonic works before that audience of quick and sure reactions. The Philharmonic

Orchestra was placed at my disposal; and what an intimate satisfaction it was, this opportunity thus to review one's life work, objectively appraising the means and the effect. But there were still better things in store.

It so happened that just at this time Stanisławów, a town southeast of Lwow on the main line to Bucharest, announced a competition for the post of Director in charge of the local Conservatory of Music, theatre, opera and symphony concerts. Reluctant at first to embark upon a provincial enterprise, I later learned that this musical outpost was unique in the country. The townspeople, living on the outskirts of a mountain region, were imbued with a pioneer spirit. While living amicably with their neighbors, including national and racial minorities: Ruthenians, Armenians, Germans, Jews, the Polish element instinctively drew together in close unity and solidarity, pooling their resources in order to maintain a high standard of culture in the community. Office executives, city administrators, merchants, bankers, lawyers, engineers, architects, scholars, educators, dentists and doctors, business men, all the leading citizens with a little surplus to spare had long since joined forces in one club, one dramatic and musical association, the Moniuszko Society. Already there existed a tradition of sacrifice and mutual cooperation. A music-loving citizen, Baron Romaszkan, had endowed it with a small fortune.

Stanisławów was a key railway town, and the orchestra was recruited largely from the railway employees, many of whom were educated instrumentalists. One of the Directors had established an unwritten law to employ in the local offices only men with a serious musical avocation. Whenever there was a vacancy to be filled in the offices or yards inquiries were anxiously whispered about, not concerning the nature of the work, but whether it was for a clarinet, trombone, flute, viola or what the

specific demand was in the orchestra. Railroad men from all over the country who were expert with an orchestral instrument, could count on a transfer sooner or later to the musical city of Stanisławów. Years of effort brought their results. The Moniuszko Society built a theatre, formed a company of skilled amateur actors, started amusic school and secured the participation of professional singers, actors and musicians from far and near. Many stars of international reputation, known to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, to the Vienna Opera and to the opera houses of Poland had guest performances in their day on the Stanisławów stage. The Moniuszko theatre became the center of the town's cultural and social activities.

The enterprise benefited by the democratic reforms of the new Poland after 1920, which were especially fortunate in promoting the growth of prosperity and education throughout the country. A state insurance policy provided for every government employee a budget for the education of his children. The

*Tadeusz Jarecki is a composer and conductor born in Lwow, Poland in 1889 and since 1931 has been an American citizen. He studied under the famous Polish composer, Stanislaw Niewiadomski. He was a front line officer in the Polish Army in France in 1918. A winner of the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge First International Prize for his String Quartet op. 21, he was for five years a staff member of the National Broadcasting Company in New York, and from 1932-1937 director of the Stanislawow Conservatoire, opera and concerts. He was a guest conductor of the Warsaw Philharmonic, the Lwow Philharmonic, the Katowice Symphony, the Berlin Philharmonic, the London Symphony Orchestra, the London Philharmonic, the B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra and others. He has written and lectured on the history of music and orchestral problems. His compositions include five symphonies, a violin concerto, orchestral suites and other symphonic and chamber works.*

humblest worker on the railroad, in the post office, the police station or any government owned organization received a so-called "economic addition" to his wages of 25 zloty a month to be paid upon the presentation of his child's monthly school report. Besides this a maximum tuition fee of 45 zloty for each child of school age was transferred directly from the state treasury to any professional, music or art school accredited by the government and designated by the parents. This meant a generous endowment of recognized institutions of learning at the same time bringing about a democratization involving the association of all classes. The Music School of the Moniuszko Society with about 300 pupils enrolled, thus re-gained its pre-war prosperity. The Government endowed it with the status of a Conservatory, one of about half a dozen such institutions in Poland; and the Executive Board was now able to start the work of re-building the theatre, the halls and class rooms all under one roof.

It was this renovated, modern structure, stage and Conservatory of Music of which I was invited to become the Director and Conductor and whose activities I was to supervise for a period of five years prior to World War II. The Executive Board consisted of the town's representative men, who served gratuitously. The direction of the drama and coaching of the amateur group of players was in the hands of Worbrodt, a young actor from Wilno, a disciple and friend of Osterwa, founder of Poland's vanguard theatre movement known as *Reduta* and later Director of the Krakow Theatre.

The achievements of this austere reformer opened a new vista of cooperation; and a noble experiment in staging opera with stylized scenery followed. The old Polish classic drama, *Balladyna*, by Słowacki was conceived and staged as a folk-tale against a background of evocation music by orchestra and chorus. Half a century before Modjeska, returning from New York and London triumphs had appeared in Lwow in the title role. Incidental music for an operatic orchestra, soloists and chorus performed from the pit had been composed especially for those appearances by my father, Henryk Jarecki, then the Music Director of the "Great Theatre" (opera and drama) in Lwow.

So here we were, myself a Pole for years a resident of America and my wife, an American of many generations, knowing theatre only from the front but acquainted with the scenography of Gordon Craig, Adolph Appia, Serge Diaghilev, Stanislavsky, Vincent Drabik, Max Reinhardt and the lavish productions of New York, Paris and Warsaw, given all at once the privilege of putting to the test our own theories and convictions, of selecting our casts and staff and of planning theatrical spectacles

involving over a hundred performers and costing thousands of zloty.

It was this region pre-eminently to which the "happy breed" of voices was indigenous. We lost our top lyric soprano the last year to Vienna, where the Weingartners took her up until she was engaged by the Opera in Zagreb, Yugoslavia as prima donna. One of our leading sopranos was a little gnome of a girl, the daughter of a policeman and a scholarship student. But for her stature she might have made a career anywhere in big roles; for her voice was a heavy lyric, almost dramatic in timbre and texture. She was most successful in *Butterfly* and *Haensel and Gretel* although she gave fine performances for us of *Halka* and *Tatiana* in *Onegin* and she was a box office favorite as much for her ability to act as for her voice. The Tchaikovsky opera with an acting chorus was a good beginning for our first season. Our *Onegin* was a prosecuting attorney and our *Lenski* the scion of one of Poland's great titled families whose estate was just a station up the line from us.

It was this community singing that bound together the total society of Stanisławów. Bank clerks, artists, dentists, high school teachers, petty officials, the wives, fashionable women and girls for whom this choral singing took the place of a club, a bridge game or the movies, attended rehearsals faithfully. Once the music was mastered and memorized, things moved speedily towards the climax. The soloists joined in, then the string ensembles. The action was studied with the stage manager. Amateur and professional instrumentalists craned their necks from the orchestra pit in



The cast of *Mindowe*, an opera by Henryk Jarecki, photographed on the 55th anniversary of the opera's premiere, May, 1935, at the Moniuszko Theatre at Stanislawow, Poland. The opera was produced and conducted by Tadeusz Jarecki.

the pauses for a preview of the new scenery. Shouts from the conductor's desk rose above the discreet buzz on the stage of gossip exchanged between the ladies—and these were ladies indeed—of the chorus. Then the dress rehearsal, the transformation of masks and personalities; and finally enchantment entered unbidden, merging all these unrelated fragments of human effort into a vital current—the creation of an operatic production!

*Halka* by Moniuszko was enhanced by the participation of over fifty robust voices of the military cadet school, many of whom a few years later, were heard in London as soloists and members of the Polish Army Choir. *An Old Tale* by Żelenski, a massive production with enormous cast and choruses, constituted the greatest strain on the resources of our stage and singers. By comparison, Puccini's *Bohème* was easy and spirited. We presented it in modern dress and characterization. I cannot recall in my experience a more perfect ensemble than that in the second act of this opera before the *Momus Café* sung by a quintet of our fresh, young and well-

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# BOLESŁAW CZEDEKOWSKI—WORLD-FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTER

by HELEN GOODWIN

WHEN the advance patrols of the American Third Army entered the sleepy village of Alt Ausee near Salzburg early in 1945, the first American flag they saw was that flying from the apartment of the noted Polish painter, Bolesław Czedekowski, who with his wife had left Vienna, where he had been compelled to spend the war years, to get as near to the approaching Americans as possible. The act of hanging out the Stars and Stripes in Naziland was a bold one, for if the Americans had been forced back by the Germans, the Czedekowskis would certainly have been called to account for their Allied sympathies.

But the Americans pressed on to final victory and Czedekowski immediately reported to the local headquarters of the Third Army, introduced himself and offered his cooperation. In no time at all, the major by whom he had been interviewed was sitting for a portrait, which was so satisfactory that soon other officers of the Third Army were using their free time to sit for him. The Polish artist worked his way up in the military hierarchy painting Colonels Costello and Heitmann, Generals L. K. Truscott, Jr., H. McBride and George Smith and finally painting the late General George S. Patton, Jr. himself at the Third Army Headquarters in Bad Tölz. Czedekowski has words of high praise for the colorful figure who was affectionately called "Blood and Guts" by his men. He was extremely pleasant and despite the rigid discipline upon which he insisted, loved his soldiers as only a seasoned campaigner can.

It was also at Bad Tölz that the Pole organized a school for 25 officers and enlisted men who had been permitted by the U. S. Army to study painting. Most of them had never painted before, but they had so much native talent and were so diligent that they made rapid progress in the four months that the course lasted. Some are already earning a living in the field of commercial art. Czedekowski found these American students of his very easy to work with. They were, he says, not only alert and attentive, but unusually well mannered and courteous.

In May 1946 Czedekowski left Bad Tölz for Frankfurt where he continued his portrait painting. General Joseph T. McNarney is another top general who has had his portrait done by the Polish artist.

The Czedekowskis came to the United States in July of this year, thus realizing an ambition they had had since the outbreak of World War II. This is not their first trip to America. All in all, the artist had visited this country eight times in the interval between the two world wars.

Bolesław Czedekowski was born near Stanisławów in Poland. Even as a child he had a love of pictures, so that when his mother wanted him to behave, she achieved the desired effect with the promise of a picture book. His early education was in Stanis-

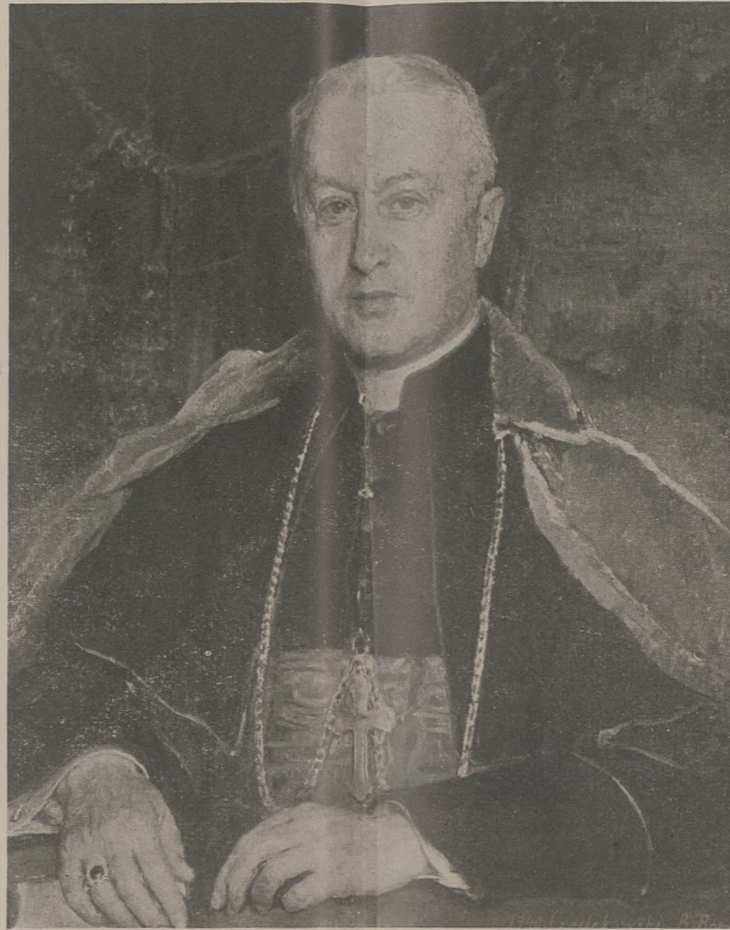
ławów and then the aspiring young artist set out for Vienna and its renowned Academy of Fine Arts. After four years of general study there, during which he captured a number of prizes, he was one of the very few students who were granted the privilege of an atelier. For four years he studied under the well-known Polish portrait painter, Kazimierz Pochwalski, and young as he was, he was already receiving his first commissions. Drafted into the Austrian Army in 1914, he was assigned to paint portraits of Austrian royalty, ministers, generals and marshals.

As soon as World War I came to an end, Czedekowski boarded the first ship available and came to America. He arrived an unknown artist and he left for Paris two and one-half years later an established painter with portraits of Bishop Dunn; Arthur Bodanzky; Governor Charles S. Whitman; Judge William L. Ransom; Mrs. Adèle Tobin, President of the Colony Club; Railroad President F. L. Loree, and many other society figures to his credit. The next sixteen years were spent in Paris, where the artist painted some Frenchmen, including

Marshal Foch, Minister Pierre de Fouquières, Moro de Giafferi, but concentrated on Americans and South Americans who made up the gay, glittering foreign colony of Paris. He exhibited regularly at the Grand Salon de Printemps, at Épatant, and in Brussels, and had several one-man shows at Knoedler's.

The ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur, a gold medal, a silver medal and honorable mentions are evidence that his work in France was appreciated. Not content with this full-time program, Czedekowski exhibited every year at the Royal Academy in London and his portrait of his wife and daughter was bought by the City of Glasgow for its National Museum. His American trips averaged three months at a time.

But after all, Czedekowski is a Pole and like his countrymen could not stay away from his homeland for long. He visited Poland regularly, for the most part spending his summers there. His paintings enjoyed particular acclaim in the land of his birth and won several high awards



August Cardinal Hlond, Primate of Poland. By Bolesław Czedekowski.

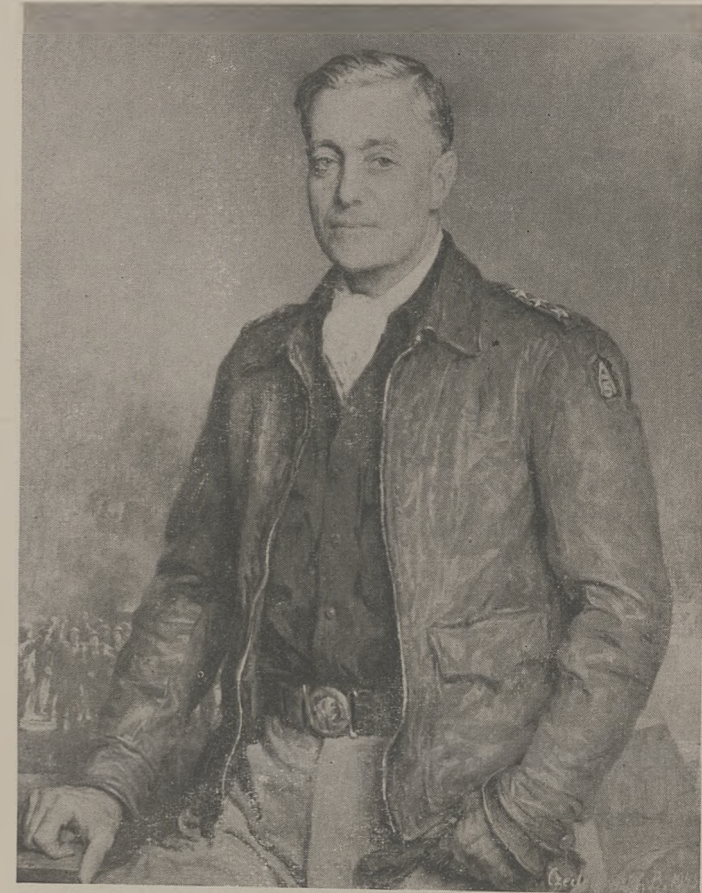
at art exhibitions in Warsaw. Furthermore, Czedekowski painted many Polish celebrities, among them Ignacy Moscicki, the late President of Poland, Cardinals Hlond and Sapieha, Jerzy Potocki, Ambassador Chlapowski.

The German invasion of Poland in September 1939 found the Czedekowski family in Warsaw. Moving from one bombed out shelter to another, they survived the three weeks of hell that was the siege of Warsaw. A month after the Germans marched in, they left for Vienna in their riddled automobile—the only car that was still to be seen in the streets of the battered Polish capital. In Vienna Czedekowski tried to get American visas. Unsuccessful, he tried again in Rome. But it was too late. The war between America and Italy was on. There was nothing to do but return to Vienna. However, a painter's life under the Nazis was not a rosy one. The purchase of oils and brushes necessitated the permission of the authorities. When Czedekowski applied for such permission, he received a letter, which read in part:

"On grounds of your Polish descent, you do not possess the required reliability towards the people and government to contribute to the promotion of German culture . . . I refuse you permission to the department of creative art and forbid you, effective from this moment, any activity, professional or private, in any field of art."

Nevertheless, Czedekowski did manage to get around the law and even exhibited at the Künstlerhaus, where his first exhibit back in 1914 had been held. It was an annual custom at the Künstlerhaus to have the public select its favorite painting by vote and award 5,000 marks to the author of the winning painting. Czedekowski's work won the greatest number of votes, but the Polish artist never received the prize money.

Later, the Reich's Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels expressed a wish



Lieut. Gen. K. Lucian Truscott, Jr. By Bolesław Czedekowski.

to buy two of Czedekowski's paintings—a portrait and a nude—but the Pole had the deep satisfaction of refusing to sell them to him.

Now that he is in New York again, and has achieved the impossible by finding a studio in a city afflicted with

an acute housing shortage, Czedekowski plans to hold an exhibition of his works as soon as they arrive from Heidelberg. Unfortunately his Polish paintings have suffered the fate of most Polish art—destruction.

Czedekowski's daughter, Countess Helena Sierakowska, is also a painter. But whereas her father works in oils, she prefers water colors and is a capable commercial artist.

Czedekowski considers technical problems of outline and color as of primary importance. When he is about to paint a portrait, Czedekowski first studies his model's possibilities, looking for characteristic gestures or attitudes. (Please turn to page 14)



Bolesław Czedekowski poses in front of his painting, *In the Window*.



American G. I.'s studying painting under the direction of Bolesław Czedekowski at Bad Tolz, in the American zone of Germany. The course lasted four months and 25 officers and enlisted men took advantage of the rare opportunity of receiving instruction from the outstanding Polish portrait painter.

# THE GHOSTS OF STAROBIELSK

The Personal Narrative of a Polish Officer Who Escaped the Massacre at Katyn\*

by JOSEPH CZAPSKI



IT WAS on September 17th, 1939, that the Soviet Army, without declaring war, entered Poland at the moment when the country was using its last resources to defend its soil against the invasion of Hitler.

The Soviet Army took about 200,000 prisoners (according to the Russian military paper *Krasnaya Zvezda* of October, 1940, — 9,227 officers and 181,223 other ranks) and seized a considerable amount of booty.

Almost all the officers, with several thousands of other ranks—all taken prisoner in September 1939, their arms in their hands—passed, between October, 1939, and May, 1940, through the three camps at Starobielsk (southeast of Kharkov), Kozielsk (between Smolensk and Tula) and Ostachkow (west of Tver). In these three places, on April 5th, 1940, at the beginning of the evacuation, there were in all 15,700 men (about 8,700 officers and 7,000 N. C. O.'s, privates and police personnel). Four hundred officers and other ranks (out of the round figure of 15,700) survived. These were interned, after the evacuation of the three camps, at Griazowitz near Vologda, and liberated in August, 1941, after the outbreak of war between Russia and Germany and the conclusion of the pact between Poland and Russia. In addition, there were a few dozen officers who had been moved from the three original camps during the winter of 1939 to be tried by political courts. These also were recovered and freed at the same time. Immediately on their liberation, these 400 and the few odd dozens took part in the organization of the cadres of the Polish Army then being formed on Soviet territory.

The camp at Starobielsk contained on the day of its evacuation—that is to say on April 5th, 1940—in all 3,920 prisoners (all officers with the exception of about 30 cadets and a few civilians.) *Out of all these prisoners barely 70 escaped massacre; I am one of them.* The others disappeared without trace, in spite of subsequent urgent and repeated efforts to discover their whereabouts. At Starobielsk alone there were nine generals, eight of them were never seen again. There were five generals at Kozielsk; four disappeared. Altogether the number of officers who perished in the camps was about 300 lieutenant-colonels, 500 majors, 2,500 captains and 5,000 subalterns. There were 600 Air Force officers at Starobielsk. In this camp and at Kozielsk there were over 800 doctors.

In the camps were some dozens of university professors: Morawski, of the Warsaw Polytechnic; Professor Tucholski, a physicist and chemist, a specialist in explosives and a Fellow at Cambridge University; Professor Piotrowski, Secretary of the Academy of Sciences at Cracow, to whom we were to be obliged for excellent lectures on Polish history. I must also mention Eiger, the engineer, who was the Vice-President of the Anti-Hitler League in Poland, and two editors of one of the largest Jewish newspapers in Poland the *Nasz Przegląd*; fleeing from the German occupation, they had appealed to the Russians for refuge.

Eighty percent of the members of the Technical Arma-

ments Institute disappeared, as well as 80 percent of the students of armaments from the Warsaw Polytechnic, who had joined up as volunteers. Not one member of the School of War Gases was recovered; their commander, Brzozowski, and the entire personnel were taken prisoner by the Soviet Army. All the Naval Headquarters staff disappeared, with the exception of two officers.

The few cases which I have cited above are taken at random from my memories and from the accounts of my companions. They give only a slight idea of the long list of valuable men we lost in these camps.

We reached Starobielsk early in October. The snow was already deep. We were surrounded by police dogs and led over the snow through the streets of the town between rows of poor, whitewashed hovels and clay huts. A child ran out of a house and gave us a watermelon. Behind the low, closed windows appeared the wary, pitying faces of men and women who followed us with their eyes. I remember one of these women. She had white hair and a sad, faded face. Her eyes, melancholy and intelligent, peered at us through spectacles. Later I learned that Starobielsk was one of the places to which many of the Russian "intelligentsia" had been deported from the big cities. On arrival most of us were lodged in the buildings of an old monastery on the site of which our camp was to be set up. The overflow, of which I was one, were shut in a building in the center of the town. They kept us there, several hundreds of us, in an enclosure surrounded by walls. There were four small rooms and also a large outhouse, a kind of barn, full of disused carriages of a strange design. The ground was strewn with bits of dirty paper, torn-up books and papers from some destroyed library. In the wall, at the far end of the barn, a large hole at about the height of a man, had been made by bullets. We were told that it was there, in 1917, that the bourgeois had been shot. Later I saw a similar hole in the wall which surrounded the monastery of Starobielsk. According to what we were told, this was where even monks and nuns had been shot.

At the end of a week I was moved to the main camp. Its walls enclosed, at the most, only between 25 and 30 acres. Indescribable chaos reigned there still. In former times it had been a monastery and place of pilgrimage. There was a big Russian church, its crosses now broken, which was used as a storehouse for grain. While we were there, hundreds of carts and lorries used to bring in stocks of corn from the whole region. This was taken during the winter, we were told, to Germany. There was also an Orthodox church in the camp. It was much smaller and packed with prisoners. Their tiered bunks formed a scaffolding which reached nearly to the ceiling. In addition, thousands of officers and troops were crowded into several buildings of the old monastery. They slept on benches on the floor, in the corridors—wherever they could find a place.

Through the snowy and icy winter thousands of men clad only in rags and devoured by fleas were confined in the camp. It would never have been possible to accommodate them all under the available roofs. At the beginning tents were put up, but they were extremely primitive. There were no baths, no clinics, no delousing section, and the food was insufficient. But ironically enough, there were loud-speakers everywhere and, as in all other

places in Russia, they blared out, in raucous voice, endless bits of propaganda, anti-Polish stories, interspersed with . . . Chopin (and even the shocking quality of the reception did not prevent these fragments of études, nocturnes and sonatas from moving us deeply.)

We were subjected, throughout that winter at Starobielsk, to repeated interrogations, usually during the night. They varied a good deal in intensity and form. We were photographed several times, and detailed documents were made out for each of us more than once. The style of the questioning varied greatly, starting with polite questions on our opinion of the military situation, put by high officials of the NKVD who had come from Moscow. They would intersperse their interrogations, which usually lasted three or four days on end, almost without respite, with insinuating phrases such as: "Ah, how sad for your young wife, she will never see you again unless you admit . . ." or "unless you promise . . ." As far as I know, we were not beaten at Starobielsk while I was there, nor tortured, as was the case in the prisons at Lwow, Kiev and some in Moscow.

I was not specially tormented during the inquiries. My questioner, on the contrary, was almost pleasant at times. (As a matter of fact I must admit that it is only now, in retrospect, that I can use the term "pleasant;" I knew that my fate depended on my least imprudent word or the slightest whim of my questioner.) I was questioned by three men: a Jew who used perfume liberally, and two officials of the NKVD, Russians of a primitive type. I told them I had worked in Paris for eight years as a painter. This struck them as being highly suspicious. "What orders did you receive from the Foreign Minister when you left for Paris?" one of them asked me. I told him that the Minister did not even know I was going to Paris. "Then what did his deputy say to you?" "But he didn't know of my departure, either," I replied. "I was going to paint, not to spy." "Do you think we are not aware that, as an artist, you could have made a map of Paris and sent it to your Foreign Office?" I simply could not make my inquisitor understand that it was the simplest thing to buy a map of Paris at any carrefour, and that Polish artists were not spies secretly plotting the maps of foreign capitals.

From February, 1940, onwards, news began to be passed round at Starobielsk that we were shortly to leave the camp. I learned from cards which reached me from Poland, that a number of women in the Polish Red Cross were taking turns to wait, with thousands of parcels for the prisoners, in the station on the line dividing the Russo-German occupation. There they stayed, in the intense cold of this unusually severe winter, as they had been told that we were either returning to Poland or passing through on our way to German camps. On the other hand, the camp authorities put out the news that we were to be handed over to the Allies, who would send us to France to fight the Germans. Even the route we were to take was hinted at surreptitiously in the huts. Our way was to lie through Bendery, for Rumania. One night we were even wakened to learn if there was anyone amongst us who spoke Rumanian or Greek. This put us into such a state of mind that many of us, when they started to take us away in small groups, in April, 1940, really believed that we were going to freedom. What we could not understand, however, was on what principle they were selecting those who were to go. They



Polish Prisoners of War in Russia. Drawing by Feliks Topolski.

mixed age, rank, professions, social status and political opinions. Every departure falsified our conjectures. But, in any case, each of us feverishly awaited every new list of departures. It was called "parrot time" when the list was posted up, because the hazard which seemed to reign in the compiling of the lists reminded us of the tickets drawn by parrots belonging to organ grinders. Every day someone left Hut 21 from Lwow Street (two rows of bunks across the hut divided by a narrow passage) where I had lived since Christmas. There were forty of us, and we had become attached to one another during the winter months. All the same, our goodbyes were cheerful. Everyone lived in the hope of a better and incalculable future.

My own departure kept on being postponed. There were now only a few dozen of us left out of the original 3,920 of early April, and the departures grew less and less frequent. It was not until May 12th that I left Starobielsk, in a group of sixteen men. Our surprise started from the moment we arrived at the station. We were crowded into the narrow compartments of a prison wagon. The doors were fastened with heavy iron bars, and there were next to no windows. On the ceiling and partitions we made out messages of recent date, such as "They are taking us off near Smolensk," and "We are being taken to near Smolensk" . . . Making long detours through Kharkov and Tula, we reached the outskirts of

(Please turn to page 15)

\* Condensed from *The Tablet*, London, September 7, 1946.

## Polish Scholar Honored in California



Professor Oskar Halecki, Director of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America, Professor of Eastern European History in the Graduate School of Fordham University, and Professor of Slavonic History at the University of Montreal, addressing the Society for the Promotion of Poland's Independence at a reception in his honor on September 6 in Hollywood, California. The reception was sponsored by the Most Reverend Archbishop John J. Cantwell, D.D. During his California lecture tour Dr. Halecki delivered a series of lectures on such topics as "Poland—East or West," "Is Poland Free?" "Poland—Test Case of the Peace," "How Can Poland Survive?" etc.

### THE STRATEGY AND TACTICS OF RUSSIAN FOREIGN POLICY

(Continued from page 5)

and tactics of Russian foreign policy.

The other disappointment is the unexpected vitality of the British Empire. This has become a mania with Russian journalists.

A third cause for disappointment, evident in Russian publications, is that in the economic field the Anglo-Saxon position is not as bad as was expected. On the contrary, it is improving somewhat; instead of a post-war slump, there are signs of considerable prosperity. The Western European countries are also surmounting their post-war difficulties. And all this despite the fact that Russia—so it seemed to her—has destroyed the chain system of world economy. Without China, which is plunged in civil war, without Central Europe, without a great many of the pre-war "reserves" of capitalism, Anglo-Saxon economy does not intend to declare itself bankrupt.

All these disappointments lead to the conclusion that historical prognostication has so far proved inaccurate; that there will perhaps be no intermediate phase, but that the conflict for the establishment of Communist rule throughout the world is approaching.

In the last number of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party's journal, "Socjalisticheskij Viestnik," published in the United States, R. Abramowich gives a very accurate appreciation of the present stage of Soviet tactics:

"Neither war nor peace—this slogan of Trotsky, dating from the time of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, has now been adopted, nearly 30 years later and on an infinitely larger scale, by his great antagonist (and moral murderer)—Generalissimo Stalin."

Russian policy is undoubtedly aimed at preserving a state of "neither war nor peace." Such a situation is advantageous to Russia—regardless of the form of the future conflict so definitely predicted by Russian politicians. This state of unrest and uncertainty creates an atmosphere favorable to the activities of the Fifth Column and facilitates the mobilization of the masses under

the slogan of an Anglo-Saxon threat to their class or national interests. It is not necessary to describe how and where the Fifth Column is working, for the facts are generally known. But it is worth drawing attention to Russia's amazing confidence in the naiveté and primitiveness of the human mind. From the storehouse of Tsarist Russia's political tricks the slogan of pan-slavism has been brought out; statements by Anglo-Saxon politicians, allegedly proving the Anglo-Saxon threat to the Slavs, are used as a means of intimidating the latter, whose mobilization on the Russian side in the future conflict is counted upon.

In conclusion, it must be admitted that within the last few months there has been an important and decisive change in the Russian outlook on the future. The Soviets have begun to realize the possibility of a direct conflict with the capitalist world for the establishment of the rule of Communism—without the intermediate stages. It may be necessary to engage in this conflict fairly soon. Two arguments are in favor of this.

Firstly, the capitalist world is beginning to show, in spite of everything, a greater inclination to consolidate itself than to decay. The wave of post-war *malaise* may disappear for ever. The conflict may become more and more difficult. On the other hand, it seems unlikely that both camps will take up their positions and wait. Stalin has certain moral obligations towards humanity to give the world a Communist system.

Secondly, *malaise*, though of a different sort is also appearing in Russia, where it is rather on the increase. Since the time of the famous Trotsky "purges" and others similar to them, there have not been so many complaints as now appear in the Russian press concerning slackness, lack of discipline, signs of reaction in the Russian mentality, etc. The execution of the new five year plan is causing unrest. Russians abroad, observing with interest the life of their country, and foreigners who are acquainted with Russian conditions, state that in the whole Bolshevik era there was never such a gap

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# "THE GREAT CHALLENGE"

*A New Book by Louis Fischer*

"MOSCOW is now actively engaged in a combined territorial-ideological offensive against the non-Soviet world. Not to resist means to help Russia expand to a point where, alarmed, the two great Western powers will seek to call a halt by the use of force.

"There are these ways of dealing with the Russian problem. 1) Fight Russia now. I reject that vehemently. 2) Appease Russia (appeasement always includes saying that what you are doing is not appeasement but the only way of getting on with Russia). I reject that because it will wipe out freedom in many countries and end in war. 3) Block Russia's territorial expansion by an effective international organization and block Russia's ideological expansion by increasing the contentment and cohesion of the countries in her path. I defend that."

That is how Louis Fischer defines his attitude toward the crucial Russian problem in his new book, *THE GREAT CHALLENGE*.\*

The book is the result of a deep and intelligent study of the diplomatic game and ideology, the political trends, the social and economic factors marking the recent war and the present period of uncertain peace. It leads to the conclusion that in order to combat the inundation by Soviet totalitarianism threatening the world in the wake of the destruction of Nazi, fascist and Japanese totalitarianism, the Western democracies must make a great effort to transform the present policy of appeasement and official optimism into one of a dynamic, ideologically strong democracy, which would formulate and carry through a program of national and individual freedom in a socio-economic system suited to contemporary conditions.

Fischer does not see the alternative to appeasement in an Anglo-American military alliance and the setting up of a great anti-Soviet coalition, but in the strengthening of democratic elements wherever deceptive Soviet promises are regarded as progress—as compared with the status quo—by people or social classes that do not enjoy freedom and equality. India, Indonesia, China—the entire complex, extremely difficult problem of the relationship of the white man to the colored peoples—if resolved in conformity with the principles of national freedom and racial equality, will strengthen the democracies more than any defense measures against Soviet imperialism attempted by the military machine of a declining British imperialist and colonial policy and a budding American imperialism as yet not conscious of its goals and responsibilities.

Fischer's new book is more than the work of a distinguished journalist. In it Fischer once again shows that he is a profound thinker and a sound political writer. His interpretation of the great events and great personalities of the last seven years is balanced, pondered and objective. There are no gaps in his reasoning. The chapter in which he analyzes the Stalin-Hitler relation-

ship, proving that Stalin believed to the last that Hitler would not attack Russia, but that he would observe the pact of August 1939 and turn against the British Empire instead, refutes the arguments of apologists of Soviet policy who claim that the ruler of Russia signed a pact with Hitler because he wished to gain time and arm his country.

The chapters devoted to the aims of Soviet foreign policy and to Stalin's reversion from the revolution to a tsarist-style nationalism and imperialism are among the most interesting in the book.

"The Bolshevik revolution," writes Fischer, "has been the struggle between Karl Marx and Peter the Great, between the Communist future and Russia's past. The new met resistance from the old. At times, Marx prevailed. Now Peter is the victor and Marx his prisoner.

On the crucial question Peter and Marx agreed: both stood for dictatorship."

A brief review cannot do justice to this book which is unusually meaty not only in thinking but also in documentation, many of the data presented never having been published before, as e.g., the exchange of telegrams between Chiang-Kai-Shek and the late President Roosevelt in July and August 1942 in which the Chinese Generalissimo requested a friendly American intervention with the English Government in the matter of Indian independence.

A report of conversations with the top statesmen of Great Britain, India and the United States, a presentation of the part played by the German problem in shaping Russian and Western policy, an excellent analysis of the present crisis within liberal circles in the democratic countries and the reasons why Soviet slogans find favor in these circles, a sharp criticism of Laski—these are some of the interesting highlights in Fischer's work; his approach to all

questions of world-wide interest is original and bears the stamp of his individuality.

Interesting as the subject matter of *THE GREAT CHALLENGE* is, the book should also carry weight because of the way in which it is written. For the most striking trait of this book is the author's intellectual honesty. His indignation at the omnipotence and ever increasing rise of falsehood—that cornerstone of totalitarian thinking and totalitarian systems, his concern about the freedom of man the world over, and his sense of law and justice, are strong and genuine.

Fischer often touches on the Polish question in his book. In evaluating the degree of responsibility and morality of British and American policy toward the Polish nation and the Allied Polish Government, it is of interest to note that as early as April 25, 1942, John J. Winant, U. S. Ambassador to London, told Mr. Fischer in strict confidence "that Moscow would absorb all Polish territory up to the Curzon Line, but that the President opposes such frontier changes during the war."

(Please turn to page 14)



Louis Fischer.

\**THE GREAT CHALLENGE* by Louis Fischer. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 346 pages. \$4.00.

## Roman Jasinski Dances at the Metropolitan Opera House

**R**OMAN JASINSKI, star of Col. W. de Basil's Original Ballet Russe, in *Eternal Struggle*, with music by Schumann and choreography by Schwezoff. A graduate of the Warsaw Opera Ballet, Jasinski joined the Ida Rubinstein Ballet in 1928. Since 1933 Jasinski has been a premier danseur of Col. W. de Basil's Ballet. He toured the world with this company, sharing in its triumphs. International critics were enthusiastic over his performance in *Fils Prodigue* (choreography by Lichine) and *Icare* (choreography by Lifar). A Melbourne critic wrote that "Jasinski's representation of the flight of birds in *Icare* was perfect dance mime." Jasinski is currently dancing in the Metropolitan Opera House gathering high praise as a leading artist preserving the glorious tradition of generations of world-famous Polish dancers.



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## BOLESŁAW CZEDEKOWSKI — WORLD-FAMOUS POLISH PORTRAIT PAINTER

(Continued from page 9)

tudes that reflect the sitter's personality. He then transfers this pose onto canvas. He sketches in the outline of the subject lightly in oils and then fills in the rest of the portrait. An interesting detail is that he usually works within the frame from the start, blending in the portrait to harmonize with the frame.

Bolesław Czedekowski is a true artist and like every true artist strives for perfection. That is why he treats

each portrait as an individual problem. Even the time devoted to its execution varies. Some subjects may be completed in as few as six sittings while a special case may require up to sixteen, depending on the size of the portrait.

This Polish painter's arrival in America opens a new chapter in his creative art—a chapter that will doubtless be filled with many masterpieces in the field of portrait painting.

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## THE STRATEGY AND TACTICS OF RUSSIAN FOREIGN POLICY

(Continued from page 12)

between the authorities and the nation as now. Arousing in the Russian people the fear of an external threat to the Soviet nation does not help—although fear plays such a large part in the Russian soul. The Russian Government sees before it greater difficulties, both material and psychological, than those with which it is at present confronted.

And although Russia possesses neither a sufficiently strong fleet, nor a sufficiently large air force, nor many

other necessary things, to justify the decision to fight, Russian politicians may nevertheless take that decision, for the simple reason that the chances of victory may, in spite of everything, be greater today. This is a situation in which one of the most important elements in the Russian character may win—the element of risk, so long hampered by too much calculation and caution. Pride in the victory over Germany, still very fresh, favors the emancipation of this element. So perhaps the slogan "naprolo" (force your way forward) will be adopted.

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## "THE GREAT CHALLENGE"

(Continued from page 13)

This revelation would indicate that the betrayal of Poland by the Allies took place more than 20 months before Teheran. It was only a question of keeping it a secret up to the end of the war, so that the Poles might continue fighting and dying gallantly.

Louis Fischer takes the supporters of the Curzon Line as a Polish-Soviet frontier to task. He recalls that from 1921 to 1939, neither the Soviet government nor any Soviet spokesman questioned in any way the frontier established at Riga. He recalls the views of Marx and Lenin on Polish independence as well as the Polish-Soviet pact of July 30, 1941 "that annulled Stalin's territorial grab by the grace of Hitler." "Yet at

Teheran," says Fischer, "in December 1942, after Russia had signed the Atlantic Charter, and before the Soviets had reconquered eastern Poland from Germany, Roosevelt and Churchill gave it to Russia; this was aggrandizement. They did it without consulting the population. They only consulted Stalin. Important as the fate of Poland is, this action is much more important than Poland. It established the vicious, pernicious principle that principles do not count when the Big Three get together." Finally, we find in Fischer's book a number of definite answers to the propaganda slogans of those who would sell the Curzon Line to world public opinion.

Giving a logical and complete picture of the present  
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## AN EXPERIMENT WITH A POLISH COMMUNITY THEATRE

(Continued from page 7)

schooled native voices with only one guest artist. And my dismay gave way to amusement when our Parpignol, the toy vendor, a tenor with a phenomenal top register, seizing his solo line in a panic of stage fright, sang it a fifth too high with flute-like ease, if with slightly cacophonous effect. A facile work, Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, featuring a brilliant young coloratura graduate, flattered a pleasure-seeking public. All our singers, be it said, were excellent pianists when they received their diplomas.

As the standard of living in Poland began to drop and treasuries to shrink, it was more difficult to carry out all the musical experiments for the sake of which I had accepted this independent border post. We were resolved however to give *Mindowe*, an opera by Henryk Jarecki, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its first production at the Lwow Opera. The composer had made a new orchestration of this work just before his death in 1918, the parts of which had never been extracted. But the extraction of parts from a score is a costly business and the Governing Board reported that the best they could do was to allow us a minimum for soloists, orchestra, decor and costumes but no money for the copying of the parts. So we decided to wear for yet another season our old, winter coats with their patched linings and turn the money thus saved into a fund for the copyist. My wife went shopping alone for the costume materials needed and rummaged in the theatre wardrobe for anything that might be adapted or made over for the choruses. At last we had just two weeks in which to correct the copied parts and make the costumes. It meant working every day until midnight and rising at 6 in the morning. There were only two seamstresses with whom she shared her vigils. Monks' habits had to be cut out, XIVth Century Lithuanian court head-dresses devised after mere reproductions in the costume books, the crosses of the Teutonic Knights designed and sewn

on their cloaks—the color for these was chosen for a symbolic rather than an historical presentation—and the robes, dresses and tunics of Mindowe, his mother, his Princess, his Heir Apparent, his rival lover and the Papal Legate designed and made. The work, solidly and sonorously scored, was conceived like a Grecian or Shakespearian play in short scenes. It was produced with a symbolic and stylized technique both in the action and the architecture of the scenes. The action took place alternately in one of a triptych of arches, darkened as it passed from one to another and on the full stage front.

Since the première of *Mindowe* had been advertised as an anniversary occasion, critics and visitors arrived for it from all over Poland. It had been worth the toil and the sacrifice and was an experience even more rewarding perhaps than our transfer to Lwow the previous year of our whole cast of Humperdinck's *Haensel and Gretel* for sold out performances at the Opera there.

But it was the Conservatory that constantly fed this operatic and dramatic laboratory to say nothing of its contribution to the symphonic and chamber concerts. Children of scarcely more than kindergarten age began to compete for membership in the primary string orchestra where the ages of the players ranged from 7 to 12, and the feet of the youngest dangled far short of the floor. These youngsters were able to play Corelli, Scarlatti, Bach, Haendel and other classics with perfect intonation and rhythm. Their performances were a special pride of the Conservatory and the parents gave weight to the old theory that the violin is par excellence a Polish instrument.

Several times a year our theatre was bought out by the combined high schools of the city for hour-long morning concerts by our Symphony Orchestra and our outstanding soloists. It was the community participation that made this musical center in Stanisławów a second home to the townsfolk, a playground and a temple of art.

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## THE GHOSTS OF STAROBIELSK

(Continued from page 11)

Smolensk and got out at a little station called Babinino. We were put into another camp in a forest. The mirage of Poland and France faded completely. This new camp, surrounded by fine trees was called "Pawlichkow Bor." We found there 200 of our colleagues from Kozielsk, 120 from Ostachkow, and 63 from Starobielsk. These latter had left Starobielsk on April 25th, 1940, as an extra group, along with the normal batch of departures. They were then ordered to remain quite separate from the others, because they belonged to a different category. This group of 63, together with my own batch of 16 and about 10 soldiers who had been evacuated during the winter, were the only ones who had not disappeared out of the original 4,000 prisoners who had spent the winter in the camp of Starobielsk.

In all, we were about 400 at Pawlichkow Bor. A few weeks later we were moved on to Giazowitz, near Wologda, and there we remained until the September of 1940. Conditions there were better than at Starobielsk. We lived in an old building (it had once been a monastery, and the church had been demolished) with a few small houses, originally pilgrims' lodgings. We were

allowed to write home once a month.

At first we were convinced that our companions had received similar treatment, and that they were quartered in small camps like our present one, scattered all over Russia. After a time, however, we began to be anxious about them, for nearly all the letters which reached us from home asked for news of our fellow prisoners from Starobielsk, Kozielsk and Ostachkow, as none had been received since the day they left the three respective camps. Basing our conjectures on correspondence from Poland, we came to the conclusion that, since the summer, 1940, we were the only prisoners from the three camps of whom news was reaching Poland.

When in accordance with the Polish-Soviet Treaty which was signed in July, 1941, and after the so-called "amnesty" of that August the formation of the Polish Army on Soviet territory was announced, and we presented ourselves for enlistment, we already suspected that ours had been a lucky fate. It was then that a list of names was drawn up from memory. This was the first to be made of the inmates of Starobielsk, Kozielsk and Ostachkow. It contains over 10,000 names and is now at Army Headquarters.

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## "THE GREAT CHALLENGE"

(Continued from page 14)

international situation and speaking in behalf of a democracy based on an effective, truly independent international organization, unfettered by veto power, Fischer advocates and stimulates political thinking, the broad spirit of responsibility of each and every citizen of the

Western democracies for the fate of the peace and freedom of all peoples, understanding as he does that in the age of the atom bomb and rocket missiles, civilization's only defense against destruction is human freedom everywhere.

—rl



THOMAS E. DEWEY

**IF YOU HAVE ENOUGH**  
*of food shortages*  
*of disorganization in our*  
*daily life*  
*of the lack of veteran housing*  
*of shortages in every econo-*  
*mic field*  
*of the increase of communism*

**THEN**  
***VOTE REPUBLICAN***

**Re-Elect**  
**GOVERNOR DEWEY**

**and Elect**  
**IRVING IVES**  
*for United States Senator*



IRVING M. IVES

**ELECT THE ENTIRE**  
**REPUBLICAN TICKET!**