

SPRAWA

DWUTYGODNIK POLSKIEGO INSTYTUTU: "MIECZ DUCHA"

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URBI ET ORBI

"WSZYSTKIE DROGI PROWADZĄ do Rzymu" mówi prastare polskie przysłowie, wszystkimi też drogami płynęło od wieków światło wiary, nadziei i miłości z Piotrowej stolicy na świat cały. Drogi te były do niedawna przecięte przez operacje wojenne i to właśnie w okresie, kiedy świat najwięcej potrzebował moralnej siły i prawdy, kiedy polityka mocarstw "począła już tracić swój idealistyczny charakter" walki o wolność i sprawiedliwość i pograżać się z powrotem w materialistyczny kult przemocy, prowadzący nieodwołalnie do dalszych katastrof wojennych:—

"Miasto wieczne, komórka macierzysta kultury człowieka, a nawet sama ziemia otaczająca grób św. Piotra miały doświadczyć w jakim stopniu duch przenikający obecne metody wojenne stał się z wielu powodów dzikszymi i odstępującymi od zasad, które niegdyś uważane były za nienaruszalne."

Tak, głęboką troską przejęty, przemawiał Papież Pius XII do kolegium kardynałów dnia 2-go czerwca b.r. Sam On, dziecko wiecznego miasta, na stolicę Piotrową podniesiony, miał w swych rękach bezstronne i prawdziwe sprawozdania "o tych krwawych zniszczeniach ruinie i rzezi," które stały się udziałem wielu miast podbitych i z ust Jego pada ostrzeżenie: "że ktokolwiek by śmiał podnieść rękę przeciw Rzymowi stanie się winnym matkobójstwa w oczach cywilizowanego świata i przed sądem ostatecznym Boga."

Obok tej troski o losy samego Rzymu ciążyły nad Watykanem potrzeby miłosierdzia, często ponad siły i możliwości. Nakarmić trzeba było liczne tysiące uchodźców wszelkich narodów chroniących się pod skrzydła Stolicy Apostolskiej. Cała działalność kościelna i dyplomatyczna Watykanu skrupowana została wojennymi przeszkodami w komunikacji. Szereg czynników jakby sprzyścił się w utrudnianiu Watykanowi akcji zmierzającej do sprawiedliwego i trwałego pokoju.

Już w dwa dni po tej allokacji papieskiej, ku radości całego świata katolickiego, wojska Sprzymierzone zajęły Rzym... prawie nietknięty.

Kiedys w przyszłości historia ogłosi dokumenty wyjaśniające dlaczego Niemcy, którzy zniszczyli tyle miast poczynając od naszej wicerejskiej i wytrwałej Warszawy a na Neapolu kończąc, zawahali się przed zniszczeniem Rzymu?

Być może, że równoczesne przełamanie frontu w dwóch miejscach, z wybitnym udziałem Francji i Polski, oraz szybki pościg prowadzony przez generała Aleksandra uprzedził niemieckie rozkazy demolicyjne, a może poprostu po dokonaniu już tylu zbrodni ręką Hitlera, któremu grunt usuwał się z pod nóg, zdradzała przed podpisaniem jeszcze jednego więcej wyroku anihilacji wielkiego pomnika kultury i najwyższego sił moralnych przedstawiciela.

Tak więc od niedzieli poświęconej czi św. Trójcy znowu wszystkimi drogami płynąć może światło Rzymu ku narodom świata. Zwolniony od trosk najbliższych następcy Piotrowej, pewny już nietykności stolicy i nakarmienia tysięcy głodnych, skieruje myśl swoją i swój wysiłek od miasta ku światu. W tym jest źródło radości i pociecha dla tych wszystkich, którzy uważają, że losy ludzkości decydują się w znacznym stopniu, niż na polach bitew orężnych, w duszach milionów a szczególnie w duszach tych wybranych, którzy za dobro milionów przyjęli na siebie decyzję i odpowiedzialność.

Gdy, wedle słów Papieża: "Ludzkość zbiera żniwo następstw duchowej dekadencji, która wtrąciła nas w przepaść." Gdy "w każdym narodzie podnoszą się głosy upierające się przy poglądzie, że dla dokonania gigantycznego dzieła odbudowy porządku i jedności nietylko zewnętrzne gwarancje lecz również istotne prawne i moralne fundamenty muszą być zapewnione," głos Ojca świętego winien dotrzeć do wszystkich ludzi dobrej woli, katolików zaś wszystkich narodów skłonić do jednolitej i solidarnej akcji, do bezwzględnej walki o owe fundamenty prawne i moralne, bez których nie ma i być nie może trwałego pokoju, ani szczęścia w sumieniach narodów.

Z szczególną nadzieją zwracają się ku zwolnionemu Rzymowi serca mniejszych narodów. Przecież nie one to są winne krwi tej chrześcijańskiej rozlewu. Jeżeli biorą udział w wojnie to tylko dlatego,

że je przemoc wielkich zmusiła. Serca ich są w tej sprawie tak czyste, jak owej dziatwy, którą się Pan Nasz lubił otaczać.

One to właśnie potrzebują, najwięcej ze wszystkich, odbudowy i wzniesienia na piedestał zasad prostej sprawiedliwości, prostego zrozumienia sytuacji, często bez wyjścia, w którą zostały wtrącone. One błagają, o to zrozumienie i o tę ludzką sprawiedliwość, które się w wirze walki niestety gubić zaczynają.

Wśród owieczek, których pasanie Piotrowi zlecone zostało, te są właśnie najbardziej potrzebujące opieki jego następców. Wierzą one, że moralny prymat Stolicy Apostolskiej objawi się na świecie obaleniem pogańskich zasad egoizmu i zaborczości, a przywróceniem chrześcijańskich zasad wzajemnej miłości, równości praw i uczciwości w stosunkach pomiędzy narodami.

JAN RAJECKI

TWÓRCZOŚĆ MALARSKA STANISŁAWA WYSPIAŃSKIEGO



St. Wyspiański: Portret własny

SAMA TWÓRCZOŚĆ MALARSKA Wyspiańskiego nie może dać wyobrażenia o głębi jego geniuszu. Nie wyjaśnia ona również potężnego wpływu, jaki wywarł on na współczesne sobie pokolenie. Tylko część drobna jego wizji znalazła wyraz w sztuce plastycznej. Jego poezja, a zwłaszcza dramaty sprawiły, że jest on w Polsce uznany za największego poetę i jednego z jej duchów kierowniczych w czasach najnowszych.

Jego dramaty, najbliższe formą tragedji greckiej, bo zachowujące nawet jedność czasu i miejsca, zostaną mimo genialnej treści i formy na wieki niedostępne dla cudzoziemców.

Tragedja rodu Edypa jest jasną i prostą dla każdego Europejczyka, który wie, że w pojęciu Greków starożytnych przeznaczenie było ślepe, formalistyczne i bezwzględne. Może więc z nią współczuć. Tragedja narodu Polaków, podzielonego i skazanego na męki niewoli — a to jest głównym tematem

poezji polskiej od Mickiewicza do Wyspiańskiego — jest nie do pogodzenia w umyśle ludzkim z chrześcijańską ideą Boga dobrego i sprawiedliwego w sposób równie prosty.

Albo Polacy sami przez swe grzechy i błędy sprowadzili na siebie los okrutny, a więc nie zasługują na współczucie, albo byli niewinni i stali się tylko ofiarą przezwagi złych sił, a w tym wypadku świat, który w swym łonie podobne zbrodnie toleruje, nie jest światem Chrześcijan, wierzących czynnie w panowanie sprawiedliwości i miłości wzajemnej.

Widz obcy dramatu polskiego wystawionego na scenie przyjmując pierwszą alternatywę nie może współczuć z winowajcami, przyjmując drugą dozna uczucia wyrzutu własnego sumienia, a nie współczucia dla bohaterów dramatu.

W dobie romantycznej Mickiewicz i inni stworzyli trzecie rozwiązanie zagadnienia: Naród polski nie jest winien swego losu, ani los jego nie jest negacją

STANISŁAW STROŃSKI

Ś.P. IGNACY PADEREWSKI

DZISIEJSZA TRZECIA ROCZNICA śmierci ś.p. Ignacego Paderewskiego oraz nadchodząca pierwsza rocznica zgonu ś.p. generała Sikorskiego, dwu największych i najgłośniejszych w świecie Polaków w początku tej wojny, jak i liczne już niemal codzienne, rocznice pierwsze, drugie, trzecie czy czwarte śmierci wybitnych obywateli kraju, przodowników a często i męczenników, uzmysławiają nam jak wielu nie dojdzie do dnia wolności.

Paderewski, postać nieprawdopodobnego uroku promieniującego w całym świecie, kroczy na czele żałobnego pochodu tych, którzy odeszli w czasie tej wojny z mnogiej i godnej drużyny twórczości polskiej w dziedzinie ducha, myśli i piękna. Niemcy, podbiwszy Polskę, wolałi dzień w dzień nam w uszy i na cały świat, że nie istnieje cywilizacja polska, że naród polski nic nie stworzył, że przeznaczeniem naszym jest służyć narodowi panów. Dostojny orszak zagrobowy twórców, uczonych ludzi pracy

umysłowej, którzy przedwcześnie zgaśli, przeważnie zamęczeni przez Niemców, zadaje kłam dzikiej bucie narodu nie panów, lecz katów.

Paderewski był naprawdę, żywotowo i przemożnie polski, bo zastuchany wewnętrznie w odwieczne dźwięki duszy polskiej, w ciszę krajobrazu ojczystego, to drgająca w upale, to zastygła w mrozie, a to znowu w szepcie naszych drzew, w szum wicherów i łoskot burz, w wymarzone i świetlane widzenie przyszłości, bo to wszystko i dużo, dużo jeszcze, czego wypowiedzieć niepodobna, było tajemną skarbnicą jego natchnień. Polska, bardzo polska, była również zdumiewająca wielostronność Paderewskiego.

Władca dźwięków, świetny polityk, olśniewający treścią i wyrazem mówca. Obec mu było tylko jedno: mierność w czemkolwiek. Polskie było również to czego nie trzeba nawet nazwać dumą narodową, lecz poprostu poczuciem przynależności narodowej, które nosił na czole tembardziej podniesionem im większa była niedola Polski.

Zarazem zaś był Paderewski niezrównanym bywałcem światowym, który wszedł i wszedł przemierzył Europę, Amerykę i Oceanę pojazdem najlotniejszym, bo na skrzydłach sławy. Znał kraje, w których przebywał, znał ich przeszłość i mowę, znał ich ludzi i ich obyczaje, umiał z nimi współżyć, znajdował wspólne szlaki myśli i porozumienia się. Ten świat naszej cywilizacji w Europie, w Ameryce, w rozgałęzionym Imperium Brytyjskim był jego szerszą Ojczyzną.

Do tego właśnie zmierzalem.

Paderewski, który tak doskonale rozumiał kraje zasięgu naszej cywilizacji wspólnej i którego w nich tak dobrze rozumiano, zarówno jego twórczość, jak jego sposób myślenia i jego wzięcie, był najdoskonalszym w ciągu ostatniego półwiecza wyobraźcą naszego niejaką przyrodzoną łączności z tym światem i naszej do niego przynależności.

Nie był pierwszy, bo od wieków wybitni Polacy bywali dobrze widziani w świecie, jak i Polska ściągająca do siebie wybitnych cudzoziemców, a związki te bywały bardzo głębokie, jak Kopernik, Kochanowski i Jana Zamoyskiego z Odrodzeniem w Italji, Sobieskiego z Francją, Puławskiego i Kościuszki z Ameryką, nie mówiąc już o rozległych stosunkach w 19-tym wieku. Nie był też ani on ani tamci dawniejsi wyjątkiem, gdyż pospolicie Polacy rozumieją się dobrze z ludźmi innych krajów lecz tejsamej cywilizacji. On jednak poczucie tej wspólnoty szczególnie dotobnie wywoływał z serc tysięcy i milionów ludzi, którzy w wielkim Polaku widzieli coś własnego, kwiat z tej samej gleby, tchnienie tego samego ducha.

Może dzisiaj, w zawieszonym zdarzeń, a czasem i pojęć, pamięć o Paderewskim dopomoże do zrozumienia w świecie, że także cała Polska i to właśnie cała, tak jak składała się na różnobarwną swą twórczość pierwiastkami wszystkich swych ziem — jest rdzenną i cenną częścią wspólnej cywilizacji świata, do której przynależy.

DO CZYTELNIKÓW

Z powodu choroby naszego redaktora Jana Rembelskiego wydajemy w lipcu i sierpniu dwa po kolei podwójne numery zamiast pojedynczych.

Prosimy o podanie w czas zmian adresów dla uniknięcia marnotrawstwa papieru. Nie mogąc zwiększać nakładu donosimy, że tym, którzy nie dość pismem się interesują, aby opłacać prenumeratę, wstrzymamy wysyłkę.

(Dokończenie na str. 2)

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STANISŁAW STROŃSKI

IGNACY PADEREWSKI

"ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME" says the ancient Polish proverb; and throughout the ages also the light of faith, hope and love has flowed by all roads from the Seat of St. Peter to the whole world. Until recently these roads were blocked by military operations, at the very moment when the world was most badly in need of moral strength and truth, when the politics of the great Powers "were already beginning to lose their idealistic character" (the character, that is, of a struggle for freedom and justice) and to sink once more into the materialistic cult of brute force, heading inevitably for further military catastrophes.

"The Eternal City, mother cell of civilization, and even the holy ground around the Tomb of St. Peter, have had to learn by experience how far the spirit inspiring present-day methods of warfare, for a variety of reasons, become ever more ferocious, has departed from those abiding rules which once were held inviolable laws."

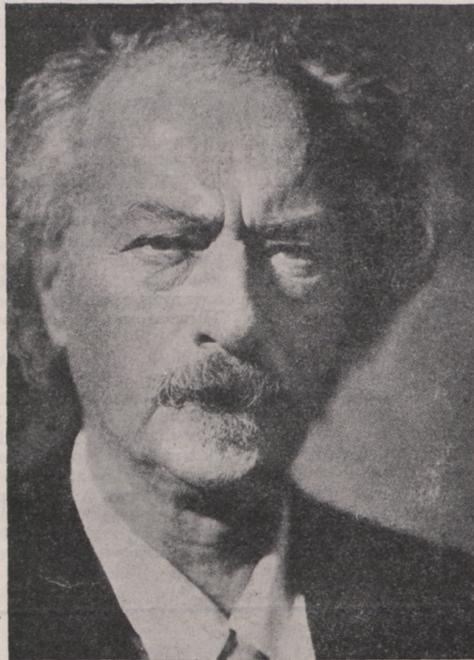
In these words Pope Pius XII, filled with deep concern, spoke to the College of Cardinals on June 2nd of this year. He himself, a child of the Eternal City, elevated to the Throne of St. Peter, had in his hands impartial and truthful reports "of the bloody destruction, ruin and slaughter" which had fallen to the lot of many subjugated cities; and from his lips fell the warning: "Whoever dares to raise a hand against Rome will be guilty of matricide in the eyes of the civilized world and in the eternal judgment of God."

Besides these cares over the fate of Rome itself, the needs of compassion weighed upon the Vatican, oft-times beyond its powers or means. Many thousands of refugees of all nations needed to be fed while sheltering under the wings of the Holy See. All the ecclesiastical and diplomatic activities of the Vatican were beset with difficulties of communication caused by the war. A number of factors seemed to conspire in thwarting the action of the Vatican aiming at a just and lasting peace.

Only two days after this Papal address, the Allied armies, to the joy of the whole Catholic world, entered Rome and found it... almost intact. Some time in the future, history will bring to light the documents which will explain why the Germans, who had destroyed so many cities, beginning with our heroic Warsaw, hesitated to destroy Rome.

Perhaps it was the simultaneous breaking of the front in two places, in which France and Poland played such an important part, and the swift pursuit of General Alexander, which forestalled the German demolition orders. Perhaps after perpetrating so many crimes, Hitler, feeling the ground slipping from beneath his feet, trembled to sign his name to still another verdict of annihilation against a great monument of culture, embodiment of the highest moral powers.

Thus since the Feast of the Holy Trinity the light of Rome is able to flow once more along all roads towards the nations of the world. Freed from the most pressing cares, and assured of the immunity of the City and the nourishment of those thousands of hungry people, the Successor of St. Peter turns



*The needs are so great...
Would you help?
I thank you.
I. Paderewski*

TODAY, THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY of the death of Ignacy Paderewski and also the approaching anniversary of the death of General Sikorski (those two greatest and best-known Poles in the world at the beginning of this war), reminds us how many of us will not see the day of freedom. At the same time we remember numerous other anniversaries—first, second, third and fourth—occurring almost daily of the death of eminent citizens of our country, leading men and frequently also martyrs.

Paderewski—a figure of indescribable charm, radiating throughout the whole world—marches at the head of the funeral train of those who departed during this war from the numerous and dignified host of Polish creative artists in the sphere of the spirit, thought and beauty. The Germans, having conquered Poland, dinned into our ears day after day (and proclaimed to the world) that Polish culture did not exist; that the Polish nation has never created anything, that her destiny is to serve the Herren-

volk. An imposing procession of deceased artists, scientists, thinkers, who have passed away before their time, mostly murdered by the Germans, gives the lie to the brutal arrogance not of Herren but of hangmen.

Paderewski was very Polish and at the same time most international—or, strictly speaking, world-renowned of the attractive circle of our creative artists.

Paderewski was indeed fundamentally and essentially Polish, because he listened inwardly to the eternal music of the Polish soul—in the peace of our native countryside, quivering in the heat, or numbed with the frost, or again, to the whisper of our trees or the roaring of the great winds, the tempest blast or the great song of the past with its glory and its sadness, to the forging of the present, to the dreamy and radiant visions of the future—all that and much more that one cannot describe, was the hidden treasure of his inspirations.

Paderewski's astonishing mansidedness was also Polish—very Polish. A

his thought and his efforts from the city towards the world. Here is a source of joy to those who believe that the fate of mankind is decided not so much on the field of battle, as in the souls of millions and above all in the souls of those elect ones who have taken upon themselves the decision and the responsibility for the good of millions.

"When," in the words of the Pope, "mankind is engaged in reaping the consequences of a spiritual decadence that has hurled us into abyss"; when "in every nation voices are raised to insist that for the gigantic work of restoring order and union not only external guarantees but the essential juridical and moral foundations must be secured," the voice of the Holy Father

ought to penetrate to all folk of good will, and ought especially to incline Catholics of all nations to united action and solidarity, to uncompromising struggle concerning those legal and moral fundamentals, without which there is no lasting peace, nor any happiness in the conscience of nations.

With particular hope the hearts of the smaller nations turn towards Rome. For it is not they who are responsible for this flood of Christian blood. If they are taking part in this war, it is only because the brutal force of the great nations compelled them to do so. In this matter their hearts are as pure as those little ones, with whom our Lord so loved to surround Himself.

It is they who need rebuilding more

master of sound, a fine politician, a brilliant speaker both as regards matter and expression. One thing only was foreign to him—mediocrity. Polish too was that characteristic in him which cannot be called national pride but simply a sense of belonging to the nation, which made him carry his head higher the greater the sorrows of Poland.

At the same time Paderewski was an experienced traveller of world repute who visited the length and breadth of America and Europe and the oceans, on the wings of his fame. He knew the countries in which he stayed. He knew their past and their languages, he knew their peoples and their customs, he knew how to get on with them, he found a common ground of thought and understanding. This world of our civilization in Europe, in America, in all parts of the British Empire, was his second home.

This is the point I wished to stress. Paderewski, who understood so well the countries of our common civilization and who was so well understood by them as a creative artist, was the best interpreter we have had in the last half-

century of our native affinity with the Western world.

He was not the first, because for centuries eminent Poles have been appreciated in the world. Poland attracted eminent foreigners and her relations with the West were sometimes very close, as for example the connections of Copernicus, Kochanowski and Jan Zamoyski with the Renaissance in Italy, Sobieski with France, Pulawski and Kosciuszko with America, not to speak of even wider relations in the nineteenth century. He was not an exception, nor were the others, because Poles can generally get on with people of other countries belonging to the same civilization. But he evoked a sense of a common inheritance in thousands of hearts of different people who saw in this great Pole something of their own, a flower of the same soil, a breath of the same spirit.

Perhaps today, in the chaos of events and even of ideas, the memory of Paderewski will help the world to understand the fact that Poland is an essential and valuable part of the world civilization to which it belongs.

JAN RAJECKI

WYSPIAŃSKI, THE PAINTER

WYSPIAŃSKI'S PAINTINGS IN themselves cannot give a proper idea of the profundity of his genius. Nor do they explain the powerful influence he exercised over his own generation. Only a small part of his vision found its expression in the plastic arts. His poems, and particularly his plays, have gained him recognition in Poland as one of the greatest poets of modern times and as one of Poland's guiding spirits.

His dramas are closest in form to the Greek tragedy, for they even conform to the unities of time and place; but they remain, despite the genius of both content and form, for ever inaccessible to foreigners.

The tragedy of the race of Oedipus is plain and straightforward for every European, who is aware that Destiny, as conceived by the ancient Greeks, was blind, formalistic, and ruthless. Consequently, one can sympathise with the resulting tragedy. The tragedy of a nation of Poles, divided and condemned to the sufferings of slavery—and this is the main theme of Polish poetry from Mickiewicz to Wyspiański—is not so easily reconciled with the Christian idea of a good and just God.

Either the Poles themselves by their sins and errors brought this terrible fate upon themselves, and thus do not deserve

any sympathy, or else they were innocent and merely fell an offering to the preponderance of evil forces; and in that case the world which tolerates such crimes in its bosom, is not a Christian world that believes actively in the reign of justice and mutual love.

A foreign spectator at a performance of the Polish drama, if he accepts the former alternative, cannot sympathise with the culprits; and if he accepts the second, he feels a guilty conscience in his own mind, instead of sympathy for the heroes of the drama.

During the romantic period, Mickiewicz and others created a third solution of the problem. The Polish nation is not guilty of its fate, nor is its fate a negation of God's justice. Poland has been chosen from among the nations in order that she may, by her sufferings, raise other nations to a higher degree of co-operation in love and harmony. Just as the martyrdom of the early Christians raised the ethics of man towards man, so, by the decree of Providence, the martyrdom of the whole Polish nation is to bring about a better relationship of nation to nation in the whole world.

Wyspiański is not so much the negation as the complement of the messianic period.

In his time, the Poles no longer went unarmed in procession from the Church of the Holy Cross, to fall without combat under Russian bullets and bayonets on the pavements of Warsaw, as they did in 1861. Since the time of the 1863 insurrection, the good God brought it about that in spite of the severest oppression the Polish nation grew in numbers more than any other European nation, that its economic position improved, that it was able to educate thousands of young folk at the universities of Cracow and Lwów, and abroad, and, what was most important of all, that the struggle for national freedom which was formerly carried on by the gentry with some help from the middle classes, in all about ten per cent of the population, began to be taken up by the vast masses of the people.

(Continued on next page)

ALEXIS CAREL

PRAYER IS POWER

PRAYER IS NOT ONLY WORSHIP; it is also an invisible emanation of man's worshipping spirit—the most powerful form of energy that one can generate. The influence of prayer on the human mind and body is as demonstrable as that of secreting glands. Its results can be measured in terms of increased physical buoyancy, greater intellectual vigour, moral stamina, and a deeper understanding of the realities underlying human relationships.

If you make a habit of sincere prayer, your life will be noticeably and profoundly altered. Prayer stamps with its indelible mark our actions and demeanour. A tranquillity of bearing, a facial and bodily repose, are observed in those whose inner lives are thus enriched. Within the depths of consciousness a flame kindles, and man sees himself. He discovers his selfishness, his silly pride, his fears, his greed, his blunders. He develops a sense of moral obligation, intellectual humility. Thus begins a journey of the soul towards the realm of grace.

Prayer is a force as real as terrestrial gravity. As a physician I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer. It is the only power in the world that seems to overcome the so-called "laws of Nature." The occasions on which prayer has dramatically done this have been termed "miracles." But a constant, quieter miracle takes place hourly in the hearts of men and women who have discovered that prayer supplies them with a steady flow of sustaining power in their daily lives.

Too many people regard prayer as a formalized routine of words, a refuge for



S. Wyspiański:
Santa Salomea

weaklings, or a childish petition for material things. We sadly undervalue prayer when we conceive it in these terms, just as we should underestimate rain by describing it as something that fills the birdbath in our garden. Properly understood, prayer is a mature activity indispensable to the fullest development of personality—the ultimate integration of man's highest faculties.

Only in prayer do we achieve that complete and harmonious assembly of the body, mind and spirit which gives the frail human reed its unshakable strength.

The words, "Ask and it shall be given to you," have been verified by the experience of humanity. True, prayer may not restore the dead child to life, or bring relief from physical pain. But prayer, like radium, is a source of luminous, self-generating energy.

How does prayer fortify us with so much dynamic power? To answer this question (admittedly outside the jurisdiction of science) I must point out that all prayers have one thing in common. The triumphant hosannas of a great oratorio, or the humble supplication of an Iroquois hunter begging for luck in the chase, demonstrate the same truth: that human beings seek to augment their finite energy by addressing themselves to the Infinite Source of all energy. When we pray, we link ourselves with the inexhaustible motive-power that spins the Universe. We ask that a part of this power be apportioned to our needs. Even in asking our human deficiencies are filled and we arise strengthened and repaired.

But we must never summon God merely for the gratification of our whims. We derive most power from prayer when we use it, not as a petition,

but as a supplication that we may become more like Him. Prayer should be regarded as practice of the presence of God. An old peasant was seated alone in the church. "What are you waiting for?" he was asked. "Je l'attends, et Il m'arrive" ("I am looking at Him and He is looking at me"). Man should pray not only that God should remember him, but also that he should remember God.

How can prayer be defined? Prayer is the effort of man to reach God, to commune with an Invisible Being, Creator of all things, Supreme Wisdom, Truth, Beauty and Strength, Father and Redeemer of each man. This goal of prayer always remains hidden to intelligence, for both language and thought fail when we attempt to describe God.

We do know, however, that whenever we address God in fervent prayer we change both soul and body for the better. It could not happen that a single man or woman could pray for a single moment without some good result. "No man ever prayed," said Emerson, "without learning something."

One can pray everywhere: in the Underground, the office, the shop, the school, as well as in the solitude of one's own room or among a crowd in a church. There is no prescribed posture, time or place.

"Think of God more often than you breathe," said Epictetus the Stoic. In order to mould personality, prayer must become a habit. It is meaningless to pray in the morning and to live like a barbarian the remainder of the day. True prayer is a way of life; the truest life is literally a way of prayer.

The best prayers are like the improvisations of gifted lovers, always about the same thing, yet never twice the same. We

cannot all be as creative as St. Theresa or St. Bernard of Clairvaux, both of whom poured their adoration into words of mystical beauty. Fortunately we do not need their eloquence; our slightest impulse to prayer is recognized by God. Even if we are pitifully dumb, our meagre syllables of praise are acceptable to Him, and He showers us with strengthening manifestations of His love.

Today, as never before, prayer is a binding necessity in the lives of men and nations. The lack of emphasis on the religious sense has brought the world to the edge of destruction. Our deepest source of power and perfection has been left miserably undeveloped. Prayer, the basic exercise of the spirit, must be actively practised in our private lives. The neglected soul of man must be made strong enough to assert itself once more. For if the power of prayer is again released and used in the lives of common men and women; if the soul declares its aims clearly and boldly, there is yet hope that our prayers for a better world will be answered.

TO OUR READERS

As our Editor (Mr. J. Rembieliński) has not yet fully recovered from his recent illness, we are issuing double numbers of "Sprawa" during July and August.

Will our subscribers please oblige us by giving immediate notice of changes of address?

WYSPIANSKI, THE PAINTER

(Continued from previous page)

In Wyspiański's best-known play, a *Wedding Feast* is being held in a cottage near Cracow, and guests keep arriving from the Cathedral City: members of the intelligentsia, artists, men of letters, politicians, all full of original talent, but infected with weakness of will, overblown blossoms of civilization. One side of the drama consists in the contrast between them and the healthy, strong, realistic peasant element. But behold! at midnight quite different guests arrive uninvited at the wedding. Good and evil spirits of the history of Poland. Great heroes and great criminals. Bright figures, and figures fettered by pride, greed or fanaticism. How well known these figures are to every Pole, from the paintings of Matejko! Dreamy phantoms, and indelible symbols in the soul. They go about among the living as if they themselves were living; and they act as if they were alive. Each one chooses his medium among the participants of the Feast—chooses a fraternal soul.

Which will conquer in the end, the good or the bad? Wyspiański could not answer either way. He leaves only a question mark.

The years to come answered for him: those innumerable hosts of peasants' sons fighting for the integrity of their Fatherland and for its faith. But Wyspiański's queries were a shattering tragedy for his contemporaries.

Wyspiański did not merely write his dramas—he staged them from beginning to end. He himself painted the curtains and scenery, he designed the stage properties and superintended their construction. Having at his disposition the best company of actors that ever existed in Poland, chosen by the theatrical patron Pawlikowski, he made a practice of attending rehearsals and correcting the acting according to his own conception of the characters and the scenes.

We do not suppose that the "Wedding Feast" ("Wesele"), still less the much more difficult "Deliverance" ("Wyzwolenie") could be profitably translated into foreign languages. They are great

treasures, but so exclusively our own—exclusively Polish. We have lived through them. They have given us the highest artistic delight, bordering on pain. For foreigners they will always remain a book sealed with seven seals.

STANISLAS WYSPIANSKI saw the light of day in 1869 at the foot of the Wawel, in the shadow of the medieval castle of Cracow, the castle of the Kings of the Piast and Jagiellon dynasties.

His father was a sculptor of no very great talent or celebrity. After his mother's death he was brought up by some honest but very mediocre relatives.

From his childhood up, Cracow, with its memories reaching back to the ninth century, influenced him in a decisive manner. As a small boy—"Stach" for short—he said his prayers in the mystic twilight of the Church of the Holy Virgin, which he was destined in later years, under the direction of Matejko, to cover with polychrome decorations. On ordinary schooldays he idled away his time on the banks of the Vistula, the Queen of Polish rivers, but on festival days he went to Mass in the Gothic cathedral on the Wawel and imbibed the magnificence of the Renaissance chapels built on it. With time he learnt to read the inscriptions on the stone tombs of Kings, bishops and knights. In the afternoon they went with baskets to the mound of Wanda and Krakus or to Bielany, to get earth which was brought back on wheelbarrows to the steadily growing Mound of Kościuszko. In the Cathedral on the Wawel he could look at some beautiful tapestries from the second half of the fourteenth century, and marvellous chasubles embroidered by the hands of Queen Jadwiga and her maids of honour.

At Skalka too he gazed with astonishment at the gigantic steel gauntlets of St. Stanislas, the bishop who was killed on that very spot by King Boleslas the Bold. He sat oft-times with his class-mates in the courtyard of the Jagiellon Library, that miracle of Cracovian architecture. Wit Stwoszc himself called out to him from the high altar of the Church of the Holy Virgin, to follow his footsteps and become an artist.

He was fortunate enough, at the School of Fine Arts, to be taught by Jan Matejko, who was a giant of genius and of work. Matejko,

who was of small build and was short-sighted too, was at that time engaged on limning on gigantic canvases, one after the other, the great moments of the annals of Poland. He thus set before the eyes of the nation, which was becoming commonplace at the period of its lowest decline, how great, magnificent, splendid, beautiful and colourful were their ancestors. It was in this manner that he created "Grunwald," "Batory at the Gates of Pskoff," "The Prussian Homage," and so led the nation to continue the struggle. Not one of Matejko's many pupils carried on his style, which ended with him. Wyspiański is different from Matejko; more ascetic, more intellectual and spiritualized. In him, no trace of the academic side of Matejko is to be found. Nor of his pseudo-classicism. His connection is with Greece, with the Middle Ages, with Japanese art, even in the much-attacked form of the Viennese "Secession." In a word, complete opposition to the tendencies of his great master.

Through the help of his family and of a bursary, young Wyspiański was able to go to Paris to continue his studies. He was there, with a short break, from 1891 to 1894, and those were the happiest years of his life. He was not worried by poverty, he did not bother about amusements or luxuries, he absorbed the universal culture of the West and made it his own in his own way. His letters to his friends are very simple and short, and are only passing notes of these experiences.

"Greece is my ideal now: nothing attracts me like Greece, nothing bewitches me like Greek sculpture," he wrote. "It is good to see and to get to know present-day French painting, for thus one discovers that what one sometimes thinks is well founded, that others are doing the same, that one only needs the courage to be independent. But when it comes to the inner satisfaction of delighting in the beauty of colours, in the beauty of a line which is not systematically digested and worked over, but is fresh and original, one must go to Italy. . . . If I go to the Louvre, I always sit only in the Italian room. When you see the colours of Luini or Perugini, they make your eyes twinkle."

Already in those days he was attracted by allegory—the gift of interweaving reality with a symbolic meaning. In a letter to the poet L. Rydel he writes: "C'est une manie, mais je la trouve juste quelquefois," and he describes for him a voyage on the Bodensee: "And today I had the twilight and the coolness before the dawn and on one side of the ship's prow such a dreadful sky, with a livid, coppery moon, and on the other side a pink dawn from behind a hump of hills, and I was sailing, not toward the dawn, but toward that awful terror, the

look of which made visible to me moments of the dies irae; and something happened . . . that dawning became ever brighter, and the red ball of the moon, ever more crimson with wrath, was lost in the purple—for the terror must give way to the azure, which I began to take allegorically too, from the East over the Bodensee."

One of Wyspiański's biographers asserts that Gauguin influenced his development as a painter, and through Gauguin Japanese art; but perhaps this is quite natural. As symbols attracted him in poetry, so decorativeness appealed to him in drawing.

After his return to Cracow he was lonely and poor; he lived in a little room at an aunt's place and tried his hand at painting in pastel young ladies among his acquaintances. The expression and character of these faces interested him; he rejected details in the portraits, stressed the colours and contours with flat tints. These were still rather try-outs, sometimes hard in character, and so distinct from the usual patterns that they did not please the parents of the young ladies at all.

Spirits rather than men watched over young Wyspiański: and especially the patron of poverty, Saint Francis; for the Franciscan Fathers remembered that he had worked with Matejko, and in 1895 they made a contract with him for the restoration of their church, though they limited him to the side naves and the transept.

And at once in one of his letters the impulse of inspiration made itself felt: "I shall mention two main compositions for the Franciscans, namely a garden of utter happiness, where everything is so lovely and pleasant and peaceful, as it can never be on earth and never was: and a forest of doubt, of struggle, of toils, of contradictions, of obstructions, where it is dreadful and appalling to dwell."

Forthwith he betook himself to the countryside, to pluck whole bushes of flowers: "Mal-lows and mulleins," he wrote, "what wonderful plants these are! How arrowy, how full of shapes, what live, talkative flowers!" He forbids himself to conventionalise them: "I ask you," he wrote, "in what style are mallows, or the Holy-Virgin's-Sandals?" Yet he did not manage to see them or draw them otherwise than conventionalized. He gave a peculiar shape of his own to the pansies, lilies, nasturtiums and roses which he covered the walls. He arranged these compositions as it were on the background of a meadow, or a road, for what strikes the beholder at the Franciscan Church is the cold tinting, green and sand-coloured.

Two years later, these same Franciscans ordered windows from Wyspiański, for 360 guilders. "But," he wrote, "as they want to

have this work executed, and I know most certainly that there is not another like it anywhere in Europe, I am glad of it." In point of fact, nothing of the kind could be found anywhere and therefore it is necessary to be cautious in expressing a verdict on it. These stained-glass windows, executed in a local workshop at Cracow, do not call to mind the medieval examples of the art either in colouring or composition, the surfaces being much broader, scarcely conformable to the technique of leaded glass. Hence these windows lose none of their expressiveness in photographic reproductions.

From the West, over the main porch, one large window is occupied by the figure of God the Father. One is struck by the powerful head and raised hand at the moment of the Creation. His whole robe is composed as it were of a fluid, bluish-green and golden element. In the long narrow windows of the choir, fire and water spread out in blue and purple scrolls; and as a symbol of "toil, struggle and contradiction," the figures of St. Francis and St. Salomea stand in two other windows. The Queen is dropping an earthly crown as a sign that she has chosen another, and more perfect diadem.

But where the connoisseur will always find Wyspiański matchless, is in his pastel drawings of children, and heads of women. The children are sickly and sad, the women are nursing ugly children. But in spite of this they are effective both in expression and drawing. Extremely beautiful also are his illustrations in "Chimera," which has been called "the most elegant periodical in Poland in recent years."

Wyspiański himself derived the greatest joy from the exhibitions of his works, together with those of his fellow-artists at Cracow.

"I feel so refreshed," he wrote, "and cleansed, that I feel as if I had wings; I have no more fears, alarms or worries at all, and I see that at last I am getting nearer to the beginning of some such activities as I should like to go in for."

In the same year in which he was working on the windows of the Franciscan Church, 1897, Wyspiański wrote four of his dramatic poems, and published a fifth. The play called "Wesele" ("The Wedding Feast") was performed in 1901 and covered him with fame. He died in 1907 at the age of 38. He was buried in St. Stanislas's Church, at Skalka, in the part which is reserved for men of merit. Cracow, which delights in doing homage to its distinguished citizens, gave him one of the most magnificent funerals ever seen there. Poetry, drama, painting, and fame form the great region of creativeness, which is admired by posterity, remained something of the freshness of flowers, flowers upon which St. Francis lays his blessing.

VIGILANT

THE PROSPERITY AND TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE PUBLIC OF THIS COUNTRY is looking forward to a higher level of prosperity and a greater measure of social welfare. But the public here understands economic matters and consequently understands that the achievement of this objective depends not so much on the good intentions of the Government as on the general conditions of the world after the war, and therefore on the direction followed by Great Britain during and after the war in politics *sensu stricto* and in economic politics.

The United Kingdom was the greatest importer of goods in the world, and especially of food products. On account of the insufficiency of home-grown foods and fundamental rawstuffs (with the exception of coal), and of the enterprise, industriousness, and financial skill of the British people, the United Kingdom purchased more goods than anyone else from other countries and purchased, in fact, considerably more than it sold them. In this way arose the difference known as a commercial debit balance, which in the period from 1929-1938 amounted to a round 345 million pounds annually on the average.

Where certain articles were concerned the United Kingdom was almost a monopolistic customer; thus it imported (measured by weight) 81 per cent of the entire international turnover of pork and bacon, 80 per cent of the beef and veal, 78 per cent of the butter, 53 per cent of the tea, 40 per cent of the flour, 36 per cent of the maize, 36 per cent of the zinc, 31 per cent of the petrol, 29 per cent of the wool, and 19 per cent of the cotton. When hard times occurred, the United Kingdom lowered the prices paid to its suppliers to the level of its then capacity for payment. This explains how it comes about that this country's debit balance in the period of the crisis (1932-35) amounted to less than in more prosperous years; that is, to 276 million pounds only.

For many of the Dominions and foreign countries the English market was the only important one, when by selling their own merchandise they could obtain the necessary currency for the payment of their own foreign purchases. If any circumstances whatever might cause the United Kingdom to decrease its purchases abroad, all agricultural countries, including, of course, Poland, would feel this in a catastrophic fall in prices, and would be unable to buy the most urgently required raw materials and articles from abroad. The United Kingdom could, if it wished, considerably curtail the amount of food imported, but that curtailment would do the United Kingdom more harm than good, as a number of countries would then be unable to afford to purchase English products, which are good but expensive, and the result of this would be unemployment in England.

From the above it follows that it is in the interests not only of the United Kingdom itself but also of a number of countries economically linked with Britain, that it should continue to be the greatest customer. It is not at all clear, however, how this is going to be possible.

To begin with, let us examine in what manner the United Kingdom met the above-mentioned deficit of 345 million pounds annually during the last ten years before the war. It was met as follows: revenue from shipping, £90,500,000; from investments abroad, £191,500,000; from insurances, £35,500,000; and from other services about £12,000,000. These figures, which are naturally only approximate, are based upon reliable Board of Trade reports.

But in order to pay for the present war the United Kingdom has sold, mainly to the U.S.A., about half its foreign investments (two milliard pounds), so that there is an additional

deficit of round 100 millions per year: and these 100 millions must be replaced from other sources.

It is to be supposed that the British Dominions—which have developed considerably and enriched themselves during the war—will play a greater part than hitherto in financing the needs of the Empire as a whole. Various projects can also be imagined for increasing revenue from shipping and aviation. The ground, however, of the future trade balance of the United Kingdom must be an increased output of the work of its own citizens engaged in industry. After all, a considerable part of the two milliards realised by the sale of foreign investments has been used for the installation of factories in this country.

Consequently, over all economic affairs of this country, the question predominates as to which countries up to now have been good customers for English products, which are willing to purchase even more after the war, and what policy must be pursued, to enable those countries to buy English goods after the war?

As 1936 was a year of average prosperity we may accept it as a standard for

comparison. The point of view according to which the prosperity of the United Kingdom should rely on co-operation with the three great Powers finds no justification in a statistical survey. Of the exports of this country the U.S.A. has taken 6.3 per cent, China 1.3 per cent, and the Soviets 0.8 per cent. The three great Powers of the world imported altogether £37,000,000 out of £440,700,000 exported by England. So that if the English worker wanted to base his prosperity on trade with the Soviets and China principally, his outlook would be dark indeed.

Fortunately, there are the Dominions, and the small nations of Europe, whose culture is on a high enough level to enable them to appreciate the worth of English workmanship, and who consider that it pays them to buy expensive but durable products.

Thus, in 1936, per head of the population, English goods were purchased as follows: Danes, 86s.; Norwegians, 48s. 9d.; Swedes, 33s.; Dutch, 28s. 8d.; Belgians, 21s. 11d.; Swiss, 18s. 6d.

Whereas the French bought English products at the rate of 8s. 5d. per head, the Germans at the rate of 5s. 6d.

and the Italians at the rate of 4s.

The differences are just as sharply marked in Eastern Europe, as follows: Poland, though devastated by successive wars, bought £4,900,000 worth of English products in 1936, while the Soviets, though gigantic and full of natural wealth, bought £3,500,000 worth. The Finns bought 23s. per head worth of English goods, but Soviet citizens bought only 5d. per head worth. A change of Finnish for Soviet citizenship means a loss in the trade balance of the United Kingdom of the sum of 22s. 7d. per year. Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania spent as much on English goods, as 163 millions of Soviet citizens. If these democracies were to be incorporated in the U.S.S.R. the English export trade would lose a round £3,000,000 per year.

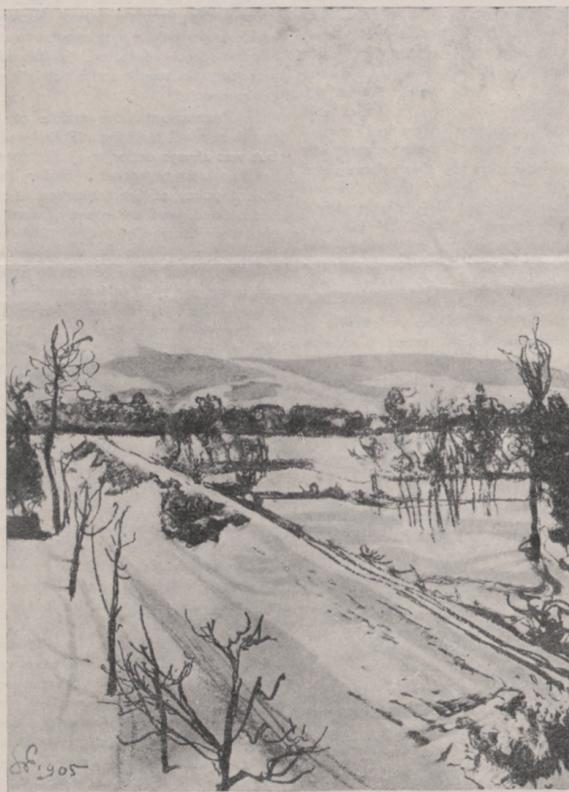
At first sight these are mere trifles, but it is precisely of such trifles that the prosperity of the United Kingdom is made up, for the United Kingdom sells its work to all the peoples of the world.

What is needed to enable the countries which desire to buy English wares, as they have proved in the past, to do so in even greater measure in the future?

The answer is simple: they must become wealthier. But how can they become wealthier? If they are secured against attack from without, if those great Powers, which are not anxious to attack anyone, permit the small nations to create a powerful Federation for their own security, in fact if they help them to organize it.

As long as the world is divided into spheres of influence, in other words into ready-made battlefields for the great Powers, the small nations will not be able to enrich themselves in peace, or to buy English merchandise, which is too dear for slaves or for people in continual fear of a foreign invasion.

The partisans of power politics are sure to quote, against the impartial figures of statistics from the past, a whole series of arguments on the lines of, if . . . If, for example, every Chinaman bought a camera, and every Soviet citizen a refrigerator. However, the majority of English people have too much common sense not to reckon with reality and with the time necessary to bring about such transformations of markets in their calculations of their own future well-being.



S. Wyspiański: a Landscape

STANISŁAW RODECKI

TWIN DREAMS

SOPHIE B. DE C. IS A MEMBER OF a Polish branch of an ancient family from Flanders, to which one of the great figures of the Crusades belonged. She is an ardent Catholic and wanted to become a nun, but she was not allowed to take the veil, as she had been found consumptive. "It's nothing," she said to herself. "Nun or not, I am going to work all my life just the same for God, painting His shrines and putting leadlights in His windows."

She set to and prepared for work in a way that no one so far had attempted. At the Academy of Fine Arts at Cracow she found two colleagues, one of them a Pole and the other a Ukrainian from the other side of the Dnieper, whose object in life was to discover the secrets of the technique of painting in the Middle Ages, such as "al fresco," the use of wax and casein, the staining of glass, miniature painting, and the like. They left Cracow to continue

their studies in Paris, but here also information on these techniques was scanty, and in any case was more theoretical than practical. So they commenced research on their own account. They contacted students of chemistry, who did analyses for them.

"Why do the wooden redoses painted in tempera by Fra Angelico (as one can see in the National Gallery) retain the freshness of their colouring after so many centuries, when new paintings darken or turn grey or fade in a few years?" "Why is it that no modern stained glass windows gleam with such a play of pure rainbow colours as the ancient ones?" "What is the cause of the permanence of medieval 'al fresco' paintings? What kind of base would they be on? What sort of dyes were in use then, and which could be mixed together and which not?"

They tried to resolve such mysteries as these. The Ukrainian discovered

that the monks on Mount Athos possess a strange book: medieval tales, which no one had been able to explain, as they did not seem to make sense. He came to the conclusion that those princesses and country girls, those knights, monks, peasants and merchants must be ciphers for various dyes. As a member of the Orthodox Church he entered his noviciate at Mount Athos, found the manuscript, and came back before long with a rich harvest. He was able to understand the metaphorical formulas, for he had already worked for several years, with the other two, on the problem of their solution. They kept their booty secret; the knowledge was to be used only for church work.

Sophia returned to Poland. She was still seriously ill; but during the winter while lying in bed she sketched various designs, and as soon as the snows melted she set out for some old Gothic church in the provinces, where, in return for her keep and that of a boy to mix plaster and paint, she meant to paint just as they painted in the Middle Ages. Suspended by a rope, she had to execute her great paintings, complete from the ceiling to the floor, on the same day that the base was applied, for otherwise all would be spoiled. Nothing, once done, could be changed or corrected, for every mistake would show once the wall was dry.

It so happened that my wife, who is also an artist, but more in the direction of rugs and tapestries, and Sophia became friends. Sophia spent the winter either at our place, or at her mother's. (Her mother was the widow of a University professor.) Eight years ago it so happened that she returned to Warsaw earlier than usual, as she had finished her work for the year. She had been asked to design windows for the lovely Gothic Church of St. Anne at Wilno.

She was by now in much better health. She burst in on us like a tempest, threw a great roll of cartridge paper on the table, and said:

"Have a look at these. I've no time today, but I'll drop in tomorrow and you can tell me what you think of them."

They were the designs for the windows of St. Anne's. Amongst the shrubs and flowers of our garden we unrolled sheet after sheet of such wonderful designs that we could not shake off the impression they made, and all day we kept returning to them. It was not the usual painter's sketch on a scale of one to four. Each piece of glass was shaped and tinted. You felt that it had to be just so in just such a place and separated by just such a thickness of lead from the next piece. Such painstaking care was there, and yet such a strong feeling of unity.

Naturally enough, that night I dreamt of Sophia on a high ladder sticking together the leadlights of a stained-glass window. I even recognised the shrine, for there is only one like it in the world.

The next morning as I was writing on the verandah, the garden gate clicked and I saw Sophia in a white dress coming quickly towards me.

"I dreamt about you, Sophie!" I called out.

"Well what — I dreamt about myself."

"You were putting together a stained-glass window."

"That's it. I was putting together a stained-glass window."

"But what nonsense! You, a Catholic, in a Protestant church."

"To be exact, in an Anglican Church, in Westminster Abbey."

If a thunderbolt had fallen from that blue sky I would have been less astonished.

"Can it be possible! Two people have exactly the same dream, and such a silly one at that! In the first place, the windows there are old and very beautiful; and in the second place, why would you of all people be working in a foreign country and in a foreign church?"

Sophia pondered deeply.

"For sure. According to reason, you are right. But in this world things happen that are beyond human reason, which we cannot comprehend. I can only tell you that the dream did not in the least astonish me. It was as if I had forgotten that Westminster Abbey is not Catholic. I was absolutely delighted with the work."

That was eight years ago. Lately I heard from my wife, who is living near Warsaw, and in answer to my inquiry she tells me Sophia is in good health and remembers well our twin dream about stained-glass windows.

WE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN MILLIONS

By ANTONI PLUTYŃSKI

FOREWORD BY DOUGLAS REED

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