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THE CELESTIAL REVOLUTION

by HERMANN KESTEN*

THE mightiest human in a thousand years was a Polish monk. Being fond of order, he began the fiercest revolution—that of science. He wrote about the moon and the stars, but no author has dealt mankind and its false pride a heavier blow.

He was peaceful and pious, a quiet man without great power, great titles, great wealth. He observed, calculated and thought. But no Genghis Khan or Napoleon, no Emperor or Pope has more radically changed the path of mankind than the canon of Torun—an astronomer, a humanist: Nicolaus Copernicus.

For four hundred years our system of the world has borne his name. Every child of six learns today that the earth turns, and moves around the sun. In Copernicus' time it was dangerous to say aloud that the earth was moving. He hesitated for thirty or forty years before daring to print this children's maxim of today, and it was indeed the most impudent one ever printed.

On its account, the Church proscribed Copernicus' book, the very title of which contained revolutions. On its account Galileo was chained and tortured. On its account Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake. Great men, such as Tycho de Brahe, Descartes, Pascal, were afraid to follow his simple thought. It was not until a hundred years ago that the Church struck the works of Galileo and Copernicus from its Index of banned books. Martin Luther, the rebellious monk of Wittenberg, scoffed at the revolutionary monk of Torun—"the new astrologer who would prove that the earth moves, not the sky and the firmament, sun and moon. . . . The fool would like to reverse the whole art of astronomy! But it says in Holy Writ that Joshua bade the sun stand still, not the earth!" And Philip Melanchthon, the *Praeceptor Germaniae*, called for the police, against the Polish astronomer's spiritual license. *"Oculi sunt testes,"* he exclaimed; our eyes bear witness against Copernicus; sensual perception speaks against him; and: *"Psalmus inquit . . . et Ecclesiastes . . ."* The authority of the Bible speaks against him, and the one-thousand-year consensus of learned men. Therefore he is absurd.

But today there are more pious Copernicans than pious Lutherans, or Mohammedans, or Jews.

Copernicus was lucky. And he was wise.

Otherwise, how was a good man singly defying the world, the Church and the Emperor, the reigning books of his century (the Bible and Aristoteles and Ptolemaeus), visual evidence, prejudice and ignorance—a man who seemed the most impudent in a thousand years—how else was he to conquer, unarmed save for his reason?

Goethe wrote: "Of all discoveries and opinions, none may have exerted a greater effect on the human spirit than the doctrine of Copernicus. The world has scarcely become known as round and complete in itself when it was asked to waive the giant privilege of being the center of the universe. Never, perhaps, was a greater demand made on mankind—for what did not all vanish in mist and smoke by this admission: another Eden, a world of innocence, piety and poetry; the testimony of the senses; the conviction of a poetic-religious faith. No wonder that one did not wish to let all this go, that every possible resistance rose against a doctrine which in its converts authorized and demanded a so far unknown and not even dreamed of freedom of view and greatness of thought."

"COPERNICUS"
by S. Szukalski

Copernicus and his successors—Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Kant, Einstein—have conquered tremendously, as universally as no other religion or revolution. Copernicus alone freed human thought. All our thinking rests on his results; science begins with him; civilization, through him and Kepler and Galileo, has made greater strides in three hundred years than it previously had in three thousand. And if now Einstein writes that not even the simple, universally, plain Copernican idea (that the earth rotates on its axis and moves around the sun) has remained untouched by scientific progress, and that perhaps this discovery (the greatness of which could be appreciated only from the physicist's point of view) might perhaps under certain, today seemingly impossible conditions, become irrelevant (including the whole quarrel between Ptolemeans and Copernicans)—still, without the theory of Copernicus there never would have been a theory of Einstein.

"I believe," wrote Bertrand Russell, "that if a hundred of

(*Please turn to page* 4)

*From *"Copernicus, His Life and Times."* A Biography by *Hermann Kesten* to be published by *Roy Publishers,* New York, in September 1943.

Hermann Kesten, an anti-Nazi German, is a well known writer, now in the United States.

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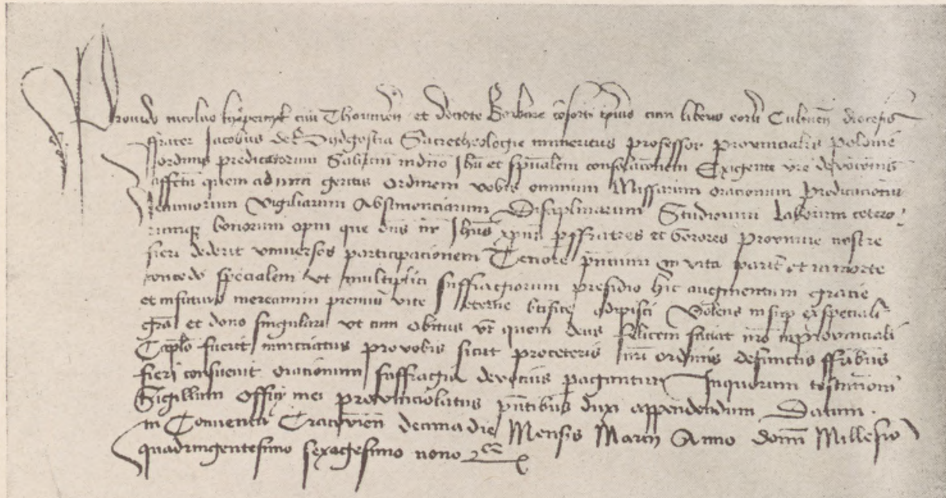
(*Continued from page 3*)

the men of the seventeenth century had been killed in infancy, the modern world would not exist. And of these hundred, Galileo is the chief . . ." Russell calls Galileo, whose thinking rested on the doctrine of Copernicus, "the father of modern times; whatever we may like or dislike about the age in which we live, its increase of population, its improvement in health, its trains, motor-cars, radio, politics, and advertisements of soap—all emanate from Galileo." And yet Galileo only bore out and developed the original idea of Copernicus.



Certificate of admission of Mikolaj and Barbara Kopernik, parents of the famed astronomer, and any children they might have, to the third Polish Dominican Order in Cracow. This permitted the family to participate "in all masses, prayers, works and other good deeds" of the Polish Order.

Copernicus was lucky. Tycho de Brahe was exiled by his Danish compatriots and persecuted by the Church; he died asking whether he had not lived in vain. Kepler gave his three great laws to the world, and starved to death. Galileo, in his old age, achieved the custody of the Inquisition. Bruno ended at the stake. Columbus, merely to prove that the world was round, presented the Catholic Kings of Spain with the New World; by way of thanks, Ferdinand and Isabella had him brought back from America in irons, he died in poverty and despair and a writer of amusing travel stories, one Amerigo Vespucci, named the continent. Bacon's Atlantis was not heeded by his King James; and finally, by the way, the Chancellor was jailed. Descartes lived in exile; Harvey got into trouble over his invention; Einstein, because of his theory, was almost trampled to death.

Copernicus got to be seventy and died at peace with himself and with the world. In his last hour, his hands held the first copy of the book which he had dedicated to the Pope, and which opened the great war between science and religion. Throughout his life he had *otium cum dignitate*, honorable leisure, and never a worry about his daily bread. He enjoyed the beauty of the stars; he saw the little world and the great one and gazed deeply into the infinite; he had friends in Rome and Wittenberg as well as at home, in Poland. He believed that he was the first in the modern world to see truth with his own eyes—greatest joy of any mortal—and he had reason, and a kind heart.

And he had wisdom.

He often quoted the ancients: "That which pleases the people I do not understand; that which I understand does not please them; we stand apart."

Instead of the mass, he spoke to none but the wise—as Pythagoras demanded earlier and Goethe later. Instead of fame he sought truth. It was what he wished to live on after his death.

In Poland, at night, an old man stands on his tower gazing at the stars. He observes and calculates their courses, and thinks of immortality.

The true enigma of the world is the cause of a dozen men: the Greek Philolaos, the Pole Copernicus, the German Kepler, the Italian Galileo, the Briton Newton, the German exile Einstein. . . . The billions of men live like children. Until the time of Copernicus we were told that the earth was standing still, and we believed it. Copernicus taught that the earth was moving, and we believe it. But the difference changes billions of lives.

A glance at the stars, four thousand or four hundred years ago—that is the beginning and the end of wisdom.

Copernicus on Polish Monetary Policy

Copernicus was one of the world's greatest astronomers. But he was more than that. A truly versatile genius, he had mastered the art of painting, was an expert physician and church administrator, and an authority on canon law. Not the least of his contributions to the economic progress of mankind was his treatise on money. Written in 1519 under the title of "MODUS CUDENDI MONETAM" (Manner of Coining Money), it was revised in 1526 and called "DE MONETAE CUDENDAE RATIONE" (On the Principle of Coining Money). Thirty-nine years before Sir Thomas Gresham, to whom credit for the law is often erroneously given, Copernicus formulated the principle that of two forms of currency the inferior or more depreciated tends to drive the other from circulation, owing to hoarding and exportation of the better form.

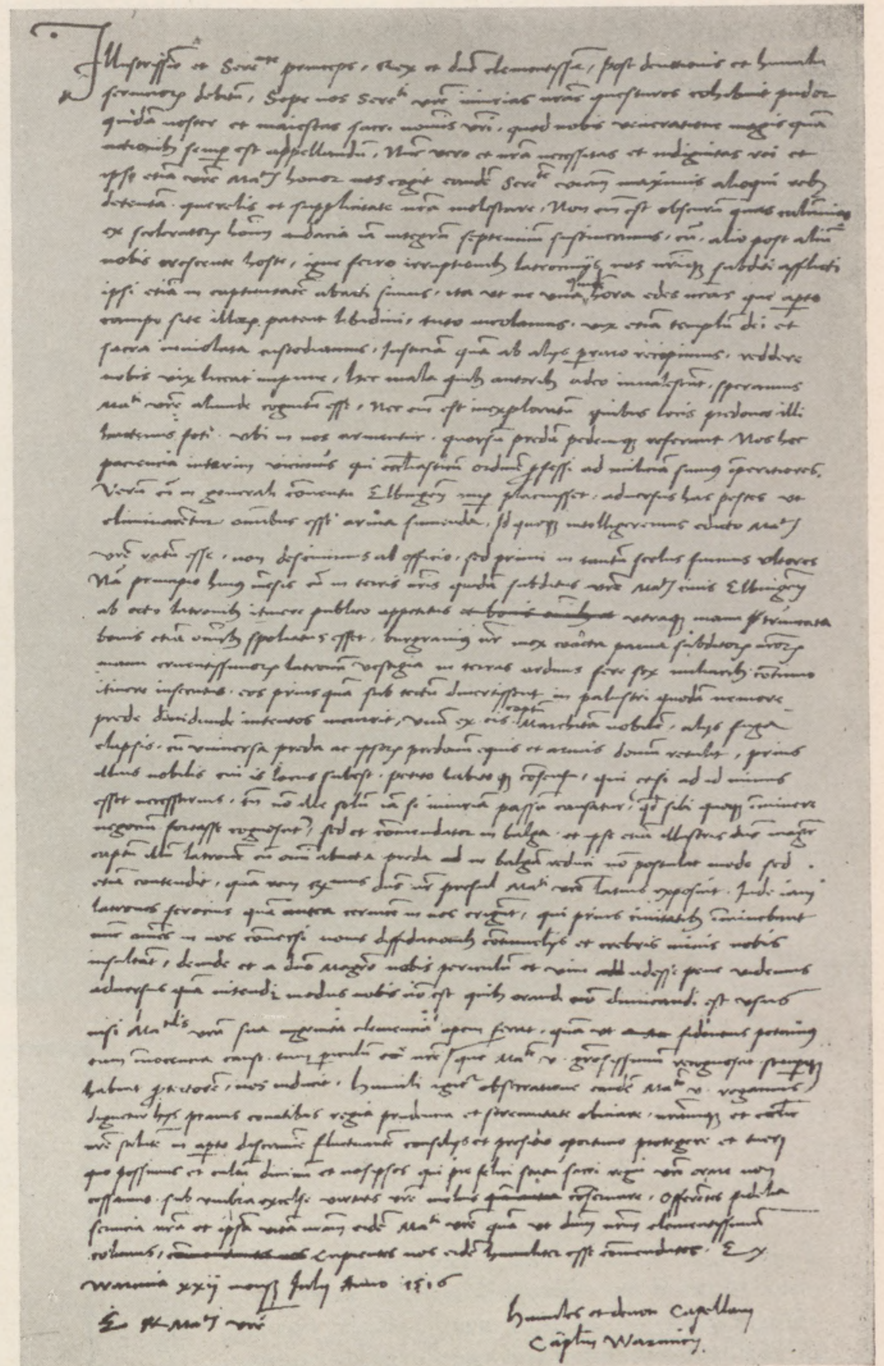
The chief conditions of monetary reform were expressed by Copernicus as follows: *"There must be only one mint for the whole country. No new monetary unit is to be fixed without general deliberation and without the consent of provinces and cities. Each such unit is to be guaranteed by a permanent decree that no more than 20 grzywnas be minted from one pound of sterling silver. . . . But if the minting of the new coin were to be begun, the use of the old coin should be strictly forbidden."*

In 1522 Copernicus laid a scheme for currency reform before the Diet of Grudziadz. Four years later, he returned to the currency issue and in DE MONETAE, written by order of Polish King Zygmunt I, exposed the principles by which it was proposed to reform the currency of the Prussian provinces of Poland:

"And so there ought to be one common mint in the whole province of Prussia, in which every kind of coin should be stamped on one side with the image or insignia of the land of Prussia, with a crown above, indicating the supremacy of the Kingdom of Poland, and on the other side with the insignia of the duke of Prussia, with the crown of Poland similarly superimposed."

"CRIMINALS ..!" COPERNICUS CALLED GERMANS

"EVEN during his lifetime Copernicus had an enemy in the Master of the Teutonic Knights of the Cross." Thus wrote in 1627 Copernicus's earliest biographer, Szymon Starowolski, basing his opinion on original documents in his possession.



Indeed, the Teutonic Knights had good reason to hate the Polish astronomer who, on more than one occasion, publicly denounced this organized band of assassins and plunderers. It was altogether fitting that a man of the standing of Copernicus should fight the enemies of his people. But his anti-German attitude was, after all, a firmly established family tradition.

Copernicus was born in Torun in 1473, seven years after the conclusion of the Thirteen Years War by which West Prussia and Pomerania had freed themselves from the yoke imposed upon them by the Knights of the Cross, and returned to Poland. Copernicus's forebears made no secret of their Polish patriotism. His father, a religious, generous, humanitarian merchant, had helped the Polish cause financially. When the Polish-Teutonic war broke out, he moved from his native Cracow to the center of hostilities, Torun, where he married Barbara Watzelrode and had four children by her. The youngest of these was his namesake, Nicholas Copernicus.

Copernicus's maternal grandfather, Lucas Watzelrode the Elder, also a rich merchant and an influential burgher of Torun, had been active in the secret movement to rid Poland of the Teutonic Order, gave considerable sums of money for this purpose to the Council of Torun, on which he served in an advisory capacity, and finally fought the Teutons on the battlefield. It was largely through his influence that Torun had been the first city to revolt against German might, inspiring by its act Elbing, Danzig, Tczew, Malborg and Grudziadz to follow suit.

When Nicholas Copernicus the Elder died in 1483, young Nicholas was only ten. He was placed under the guardianship of his uncle, Lucas Watzelrode, who in addition to being a Senator and Confidant of three Polish Kings, was elected Bishop of Varmia in 1489. Bishop Lucas was more than Copernicus's guardian. He was, until his death some thirty years later, a close friend and protector of the youth and later of the man of genius. And Lucas Watzelrode was a sworn foe of the Teutonic Order. Small wonder then that Nicholas Copernicus hated the Germans and that the Germans hated him.

The peace of Torun had been signed in 1466, but the Teutons refused to accept their defeat with good grace. Shortly before the death of Bishop Lucas, bands of robbers began to harass the Varmian countryside, murdering, plundering and raping. The Bishop's death turned a difficult situation into a critical one.

By this time, Copernicus, who in addition to his scientific achievements held a degree in canon law, had been elected a canon of Varmia. When Teutonic excesses became intolerable, the Varmian Cathedral Chapter commissioned Copernicus in 1516 to write a letter of complaint to King Zygmunt I. Copernicus obliged. As a matter of fact, it was not the only anti-German letter he wrote during his lifetime. Nor was letter writing his only means of resisting the Teutons. During the Polish-German war that broke out in 1520, Copernicus successfully defended Olsztynek, the only fortress of Varmia, against the Germans.

The Latin letter reproduced on this page is Copernicus's first epistle to the Polish King. It was not discovered until (*Please turn to page 6*)

Excerpts from
ARTICLES OF ACCUSATION AGAINST THE TEUTONIC ORDER
drawn by the Polish king and presented at the
COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE (1414-1418)

Article XIX

. . . Through eighteen years usually twice a year, the Teutonic Brotherhood fell on Lithuania with large armies, laying everything waste throughout its length and breadth. They killed Christians, burned homesteads, and slaughtered people. They drove out priests and burned churches as often as they were rebuilt.

Article XXII

. . . And when they had completely devastated the capital of the Dobrzynska Ziemia and after an awful victory, they reduced the castle to ashes, shamelessly they raped the virgins and told others who were in the castle to do the same. They cruelly beheaded a stalwart and noble knight and killed other warriors defending the castle. They spared only those who paid a due ransom.

Article XXIII

. . . They devastated and destroyed the possessions of Plock church. They looted and burned not only the church, but they robbed the clergy of their live stock and produce and of many other things. They burned and destroyed everything that remained. Twenty such outrages were counted.

Article XXIV

. . . In many larger districts of the lands of Pomerania, Kujawy and Dobrzynska, subordinated to the Wladyslawow church, they destroyed villages as often as they were rebuilt, burning them down sometimes twice and even three times.

(*Continued from page* 5)

1908 in the State archives at Stockholm, whither it had found its way during the Swedish-Polish wars, when Copernicus's private collection and library, left to Frauenburg Cathedral, had been removed to Sweden.

The letter reads in part:

"Most Illustrious and Most Merciful Ruler, King and Lord Most Gracious!

"We often wished to complain to You, most merciful Lord, of our injuries, but we were restrained by our timidity, and the majesty of Your illustrious name, to which we should always turn rather with homage than with affairs. But now our difficult situation and the iniquity of the events that have occurred as well as the very honor of Your Majesty, compel us to importune you with our complaints and our beseeching of Your Grace, already otherwise preoccupied with matters of great importance.

"For it is no secret what insults we have been suffering for the past seven years from criminal and insolent people, by virtue of the fact that both we and our subjects are tormented by fire and sword, attacks and robberies from an ever growing number of enemies; that further we ourselves are as if enslaved so that we do not lie safely even for an hour in our homes, which, standing in the open country are exposed to the favor and disfavor of the criminals and we are barely able to protect from dishonor even God's temples and holy objects. . . . From whose initiative these annoyances of ours have so increased, we judge is already known to Your Majesty from other sources. For it is also well known where these brigands are being hatched, where they arm against us, where they seek refuge with their loot. We have up to now borne this with patience because having dedicated ourselves to the ecclesiastical state, we have less experience in making war. But because the resolution was adopted at the general congress in Elbing that everyone take up arms against this plague in order to exterminate it and because we understand that this likewise has been decided by edict of Your Majesty, we did not evade our duty, but were indeed the first to become avengers of such great crimes." The letter goes on to describe an attack on a citizen of Elbing by the robbers, and the Polish-Teutonic difficulties arising from this assault. It concludes with a desperate plea to the King "to prevent these criminal attempts by his wisdom and determination" and to extend his protection to the Church and the canons of the Varmian chapter.

AS GERMANY SEES COPERNICUS . . .

Unveiling the Statue of Copernicus in 1900 in the Courtyard of the Jagiellonian University in Cracow

COPERNICUS was a student at the Jagiellonian University from 1491 to 1495. Here he came under the influence of the humanist, Albert Brudzewski, an outstanding Polish astronomer and mathematician, who aroused Copernicus's interest in scientific research. Copernicus best expressed his debt to the University in these words: *Me genuit Torunia, Cracovia me arte polivit!*

In 1900 Cracow decided to honor the great alumnus of its University by erecting a statue to him in the very courtyard he had trod daily to and from his lessons.

The Warsaw *Illustrated Weekly* (Tygodnik Illustrowany) of June 8th, 1900 described the event, which took place during the 500th anniversary of the University's existence,* as follows:

"A fitting climax to the exercises was the unveiling of the statue of Nicholas Copernicus and of two memorial tablets presented by the Cracow City Council and the Board of Directors of the Academy of Fine Arts to the University on the occasion of the 500th anniversary of the University's foundation.

"The dedication took place in the presence of Governor Pininski, Minister Pietak, numerous invited guests and the University Senate *in corpore*. . . . To the strains of Swierzynski's cantata the shroud fell from the statue, and before the eyes of the assembly appeared in all its lustre Cypryan Godebski's great work of art, in perfect harmony with the architecture of one of the most beautiful relics of medieval gothic art in Poland—the courtyard of the old University.

The statue rests on a granite pedestal, placed in turn, on a block of marble, the four sides of which are covered with inscriptions. The great astronomer, pride of the Jagiellonian school, is shown in the dress of a University scholar, in a pose full of charm. In his hand he holds the globe over which his head bends in meditation.

"In this new monument by Godebski, Cracow has acquired a work of art of unusual merit, a valuable addition to its rich collection of monuments and relics. It will forever link a great anniversary with the loftiest tradition of the Jagiellonian school, perpetuating the memory of one who is the pride of the world and a credit to his country."

* The University was originally founded in 1364 by Casimir the Great but it was reorganized and enlarged by Jagiello in 1400 and has since been known as the Jagiellonian University.

CHOPIN — By Sigismond Stojowski

HOPIN was no passing meteor. The world has remained under his spell. The homeless exile, who was presented with an urn of Polish earth when he left his native country never to return, an adolescent unaware of his mission and destiny, has found a home in every corner of the world where there is a piano. This generation that has seen the thrones of the mighty totter and fall, also witnesses the permanence of Chopin's kingship. "Oh, if only for Chopin!—the Prime Minister of an allied country exclaimed—what a debt the world owes to Poland."

The debt has at long last been paid. By a strange irony of Fate, it was given to Chopin's most inspired interpreter and spiritual heir, to Ignace Jan Paderewski, to claim and receive its funding from the world's awakened conscience. On the very eve of momentous events, at the celebration of Chopin's centennial in 1910, in the city of Lwow, Paderewski in nobly eloquent words spoke of his country's own debt to the genius who had given a new voice to Poland. No less glowing had been the eulogy of Chopin's friend and colleague, Liszt. Midway between the two, Anton Rubinstein, another great pianist, declared: "It is impossible to know whether Chopin actually embodied the piano's soul, or whether he breathed into the instrument his own." Thus composers and pianists, from Schumann to Debussy, from Liszt to Paderewski, critics from old Fétis to the late James Huneker vied with one another in just and eloquent tribute. Poets and writers chimed in from Heinrich Heine to André Gide. And the great painter Delacroix, a friend and kindred spirit, left us an admirable portrait of Chopin, lovingly even pathetically true to life, and deeply revealing memoirs in which we are brought near to Chopin's own thoughts and ideals.

So much has been said and well said of Chopin that there is little left to say: To a Polish musician, however, it is an act of filial piety. For all of us, great or humble, feel we are

Sigismond Stojowski is an eminent Polish pianist and composer. A graduate of the National Conservatory in Paris, where he studied with Delibes, Diémer and Dubois, he later became a pupil of Paderewski. He has appeared as a soloist with the leading orchestras of the world. In this country he has appeared with the New York Philharmonic, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Boston Symphony Orchestras. His compositions, including a symphony, several concertos, orchestral suites, a Symphonic Rhapsody for piano and orchestra, chamber music works, songs and many piano pieces, have been played by these orchestras and have been on the programs of the world's most famous virtuosi, among them Paderewski, Marcella Sembrich, Hoffmann, Friedman, Samaroff, Schelling, Ganz, Grainger and Casals. Professor Stojowski is also a prominent teacher of music, having headed the Piano Department of the Institute of Musical Art in New York since its foundation to 1912. The article on Chopin is condensed from a longer work. This summer Mr. Stojowski is to give 12 lecture recitals on Chopin at the Julliard School of Music.

An original Chopin manuscript: a Polish song "Posel" (The Messenger)

FREDERIC CHOPIN—A lithograph by Marie Wodzinska, his life-long love. The dedication is to Chopin's parents.

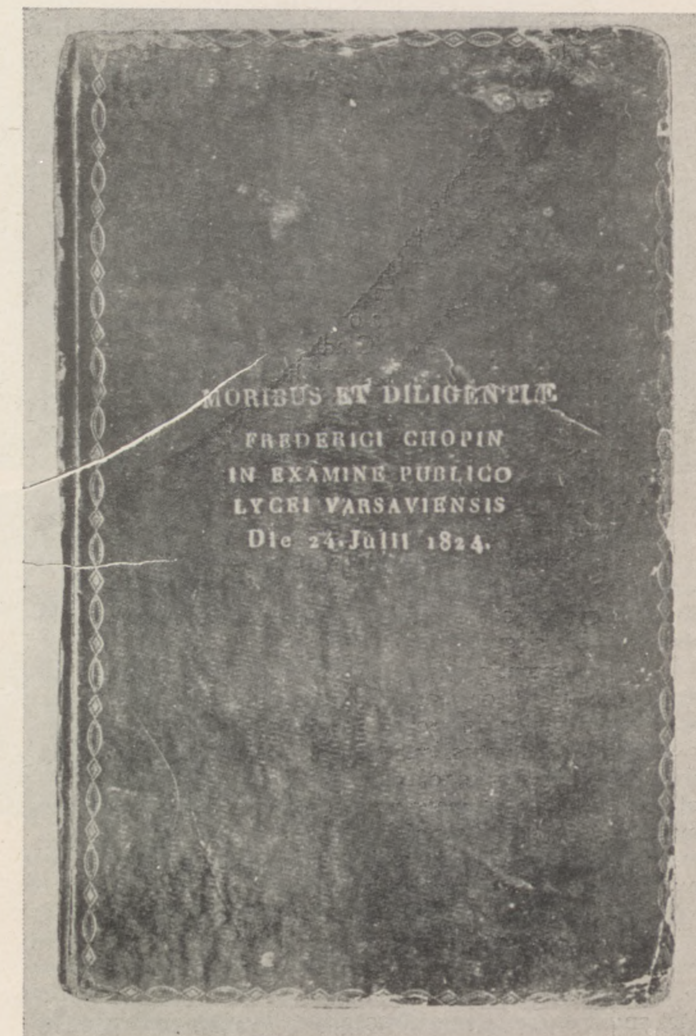
his spiritual children. Whether the august ancestor would invariably recognize and relish the kinship is, of course, open to question. Even so, the family will always claim its rights. A Frenchman, recently returned from Poland, was deeply touched that all Polish musicians, no matter how widely they differed on other matters, were reconciled and united in their love of Chopin.

Nor is this love limited to musicians. It is the reverential attitude of every Pole towards the national "tone-poet" as Heine called him, the only Polish poet who was not subject to foreign censorship until Hitler came.

. . . Chopin was neither a sportsman nor a sentimentalist. Liszt stands witness that he detested all mawkish sentiment and that, in life as in art, "any approach to melodrama was torture to him." For all his partiality to the instrument of his choice, he was no mere virtuoso. We know and his work shows that he was a great pianist. Liszt, when asked who was the greatest pianist of the time answered: "The world thinks it's me, but I know it is Chopin." Yet, Chopin whose outline of a piano-method making use of the difference in strength of the fingers for expressive purposes has been preserved, could not be preoccupied with empty glitter nor addicted to digital dexterity. To be sure, Chopin rejuvenated piano-technique and profoundly revolutionized the instrumental style by devices as bold and novel as they were idiomatic. Decorative or ornamental patterns abound in his work. But they are the woof and warp of the entire fabric, part and parcel of the emotional impact and musical idea. No instrumental contrivances are allowed to stand as self-sufficient or be superimposed, regardless of mood and meaning. As Huneker said of the Etudes, "never were Beauty and Duty thus mated in a wondrous team." If Chopin could make palpable and manifest its invisible soul — as Rubinstein claimed and we all feel — it is because his piano, like Wagner's orchestra, was myriad-voiced, every voice, nay! each note being actually charged with meaning and responsibility.

. . . Melody is, of course, the most immediate, direct and spontaneous element of musical expression as it rises from the subconscious. The listener perceives, feels and responds to it as such. We are thus drawing near to the mystery of Chopin's potency of appeal. When asked whether there were any rules of expression he would say: "Go and hear the Italians at the opera." But when Mr. de Perthuis asked him: "Why don't you write an opera?" his simple reply was: "I am not clever enough. Better leave me to my piano, Sir." Yet, his work is full to the brim of poignant drama. Contemporaries were all agreed that none could make the piano sing like Chopin.

I recall that the daughter of Poland's greatest poet, Adam Mickiewicz, an exile like Chopin, told me that, when her father heard Chopin in a Paris Salon, he went up to him with outstretched hand saying: "My dear, you have in your fingers an orchestra of butterflies." Pretty as is the metaphor, like all images it is necessarily inadequate, perhaps misleading. It applied to a definite occasion and a particular mood.



Prize won by Chopin at the Warsaw Lyceum

In a different mood and at other times, the eagle's soaring flight might have seemed more opposite to "the greater Chopin" as Huneker called him. And we must remember that if his output was truly volcanic, it came from a frail body, ravaged by an unrelenting disease which was to strike him down in the full bloom of his manhood. Still, we are told, that at the piano he managed by control and contrast most skillful, to give the impression of variety and power. Even on his death-bed the inner flame burned so bright that he dictated music which he could no longer play. Than this, I know no greater feat of manliness and courage.

. . . Living in a cultured, elegant, but dissolute society, Chopin was not dissolute. His "orchestra of butterflies" was never led by another butterfly. Pure and generous at heart, proud of spirit, gay in mind and keen of wit, reticent of speech, reserved and exquisitely polite in manner, fastidious and conservative in taste, distinguished and elegant in appearance and attire—Chopin, reputed "great lover" of the 19th century stood, in the midst of worldly success, solitary and aloof, his aims lofty aims, his soul detached. George Sand, the companion of his years of maturity, accustomed, she says, to seeing him in the clouds, complained: "He is not very sure himself in which planet he exists and forms no conception of life as the rest of us do."

Biographers speak of three women who seemingly toyed and tampered with this noble and lonely heart. George Sand,

(Please turn to page 10)

(*Continued from page* 9)

Rémy de Gourmont tells us: "flung away this pretty toy only after she had very nicely pulled it to pieces." Like many another immortal, Chopin had known the heart-ache of disappointed love. The great, never forgotten love of his youth, Marie Wodzinska, achieved the peculiar distinction of refusing both Chopin and Slowacki, the great romantic poet whose ashes now repose next to the Polish Kings in the crypt of the Cracow Cathedral.

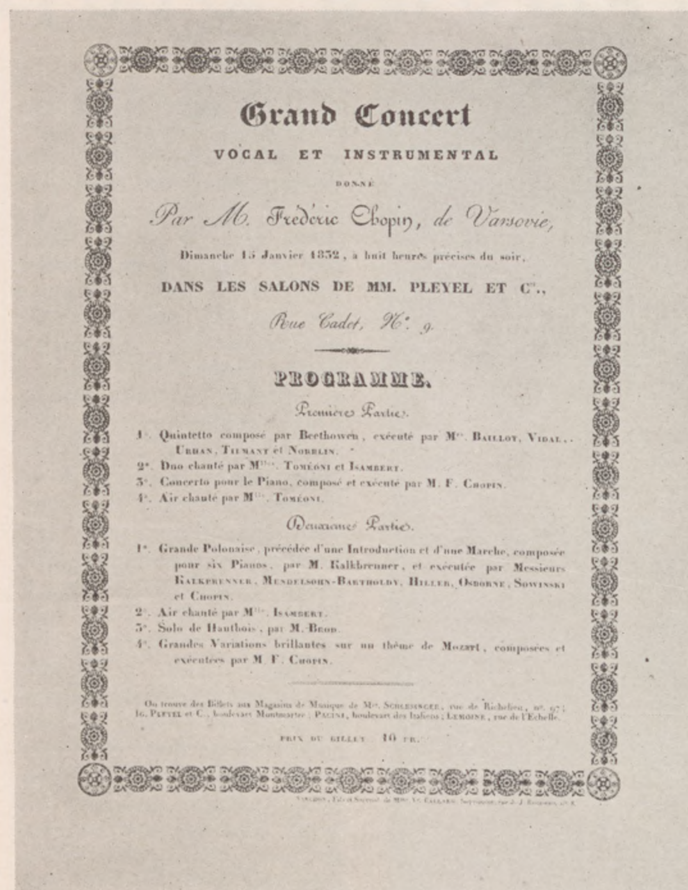
. . . The abundance of dance-forms in Chopin's music—those idealized dances lifted from earth by his supreme art into the sunlit clouds of his dreams and fancies—has been adduced, because of the subtle evocation of the couple implied in the dance, as evidence that Chopin, the man, was in love with love. From Chopin's own confession we know that his early love for Constance Gladkowska, the prima-donna of the Warsaw Opera who sang at his farewell concert, inspired the beautiful Larghetto of the F minor Concerto. This long drawn, richly ornamented lyric effusion, interrupted by a strongly dramatic interlude, was admittedly, not only an echo of a personal emotional experience, but also an attempt at musical portraiture.

This, however, is the only instance we can lay our finger upon, of the actual outcropping of human reality in the imaginative tissue of Chopin's music. For Chopin, the most proudly dignified and secretive of men, refused to wear his heart upon his sleeve.

. . . Only exceptionally does a letter give a clue to some generating incident or representative intent, as in the case of the F sharp major Impromptu, where after a stroll across the country-side impressions of nature and spring are intertwined with memories of distant Poland. We also know that the Ballads are unavowed symphonic poems which we may relate to the Ballads of Mickiewicz. However illuminating to our comprehension and performance such symbolism may be—or a story concealed or revealed in the notes—these remain accessory to our enjoyment as they were to the composition. It is a long way from the emotional shock of its genesis to the completion of a masterpiece. Along the way the inescapable laws of sound and human constructive instinct and receptivity come into play. The gap and unbridgeable gulf between abstract and representative art may not exist, as some people imagine who think that music can express nothing under the sun except itself. The "language of the emotions," as music has been called, can refrain from representation or seek and admit it, at the bidding of the creative will. It may dispense with the clear definition of words or realistic suggestion of images. But it cannot dissociate itself from life. It is indeed easier to dissimulate with pen or brush than with sound. Music cannot lie. For in it and through it, the whole man is absorbed and revealed.

. . . If love be after all, the great motive-power of true art, as it is that of the whole universe, it cannot be woman's love alone. Other loves, perhaps greater loves, also have dwelt in Chopin's noble and sensitive heart. He loved his art that lifted him out of and above this world wherein he felt, in his own telling words: "Like the E string of a violin upon a double-bass." He loved his piano, the "confidante" of his most intimate thoughts. He loved his ideal, so utterly pure and uncompromising, and strove by creative toil to embody it in Art. His artistic creed he thus wrote down: "Last of all, there is simplicity. After mastering all sorts of difficulties, after playing notes and notes in endless succession, it is simplicity with all its charm that stands out as the final sanction of Art. The man who would attain this at a single bound will never succeed; you cannot begin there."

. . . During days of duress and hope through which we ourselves lived, Paderewski said: "Country first, Art next." Chopin's patriotism, like our own, knew anxious hours. Distance lending enchantment, love of country developed into



Grand Concert

VOCAL ET INSTRUMENTAL

DONNÉ

Par M. Frédéric Chopin, de Varsovie,

Dimanche 15 Janvier 1832, à huit heures précises du soir,

DANS LES SALONS DE MM. PLEYEL ET Cie.,

Rue Cadet, N°. 9.

PROGRAMME.

Première Partie.

1°. Quintetto composé par Beethowen, exécuté par M^rs. Baillot, Vidal, Urhan, Tilmant et Norblin.
2°. Duo chanté par Mlles. Toméoni et Isambert.
3°. Concerto pour le Piano, composé et exécuté par M. F. Chopin.
4°. Air chanté par Mlle. Toméoni.

Deuxième Partie.

1°. Grande Polonaise, précédée d'une Introduction et d'une Marche, composée pour six Pianos, par M. Kalkbrenner, et exécutée par Messieurs Kalkbrenner, Mendelsohn-Bartholdy, Hiller, Osborne, Sowinski et Chopin.
2°. Air chanté par Mlle. Isambert.
3°. Solo de Hautbois, par M. Brod.
4°. Grandes Variations brillantes sur un thème de Mozart, composées et exécutées par M. F. Chopin.

On trouve des Billets aux Magasins de Musique de M^rs. Schlesinger, rue de Richelieu, n°. 97; MM. Pleyel et C., boulevart Montmartre; Pacini, boulevart des Italiens; Lemoine, rue de l'Echelle.

PRIX DU BILLET: 10 FR.

Program of Chopin's first Parisian concert

a consuming passion. Soon the heartache, more poignant than any, born of this great love, nurtured by childhood memories and youthful dreams, by separation and loneliness, was stirred to white heat by national calamity and turned into an expression of collective national sorrow. Much has been written to explain or define this peculiar Polish kind of "weltschmerz" we call "zal," which suffuses Chopin's music with a strange beauty that struck foreigners as morbid and fascinating. This spiritual ferment that Huneker compared to the pearl's secretion, a compound of regret and revolt, lends deeply pathetic accents to Chopin's outpourings. Undue emphasis has been put on this aspect of his Muse, even by Poles themselves, at times guilty of misrepresentations, as that Polish sculptor who, in the Warsaw monument, carved in stone a languishing Chopin beneath a weeping willow. . . .

For there is as much buoyancy as poignancy in Chopin's message. He is the singer of Poland's chivalrous and heroic past as well as of her depressions and tragedies. Nor is his Polish quality confined to the "racial hue and snap" of his rhythms and dances, the capricious Mazurkas, the lordly Polonaises, nor to the modal suggestions of his harmony and melodic oddities like the augmented seconds and fourths redolent of Polish folk-lore. His rhythms, vivacious or languid, sad or gay, elude the rigidity of metrical discipline as if it were the yoke of a hateful foreign government, in Paderewski's pungent phrase. His forms—the large frescoes as well as the little cameos,—escape the straightjacket of conventional academic patterns. The *tempo rubato*, universally associated with Chopin—that wavering, supple, pliant, fanciful treatment of time and movement—seems inbred in our moody, imaginative, changeable, simultaneously gay and sad, ardent and dreamy race that actually lives in it, Pade-

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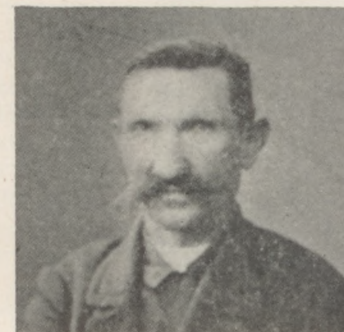
Drzymala's Wagon—Symbol of Polish Home Front

TO THE Poles in Western Poland, German persecution is an old story. During the long period of enslavement preceding the Great War, the Germans tried by every means at their command to destroy or Germanize the inhabitants of this region. To achieve this end Bismarck deported tens of thousands of Polish families from Western Poland and then embarked on a large scale German colonization policy. The German Colonizing Commission was created and endowed with hundreds of millions of marks to buy up Polish land in Poznania and Pomerania for German use. A powerful German organization, the Hakatists, sponsored by the German Government and Kaiser Wilhelm II, sprang into being, dedicated to the wholesale persecution of everything Polish. Polish was banned from schools and offices. Even the private teaching of the Polish language and history was severely punished. School children were beaten for refusing to say their prayers in German and their parents were jailed for daring to protest against the beatings.



MICHAL DRZYMALA AND HIS FAMOUS WAGON

But these German measures only served to spur the Poles to concerted resistance. The teaching of Polish went underground and flourished. As overt political societies were forbidden, Polish peasants and workers fought back by organizing into economic associations and cooperatives. The greater the campaign against the public use of Polish, the more Polish books appeared on the market. And when in 1904 the Germans denied to the Poles the right to build homes on land purchased by them, there was one Michal Drzymala, a simple peasant from Podgradowice, who in his quiet way sought to outwit the hated oppressors and thereby became one of the first heroes of the Polish home front—an example to his contemporaries and an inspiration to the millions dying and fighting in subjugated Poland today. The story of Drzymala's wagon that follows is adapted from Jozef Weyssenhoff's well known account:

He was a tough peasant, this Michal Drzymala of Podgradowice. He bought a piece of land with his hard earned money and decided to build himself a home on it. But German law provided that no Pole could build a home without permission from the German authorities. So Drzymala applied to the land commission of his region for a permit and received a negative reply.

Still, Drzymala was an obstinate man and he had a good head on his shoulders. So he commenced a battle of wits with the Germans and made things pretty difficult for Commissar Bok, chief persecutor of the Poles in his neighborhood.

The struggle had lasted for almost two years when one fine May day a huge wagon rumbled into the village of Podgradowice.

"What on earth?" the villagers wondered. "Are they going to put on a show? Or have the gypsies come to town?"

But the wagon aimed straight at the Drzymala lot. And sitting in the driver's seat was Michal himself, puffing on his pipe and grinning craftily.

"They wouldn't let me build a house on the land, so I'll have it over the land," he said.

The neighbors could not believe their eyes. Just think, they would say, how that Drzymala tricked the Germans.

There was, to be sure, a sceptic who remarked, "They will find a pretext that your chimney is smoking or something."

"Oh no!" Drzymala shot back. "They read me their whole law. It says nothing about wagons in it."

As the sun was high in the heavens, the neighbors went back to work. And Drzymala told his amazed wife how he had bought the wagon from the gypsies and what manner of trouble he had to bring it to the village. The woman listened, cooking dinner on the kitchen range pulled out from hiding and installed in the wagon. It was their first dinner prepared without the usual precautions.

The Drzymalas did not enjoy their house on wheels long. Already after the first downpour they were aware of its shortcomings—the roof leaked and the walls had chinks in them. But in any case, even such a refuge was better than camping under the stars.

Meanwhile the wagon's fame spread until one day a famous Polish lawyer and ardent patriot arrived from Poznan. He carefully inspected the wagon and after a long talk with Drzymala, he announced that it might be possible to purchase a better wagon for him. Indeed, there did soon arise in Poznan a "Committee for Drzymala's Wagon." Contributions poured in thick and fast. By the fall of that year there stood on Michal's lot a sturdy new wagon, impervious to bad weather and painted a pleasant white and green.

It appeared at long last that the Drzymalas would prosper. Stubble and clover had sprouted around the new "house." The potato field gave promise of a good harvest. Drzymala's wife had succeeded in raising some poultry and to her former lone cow she had added a heifer.

The Germans seemed to have forgotten the whole affair. Even Commissar Bok gave no sign of life.

But this was only the calm before the storm. In the summer of the following year an order came to the mayor to remove the wagon from Drzymala's lot. It had been declared a dwelling. Then, while Michal was in Poznan on business, Prussian gendarmes emptied the wagon and padlocked it. Upon his return, he found his "house" gone. Did he weep? No man can say, for none ever saw tears in his eyes. He merely requested the mayor to keep the wagon in his yard while he and his wife moved to a rented room in a neighbor's home.

The wagon was later moved to Cracow through the efforts of the Polish Committee. Drzymala himself did not remain long in Podgradowice. To spite the German Colonizing Commission, that wished to purchase his piece of land, he sold

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SWISS REPORT ON PERSECUTION OF CATHOLIC CHURCH IN POLAND

Considerable importance is attached to a report on the persecution of the Catholic Church in Poland published on March 13, 1943, by "Die Ostschweiz," a well known Swiss weekly. This neutral source gives shocking details of the lengths to which the Germans have gone in their efforts to deprive the Poles of all religious ministratures, and to destroy the church to which more than 25,000,000 of them belong. The full text of this General Report on the situation of the Church in Poland is appended:

AT the time of the invasion of Poland by the Germans and the Russians, the Catholic Church in Poland included some 27 million Catholics, of whom 3-5 million were Catholics of the Eastern Rite. There were five ecclesiastical provinces of the Latin Rite (Gniezno, Warsaw, Cracow, Vilno and Lwow); one archdiocese of the Armenian Rite and one apostolic administrator. There were 14,000 priests, 46 bishops and 8,000 livings. After the summer of 1941 the whole area was occupied by the Germans. At present there are only seven bishops who are still in charge of their dioceses, and at least 2,500 priests have been arrested and deported. It is impossible to say how many livings have been dispensed with, but it must be about 2,000. The persecutions can be distinguished as follows: uniform measures which are applied throughout the country, and other measures which are only applicable in some parts. There are exceptions, but they occur but seldom and appear to be designed for propaganda abroad.

"As in all persecution of Christians, excuses are put forward; thus the persecutors maintain that the persecution is not directed against Catholics as such, but because the Catholics in question had a political aim, the preservation of their own nationality. In order to provide some support for this claim attempts are made, in some cases at least, to treat Catholics in Poland who are not Poles with forbearance.

"There are two systems of persecution—"average" and "total" (durchschnittlich und "total"). The measures which apply throughout Poland are as follows: (1) Compulsory measures against the bishops: their relations with their flocks and with the Holy See are subject to control; their activities are closely watched and difficulties put in the way of diocesan visitations. (2) Terror measures against the clergy: everywhere priests have been shot, arrested and deported. In every diocese priests have been executed. (3) Restrictions on religious orders and congregations. Various means are used to achieve this. There is not a Polish diocese in which religious houses have not been closed, their members imprisoned, deported and slain. (4) Restrictions on seminaries. Even where seminaries are allowed—two against the former 20—novices may not be accepted. (5) The four Catholic theological faculties at the Polish universities, and also the university of Lublin, are closed. Teaching of the catechism—a rule in all Polish schools—is no longer compulsory. (6) The entire Catholic press—newspapers and reviews—has been suppressed.

"The above points apply throughout Poland; in what follows it will be described as 'average' persecution. A considerable part of Poland is, however, subject to much severer persecution, which is characterized by the following in addition to the 'average' persecution described above:

"(1) The expulsion of the hierarchy (deportations, imprisonment, or execution of bishops, and prevention of the return of bishops who are away). (2) The reduction of the number of clergy to 10% or less of the number in 1939. (3) The complete suppression of the religious orders and congregations. (4) The closing of the greater part of the churches. (5) The closing and dissolution of the seminaries. (6) Special restrictions on the dispensing and administration of the sacraments for the Catholics who remain in the territories concerned: adults may not be baptised without special permission, which is never given (directed against the Jews); confessions may not be in Polish; children may not be prepared for their first Holy Communion; marriages may not be celebrated for men under 28 and women under 25; it is impossible to consecrate priests—because there are no bishops to be found. (7) In the matter of teaching, in addition to the above regulations, preaching is forbidden. (8) According to the latest information, neither the Church nor her juridical personalities (juristiche Personen—dioceses or livings) are recognized as legal persons (Rechtssubjekte) by the occupying authorities. They are without any legal position (therefore they cannot hold property, exercise a gainful occupation, nor institute legal proceedings of any kind).

"Individuals are allowed to form religious societies if they receive a special permit from the occupying authorities. These societies have to be divided according to nationalities so that Germans and Poles do not serve in the same one.

"No Pole may visit a German church, and no German may attend a Polish church or receive sacraments in it. Thus the principle of 'exclusively national churches' has been set up. It is said that it applies in the 'Warthegau' (the central part of western Poland) and perhaps also in Pomerania and Silesia. There are rumors that the Holy See has protested against the regulations as they attack the unity of the Church and her hierarchy.

> *"Poland has become the blood bath of Europe. But amidst this horror the soul of the people still lives. The Poles — resolute and unbowed — carry on a ceaseless campaign against their tyrant."*
>
> **Archbishop of York**

"This second set of points, which are united with the first set, we shall describe in the following as 'total' persecution. The 'average' persecution has been applied in two dioceses of the Warsaw ecclesiastical province (Warsaw and Sandomierz) and in three dioceses of the Cracow province (Cracow, Kielce, Tarnow) and also in the greater part of the diocese of Czestochowa. The 'total' persecution is raging in the dioceses of Gniezno, Poznan, Katowice, Lodz, Wloclawek, Chelm and Plock. In many dioceses an intermediate stage between 'total' and 'average' persecution prevails. The dioceses of Siedlce and Lublin can be counted with those suffering 'average' persecution, although their bishops have been deported. Wilno, on the other hand, is included among those suffering 'total' persecution, although this has been somewhat lessened of late in that the percentage of priests has been increased considerably above the ten per cent. allowed and the prohibition to hear confessions in Polish has not yet been applied. Finally there are dioceses where it is difficult to define the degree of persecution as communication with these territories is subject to special control which makes the news service extremely difficult and scanty (ecclesiastical province of Lwow).

"In addition it must be noted that the German administra-

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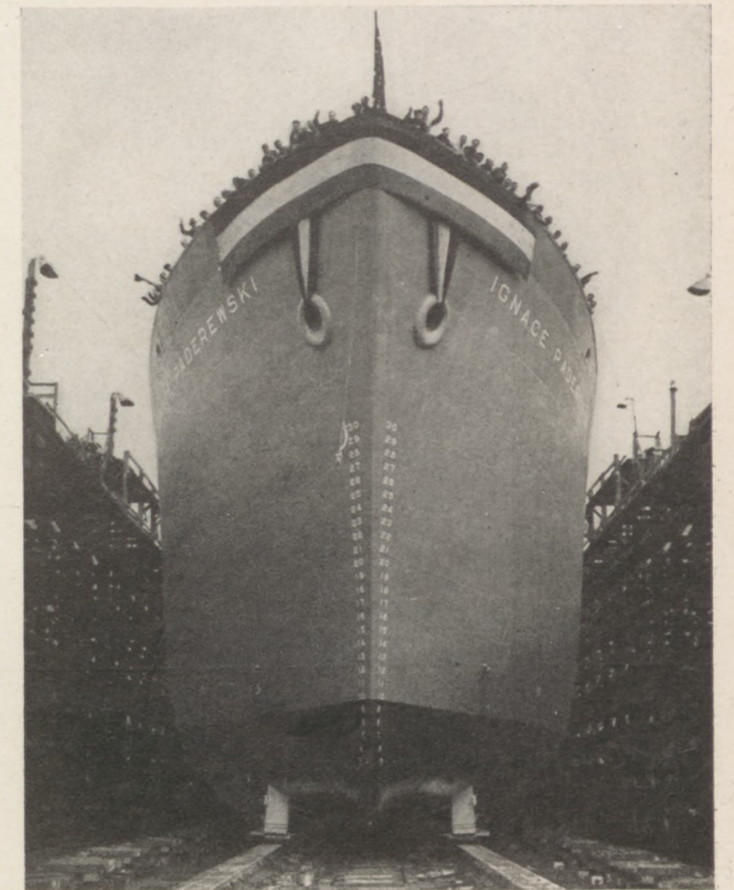
S.S. I. J. PADEREWSKI LAUNCHED

Los Angeles, May 3, 1943.



AS THE new Liberty *S.S. Paderewski* glided down the ways to the calm waters of the Pacific, the sun came out to brighten the hearts of all the Poles assembled to witness the launching. Then led by the Polish artist, Marek Windheim, they sang the Polish national anthem amidst the incessant hammering and drilling of many other Liberty ships being produced in the yards of the California Corporation in Wilmington. Incidently the *S.S. Paderewski* set a new record, having been built and fully equipped in 22 days.

The Polish Consul, Lech T. Niemo, paid an eloquent tribute to the splendid work of American industry and its great contribution to the war effort of the United Nations. Then, exalting the memory of the great Polish leader and patriot, in whose honor this Liberty ship is named, he spoke of Paderewski's magnanimity and generosity of spirit. He added:

"How splendidly significant it is, that when Poland was reborn in 1918, after more than a century of subjugation, it chose as its leader an artist. What better proof that the nation wanted peace than that happy selection of its first Prime Minister! .. . The launching of this great ship on the national holiday celebrated by all the Poles, the anniversary of the Constitution of the Third of May, 1791, is significant. Memories of that great day give us courage now that Poland is occupied by a merciless enemy, when even her women, children and old people are subjected to unspeakable cruelty. Those people are looking to the civilized world for salvation, and they must not look in vain. They look to you and to us, to bring them supplies and ammunitions on ships built by you. May this day be of happy augury, similar to that when Paderewski landed from a British ship in Danzig to help in the rebirth of a free nation, whose people would have the same right as their true and tried friend, the United States of America, to Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

The master of ceremonies, Mr. M. J. Pecarovich, then stepped up to the microphone to give a full description of the *S.S. Paderewski*, the 181st Liberty ship launched from this yard on Terminal Island. He ended with the words:

"May the *S.S. Paderewski* be a token to Poland—that the United States does not forget her."

Then Mrs. Wiktoria Y. Rydzewska, elected in a special meeting of all members of the United Polish Societies, proceeded to christen the ship. Surrounded by other Polish ladies dressed in national costume, she expressed the joy of all Poles that in these day of war, an American Liberty Ship, bearing the name of a great Polish leader and patriot, will be working for victory on the deep waters. As she broke the traditional bottle of champagne on the bow of the yard's newest ship, tears filled the eyes of many of the assembled Poles.

In memory of the occasion, Mrs. Rydzewska was presented by the California Shipbuilding Corporation with a beautiful silver-bowl.

—R. O.

"CHOPIN" BY SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI

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rewski says. Yet there is still more. A Polish writer, Zaleski, has pointed to the fact usually overlooked or ignored, of kinship between Chopin's tonal idiom and the Polish language. If it be true that the euphony of a Palestrina reflects an affinity with the harmonious language that grew under Italy's sunny skies, it seems no less apparent that Chopin's rich idion—the basis of modern harmony,—powerful and mellow in turn like our language, with its many consonants, bristling and strident sounds alternating with the caressing inflexions of open vowels, echoes the forest breezes of ancient Sarmatia.

It is this peculiar, highly flavored racial background with its spiritual implications, which gives Chopin his compelling power, irresistible magic and true originality. To the world at large it was a voice startlingly novel in its day and it remains strangely appealing and perennially fresh to succeeding generations. To Polish ears and hearts it seems the mirror of the national soul cast in a frame of pure gold, reflecting the dreams, aspirations, the familiar weal and woe of destiny. Like his fellow exiles, the romantic poets of Poland, Chopin's message reaches deeper and rises higher than could any expression of merely personal and individual feeling and concern. Mickiewicz could say: "My name is million because for millions I love and suffer." This Chopin said in the universal language of music. Thus the prophetic words of another poet and contemporary, Norwid, have come true: "Chopin raised what was locally national to the plane of the universally human."

And a modern composer, the late Karol Szymanowski thus expressed our indebtedness to Chopin: "Chopin remains our unique master who by his admirable craftsmanship, was able to solve practically the essential problem of all great art: to attain in one's work a perfect expression of deep and universal human grandeur and dignity, without losing any of one's native traits and national originality."

Paderewski asked: "Why should the spirit of our country have expressed itself so clearly in Chopin, above all others? Why should the voice of our race have gushed forth suddenly from his heart as a fountain from depths unknown, cleansing, vital, fertilizing?"

The unfathomable mystery of genius like that of life itself forever eludes explanation and baffles understanding. But our duty to Chopin is plain: to this hero, victim and magician of love, we must bring the wholehearted reciprocity of love that was refused him in his lifetime, so that ennobled and made creative by his message and example, this love of ours becomes a token of national immortality.

DRZYMALA'S WAGON—SYMBOL OF POLISH HOME FRONT

(*Continued from page* 11)

it at a ridiculous price to a dog-catcher from a nearby town.

One might think that Drzymala had been the loser in his four-year battle with the German government. At least inasmuch as he had had to retreat from the battlefield. But it was he, not the Germans, who had won. For, he became to all Polish peasants a symbol of courage in their defense of cottage and country.

Nothing was heard of Drzymala for many years. He lived in poverty, barely making ends meet. But he never complained of his lot nor did he, when the Polish State was reborn, remind anyone of his services. A search had to be made to find the enfeebled old man and to repay him for what he had done. And the reward was calculated to give Drzymala boundless joy—a piece of the Polish land he held so dear. When he died in 1937, the sorrow of his countrymen could not have been more genuine. He was given a fine funeral, the kind accorded to the country's great. And on his coffin rested the cross of "Polonia Restituta." Shortly afterward the village of Podgradowice, in which he had fought the Germans with such valor, was renamed Drzymalowo, to the everlasting glory of Michal Drzymala.

SWISS REPORT ON PERSECUTION OF CATHOLIC CHURCH IN POLAND

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tive measures do not take into account the diocesan boundaries. For this reason certain areas in the dioceses included with those subject to 'average' persecution are actually suffering 'total' persecution: namely, in Lomza, Warsaw, Cracow, Czestochowa and Kielce. It is impossible to account for the different systems of usage of the persecution. Only exact knowledge of the intentions of the German authorities could give the answer. These intentions remain secret so one can only guess. It may be a measure of economy (Oekonomie der Mittel) that in certain territories 'average' persecution suffices. It is also possible that Poland is regarded as an experimental field for the New Order.

"The German Catholics are not completely indifferent to the persecution of the Church in Poland. In particular in the archdiocese of Breslau reactions against the attack on the Church in Poland could be observed. The effect was certainly small for fear of the authorities, but it should not be allowed to go unnoticed.

"The behavior of the Germans in the occupied provinces varies, many take an active part in carrying out the decrees against the Church. There are, even in leading positions in the machinery of Catholic persecution, Catholics who, formally at least, have not left the Church. The Catholics keep themselves strictly apart from any share in the religious life of the Church in Poland. They do not enter any church which is attended by Poles. They receive no sacraments from the priests of the Polish dioceses. Many of them attend certain churches which are specially reserved for German military and civil personnel and from which non-German Catholics are excluded. In Warsaw there are two such 'German' churches, in the diocese of Poznan there are 15. Services in these churches are conducted by special priests—usually military chaplains but also other priests. The people call them 'parachute' priests."

The cover shows an oil painting of Copernicus in Saint John's Church in Torun. It forms part of the cenotaph erected in his honor between 1582 and 1589 by the Torun physician, Melchior Pyrnesius. The pair of compasses and the armillary sphere in the upper right symbolize Copernicus's interest in mathematics and astronomy, while the crucifix and hands folded in prayer are designed to indicate the goodness of his character. The Latin verse from Eneas Silvio Piccolomini — one time Bishop of Varmia and later Pope Pius II — was probably selected by Copernicus himself. In 1733 the painting was retouched by a councilman of Torun, Jakob Kazimierz Rubinowski.