

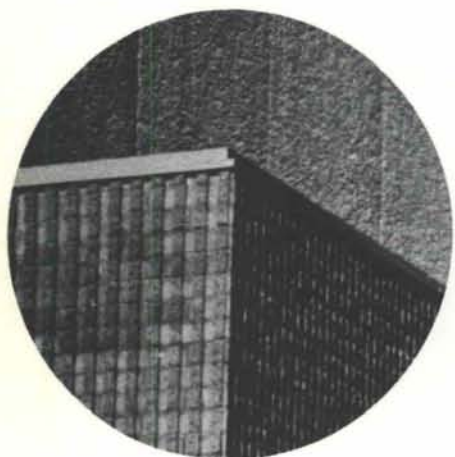


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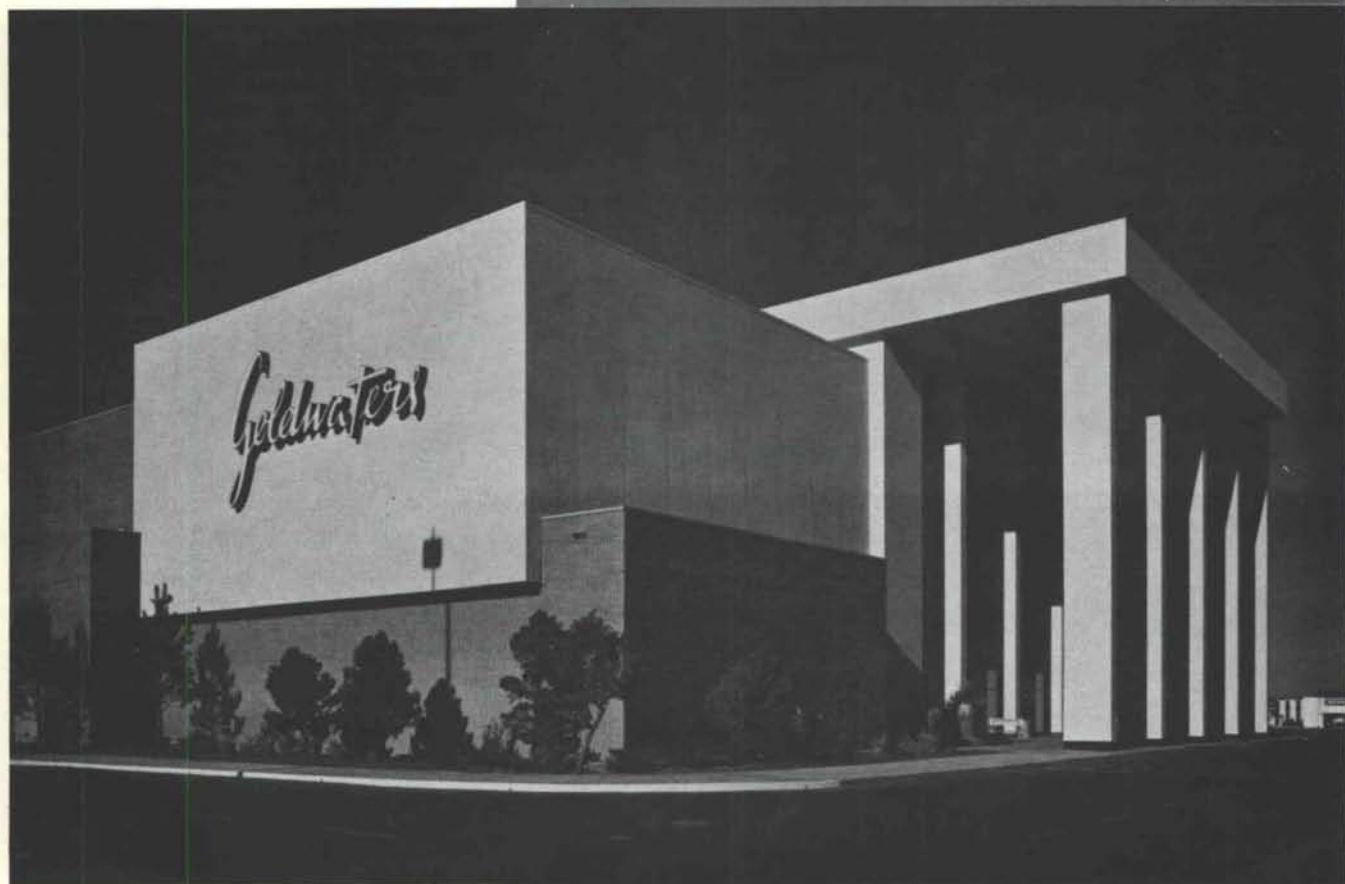
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The new Warsaw, the Centrum

vol. 18 nos. 3 & 4

This issue is devoted to a trip to Poland.

I was most fortunate to have been one of the twenty-four Americans invited to participate in a Polish/American seminar on the conservation and preservation of cultural properties in October 1974. Hosted by the Polish Ministry of Culture and Art, we were hustled about, traveled from the Baltic Sea to the Tatra Mountains, saw what they wanted us to see and listened to what they wanted us to hear. As it turned out it was not a Polish/American seminar so much as a see what we have done and listen to what we have to say; the expected interchange of a seminar became a one-way lecture. We were dry sponges set down to absorb their wisdom. However, that's not all bad; it just was not as expected. It was a worthwhile experience. I saw areas of Walt Disney type reconstruction, quaint, picturesque, fake, but also historic preservation of structures and conservation of art objects of a highly professional and scholarly expertise. I saw a dedication to historic preservation in terms of national commitment that should embarrass our Congress, our state legislators and our cities.

JPC

P.S. As you read this you will find a strange letter. The *Ł* and *ł* are pronounced as a w in win.

A CORRECTION

The January/February issue of *NMA* listed an incorrect contractor credit. In the Crego Block Company advertisement on page 2, the credits for the Rust Tractor Co. building should have listed the Lembke Construction Co. as the General Contractor.

may-june 1976 • new mexico architecture
july-august

nma

THE POLISH EXPERIENCE

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(Cover — Tadeusz Kosciuszko at Vasa Gate to the Wavel — Cracow)

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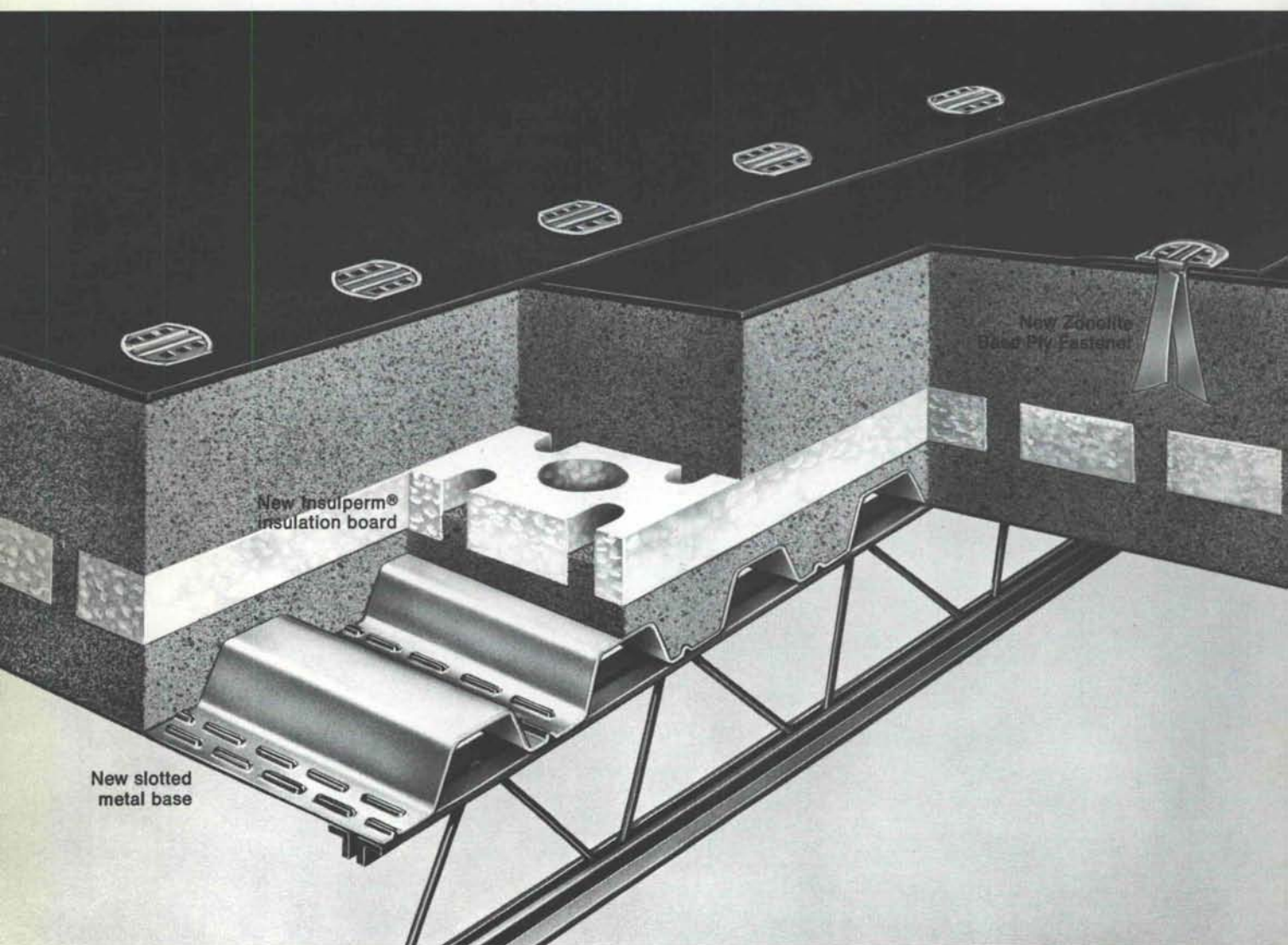
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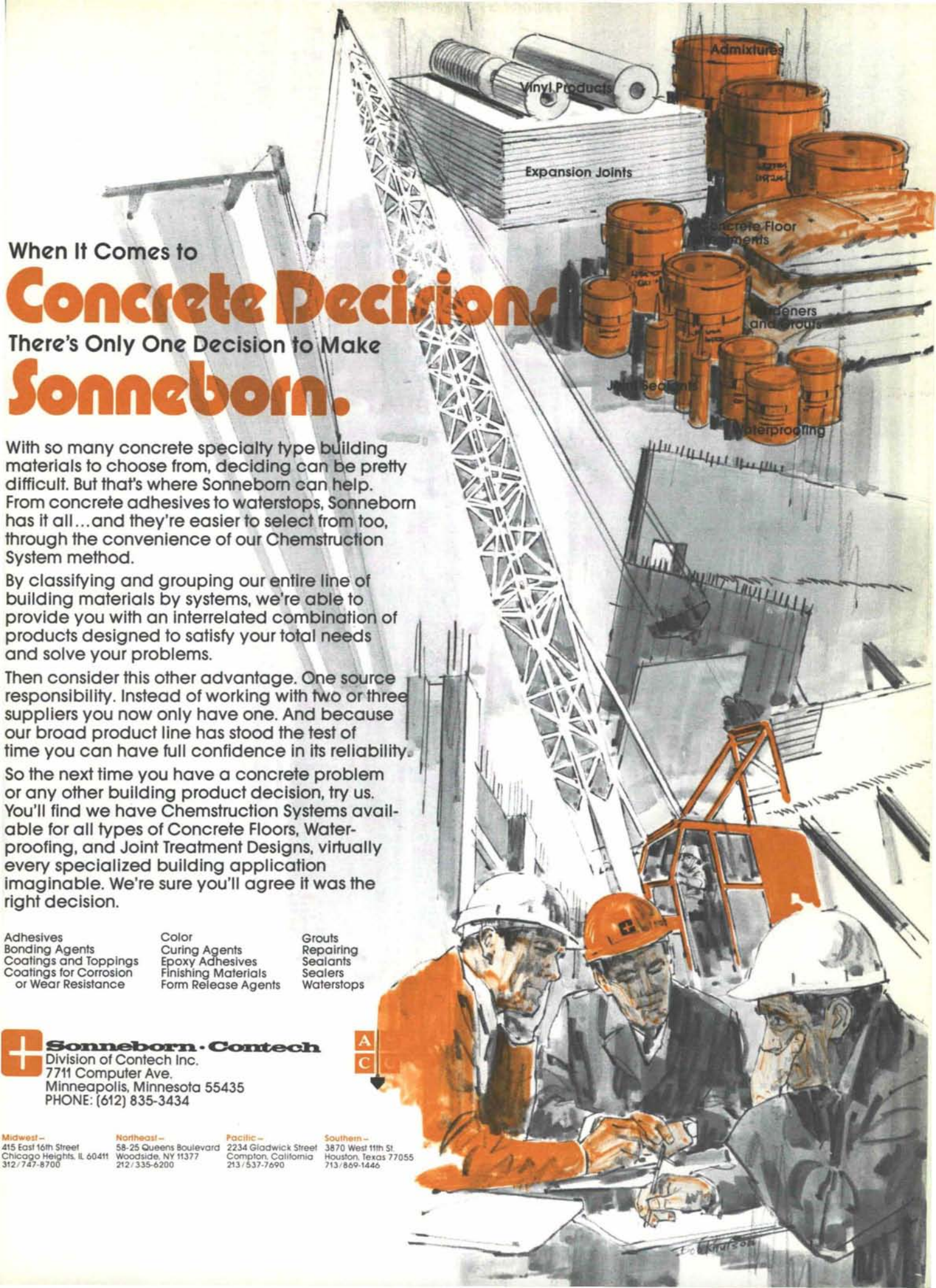


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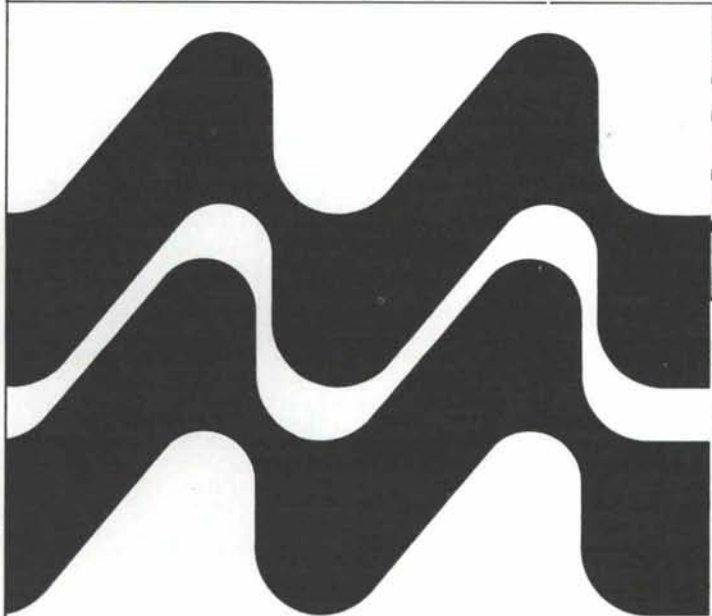
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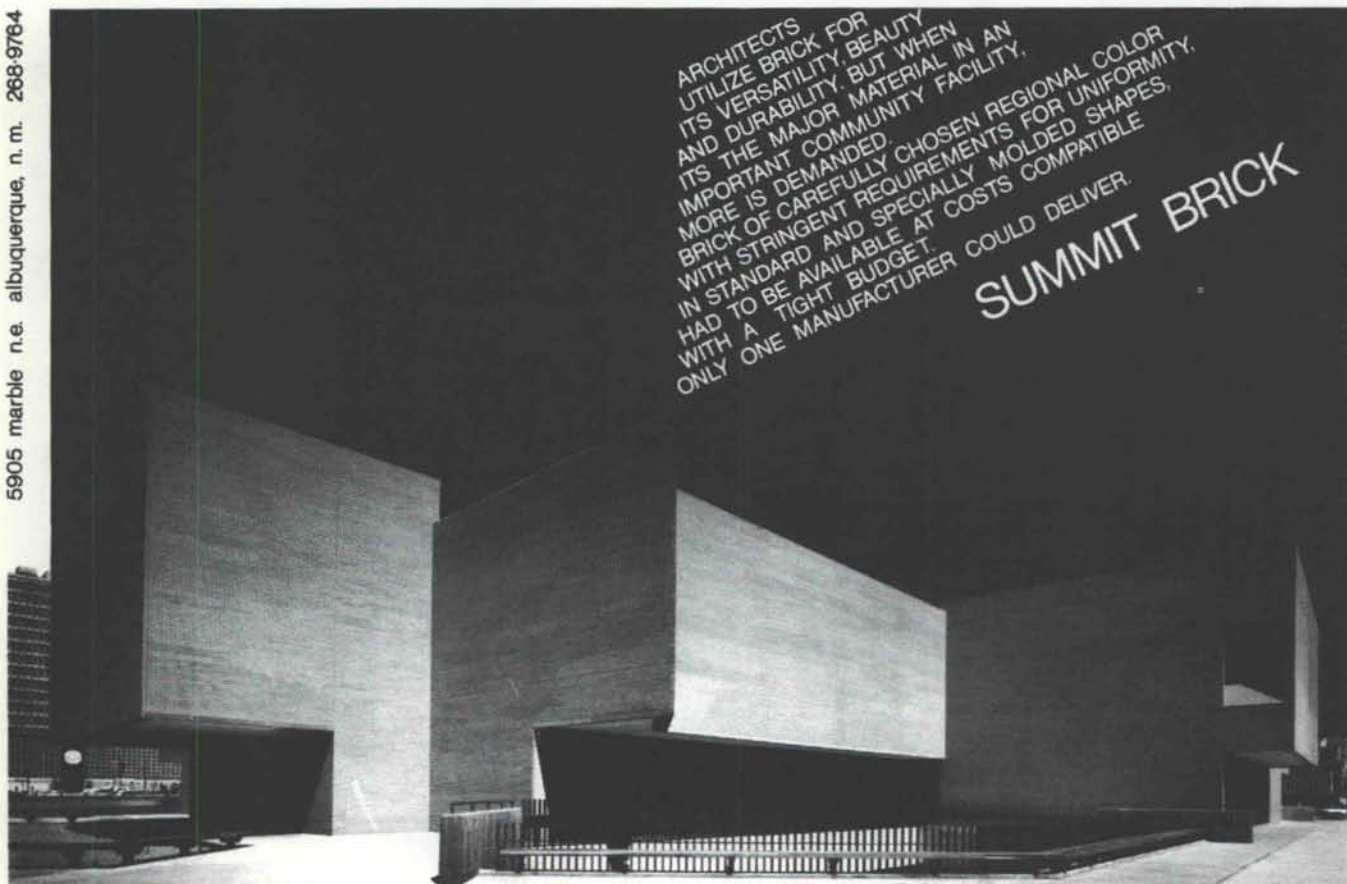
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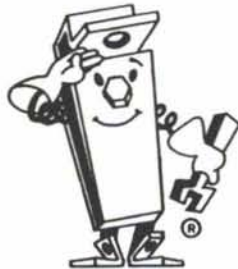
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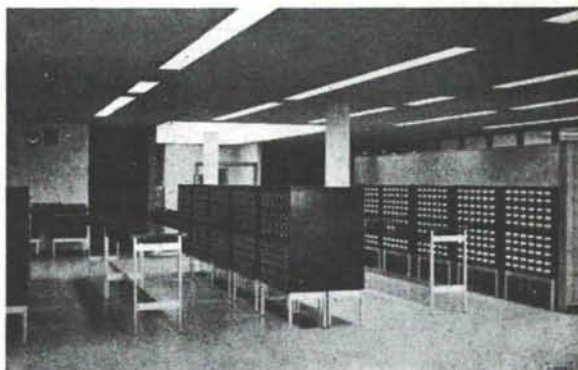
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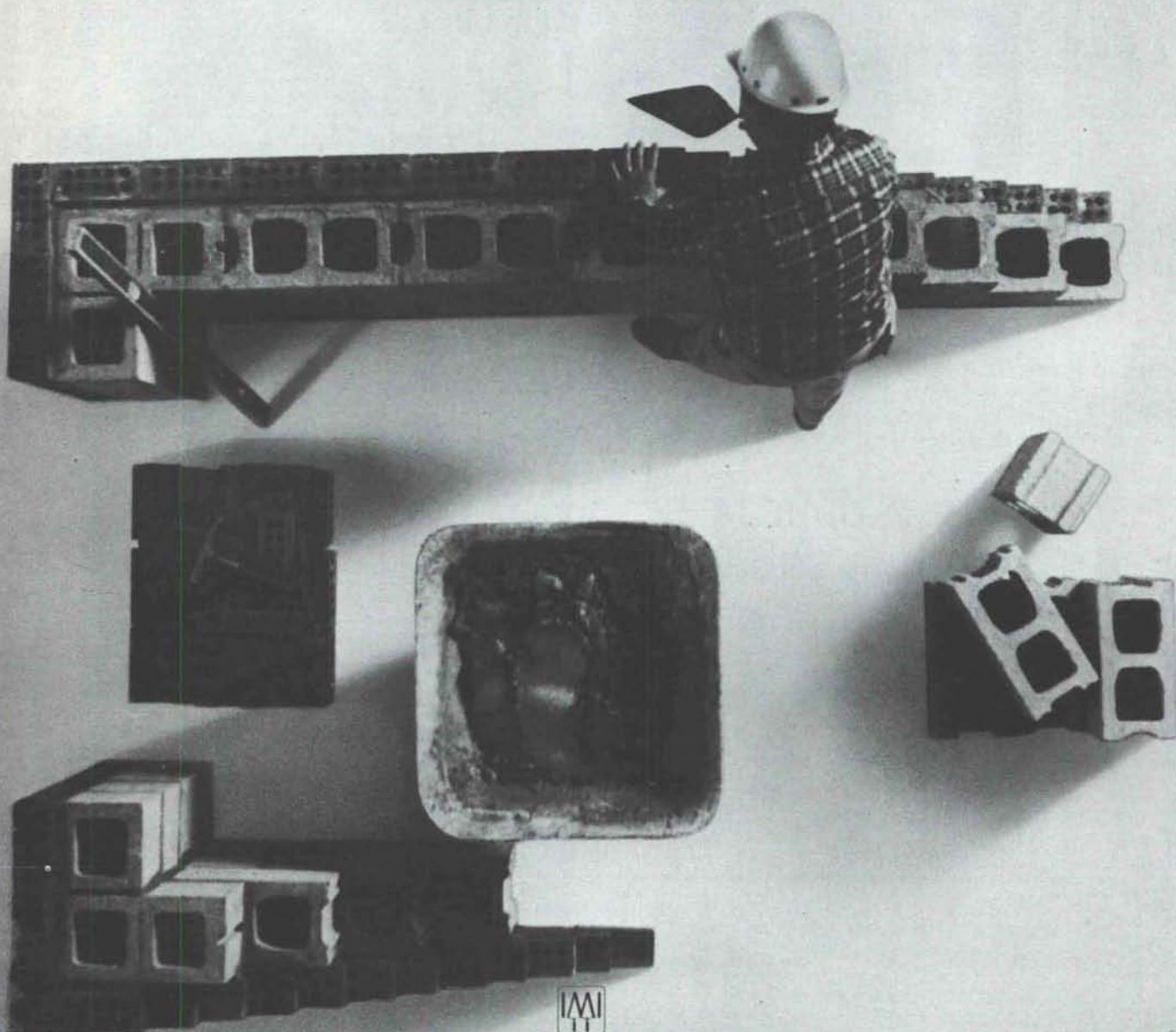
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THE POLISH EXPERIENCE

BY: JOHN P. CONRON



1. Warsaw — the first days.

Twenty-four Americans, all professionals in their fields and all in fields relating directly or tangentially to historic preservation, landed in Warsaw, Poland, in the early afternoon of October 7, 1974. Greeted by a staff member of the American Embassy, the group was sped through Polish customs; that is, we went through a little faster than if we had not been greeted by the embassy man! Crowds of people encumbered by baggage were being funneled through too few custom inspection gates at an infuriatingly slow pace. Customs and passport control officials in so many countries, including the U.S.A., have a facility for making everyone feel like a dangerous criminal or viperous smuggler. There is always a sense of relaxed relief once one has passed through the airport doors with a stamped passport, baggage in hand and that no-nation void of space between arriving airplane and customs barrier has been left behind.

Outside the terminal doors awaited Orbus, the state owned and, of course, the only tourist agency/tour guide service in Poland. Orbus was represented by "Ella" (Elzbeta) who, dressed today and frequently throughout our trip in a simulated tiger skin coat and knee high black boots, was to become our constant link to hotel accommodations, everyday travel and seminar schedules. (Figure 14) She was our most *reliable* translator, and even provided a special bowl of soup to one of us who, because of a bout of cold and flu, could not face another five to seven course meal. But most of all she became our friend. Orbus was represented also by a bright, quite new, red and white Mercedes bus, with a cheerful and most competent driver.

As we drove off towards Warsaw along broad, tree

lined streets the sun was shining. We did not know that, except for rare and sporadic occasions, this was the final sunny day for the next sixteen days of our stay in Poland. In fact, the damp gloom of tomorrow was to worsen into a wet snowfall later on in Cracow.

We arrived at the Hotel Europejski in central Warsaw, an area mostly reconstructed after World War II to equal its past glory. The traditional, late 19th century, appearance of the hotel is only a reconstructed skin with modern post war interiors. The rooms are very adequate with the same simple, functional, contemporary hardwood veneered furniture that we were to discover in hotels all across Poland. The dining room resembled a mediocre decorator's idea of what the 1935 French liner, S.S. Normandie, might have been—a kind of hindsight, garish 1930's posh. The music, provided by an orchestra of generally young musicians, was like any small American hotel dance band of the 1930's. On our second night in Warsaw, an accordion player in his early twenties was a featured soloist; I don't know who requested or inspired his two selections, but "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was followed by "Arriverderci Roma"!

During WW II Warsaw was ravaged by German bombers, but most severely and destructively by planned demolition under orders from an infuriated madman, Adolph Hitler. Early in WW II one area of old Warsaw was being cleared away to provide the land for construction of a grand new German city. The plans were in the grandiose inhuman scale so typical of the dreams of Herr Hitler. The Polish people were not to be the recipients of all this; the new city was for the expanding Nazi empire and its



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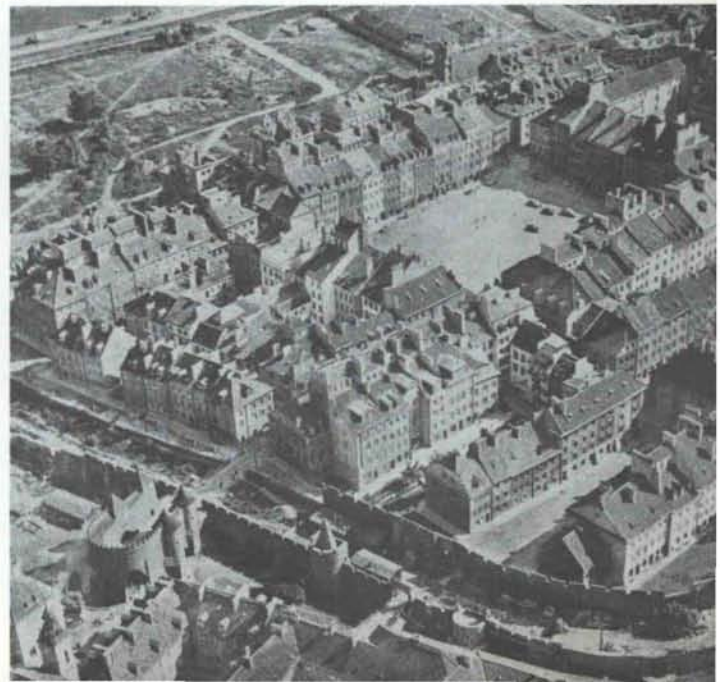


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The death and re-birth of Warsaw. Figures 1, 3 and 4 were taken in 1944 shortly after the Polish capital was freed of the Nazi horde. Figures 2 and 5 are recent photographs of reconstructed Old Town. It is easy to see the intensity of the destruction and subsequent zeal of the reconstruction.



4



5

citizens of pure Aryan blood. But the real destruction of the city followed the heroic but disastrous Warsaw Uprisings, the first in the spring of 1943, a second from August 1st to October 2nd, 1944. Hitler's well renowned violent temper led to the order to obliterate Warsaw. A systematic dynamiting program began. Prewar Warsaw began to disappear into piles of stone and brick rubble. Although 85% of the city was destroyed, many building walls remained standing, perhaps held in place by the depth of rubble piling up about their base. (Figures 1-5, page 12)

Previously bombed and set afire, the Royal Palace was not dynamited into oblivion; luck and time spared the structure. It takes time, lots of it, to destroy a city. The first floor walls of the Palace had been drilled for the placement of dynamite, but then time ran out for the Germans. The Russian Army pressed onward to the edges of Warsaw; the Germans retreated leaving parts of the brick walls of the Royal Palace scarred and burnt, but standing. When the Russian Army entered central Warsaw, it was empty of life, deep in rubble, a monument to Adolph Hitler.

Today Warsaw is a city of over 1,200,000 people. We were told that Warsaw will increase in size only as and when new housing is completed. They do not want to stop its growth because, as we were told, "so many people want to come and live here." Much of 17th and 18th century Warsaw has been reconstructed, while a new open-spaced Warsaw spreads out around this central historic core. Modern Warsaw is sometimes pleasantly planned; some of the highrise housing done, say ten years ago, appears to have been designed for humans. One such development within close walking distance from our hotel was attractively landscaped and clustered; it contained shops in the first floor facing the trafficked street and quiet inner plazas for walking or sitting. But the newer and current, primarily prefab, apartment slabs are something else. The press of housing needs has taken humanity out of design consideration and five-story *walk-up* horizontal slabs intermingle with multi-story monoliths in hastily built confusion. These same horizontal and/or vertical domino buildings can be seen in every urban center from Gdansk in the north to Cracow in the south. This regimental, overly standardized housing with its small rooms and colorless, utterly drab corridors and stairwells could be one of the reasons why all Poles you see in the streets and in shops—all of which are crowded with people during shopping hours—are unsmiling, dower. To be sure, the Polish people are far better and more colorfully dressed than their cousins to the east.

From the rubble of Warsaw and the country-wide sufferings of a long and bitter war, has arisen a new Poland, with a communist society and a dedication to historic preservation of immense zeal. As one member of our group expressed it: "The Poles are so interested in restoration that they have almost deified it." Deifying the Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, and the Baroque periods of their history, yes, but the 19th

century appears to be a period which they seem quite willing, no, even anxious to strip off, to wipe out, to forget entirely. To be sure, in the rise of a new and intensive national pride, there might well be a tendency to reflect eras of greatest national accomplishment, those periods when, indeed, Poland was a strong and independent country. During the entire nineteenth century, Poland was not a nation at all, but a partitioned vassalage divided between Germany, Austria, and Russia. For over 120 years Poland was deprived of political autonomy. It was not until after the defeat of Germany and Austria in WW I (1918) that Poland was re-constituted as a nation. Both Hitler and Stalin, however, decided to stifle this re-emergence; the September, 1939 invasion by the German armies, and the later "protective" occupancy of the eastern provinces by the Russian Red Army, again erased the Polish nation. Hitler's army soon attacked Mother Russia and effected the German occupancy of the entire Polish state. For five long, bitter, destructive years, Poland languished under an oppressor's hand.

Although the restoration, conservation and reconstruction of cities and palaces of 10th to 18th century Poland, when the nation was under control of a feudal, often oppressive aristocracy, may seem inconsistent with the present communist ideology, restore and rebuild they did and are still doing. As in Russia, where, for example, Leningrad and its elaborate palaces were so extensively rebuilt after WW II "as a gift to the Russian people," so here in Poland the reconstructed heart of Old Warsaw with its market square and nearby royal palace become monuments to the suffering of a subjugated, but never defeated people. The palaces of the ruling aristocracy are now open to all the people to visit and to enjoy. Further, these palaces become a visual lesson in the failure of these cavalier rulers to bring equality and self-sufficiency to the vast population of common folk, the workers in the city, or the peasant farmers in the country. The great Peterhof palace outside of Leningrad speaks eloquently of the separateness of the rulers and the ruled. I suspect that the common citizenry in Poland was not quite as tyrannized as was the Russian peasant under the Romanoff tsars, but to a Communist regime the story that they must have been is politically useful. The opulence of the restored palaces gives testimony to the riches of the few, while the several Skansens (village museums) give reality to the humble surroundings of the many.

We walked about reconstructed Warsaw in the company of the Chief Town Planner for Warsaw. He showed us photographs of Warsaw before WW II and immediately after the re-occupation of the city by Polish divisions fighting with the advancing Russian armies in 1945.

Further details of the rebuilding of Warsaw were given by Professor Stanislaw Lorentz, Director of the National Museum. (More about this energetic and heroic octogenarian later.) He explained the town, its plan, its history, its reconstruction. An early decision



6



7



8



9

In Figure 6 the Royal Palace begins to take on the grandeur of its past although without the final stucco coating. (See the model in figure 11, below.) The only full height remnant of the original palace wall which survived the war can be seen in figure 7; it is that 20 foot wide section to the left with the pediment. Just off Old Town Square is a shop devoted almost exclusively to the selling of postcards, which are most handsomely displayed, figure 8. Figure 9 is Old Town Market Square with a flower and fruit stall in the square. Figure 10 shows a street in the New Town (Nowe Miasto) section; note the amusing perspective painting on the facade of the building in the foreground.



10



11

was made by the Polish government to retain Warsaw as the nation's capital and to begin re-construction. All buildings which were standing prior to WW II and which dated from the middle of the 18th century or earlier were to be rebuilt, other later (up to WW II) buildings which had been designed by prominent architects would also be rebuilt. The buildings one sees in and about Market Square have their design origins in the 17th and early 18th centuries.

Professor Lorentz added that other than the desire for a national rebirth, another reason for reconstruction on such an extensive scale was the feeling of many architects and historians, such as himself, that a completely new large city of 1,500,000 people would be "monotonous" in spite of the capable work of the architects and planners—"It would be gruesome." We did in fact see areas which had been planned and built in the 1950's, and they truly are "gruesome." As an example, several blocks along Marszalkowska Street and around Constitution Square are lined by six or seven story apartment buildings set flush along broad sidewalks with stores in the first floors. Although trees do line the streets and do soften the look a bit, the impression is one of oppressive Stalinesque architecture greyed by city air. This was the first large scale new town development after WW II. Nearby stands the Palace of Culture and Science. (Figure 19) A gift of the Soviet Union, this structure stands 234 meters (767.71 feet) high, has 3,288 rooms, four theaters, four cinemas, the Museum of Technology, a 3,000 seat Congress Hall, and finally, a swimming pool. The architecture is pure Stalinesque; it is, in fact, another of those wedding cake buildings with which Moscow is so blessed. The Polish planners and architects we met expressed the wish that Stalin had not been so generous; "nobody can stand to look at it, but it is very useful." Thus, historic restoration arguments were emphasized to prevent the wholesale use of Stalinistic city planning and architecture with which so much of Moscow and East Berlin have been burdened.

Medieval Warsaw crowned a low hill overlooking the Vistula river and was surrounded by brick defense walls dating from the 14th to 16th centuries. As Warsaw grew in the 15th century a new town (Nowe Miasto) grew up immediately outside the walls to the north along the river. It is in these two areas that the reconstruction program has centered. Along the main street south from Castle Square (Plac Zamkowy) as well as along Krakowskie Przedmiescie for several blocks buildings of the late 18th and early 19th centuries have been reconstructed. This includes the Europejski and Bristol Hotels and the Staszic palace (1820-1823); a group of historic, 17th and 18th century, buildings which house the University and the 1682-1757 Holy Cross Church. Nearby is the massive structure which houses the Grand Opera and Ballet theater, its Neo-Classical facade (1825-1835) rebuilt, but all behind new and much larger than the original. In an area surrounded by new construction are the offices of the Warsaw

People's Council (City Hall) and the Museum of the Polish Revolutionary Movement. (Figure 16) These reconstructed buildings were originally a group of palaces built in 1824-28; the museum structure housed the Polish Stock Exchange prior to WW II.

Just to the north of City Hall an entirely new area is composed of horizontal slabs of apartments rather widely spaced and separated with much grass and young trees. The area appears to be austere and regimental in spite of the openness; perhaps time will give the trees enough growth to soften the rigidity. This section was the infamous Warsaw Ghetto of WW II. Into this area of just 2 1/3 square miles were herded 500,000 Polish Jews, gathered from all over Poland. Disease, starvation and, eventually, the relief of death were the lot of these people under the whip of the German masters. The Warsaw City Planner reported that 10 to 11 people were crowded into each room, while our bus guide reported up to 20 persons per room! Surrounding walls were built to contain these ravaged people. A monument erected in 1948 on the site of the first clash between the Ghetto defenders and the Nazi troops in 1943 is built from stone originally prepared by the German occupiers as a monument to Adolph Hitler.

It did seem to me that there was more variety in size, form and layout of apartment complexes than I recall from my trip to the U. S. S. R. in 1969. And much of what we saw is certainly no worse than what we too often have built in the United States for our low and middle income families.

In one area along our bus tour we noticed some apartment blocks built on grass covered mounds, some four to six feet above the surrounding level. These mounds are rubble from the destruction of Warsaw which was not removed but left and used as bases for new construction.

In one apartment building we noticed that a Roman Catholic chapel had been included. We were told that this was occasionally done and, as in the one we saw, it might include a small convent for a few nuns. However, "there is some quarrel between the government and the Church about building (churches) in new quarters."

A most interesting revelation to us was the information that some 80 to 90% of the new apartment construction in Warsaw and throughout Poland is funded by workers unions, or other co-ops, and that individual apartments are sold to the family. The condominium has found its way into the Communist ideology. "It becomes more and more popular (to buy your own apartment) as people get more money."

Much of Warsaw, including the City Hall and the infamous Ghetto area, were seen through our bus window on a tour of the city. And as we rode about I noticed many, many small shops selling flowers and plants. The day was overcast, very gray, rainy. On the whole, the city, even with the many trees and open parks, gives an impression of a heavy bureaucracy overlying all decisions and plans. How much citizen input can there be?

The new Centrum shopping and office complex across the city's main thoroughfare, Marszałkowska, from the wedding cake architecture of the Palace of Culture and Science is crisply contemporary. Here three large stores stretch along two blocks of the street. The three are identical in architecture and size; one has men's clothing, one women's, and the third has the other things needed for the home—appliances, stacks of cheap suitcases and housewares. Taken as a whole they are the leading department store for Warsaw. During shopping hours these stores—as well as the hundreds of little shops which line Warsaw streets—are crowded with shoppers. While far better and more colorfully dressed than their neighbors across the Soviet border to the east, they are unsmiling, dour, pushy; this seemed to be true in all of Poland that we visited.

Except for these three large Centrum stores, shopping is done in the small to tiny shops which line streets throughout downtown Warsaw. Although the majority are government owned, there exist many privately owned shops in Warsaw and throughout Poland. "State owned enterprises and industries cannot do everything—yet." However, the trend is to increase the state ownership in all "except services." The merchandise appears plentiful and varied; the quality is good, as compared with the Soviet Union during my 1969 visit when we saw far less variety and a generally poor quality. As stated earlier, shops are crowded and people are buying. Cepelia shops, state run handicraft shops, are everywhere and they range from the large two-story, well stocked branch in the Centrum area to the small, more specialized shops along reconstructed Krakowskie Przedmieście, in Old Town Market Square, and in the hotels. As some readers may know there is a Cepelia shop in New York and another in San Francisco. These two shops have the better rugs and handicrafts; so, generally speaking, buy your Polish souvenirs and crafts from these two stores rather than expecting to find them in Poland. (Incidentally, the Cepelia shops in Cracow and Torun have the finest craft works I saw in Poland.)

Facing one of the three main streets which bridge the Vistula river in central Warsaw is the National Museum. It is a rather grim building built between the two world wars, a stone faced monument, almost Albert Speer Germanic in style. One is grateful that this building survived the war because of its valuable art collection, but one is less thankful that it survived with no more than an occasional flying bomb fragment or bullet chip from its grey stone facing. Three of our seminar sessions were held in this museum. Of particular interest to me were the talks by Professor Stanislaw Lorentz on the "Destruction and Reconstruction of Warsaw" and the visit to the exhibit on the conservation of museum art and objects. For our visit the exhibit was expanded to include actual demonstrations, with conservators working on paintings, art objects, and weavings. These demonstrations were of especial interest to the art conservators in

our group who were able to discuss restoration techniques with the museum staff. A lecture on the technique of the removal and shipping to Poland of the mural paintings from the Middle Eastern archaeological site of Faras was interesting—but I was there to learn about Poland.

A tour of the reconstructed Royal Palace was led by Professor Lorentz. It was a typical October day for Poland—cold, dark, rainy. But Professor Lorentz's youthful exuberant energy overcame such minor obstacles as inclement Polish weather. The professor led us through the palace which is structurally completed and roofed. With the exception of one large room, the former library, which has been completed except for proper library furnishings and book cases, the interiors are yet totally unfinished. The library now houses some of the furniture and art saved from the early building including the Royal Throne. At one end of this long imposing room we sat to hear Professor Lorentz tell the story of the castle, its destruction under orders from Adolph Hitler and its rebuilding under the direction of Lorentz. (Figure 35, page 30)

The oldest part of the palace dates to the first half of the 15th century. This building of brick housed the court of the Duke of Mazavia. In the first half of the 16th century the Duchy of Mazavia was incorporated into the Polish nation whose capital was moved to Cracow. In 1595 Sigismund III moved his court to Warsaw which has been the capital of Poland ever since. Reflecting its greater importance as the headquarters of a nation, the Royal Castle was expanded and remodeled over the centuries until the disappearance of the Polish nation in the late 18th century.

"Poland entered the 19th century, so important for the development of modern Europe, as a country deprived of independence, its territories divided among the three partitioning countries. The Castle's fate once more became a mirror of the country's history. During the short period of the Prussian rule Warsaw became a lifeless town. A few Prussian officers were located in the Castle, several interiors were let out and others were turned into billiard rooms.

"In his *Memoirs of Seglas* Fryderyk Skarbek thus describes the Castle's state in 1806, when Napoleon's army entered Warsaw: 'The foremost, and at the same time, the saddest building of Warsaw is in every respect the Castle, the old seat of Polish kings and Sejms in which every glance falls on grim walls or on monuments of the past . . . When you enter the Castle's court, when crossing it you hear your own footsteps echoed by the walls of the square building, when you fail to meet a single living creature where thousands of courtiers once crowded, you start to ponder over the transience of human greatness and realize that you have entered a political grave . . .'

"When Napoleon took up his quarters in the Castle it was necessary to bring pieces of furniture from other Warsaw palaces in order to fur-

nish the Emperor's rooms!

"During the years of the Congress Kingdom (1815-1830) Warsaw went through a period of rapid modernization putting its streets and squares in order. It was also at that time that a few houses surrounding the Castle, including the Cracow gate, which obscured the Castle's view from Krakowskie Przedmiescie street, were pulled down. In this way the Castle Square was formed much as we know it today.

"At the time of the November Insurrection of 1830 the Castle again became the heart of Poland. It was there that the Sejm of the Kingdom passed the decision to depose Nicolaus I from the Polish throne.

"Banners won during the victorious battles of Wawer and Debe Wielkie were triumphantly carried into the Castle.

"But these were the last victorious battles of the Insurrection. Its end came when the Russian army headed by Paskiewicz captured Warsaw. The Tsar's Field Marshal issued orders to plunder and devastate the Castle. Even marbles were torn off the walls and handed over to the newly built Orthodox churches. Bacciarelli's ceiling painting was painted over. The Castle's collections were removed to St. Petersburg, its interiors turned into office rooms and the Royal Library into the Cosack quarters.

"In 1861, on the eve of the second national uprising, a great demonstration of the people of Warsaw took place in front of the Castle during which the Tsar's soldiers fired into the crowd killing five persons. Their funeral turned into a huge patriotic demonstration, the news of which spread throughout Poland crossing the partitioning borders.

"On April 8th of the same year the Castle witnessed another tragedy. Over 100 demonstrators, mostly workers and craftsmen, were killed in a scrambling fight against Russian soldiers.

"Till the outbreak of World War I the devastated and degraded Castle housing Tsarist offices and soldiers' quarters was nonetheless considered by all the Poles as a cherished symbol of the country's past history. Fathers hoped their sons would live to see the Polish flag hoisted on the Castle's tower."¹

Following World War I the Royal Palace was restored. Furniture, paintings, bronzes, tapestries and sculptures taken away by the Tsars of Russia were returned to the palace, and interiors began to regain their former beauty and luster. At that time the Castle was the residence of the President and the seat of Parliament. In addition, some 20 rooms were open to the public.

On September 1st, 1939 Poland was attacked by the German army. By September 6th Warsaw was surrounded; until its occupation by the Germans at the end of September "Fortress Warsaw" fought on. Professor Lorentz, who was even then Director of the National Museum, was placed in charge of the pro-

tection of all "cultural property" in Warsaw. On the 17th of September the palace was bombed and set afire. The professor began the removal of palace treasures which he stored in the basement of the National Museum. He told us that many people were killed by the bombings as they rushed to save all that could be carried from the palace. However, after the occupation, the Gestapo, aided by German art experts looted the National Museum and its basements of the finest pieces; these were packed and sent to Germany. While some items have been recovered, much is still lost. The Germans were not interested in paintings of Polish kings nor in Polish antiques; these items remained safely stored in their basement shelters.

Professor Lorentz managed to remain as Director of the National Museum during the German occupation! A Nazi sympathizer? Not at all! Rather, he was secretly serving as Vice-Minister for Culture in the Polish Underground government. Further, as we were told by the professor's associates, he quietly and systematically "looted" the Royal Palace. Although damaged by the fire, begun during the September 17th, 1939, bombing, the palace remained in fair condition. However, following the occupation a campaign for the total destruction of the Palace was undertaken, "the magnificent neo-classical wainscots . . . were smashed with picks and axes, marble mantlepieces pulled away, parquetry torn off . . ." and carried away. But, the Poles, under the leadership of Professor Lorentz, conducted an equally vigorous counter-campaign designed to save and to hide away for the future the nation's cultural treasures. In this operation he was assisted by "professors, conservators, museum custodians, craftsmen as well as rank and file employees of the National Museum, including doorkeepers. About four thousand fragments of sculptures and stonework were excavated from under the ruins . . . The major part of the Castle's furnishings have been saved . . . We have in our hands 300 paintings coming from the Castle, including all the Bacciarelli and Canaletto canvases, over 60 bronze and marble sculptures, over a dozen 18th-century fireplaces, chapel columns, several dozen doors . . ."²

In December, 1944, the palace was dynamited by German engineers. But not completely; they were unable to complete their task. Some of the holes drilled into the walls for the placement of dynamite can still be seen in the lower level in the southwest corner of the building. It is in this corner that the only portion of the full wall including the roof pediment remained, a section of only some 30 or 40 feet in width! (Figure 7)

Immediately after the retreat of the German armies, planning for the restoration began with the collecting and cataloging of fragments of portals, scraps of building sculpture, and stonework. The actual work of reconstruction did not begin until 1971 when Edward Gierek became First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Polish United Workers Party (the Communist Party). Since then reconstruction has



12



13

Figure 12 was taken from my room in the Hotel Europejski. You are looking towards Royal Palace Square, which is just out of sight behind the trees and the high pitched roof church in the background. All that you see is reconstructed except, perhaps, for the aged stained facade of the Baroque church in the center. As the ages of time and change were stripped from the bombed and ravaged Royal Palace, early Gothic window frames were revealed under the essentially Renaissance style palace, figure 13. And below is Ella, our leader, arranger, companion.

14



continued in earnest and is expected to be completed before 1978. Completion of the palace will terminate the rebuilding of Warsaw.

According to Professor Lorentz, the entire work of restoring the palace is being undertaken by private donations of money and labor. The cost is expected to be some 550 million zoloties, of which 400 million has already been collected. "The rest is no problem for us," he says with a shrug of complete confidence. The money has come from throughout Poland and from people of Polish extraction living in the U. S. and elsewhere. Next to a large glass-encased model of the place in the center of Castle Square is a donation box filled with coins and paper money not only from Poland but many other nations as well; I noticed a few dollar bills. We were told by the Warsaw Town Planners that all major reconstruction projects as well as new construction proposals have similar, elaborate scale models prepared for public display and comment. I wonder; we saw no others. Historic preservation or reconstruction project displays include donation boxes into which, he said, "little children have a habit of dropping candy."

Professor Lorentz led us through the palace showing us the work in progress, and through the grounds facing the river, which are littered with stone fragments recovered from the palace rubble. Here also are the temporary buildings and shelters where the restorers work, putting together the massive stone carvings which will once again adorn the walls and roof pediments. Clay models are made using old photographs and the fragments which remain. The clay is cast in plaster of paris which is then given to the stone cutters for final execution. The original fragments will be integrated into the final sculpture. "What is authentic will be seen as authentic; what is new will be seen as new. We will not paint or finish to match the old. Ten years of patina will mellow it all."² Professor Lorentz went on to say that he felt that because so little of the structure and its embellishments were saved that it is important to put back in its original place any and all bits and pieces of these fragments. It is "respect for the past;" it is, at least, "partly authentic."²

We viewed the construction of new marbled columns for the palace. Poland did not have a source for the natural marble so originally they simulated "marble" columns for use throughout the palace. The restoration of the interiors will need all new columns; they are manufacturing the simulated marble in the same manner as in the past. A center wood post is wrapped in a straw-like grass and layers of plaster are built up to the desired diameter and taper. The final layers are a mixture of plaster and coloring which, when hand polished and finished, cannot be distinguished from the genuine marble that it represents. It may be fake, but it is an historic and effective method. A method very useful to monarchs who felt a need to be impressive, but not expensive!

Standing high on its granite pedestal in front of the Royal Palace is the bronze statue to King Sigis-

mund III. Originally erected in 1644, this is Warsaw's oldest monument. In August, 1944, the column was dynamited. The statue fell to the ground, but escaped major damage. Sigismund III stands again on a replica column high above Castle Square. All of the 30 to 40 monuments scattered about Warsaw were toppled or destroyed. Of the two that were recoverable from the rubble, Sigismund III is one; the other is a statue of Christ bearing a cross which has been reset before the rebuilt Baroque Church of the Holy Cross on Krakowskie Przedmiescie.

A favorite Warsaw monument was the one to the world renowned pianist, Frederic Chopin. Originally erected in 1926, this bronze statue was set upon a white granite base, but the metal figure was taken to Germany for scrap. Professor Lorentz had a small model of it in his apartment; from this model a new full-sized replica was made and returned to its original site in Lazienki Park. The large equestrian statue of Prince Josef Poniatowski was totally destroyed. Originally cast by a Danish sculptor in 1815,³ an exact plaster copy was in Denmark and, as a gift to Warsaw from the city of Copenhagen, a new casting was made and sent to Poland.

From Castle Square a short walk along Swietojanska Street takes one to Old Town Market Square. Here you are in the heart of reconstructed Warsaw. Although begun in Medieval times, and undergoing constant change, remodeling, and additions through the 19th century and into the early 20th century, what surrounds the visitor is a 17th and 18th century look with some details of earlier centuries showing through. Following the destruction of old Warsaw, standing walls and deep rubble were all that was left. But an interesting thing happened; the bigger the explosion the higher the rubble. Thus much of the first floor in all of the buildings remained and, in fact, as the rubble was cleared away fragments of the earliest architecture were exposed for the first time in hundreds of years. As a result the reconstructed buildings retain, here and there, pieces of Gothic detail surrounded by an overall Renaissance facade. In the facade of the Krikodyl coffee house two superimposed Gothic arches were discovered and form the entrance doorway into this most pleasant coffee house. According to the chief city planner, this area became a run-down undesirable area prior to World War II. As a result of the reconstruction it is now "the desirable place" to live, "a very sophisticated" district. This most "desirable" section is being set aside for the elite class in a classless society: artists, architects, poets and writers. We were shown on detailed city maps how the early open space inside the blocks of Medieval through 18th century buildings had been filled in with later (usually 19th century) sheds and shacks. These have all been eliminated in the reconstruction. These newly opened spaces were left open and developed into parks and playgrounds, adding much to the livability of the Old Town blocks.

Much of Old Warsaw had been fully documented



15 From *Stare Miasto* (Old Town) through the Barbican into *Nowe Miasto* (New Town).

with drawings and photographs in the years between the wars, and this proved invaluable for the reconstruction. However, some liberties seem to have been taken here and there with both good and bad results. Katedra Sw. Jana (St. John's Cathedral) on Swietojanska Street was a brick Gothic church. Over the centuries it had been extended and remodeled. During the Warsaw Uprising of 1944 some 1,000 Poles barricaded themselves inside, but all were killed as German tanks entered the church. Here, as throughout Old Warsaw, early original medieval fabric was revealed when the rubble was cleared away. In the reconstruction the early Gothic forms were emphasized and a new design was made in brick for the stepped Gothic style gable. Since no documentation was available as to its original appearance, a new "suitable" design was selected. Professor Lorentz told us that he thought this design liberty was a bad mistake by the restoration architect. In a nearby church, Kosciot Sw. Marcina (St. Martin's), was restored as it had been with a late Baroque facade; the interior architecture is restored Baroque, but all decoration and furnishings are frankly and handsomely contemporary.

Old Town (*Stare Miasto*) was surrounded by brick fortification walls and defense towers, originally constructed in the 14th and 15th centuries. From Old Town one passes through the 1952-54 reconstructed brick Barbican into New Town (*Nowe Miasto*). The Barbican is a part of the old brick fortifications which once protected Old Warsaw, a por-

tion of which have been excavated and reconstructed. (Figure 15) *Nowe Miasto* is an area of early expansion of Warsaw in the 15th century. This area has also been reconstructed to the 17th and 18th century period, with again a design liberty or two. (Figure 10)

Streets out from *Nowe Miasto* merge into modern Warsaw. Generally this merger is quite successful. When frankly new housing structures abut those of the reconstruction period in a single street facade, the scale and rhythm are compatible. Where high rise comes close to the lower 17th-18th century scale, a space of open park forms a workable transition.

In addition to the Royal Palace, two other major palaces were included in our Warsaw itinerary: the Wilanow and Łazienki palaces. (Later in the days spent busing around Poland we would cry out—"Please, not one more palace. Rather, let us walk about the farm villages and visit one of your wholly new towns." One of the most important of the latter was seen, but not experienced: *Nowa Huta*, near Cracow, to be discussed later.)

Wilanow palace, a branch of the National Museum, sits in its own large park preserve 10 kilometers from the center of Warsaw, across the Vistula river towards the east. This was the first actually old building that we visited; it was not destroyed during the war. However, it has undergone extensive repairs and restoration. Originally built between 1640 and 1690, the palace has undergone many changes. Here we were escorted about by its present director,

Dr. Wojciech Fijalkowski and its chief restorer, our friend, Professor Stanislaw Lorentz. The palace is a museum, a visiting dignitary residence (President Nixon slept there), its 17th century dining room is a concert hall for chamber music, and in the area of the former stables is the National Poster Museum.

The entire palace has been given a new concrete slab base with a basement under. Normal tour entry is through a door to the right of the main entrance and directly down into the basement. Here is a display depicting the history of the palace and photographs explaining the restoration. A small theater is also located here for an introductory talk. From the basement a stairway leads the visitor up into the palace where the tour begins. Along the walls of one gallery, remnants of 17th or 18th century frescos have been uncovered beneath layers of paint. Restoration of these frescos was done only to the extent that the original could be exposed. Where years of overpainting had destroyed the frescos, these areas were only given tones of muted color to suggest the original coloring, while on other panels can be seen much of the original fresco picture. No new in-the-style-of the earlier frescos was attempted; here it is most obvious what is original.

We passed through the room now used for state dinners when VIPs are in town. (Nixon also ate here.) The day we were there, the table was being set for two distinguished visitors; guests whose deceased ancestors may also have dined there. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and Princess Alexandria of Great Britain were in town; they were not, however, staying in Wilanow. The Princess was here to present a set of antique chairs and sofas to Poland for use in the Royal Palace. In the new basement under the state banquet room is a most modern and extensive kitchen. Any hotel in the world would be proud to have such, and Professor Lorentz was most proud to conduct us through it.

We, of course, were shown the VIP bedroom and study where Richard Nixon spent his nights during his Warsaw visit. A room more plush than any in the White House, I assure you. While the room is antique in furniture and decoration, the bathroom—through a semi-concealed door set in the vertical striped wallpaper—is thoroughly and smartly contemporary. Its tight, short entry hall is paneled in teak; the bathroom is grey slate and chrome. As Professor Lorentz said, "What is new should look new, what is antique should look antique!" This statement appears to conflict with the rational for Warsaw reconstruction. (Figures 31-33)

The second floor of the palace is restored as a palace museum, while the attic over the two outstretched wings of the U-shaped building have been made into painting galleries. And here Professor Lorentz and his staff made imaginative use of these attic spaces; they tucked four small guest rooms under the eaves, each with private bath. We wondered if Haldeman and Erlichman were numbered among the famous (?) who have slept in these rooms.

Outside the palace behind the original stone facade of the former stables is the new building for the National Poster Museum. Here housed in a thoroughly contemporary building is one of the world's finest and most extensive poster collections gathered from throughout the world. A fine exhibition of contemporary posters is hung all about the large display room. But the professor took us further; he opened drawer after drawer in the storage areas. If time had permitted, I think he would have shown us each of the over 30,000 posters in the collection. Professor Lorentz is as bubbly and excited about this contemporary building and its collection as he is about his several and prodigious restoration projects.

From what we saw in Warsaw I felt that what had been reconstructed makes for a decent, desirable place to live and work, but that what was done immediately after World War II in the Stalinistic mode of planning and architecture is grimly bureaucratic, stiffly monumental. To be sure, the reconstructed old town is a bit of a fairyland, a blend of Walt Disney and Williamsburg, but, I would rather have an apartment there than in the stuff that is being built today. Following an assertive move toward independence from Mother Russia in the 1960's, the architecture and planning became more human and varied—open planning, frankly contemporary buildings, good landscaping—but still later in the 1960's and early 1970's, in Warsaw and across Poland the planning and architectural projects seem to be done under a heavy pressure of housing need. The baby boom struck Poland as it did the rest of the western world, and those babies are now reaching adult age. The rush to provide housing seems to override good humane design. However, members of the Warsaw city planning department did admit that the highrise slabs are bad. They say that they are working now on plans and designs for lower "more humane" apartment complexes. Much of Warsaw city planning would make Daniel Burnham and the 1900 "City Beautiful" movement in the U. S. A. most happy, with those many wide, tree lined boulevards flanked by rows of controlled cornice-line buildings.

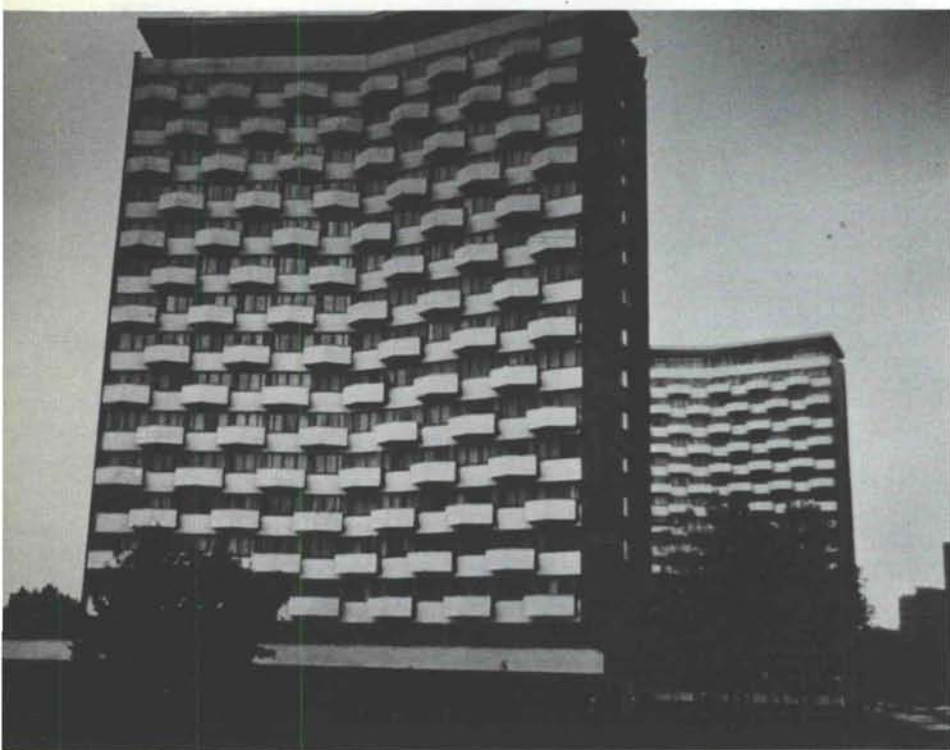
Our Warsaw headquarters, the Hotel Europejski, was comfortable and clean, and located within a short walk to Castle Square along reconstructed Krakowskie Przedmiescie. My room, #364, faced this new street—a busy, noisy thoroughfare, but not unpleasantly so. (Figures 12, 17) Facing my room from across the street was the older Bristol Hotel. The Bristol seems to have been much less damaged than the Europejski. The old style facade and the interiors of the Europejski were obviously new, while the Bristol's facades appear to carry the city grime of greater age. Further, the steel caged elevator rising openly through the surrounding staircase was too rickety and ancient looking to have been a postwar installation. Of the two, I would suggest staying in the Europejski, but go after dinner to the second floor nightclub in the Bristol where local youths and tourists enjoy lively dancing, music and drinks. □



16



17



18

Figure 16 shows the Warsaw City Hall, which is in reconstructed 1824-28 palaces. The low domed building on the end of the block to the left is the Museum of the Polish Revolutionary Movement. In former days it was the Stock Exchange. Figure 17 is the Bristol Hotel across the street from the Europejski Hotel. Old world elegance on the exterior, but rather seedy on the interior; the Bristol does have a lively nightclub for after dinner fun. These Warsaw high-rise apartment buildings are far better looking than the ones we saw under construction or recently completed, figure 18. A gift of Stalin, the Palace of Culture and Science (figure 19) reminds the Poles of their closeness to mother Russia. I am not entirely sure that they really like to be so close. Below is a craftsman working on a portion of a Royal Palace facade embellishment.

19

20



2. South to Cracow and beyond.



Through the windows of our speeding bus can be seen the always tree-lined highway

Early on October 11 our sleek red and cream colored picture-windowed Mercedes bus took us out of Warsaw on the first leg of the two day trip to Cracow. Although Cracow is only 300 kilometers south along the Vistula river, visits to two small, but important, historic towns and two storybook castles comfortably consumed those two days. Through those large windows the lush green countryside of Poland unfolded around us, as we sped along always tree lined, always paved, and always narrow two laned highways. (Why the moguls of the U. S. A. automobile industry have never been able to design similarly comfortable, wide windowed sightseeing buses, I have always wondered.) In a country where the private automobile is very expensive, traffic is fairly light. Therefore, trucks and buses are the principle motorized vehicles; bus stop shelters are everywhere and appear to be no more than a couple of kilometers distance from each other. But the major hazard along all Polish highways is a narrow rubbertired wagon. Pulled by a single horse these wagons seem to be the major farm family vehicle. The design is identical; the wagon bed, I would guess, is 2 feet wide and 7 to 8 feet long, with wood plank out-sloping sides, the loose plank seat is laid across the sides and is removed when the wagon is full; then the driver sits upon the potatoes or whatever else fills the wagon. (Figure 23) While they are fairly easy to dodge during the daylight hours, these wagons become a frightening hazard at night along those narrow dark highways. Although we were told there is a law which requires rear red reflectors or lights and which also says that these wagons are *not* to be on the main highways at night, they are there!

Accompanying us on this tour to the South was

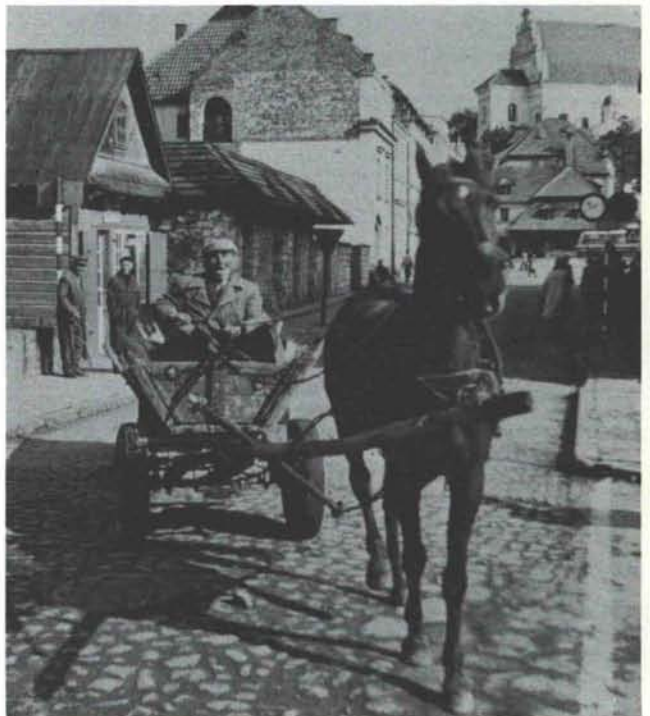


. . . and through the trees the fields beyond.

Professor Alfred Majewski, Conservator General of Historic Monuments, and his attractive fortyish assistant, Mrs. Marie Sandecka, who acted as interpreter for Professor Majewski. Tall, distinguished, and dedicated to the preservation of Poland's monuments, Professor Majewski proudly escorted us around his castles. Both Baranow and Łancut castles almost

The everywhere wagon. This rubber tired wagon pulled by a single off center harnessed horse is the common farmer vehicle. A hazard on the highway, picturesque in the town of Kazimierz Dolny.

23





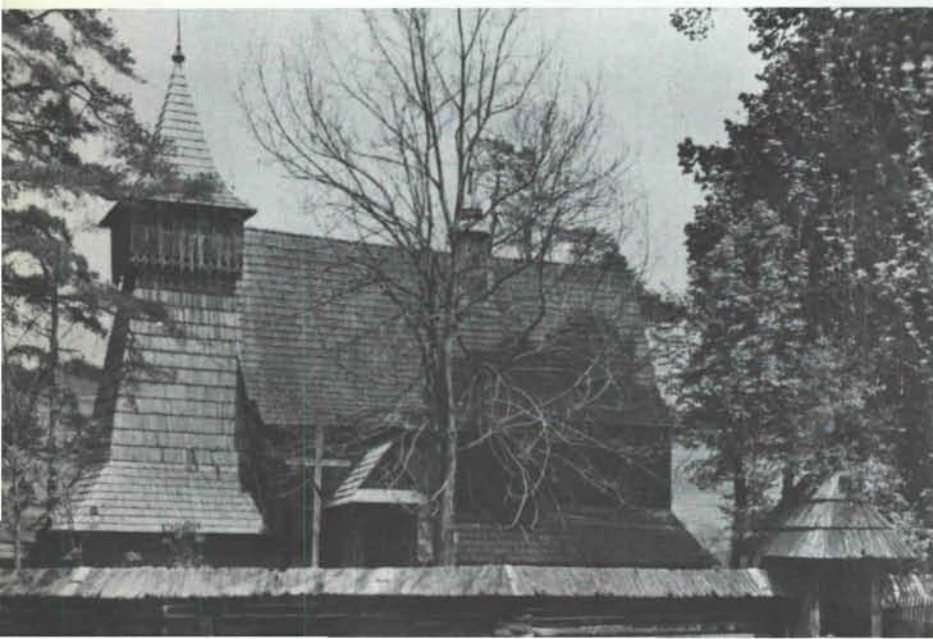
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25



27



26 Łancut Castle is approached across a bridge over the once protecting but still encircling moat. In Kazimierz Dolny a street sweeper glares at a tourist holding a camera; behind can be seen wooden buildings which were reconstructed from pre-World War I photographs. Figure 26 is of a brightly colored coffee house facade just off the square in Kazimierz Dolny, a freedom of expression I doubt one would see in Russia. Below is the church in Debno, a national treasure of the highest rank. The entire interior is decorated with polychrome paintings and elaborate carved wood details, figures 27, 28.

28



seem to be his own possessions as did Wilanow palace and the Royal Castle in Warsaw seem to belong to Professor Lorentz. Indeed both men seem to spring from the aristocracy of old Poland, and indeed, one had the impression that these castles were being protected and preserved for the day when the aristocracy would once again rule in Poland. While Lorentz bubbled with humor and enthusiasm, Majewski ushered us about with, of course, a pride of accomplishment but without humor and with constant haste: "*allons, allons*" ("let's go, let's go") were his bywords.

A divided expressway leads out of Warsaw for a few miles before the road narrows to the common tree-lined two lane highway. Here on the edge of Warsaw we see numerous small, individual plots for intensive gardening. These plots are not more than some twenty feet square and are allotted to city-dwelling families for their own use. I have seen similar garden plots throughout Germany and other European countries; it is perhaps an idea which could be of real benefit for our own city dwellers, whose only garden can be a window sill or a potted plant on a tiny balcony. (Fenway Park in Boston has a section set aside for such plots, but this is a rare exception in American park use.)

In the cities and small towns of Poland one is conscious of the reality of socialistic government housing and shopping practices, i.e., apartment slabs and organized shops surrounded by communal open land in varying degrees of landscaping or non-landscaping usually with a monument to some "patriotic" person or event. In the country and in the villages, private ownership exists in open competition with the state. Across Poland are thousands of small privately owned farms each with its own privately owned house and barn; in fact 80% of the farm land is still privately owned. The remaining area is in large state owned and operated farms, on which one sees large and modern farm machinery. In contrast is the small private farm on which we saw the single horse pulling an old fashioned single bladed steel plow, the farmer walking behind with reins about his neck and his hands guiding the plow. To be sure, some farmers do have access to tractors through local co-ops, but it was the horse and plow which I saw mostly. Under present laws, each farmer can own only a maximum of 10 hectares (24 acres). However, there are ways whereby the resourceful farmer can accumulate additional land. His son and/or daughter are each entitled to apply for a 10 hectare farm, which they are expected to put to productive use. If after a couple of years, the young owner should get a job in the city, the family back on the old farm can continue to operate the child's land, thus adding these additional hectares to the family income base. The typical private farm has long narrow fields. I am told that this is a very old, even medieval, system; it is more efficient when plowing by horse to do so in long straight lines rather than in a square pattern.

It was most interesting to learn from our guides

that 85% of the nation's farm produce is from the 80% privately owned farms!

The land through which we passed is generally flat with but an occasional gentle undulation. Everywhere are trim, neat fields. Cows graze in the fields, confined by a tether; there are no fences separating fields or farms, except on the large state owned farms. Even though the day is rainy and cold, the grass is lush green, turnips are being harvested by hand by whole families, and just a few trees show the earliest signs of approaching fall.

Along the highway we see older farms of weathered log houses and barns in a neat, tight compound, a few of which are painted in pastel colors of light blue ochre, salmon or white. Roofs are pitched and covered in thatch, corrugated or standing seam metal. Chickens dash away from vehicles as they try to cross the road; domesticated ducks paddle about in puddles left in farm yards from the frequent rains. All of the more recent single family houses and barns are constructed of red or white bricks, with asbestos tile or metal covered pitch roofs. We are told that the young want to move to the cities, or want to work on the large mechanized state farms, and that only the elderly remain to work their small farms. Because of this it is expected that the percentage of the small privately owned farms will decrease as the parents die and their plots are absorbed into the state farms. Is this the hope of Socialist planners?

All across Poland in and about the small towns are numerous new two-story four-family houses constructed of hollow clay tile or concrete blocks, which are finally stuccoed. Much of this construction is done by private enterprise; on his own land an individual can build housing of up to four family units, which he can then rent. By allowing such inducements the communist or socialist government can accomplish much needed housing without spending its own time and money. Of course, provisions in the law allow the government to step in and confiscate these properties at its convenience, with a payment to the owner in an amount set by the government! So where private enterprise does exist, it does so at its own risk. At one of the seminar sessions we were informed that it is very easy to use the "instrument of expropriation" in this country and "we do not pay very much money."

Our first stop south of Warsaw was in the small town of Kazimierz Dolny which is situated in a short valley between two promontories overlooking a broad bend in the Vistula river. For most of our visit in this historically important town the sun broke through the heavily overcast sky; for this extra gift we were most grateful. In the cobblestone paved market square we were met by the town conservator, Architect Jerzy Zulawski, who escorted us about the town and up the two enclosing hills. The northern hill is dominated by a Gothic defense tower and the ruins of a 14th century castle, the southern hill by a small Gothic church and monastery. The original town had been an important agricultural center and from its storage graineries (none of which remain) its pro-



29 Baranow Castle in southern Poland. The windows in the front facade open not into rooms . . .

duce was shipped down river to Warsaw and beyond. Although agriculture is still the industry which surrounds the town, it is to tourism that the town will be dedicated.

One half of the east side of the town square is dominated by the elaborate facades of two 16th century merchant houses; these are original while the other old looking wooden porched buildings are reconstructed from pictures taken before World War I. (Figures 34, 36) All parking is to be eliminated from the Square which will be returned to active pedestrian use—or so Mr. Zulawski said. “The general criteria is to preserve the mode and scale” of the town. What has been reconstructed is based on “what documents we had.”

Because the town is to be a tourist center, which means housing bus loads of people, but because they know that “the mode is the treasure of the town,” plans are being developed which will house the tourists outside and away from the town in new centers designed for that purpose.

The west side of the square, opposite the two merchant houses, is entirely new; the scale is harmonious, the architecture, to me, a bit deceptive; it could be confused as copy. A major part of this west side is a hotel, a special, exclusive hotel; it is the Architects Hotel. Here we had a typically “light” lunch: a first course of cold meat cuts (this one the first and only one which included Polish Sausage), soup, hot baked beef with potatoes, dessert and coffee. To drink was

that ever present Polish love—bottled, bubbly mineral water—and, fortunately for me, beer.

Heading south from Kazimierz Dolny we saw the land flatten out again into farm fields and well kept, thick forest stands of pine and birch trees. The small tightly built-up towns through which we passed have tree-lined streets with small plots planted with flowers; the sidewalks are filled—sometimes in a dense mass—with people. We are told that the normal working hours in factories are from 6 a. m. to 2 p. m., in offices, 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., and the retail stores are open from 11 a. m. to 7 p. m.

In the middle of the afternoon we approached another historic town, which is to become another major tourist attraction. Sandomierz, one of the oldest communities in Poland, is situated on a high promontory overlooking the Vistula. As we alighted from the bus to walk about town, the sun which warmed us earlier in the day succeeded in getting permanently behind the clouds; the time was 3 p. m. It began to rain. Professor Majewski rushed us on—more intent on getting us to the next stop on time rather than any concern for getting wet. Sandomierz has a fine 14th century Town Hall (with a later and elaborate 16th century Renaissance attic story), and other 14th and 15th century structures, but we saw that much new construction in-the-style-of-a-chosen-past age is under way all about Town Hall Square. Modern construction methods are being used and fronted with Gothic and Renaissance details. It begins to recall



...but into a two story loggia.

30

Disney. (Figures 39, 40)

The central Town Hall Square of Sandomierz is on top of the hill while much of the town has spread over on to the side overlooking the river. This part of the town has been sliding a bit down towards the river and has been in serious danger of complete collapse. Major stabilization attempts are being made, and the river banked to prevent it from eroding away the base of the hill. All of the people who lived in these imperiled houses have been removed, this was necessary, but, also, they have removed all the residents from the town square so that the architectural early-up process can be completed. When "restoration" (or re-creation) is completed, all about the square will be shops and offices. Housing for those families allowed to remain in Sandomierz will be away from the central square. About Market Square in Warsaw there are apartments which will insure a mix of use. To be sure this town is a "national treasure," but without most of the 13,000 inhabitants which once lived there, the town may well become a dead historical museum.

In late afternoon we were back on the road heading south. We passed the huge open-pit sulphur mine at Piaseczno, the largest such mine in Europe; I mention this mine because the Poles, far more imaginative than their Russian cousins, have found industry to be a major ally for historic preservation.

Ten kilometers south of the mine headquarters

stands the late Renaissance (1579-1602) castle of Baranow. The castle is owned by the sulphur corporation; it contains a sulphur museum and restored Period rooms. Further it is used for important visitors and customers to the sulphur mines. We had dinner in the banquet hall, hosted by the Director-General of the sulphur mines and his wife.

We arrived at Baranow shortly before the fading of daylight. The sun gave us a treat by breaking from its cloud cover just before setting and thereby giving us a few minutes of bright sparkle on the entrance facade. And a facade only it is; what appears to be windows into rooms set in a solid stone wall is in reality but the false front of a two story Italianesque loggia. (Figures 29, 30, above) The castle is U-shaped in plan with the loggia across the two wings and enclosing the entrance court behind the front facade.

Professor Majewski gave a talk explaining the history and restoration of the castle. The original castle burned early in the 19th century. It was rebuilt in its present form prior to World War II, and was the center of a vast agricultural estate. The owner remained in residence all during World War II, after which the estate and the castle were confiscated by the new Polish government. The castle did suffer damage during the war. We saw photographs taken just after the war which showed bags of grain being stored in the loggias; the overloading caused serious

cracking in the loggia columns, but fortunately, no collapse. Sections of the balustrade were broken out and stone moldings were chipped and broken. The photographs showed the interior to be badly neglected and shabby.

After confiscation the castle stood vacant for ten years and suffered serious vandalism; the interiors were now a mess of chipped and broken plaster. We were told that the local farmers, who now live on parcels of the once vast estate, did not want the castle preserved or restored, probably they did not wish to be reminded of their former landlord.

Under the personal direction of Professor Majewski new concrete floors were installed, and a concrete slab was placed over the first floor ceilings to give new strength to the whole structure. The courtyard was excavated and a new basement museum was created; it is here that the sulphur museum is located. The loggia columns about the courtyard had originally been supported by brick foundation piers; these had disintegrated and had to be replaced with new concrete foundations.

The excavation in the courtyard revealed a section of the stone walls and a portion of a brick vault from an earlier 14th or 15th century castle, and a long ancient wooden dug-out log canoe. All have become part of the new basement museum displays.

The garden terrace walls to the rear and sides of the castle have been rebuilt upon the discovered foundation of the old gardens. A small two story hotel has been built off to the fore-right of the castle and is well concealed by trees and ivy; it does not intrude upon the castle setting.

The multi-coursed two hour long dinner in the castle was accompanied with Polish vodka and Hungarian wine. Along with dessert our host gave a real Chamber of Commerce speech. (A second dessert of coffee and cake was served in the long gallery off the dining room.) He began with a brief history of sulphur and the importance of the local mine to the economy of the nation, etc., etc.; all this, of course, makes possible the contribution of the industry and its thousands of workers to the preservation of monuments such as Baranow Castle.

Moon Landau, mayor of New Orleans, responded for our group. As Mayor Landau was our highest ranking elected political figure, and because Louisiana is also an important sulphur producing area, it was most fitting that he do so. He offered a toast to the Polish People's Republic and expressed our collective gratitude: "We have found here a hospitality and friendship that is unsurpassed in the United States."

Professor Majewski joined the toasters and went on to say: "this was the first time than an industry took an interest in the monuments." He explained that there are now more such arrangements between industry and the Ministry of Culture, "all these agreements are signed in Baranow, because the first such effort was undertaken here; another is soon to

be signed." Ella acted as an interpreter through these talks and toasts.

This was our first formal state-type dinner. The banquet hall was too brightly lighted. Fourteen heavy cast brass wall sconces (approximately 16" wide by 30" high) each with three electrified candlesticks and one large two tiered brass hanging candelabra—also electrified—cast a too harsh light upon the white tablecloth and against the white plaster walls; a rheostat, which would allow for dimming of the light bulb glare, was needed. I could not help but think of that same setting with the flickering flame of real candlelight dancing and reflecting against the brass wall sconces and ceiling candelabra; the room would have taken on a whole mode of comfort and charm.

As we left Baranow for the short ride to the town of Rzeszow and our hotel, the sky was studded with stars, but they looked so far away; a New Mexico comment I fear. We New Mexicans are too used to a sky where the stars seem so close—and in such greater abundance.

The Hotel Rzeszow is eleven stories, new, and state owned, of course. My room is typical: a small, efficiently designed cabinet. It has one narrow single bed extending wall to wall; the room is 6'6" wide and 8' or 9' deep with a window stretching across the full width. A chair, desk and suitcase bench left enough room for a person to maneuver—but not to "swing a cat." The attached bathroom barely had room for the three essentials; furniture was the standard Orbus issue; a wainscot of the same veneered plywood or particle board protected the lower three feet of the walls. Such furniture and wainscotting was common to all hotels, including the reconstructed Europejski in Warsaw.

We saw only as much of Rzeszow as it takes to drive through. A small pre-war city of some 30,000 has become a thriving industrial city of 100,000. There are broad avenues in the new areas with much organized planting of trees, and flower gardens, but the new buildings are typically large slab structures of no color. In spite of the expanse of lawns about these new apartment buildings the overall effect of both the new and older areas is drab. On the edge of town, as we began to see about other small to medium sized communities, are areas of individual houses set on very small farming plots.

The Palace of Łancut stands in its own vast lush park on the edge of the small town of Łancut, 17 kilometers east of Rzeszow. Built in the years 1629-41, the castle is protected by a bastion fortification in the shape of a five-pointed star surrounded by a deep moat. (Figure 24) It was acquired by Roman Potocki who remodeled and enlarged the structure in 1889-1912. The front wing was extended and the original facade decorated in a French neo-baroque style. (Figure 42) Some interiors were modernized, bathrooms added, and in a style that would have pleased Stanford White, a large, comfortable wood paneled library/billiard room was constructed. Potocki also built stables and a grand and lofty, skylighted

coach house, which now houses a collection of splendid 18th and 19th century carriages. The main living quarters are now a finely kept museum, but another section is used as a tourist hotel. It could have been, perhaps, more enjoyable to have stayed the night here in the hotel section rather than in the polished newness of the Rzeszow Hotel.

The Potocki family used to own a local brewery and linen-wool industry as well as 56,000 hectares (130,000 acres) of agricultural land. They lived here during World War II in comfort, but with the reconquest of the area by the advancing Russian army in 1944, the family piled as much of their art and other valuables as they could into 11 railway carriages and fled to Switzerland. Heirs are still living off this treasure, of which none has been recovered by the Polish state. The horse tack on display in the carriage museum was sent back to the castle by the widow of the last owner, Alfred Potocki. Perhaps a slight tinge of conscience, or perhaps there was no market for carriage harnesses in Switzerland in 1950.

The Castle and all its land was confiscated in 1944, and compensation was paid. The land was divided between former farm workers and servants; and a large state farm was created. Many acres surrounding the castle were reserved as a lush, heavily treed park preserve. The present castle staff consists of 120, of which 20 compose the "scientific staff." A small admission fee is charged and this nets some 2,500,000 zlotys per year. But since the annual budget needs are 6,000,000 zlotys, the national government makes up the deficit.

As our bus started to drive away, the castle director came hurrying out of the gates with his guest book under his arm. The bus stopped, we all signed our names and then we were off. We rode back to the Rzeszow Hotel for lunch, after which we bused on to Cracow. Along the way we saw little fires in the fields; were the farmers burning potato plants following the harvest of the potatoes? The air all about was blurred by the smoke. In the thriving, expanding, small industrial city of Tarnow I saw a newly built Catholic church set in the midst of the usual concrete slabs of recent apartments. Only one or two other postwar churches appear to have been constructed in this communist land. We were to find, however, that the Catholic Church is still influential, very rich, and appears to appeal to a wide audience both in the city and the country. On each Sunday we were to see churches packed with people, both men and women of all ages. Not only the old and very young attended mass, but the youth and young adults as well.

The day following our arrival in Cracow was our first Sunday in Poland. The day was spent on tour driving south towards the Tatra Mountains which form the boundary between Poland and Czechoslovakia. The sky was dark and overcast; intermittent rain and a constant haze accompanied us the entire day. We were escorted by the attractive young Ms. Maria Nikja, from the Cracow Voivodship (Province)

Office for Cultural Property. (Poland is divided into seventeen Voivodships.)

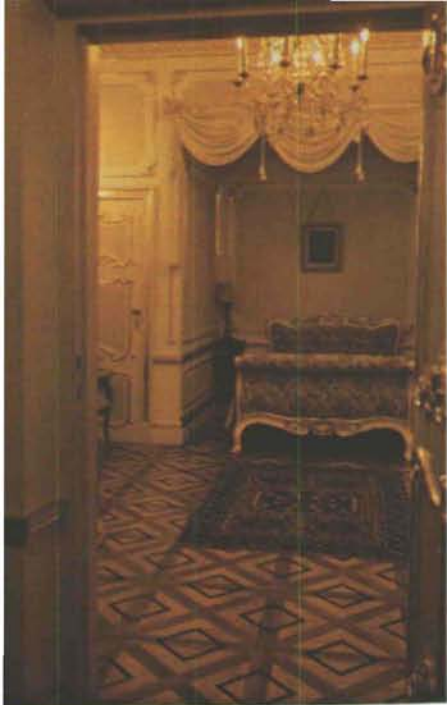
As we rode south, the landscape became increasingly rolling; forested hills intensified as we approached the base of the mountains. Along the road we passed many rather substantial red brick homes and older log houses of either round or hand adzed logs, some of which have thatched roofs although wood shingles are more common. There are many milled lumber barns with a ceramic tile roof. An occasional barn of more recent construction has pre-cast concrete columns at the corners and at intermediate support points along the walls with horizontal milled planks set in between; roofs are covered in ceramic tile shingles or a standing seam metal.

We were told that ten years ago all construction in this rural area was of wood; brick and some stone are more common now. The preservationists would like to maintain this wood tradition, but the people want a "more modern and more comfortable home." Along with the usual one family brick houses are a few two family and four family houses.

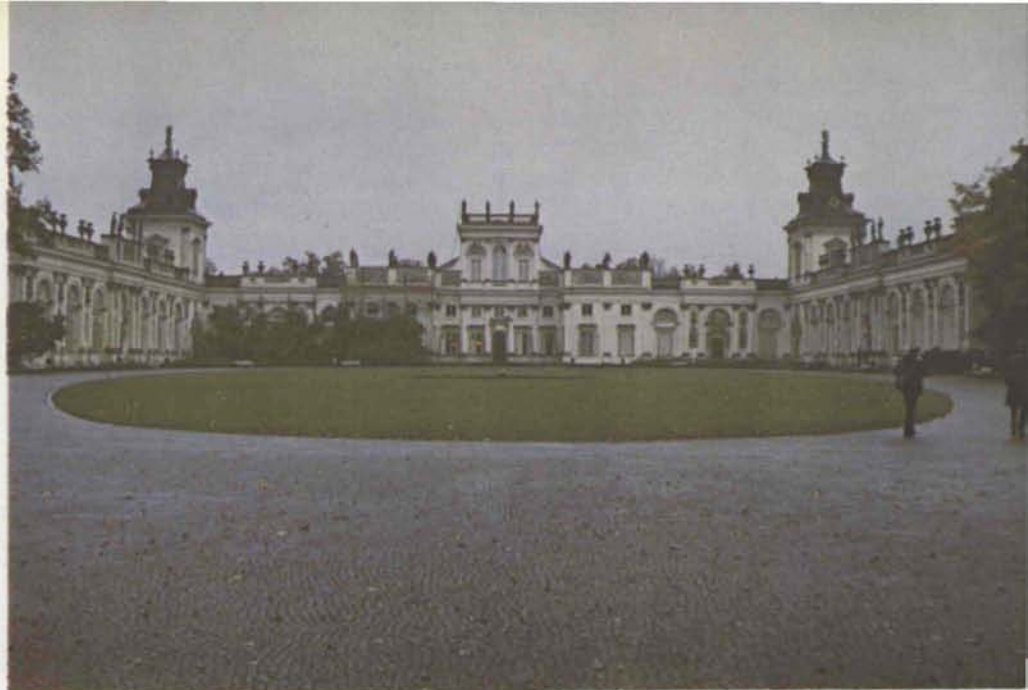
In contrast to the rural landscape north of Cracow, where the farm house is located at the farm itself, the people in this country mostly live in little villages and go out into the countryside to work their fields. Historically, hereabouts, all lands were held in large estates; the people who worked land could not live on the land, while in the low country to the north the peasants owned much of their own land. After WW II and state confiscation ownership was parcelled out to the farmers; it was not retained as State farms.

As we pass through the villages we see streams of people walking to and from the local church. In one small village we stopped at a mid-16th century wooden church whose polychromed interior dates from the 17th and 18th centuries. (Figure 37) We were urged by our guide to walk into the church, but because mass was in progress and the church filled to overflowing with attendees, I only glanced inside. To go in, I felt, would be an imposition upon the privacy of those inside. But that glance revealed a plethora of wood and polychrome detail all set to sparkling from the glow of the many lighted candles.

At mid-morning we stopped at the "Skansen" (Village) Museum in Zubrzyca Gorna. (The word "skansen" and the concept of the village museum are derived from the Swedish village museum outside Stockholm). We were ushered in out of the cold and wet by the eager and hospitable lady director; we sat around the table in the manor house where very welcome hot coffee and cake was served. This log-walled, high, wood shingled, pitched roof manor house was originally built in the second half of the 17th century and represents the typical landowner's house of this southern section of old Poland. Rather than a lime mortar, the chinking is a moss or dried grass. The interior doorways between a central hall and the two principal front rooms are a short five feet high and a wide three feet across! The exposed log interiors are crude and rustic, yet offer a simple and warm com-



31



32



33

36



Above and left is Wilanow Palace. A guest bedroom is tucked neatly under the attic roof. In the state dining room President Nixon, Princess Alexandra of England and this author have been among those hosted in what remains of "royal" style; to be sure I was among-those-present rather than THE single guest of honor. Figure 34 shows the 16th century merchant houses facing the square in Kazimierz Dolny; figure 36 is of a reconstructed wooden building on the same side of the square with awning covered fruit stands on the sidewalk in front. Figure 35, I snapped a picture of energetic Professor Lorentz while he was explaining the history of the Royal Palace in Warsaw. Figure 37 is of a mid-16th century wooden church near Zakopane in southern Poland.



34

37



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38



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Figures 38, 41 and 43 are of Chocotow deep in southern Poland, a village of the highest historical import and proud farmers. All homes and outlying fields are privately owned. Sandomierz (figures 39, 40) is a small historically important town which has a 14th century Town Hall with a 16th century attic floor and roof. But many of the buildings surrounding the Town Hall Square are being made better(?) and earlier with modern construction concealed by proper(?) stylistic facades. Below is a typical room in a Polish palace; this one is in Łancut.



41



42



43

fort. The directoress explained the history of the several structures which have been moved into the museum park. It is one way of protection; even though "an artificial one," it is "often the only way."

Further along the highway we passed within seven kilometers of the Czechoslovakian border. Although we were very close to the towering Tatra mountains, the rain and haze obscured all but the forests at the base.

As we approached the village of Chochořow, Ms. Nikja gave us an interesting tale of local politics. Most of the roofs in this historically and culturally important all wooden structure village were in need of repair or replacement. "These mountain people are very independent"; they wanted to put new tile roofing over the old wood shingles. Aware of the fire hazard of the old wood shingles, the owners wanted to use a modern fireproof material, but the Cultural Property Office of the Cracow Voivodship said no; "these historic buildings must be roofed in the proper historic way." Arguments ensued; the people wrote to the Prime Minister and a compromise was reached. The government paid for new fire-retardant wood shingles; the people supplied the labor. It was a success for all parties. The citizens were so proud of the new roofs that they scrubbed to new wood cleanliness all the log structures with brushes, a simple soap and much elbow grease. A short but unscheduled stop was made. Most all of us alighted from the bus and into the rain for a closer, walking look. (Figures 38, 41, 43) We all wished that we had more time for such village exploration, but we were urged back on to the bus and driven off towards Zakopane and lunch. As we approached Zakopane the hills became sharper, higher and more heavily forested. We saw several large almost Swiss alpine style villas constructed mostly of wood. Zakopane is a ski and health resort, and these villas are very popular tourist accommodations.

Lunch was served in a large modern multi-storied hotel; the newest in Poland. It sits on a hill overlooking the town and across the valley to the snow-capped, I assumed, mountain ridges. Again we could see only the base; the upper ridges were completely shrouded in thick haze.

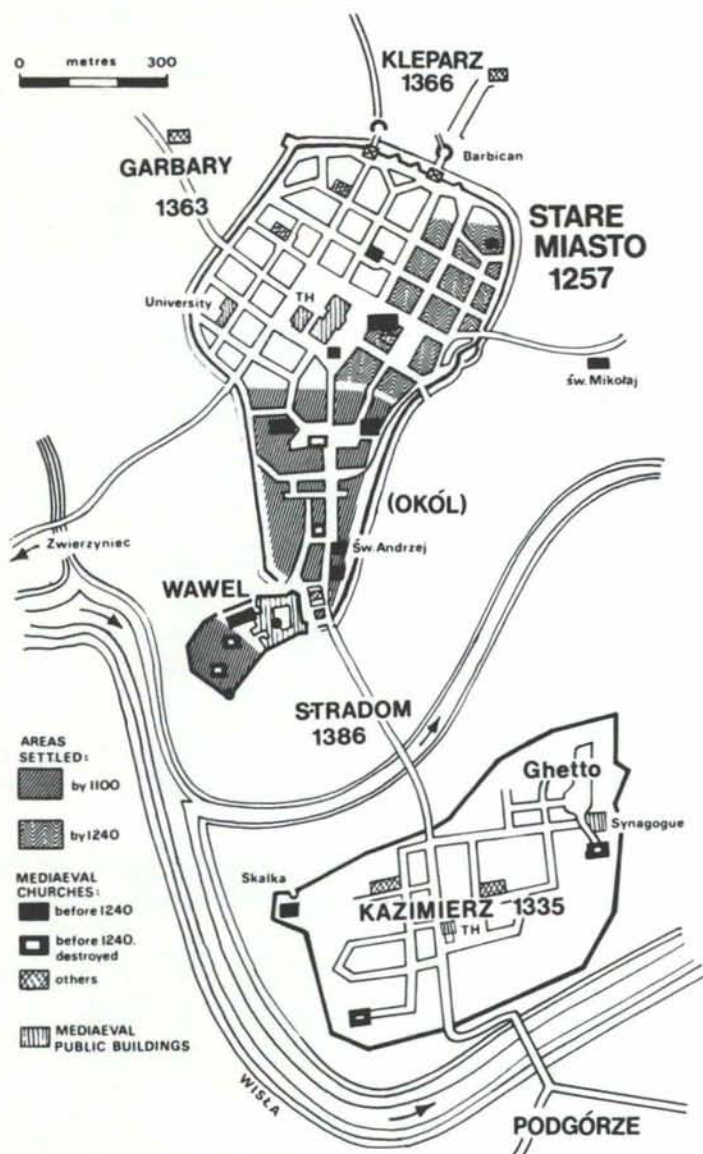
In the late afternoon we stopped in Debno to visit a second wooden church. The priest greeted us at the door and welcomed us inside. A pair of aged women were stationed at the door to sell us postcards. This 15th century church is also decorated with polychrome paintings and elaborate carved wood detailing. (Figures 27, 28) The church and village are in a low valley alongside a small river. Plans are underway to build a dam downstream; Debno and its church would be covered by the new lake. The church is an "O," or highest category of historic structures. Various schemes are under study to preserve the church. The first plan was to move the church into a new museum on higher ground in the valley, but it was feared that movement would cause the cracking, flaking—thus destruction—of the poly-

chrome paintings. Further, this scheme would leave the rest of the village to inundation by the lake. A second plan would create a series of small reservoirs rather than a single lake; this would leave the church and its village intact. A third and most recent plan under consideration would place a coffer dam about the church; this would put the church floor well below the water level. The Cultural Property people are very fearful of this scheme, but have been assured that the coffer dam would protect the church. A further criticism under this scheme would be the new strange setting for this most valuable structure; instead of a surrounding valley would be an enclosing wall of concrete. The church would be in a hole; the Cultural Property people are opting for plan two. "It is now being discussed at the decision level."

Outside the village, along the river, are many new brick houses, some still under construction; when the reservoir plan is finally implemented these houses will be under water. The owners were given new higher land on the sides of the valley. These valley sides are farmable, we are told, but to my eye they looked awfully steep. Further, these owners were to be allotted money with which to build new homes. They did not want to move; they do not believe the dam will be built! The money they are using now to build with is their own, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, our guide says, "they can waste it."

Late in the dark evening, our bus sped along the highway into the suburbs of Cracow. The road broadened out into a divided highway in the central median of which were trolley lines. Dimly lighted direction signs indicated where and how to get through what immediately ahead was a large traffic circle at a major intersection. Our driver took a turn too soon; he was in a short opposite flowing one-way section of only some 300 to 500 feet long. There were no cars in that section at all, and almost no traffic in the whole intersection maze. But a traffic policeman saw us and whistled for us to stop, which our driver did immediately after getting out of the wrong way lane and off onto a quiet but correct-way lane. Our driver, Ella and Maria Nikja dismounted; the policeman with the stern face of authority approached. We watched an interplay of authority and rank with the policeman threatening the driver with what ever is the worst possible punishment for an Orbus driver who receives a heinous traffic ticket. Perhaps he and all of us would be taken to the local dungeon; the driver looked that worried! Ella seemed powerless to influence the hard line of the policeman. But then Mrs. Nikja intervened; she explained the possible international implications of diverting a bus load of high-ranking American VIPs who were in Poland as guests of the Polish Government, etc., etc. She went on to say that her good friend the Mayor of Cracow would certainly not be pleased, etc., etc. The stern face of the policeman began slowly to change to one of despair. He sighed, handed back the license to our driver, shrugged his shoulders and with a wave of his hand he turned and walked away. □

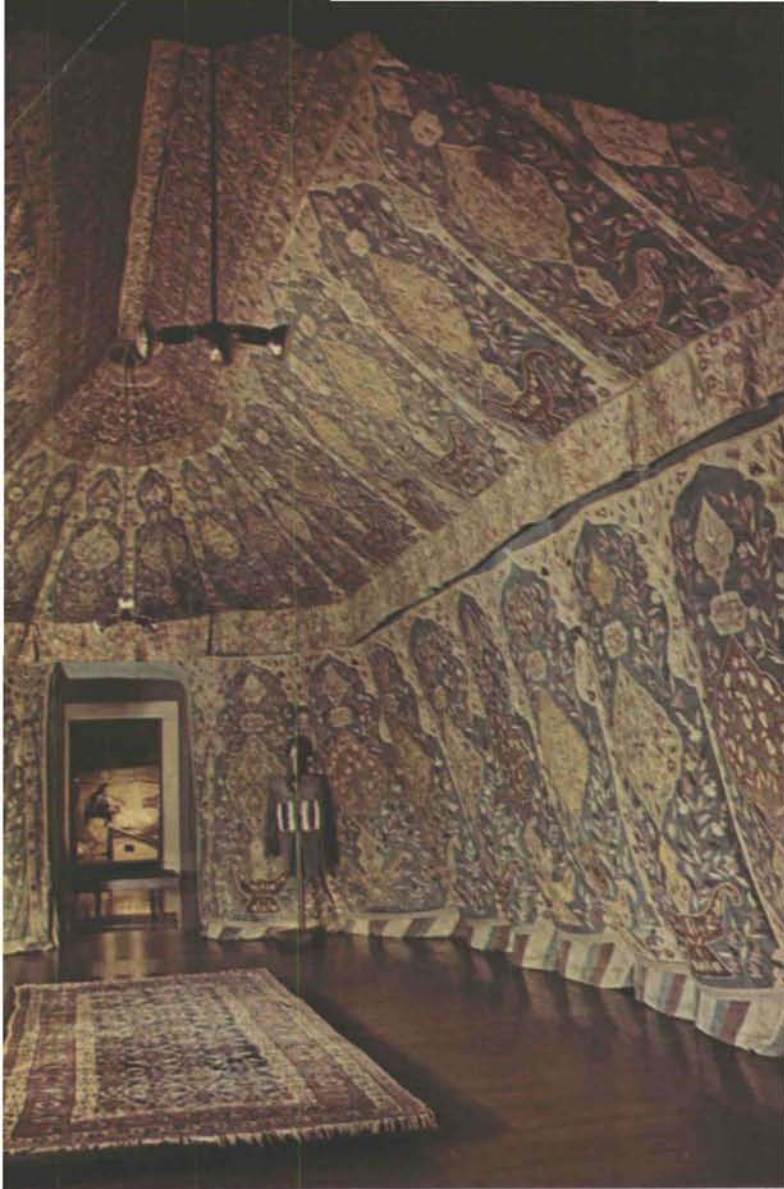
3. Cracow.



Cracow: growth of the mediaeval city⁴

Our hotel in Cracow was the Cracovia. For those readers who like addresses, it is located at Aleja 3 Maja, the intersection of Aleja 3 Maja and Aleksandra Puszkina. The hotel can also be entered at its west or downtown side from Wladyst Syrokomli, and to the rear is a street by the simple, pronounceable name of Smolensk. If two of these streets sound a bit Russian (Puszkina and Smolensk), I suspect it is not entirely without political overtones. After all, the Russian army did free the Poles from the understandably hated Germans. And the Russian bear has maintained a mother bear watch over them ever since. The Cracovia is a modern, six-story hotel located but a short walk from the center of the old walled city. My room here was larger than the one at Rzeszow. It accommodated two narrow beds and had the same polished wood furniture and wainscot, the same adequate, no wasted space, efficiency of design. These comments are not critical! I often wonder at the opulent, almost shameful, use of space when I, as a single occupant, am ushered into a new American highrise motel with its two double beds, three or four chairs about, a round table over which hangs, inevitably, an ugly, gloppy lamp with a swagged brassed chain. The efficiency of the Polish cabinet makes sense.

Cracow is a fascinating, thriving city of 600,000 inhabitants. Its one serious problem is the increasing smog created by the steel mills at nearby Nowa Huta. The bulk of the city is constructed on the north side of the Vistula river which flows to the west before making its broad bend towards the north and Warsaw. Over all the imposing Royal Castle and cathedral atop the hill of Wawel dominates the skyline. (Cracow or Krakow appears to be used interchangeably on maps and guide books. So choose your way of spelling the name of this city!)



45

The Wavel. On the top floor of the castle proper are displayed the trophies won by the victorious Polish Army at the Battle of Vienna including Turkish armor, rugs and tents, figures 45 and 48. While on the first floor is housed Polish armor, figure 47. The Wavel Cathedral, figure 46, is a jumble of ages and architectural styles. Figure 49, a bedroom in the Wavel Castle and figure 50 is a detail of one of the famous Wavel tapestries.



46



47



48



49



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"The one hundred church towers of this city reach up to the clouds, inside the cool Romanesque and Gothic walls slumber ancient sculptures, and in the evenings the violet veils of the mist floating up from the Vistula whisper legends about the dragon that dwelled in 'Smocza Jama' (Dragon's Cave) and devoured the most beautiful girls. But then the gallant Krak arrived, slew the dragon and founded the city on the rocky hill called Wawel. After him the city was named Krakow.

"The traditional bugle call resounds here at regular hourly intervals, in commemoration of the Tartar invasion in the 13th century. The trumpeter sounded the bugle call as a warning and a sign to come to the defense of the city and in this way he saved Cracow. The melody breaks off suddenly, in the middle of the bar. Legend has it that the guard-trumpeter was at that moment killed by the arrow shot from a Tartar's bow . . ."

It was around the year 1000 that the first crowned ruler of Poland, Boleslaus, the Brave, fortified the Wawel and began building the first cathedral. The present brick cathedral was begun in 1320; its facade dates to 1364. Over the intervening years, the Gothic main body of the cathedral has been surrounded by 18 chapels, mainly of the Renaissance and Baroque periods. (Figure 46) The dominant style of the Royal Castle is Renaissance; it was rebuilt between 1507-1536 from plans prepared by two Italian architects.

In the broad open courtyard before the Royal Castle where once cluttered the wooden houses of 10th century Cracow, archaeological excavations have uncovered the foundations of a 10th century stone church; low stone walls about one foot high have been laid up to outline the original foundations and form planters for small plants and flowers. The plan of the early church is easily discernible. (Figure 55)

The castle is entered through a tight gateway which opens into the stone paved courtyard. The facades of the three-story arcaded castle form four sides of a modified pentagon with the fifth enclosing side occupied by a building built just prior to WW II for museum office space. (Figure 56) The castle contains a most intriguing combination of carefully restored Renaissance period rooms and boldly contemporary museum display rooms. Our tour of the castle began with an explanatory session in a small, comfortable auditorium, which, along with staff offices, is built into the old castle structure. Here we were given the history of the hill of Wawel and its structures by the Director of the castle and his young, very attractive and enthusiastic assistant, who proudly announced that: "The Wawel is one of the most beautiful castles in Europe." Some of the restored rooms are certainly handsome, with the walls covered by 16th century Flemish tapestries—some 356 in all! These tapestries had been removed and taken to Russia after the last partition of Poland in 1795. They were returned to Poland after WW I. When the Germans invaded the country in 1939, the tapestries,

along with other art treasures, were rushed off to Canada; since 1961 they have again adorned the walls of Wawel castle. (Figures 45, 47-50)

As with most of our so-called "working sessions," we were given a detailed history of the place we were in at the moment. Here in Cracow it was an interesting, somewhat lengthy history lesson of the Wawel. What we wanted was a discussion of restoration techniques and policies; we wanted the guts of the how and why of what they were doing. History can be read from the guide books. They did explain, however, that while some rooms had been restored between 1918 and 1939, the real work of restoration was not begun until 1956. The intervening time between the end of WW II in 1945 and 1956 was devoted to "investigation, study, and planning for the overall restoration."

The tour through the castle's restored rooms was fascinating. As always the rooms are extremely well done; the furnishings, accessories, wall coverings all give a sense of reality and genuineness to the whole. But, then, they should. The documentation, the records, and the furnishings are complete; there was no need for guesswork. All is authentic, indeed, just a bit better than authentic; their program here is "to restore them to a state worthy of the (castle's) importance and traditions." But many of us were getting refurbished castle weary by this time, and another plush room with fantastically intricate inlaid floors, richly detailed corner stove of tile, and superb antique furniture was all merging into the room before and yet to be seen. Nevertheless, those Flemish tapestries are memorable highlight of the Wawel Castle.

To me the most enthralling portions of the castle are those given over to museum exhibition of war trophies and royal treasures. Several large rooms on the top floor are used for the handsome, well-lighted display of the armor, saddles, swords, rugs, and even tents captured by the Poles when they led victorious armies against the northward advancing Turks at the Battle of Vienna in 1683. Two of the large elaborate tents are actually set up and one walks through them; they are suspended from the ceiling, the expected supporting tent poles are not used. (Figure 45) Off the castle courtyard on the first floor are the rooms used for the display of individual armor, royal treasures, and a collection of early Chinese porcelain. The Gothic door frames of carved stone, Renaissance ceilings, and flat white walls add time and contrast to the modern display techniques in these rooms. In other rooms those years of study and investigation of the castle fabric led to the discovery of tall Gothic windows and early Gothic floors which had been modernized in Renaissance times when the floor levels were raised and the windows filled in to form much smaller openings. Instead of electing to restore the room to one or the other period, both ages are now seen. The structural brick walls are left exposed with the older Gothic window shape and size revealed, but the Renaissance window remains, and against the walls stand the polished suits of armor,

or as in another room, ancient Chinese porcelain vases stand on pedestals of steel.

As time passed, a walled city was constructed at the base of the hill of Wawel to the north; the Stare Miasto (old town) dates from medieval times. Remnants exist of the defense walls, originally begun in 1279, and inside this historic district "over 700" relics of old architecture have been preserved. A broad green belt garden, the Plantz Gardens, was laid out surrounding the old town when the old defense walls were demolished in 1820-1839. (Figure 88) One of the original gates, however, the Brama Florianstia, remains.

In the center of old town is the market square. Originally laid out in 1257, the square is "the hub of contemporary commercial, cultural and administrative life in Cracow. In the market hall (Cloth Hall) and the adjoining streets the municipal institutions and authorities have their offices alongside shops and warehouses. All the central streets of Cracow lead to the Market. There is no through traffic in the square itself, but a one-way street circles round it providing easy access and brief parkings (up to five minutes)."⁶ The square is surrounded by Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque and Neo-Classic buildings; the Gothic towers of St. Mary's soar above all. In the center of the square itself is Cloth Hall. (Figure 51) It was rebuilt after the devastating fire in 1555 by architect Giovanni il Mosca from Padua. The ground floor consists of a central long hall with small stalls which now offer an endless supply of generally trashy Polish souvenir-type merchandise. Around the outside are more shops, including two large Cepelia stores, both of which have some of the best Polish crafts that I saw in Poland. I was tempted by wood carvings here, and the price was outstandingly reasonable. But at even the low price of \$35.00, how does one carry to hotel, to bus, to hotel, to bus and finally on to an airplane a weighty solid wood, although charming, three foot high contemporary stylized carving of a Polish peasant? Cepelia does not ship or even pack for shipping. They will have to get better acquainted with the ways of capitalistic retail services if they expect to profit from the fruits of worldwide tourism.

Standing on the southwest corner of the square, and seemingly leaning against the Cloth Hall for support, is the town hall tower. It was erected in the last half of the 13th century, but the Baroque spire on top dates from 1686. In the basement of the tower is the town's leading discotheque. Also in the square is the almost tiny St. Adalbert's Church (Kosciot Sw. Wojciecha). Originally built in the 12th century as a defense building, it was rebuilt in the 18th century and given its present Baroque dome and interiors.

Shops of all types surround the market square, and face all the streets which lead away from the square. According to Ella there are about 30 private ownership shops in the area which, incidentally, appear to have the best looking merchandise; these private shops are heavily taxed. "If you want a good pair of shoes, you go to a cobbler rather than to a state

store." Just off the square is a large, in Polish shop terms, well stocked religious article shop. In this communist land there are religious article shops in each city we visited. I noticed several throughout downtown Warsaw. In addition to these privately owned stores, Ella informed us, there are some 30 co-op shops which are operated by crafts or art groups, and over 300 government owned shops.

Again, the paradox of the socialist state working side-by-side with private enterprise! It appears on the surface, however, to be working for them. Certainly the variety of merchandise, and the multiplicity of small specialty shops seem to offer far more customer choice than is available in the closed system of the U. S. S. R.

An unplanned, unexpected highlight of our visit to Cracow was our meeting Halina Oroszeny Bohdanowicz. This vigorous, vital person is a self-taught, dedicated, and devoted historian; she also taught herself English. In her early 50's, Halina is a private citizen who may be, I suspect, an occasional thorn in the side of the establishment. She is a seeker for historical fact, and she is outspoken in correcting mis-statements. Halina was present during our visit to the University and at one of the sessions in the Wawel. Whether she was invited, or tolerated, I do not know. Certainly she added side comments, head shaking and corrections to what was being said to us. Four of us happily went to lunch with her at a little restaurant in old town, and were shown, at a fast clip, several historic churches and monuments which we would not have otherwise seen, including the Cathedral in the Wawel, where she led us down into the basement crypt, and pointed out all of the historically interesting nooks, crannies, and tombs. Entombed here are national heroes and the Kings of Poland. The guide book says that Tadeusz Kosciuszko, a hero of the Revolutionary War in America is buried here, but see page 53 for a conflict of tombs.

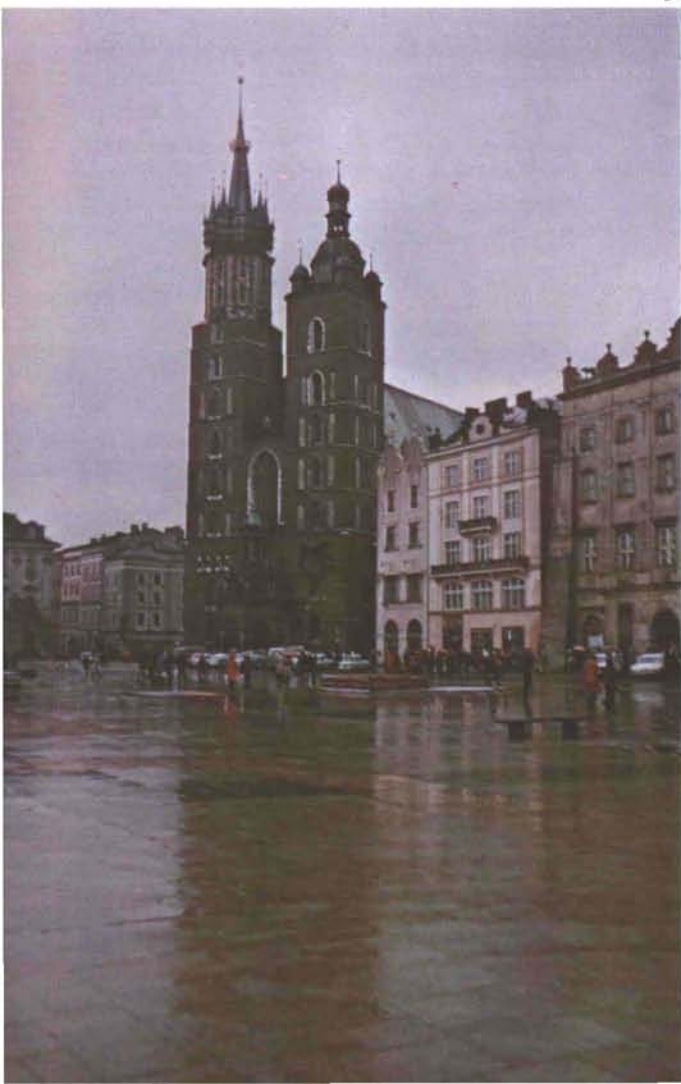
Halina invited us to her apartment for tea and cake; we were most pleased to accept. She ducked into a handy bakery shop just before we all boarded a tram for the ten minute trolley ride to her new co-operative apartment building. Set in a still unlandscaped sandy plot is a group of new domino slab structures. They are the five story walk-up version, very standard in any part of Poland. Fortunately, her flat is on the second floor. While I'm sure that she could easily climb to the fifth floor, I am not sure about us westerners! The stairhall is open and bleak. The hand railing is simple steel pipe. Hot and cold water pipes are all exposed, as is the electrical conduit. The flat itself is small, crudely detailed and finished. Electrical wiring is exposed, stapled to the wall and run from the baseboard up, over and around the door frames. We were welcomed by her husband who joined us about a card table size dining table in the 9 square meter living/dining room. The bedroom is also the standard 9 square meters (108 square feet). A tiny but workable kitchen, a bathroom and a small entry hall compose the rest of the apartment.

Cracow. The Cloth Hall on a snowy October day. Facing Cloth Hall across Market Square the imposing tall facade of the 14th century Church of the Holy Virgin Mary, figure 52. Nearby is the Jagellonian University and its oldest building, the 15th century Collegium Maius, figure 53. A contemporary fountain enhances the square in the Kazimierz section of old Cracow, figure 54.



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In the kitchen is a small refrigerator, 2 feet deep, 4 feet tall and 1½ feet wide. The sink is white enamel cast iron over which hangs a two- or three-gallon hot water heater. Although the capacity may be adequate for washing dishes, I doubt that it is for a relaxing shower.

Over tea and a Polish style apple topped cake we talked some but mostly listened and questioned. Her husband speaks English so the conversation was easy. We had a warm, pleasant visit. Into this small apartment they have squeezed antique cabinets, sideboards and chests. Halina's library is piled around the bed in the bedroom, but, she adds, most of their books are stored in the basement of the building. These pieces of antique furniture came from their former home in Cracow. The large family "villa" was "appropriated" by the state in 1973 and now serves as a government institute. While Halina and her husband still lived there and still owned it, the government had billeted "first one family, then two, until there were six families" living in the house, which, all this time, had only one bathroom. Even though each of the other families were required by law to pay rent, they all claimed that they could not afford to. The state was not concerned that they did not, so Halina and her husband, as the building owners, had to pay for all maintenance, heat and taxes. As they told us, they were actually relieved to have had the "villa" appropriated. Now at least they "have their own privacy."

Mr. Bohdanowicz, a mechanical engineer, has been retired about a year. He thinks that there is too much industry in the Cracow area which is causing a serious pollution problem. Further, he says that this industrial development is taking up too much of the former open space. The Ministry of Culture and Art opposes, but the Ministry of Industry proposes; and as elsewhere "progress and development" wins. Cracow, Poland and Albuquerque, New Mexico, have something in common.

"So many of the manor houses and palaces were confiscated after the war and stood empty for ten to twenty, even thirty years. All these years of no-care. Our industry had the available money to step in and save the many palaces (Baranow for an example). The government did not have the money and there was too much else to do."

"In its thousand years of history, every 30 years we have a war." We expressed the hope that history will not repeat itself this time. We must begin to learn from history, and not simply repeat its recorded events. Thirty years from 1945 is now! "It can also be an aspect of culture to preserve nature, a tree, a stream." It was well into the supper hour, about 8:30 when we left the warm, cordial, easy comfort of that apartment in Cracow. Halina walked us to a taxi stand and we parted.

The morning of October 16 began in the Polish fashion: it was raining as we headed for a visit to the Jagellonian University. Founded in 1364, the university is one of the oldest in Europe. The Collegium

Maius, built in the 15th century, is the oldest of the university buildings, and was restored to its original Gothic appearance in 1964. It now houses the university museum, reception and meeting rooms. Entrance to the central paved courtyard is through a modest cut-stone framed Gothic doorway. The street facade is a simple, almost unornamented, two story wall of stone topped with a high pitched slate shingled roof. Surrounding the inner courtyard is a cut stone trim Gothic colonnade rising to support the second floor porch and the sheltering slate roof. (Figure 53) Across the courtyard and up stone stairs led us to conference rooms where we were greeted by the Vice-President of Cracow. All around the walls were plans and drawings of Cracow today and Cracow tomorrow. The City Conservator and the City Planner explained that Cracow is "the most important historical city in Poland." They detailed the developing city plan, its aims and its problems. Their ongoing task is to research the history of the town and its buildings, to restore, adapt and integrate the old with the new growing, urbanizing needs of the city. Cracow is a "living organism." The historical buildings must be "made accessible to tourists, both Polish and foreign." In the 1964-65 plan the population growth for which they planned was 750,000; now they must plan for a city of 1,500,000. (The population is now about 610,000.) The present center of the old town will always remain the center—or so they say now. (Figure 57) A major new development is planned immediately beyond the north edge of the old town; new ring roads will surround the city. The old center is to be "subsidized" by "sub-centers" out in the new areas. They expressed some fear that the size of the "sub-centers," if too large, might pull the "energy" away from the historic center. Based upon our own experiences in the United States where new shopping centers and spread-out living have proliferated under the city-planning techniques of the 1950's and 60's, it is all too probable that Cracow will suffer the same fate. Downtown could well deteriorate. One hopes that it will not become just a place for tourists and that the people of Cracow will continue to want to go downtown. To be sure, the planners of Cracow insist that the apartments will be kept in the old town, but "greatly reduced" in number, which of course, reduces greatly the number of residents and thereby the number of shoppers. I suspect that, as in Warsaw, these apartments will be for the select few: artists, professionals and state officials. Workers will be housed in those impersonal, multi-level human filing cabinets out there in the new sub-centers. Incidentally, there was no answer to our question: why in such a "planned" economy should Cracow need to become a city of 1,500,000 people?

A university official took us on a tour of the ancient building just prior to our departure for old town square and coffee at Market Hall. Over one of the doors, cut into the stone trim is "6 XI 1939." This simple inscription reminds all that on the 6th of No-

vember, 1939, one hundred eighty-four professors were taken from Jagellonian University to Nazi concentration camps.

On this somber note we exited through the Gothic courtyard and out onto the stone paved street. The slight rain was continuing but now mixed with snow. A welcome coffee break at a Market Hall area coffee shop was followed by a walk to a couple of nearby houses in the process of restoration. Lunch was in the comfort of the Wierzynek Restaurant overlooking Market Square.

In the early evening we again boarded our Orbus bus and headed 32 kilometers north to Pieskowa Skała, a 14th century castle which was later (16th century) rebuilt into a fine Renaissance palace. As we drove towards the castle, flakes of snow continued to fall. Our bus took us up into the hills through the Ojcow National Park. The road winds through narrow steep walled valleys enclosed by high cliffs of age worn stone; tall isolated monoliths of stone stand high above the thick forest, almost like ancient ruined defense towers. As we drew near our destination the road passes through a dense section of the forest. The deciduous trees still retained their leaves; the early fall wet snow had bent young tree trunks and broken limbs. The road passed through a tunnel of low hanging branches which reflected the bus headlights making for an eerie story-book approach to a story-book castle gate.

The bus parked outside the high wrought iron gates and we walked into the castle fore-court. Ahead was the high four story wall of the castle awash in gleaming light from the floodlights set in the fore-court. Not so eerie now, but story-book still. The castle commands a high promontory overlooking the dense forest. The main structure surrounds an inner court with a Renaissance loggia on all sides. Water was brought up into the castle from a well dug from the inner court level some 56 meters down to the level of the little river winding through the valley below. The castle has undergone many alterations and changes; it was an inn during the years between World Wars I and II. When the state took possession in 1948, intensive research began. The layers of time were peeled away; remnants of 16th century polychrome paintings and later Renaissance details—including the facade and loggias about the inner court—were revealed. A fire in the 18th century destroyed the original roof. Most of the rich early polychromes were damaged by fire in the 18th and 19th centuries. Over the years successive masons had re-used earlier stone pieces to make alterations. The inner court had been veneered with a layer of brick, the openings between the earlier slender stone columns of the loggia were reduced in size and glass set in. The large rooms had been subdivided when the castle was used as an inn. Wooden beams and ceilings were rotted. No original doors or windows remained. The decisions for restoration were largely based on 15th century interior details, a 17th century exterior facade and a 15th century loggia. The present onion

topped tower was designed by Professor Majewski: originally "something was there." Even though research was intense and they did have old etchings depicting the castle at various times, much of the restoration work appears to be more conjecture than factual.

Reinforced concrete floors and ceilings were put in to give a new stability to the very dilapidated structure; central heating was installed. Except for certain 15th century details and some new wooden ceilings done in the manner of what may have been there, the interiors are a frankly new museum of antique furnishings. Displayed throughout the large rooms are furniture, paintings and objects d'art. The displays are handsome and contemporary with no attempt at period room settings.

The loggia has been restored to its Renaissance past. While the stone loggia structure is largely original, much had to be rebuilt or replaced. It is impossible now to tell which parts are original, which copies. I had the feeling that Pieskowa Skała would better serve as a restored-remodeled castle inn than as a static, although handsome, museum for antiques. A cafe has been installed in the bastion which guarded the main castle gates. The interiors were designed by Professor Majewski in a handsome, efficient, comfortable contemporary manner with much natural wood and exposed stone. The professor hosted our supper here. Cocktails at the bar—straight good Polish vodka for most of us—were followed by the first course at table. Brought in on trays of flaming brandy was broiled trout; a pork main course was followed by dessert and washed down with wine and finally mead. As we walked out of the castle courtyard toward the bus, the floodlights were turned off. The sky was dense black. The castle almost disappeared from sight. We boarded the bus and rode down the hill passing again through the tunnel of tree branches.

Next came a visit to the Cracow branch of the state restoration studios, known as PKZ. Please do not get this confused with the more familiar Soviet Union initials, the KGB. PKZ are good guys; KGB are bad buys. With headquarters in Warsaw, the PKZ, a state agency, has branches throughout Poland. Some 5,000 persons are employed in the ten studios. Presently with a staff of 700 in the Cracow studio, this figure is expected to reach 1,000 in 1975. The PKZ studios are under the Ministry of Culture and Art. While the studios are primarily production workshops for preservation work, they also train some students. Most of the training, however, is in technical schools. The studio in Cracow, part of which is located in a 16th century Jewish synagogue, has been in operation for over 20 years and is the second largest in Poland. They do the research and planning work for architectural restoration, as well as actual studio conservation work on paintings, sculpture and furniture. Further, as we saw here and in the Torun branch, the painstaking restoration of old partially rotted polychromed ceiling beams was being under-



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Recent excavations atop the Hill of Wavel revealed the foundation of an early church; these have been outlined with low stone walls which have been planted with sedums and other low growing plants, figure 55. Figure 56 shows the inner court of the Wavel Castle. Figure 57 is the plan for central Cracow as currently proposed by its city planner. (See also the map on page 33.) The new major shopping center and railroad station area is just outside old walled Cracow (Stare Miasto) at the top of the map.



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taken; remains of the polychrome paintings were being cleaned, and sections of rotted wood were being replaced with new plastic resins. The repaired beams were destined to return to their original locations in the buildings from which they came.

Some of the PKZ studios have become specialists in specific restoration areas. For example, the Cracow studio, in addition to the general work mentioned above, provides the expertise for renovation of all pipe organs throughout Poland. They even contract for the repair of pipe organs owned by the Catholic Church. The studio in Torun specializes in the restoration of old stained glass windows, as well as the creation of new windows. This branch also does much work for the Catholic Church.

Funding for all studios is, of course, by the State. For private, but historically valuable property "the State steps in and does the work. The private owners just don't have the money." I suspect that the State extracts its pint of blood from the owner and eventually looks toward confiscation. For the present, it is probably a convenience to the State to let the private owner retain the property.

The session in the Cracow PKZ studio was relaxed, the conversation free and open. The staff had started earlier in the year to prepare plans for the restoration of complete blocks in the old town, the Stare Miasto, as well as in the Kazimierz section where the studio is located. Along with this the State had begun to build new housing outside the older sections for the relocation of families living in these older blocks, so that renovation could begin on a large scale. Some "people will come back, but not all." As we were told, these old buildings were overcrowded; for example, one four story Gothic house had sixteen families. Thus, some of the restored structures will be for residential use; others will become offices, museums (God, they are going to overdo the museum bit), shops and restaurants.

Kazimierz was the section founded in 1335 on the opposite side of the Wawel from Old Cracow in an area formed by the two meandering branches of the Vistula river. It was originally a separate walled town and later became the Jewish quarter of expanding Cracow. Very near to the synagogue/studio in which we met is the restored oldest Jewish temple in Poland; it is now the Museum of Judaica. Services are still held in the Remu'h Synagogue nearby.

It seems that the first inventory of the cultural patrimony of Poland was made in the 19th century, but it was never published. It was not until after WW II that a series of detailed catalogues was begun. These catalogues list on standard file cards every monument or object, and each district, or Voivodship, has its own catalogue. Each monument or object is classified as to architectural, historic or artistic value and is given a rating of 0-4; the 0 classification is of the highest importance. There are two colors of cards; green is for buildings, and white is for movable objects such as paintings or sculptures. As research or

renovation continues, the classification must remain open. There are always changes in monuments. During restoration they may find valuable older elements and, therefore, a number 2 or 3 classification may need to be raised to a "0."

During the conversations around tables set up for coffee and cake, there was discussion about the style of architecture which should be used in older areas of Polish cities. The Assistant Director of the Cracow PKZ and its resident Architectural Historian said: "If a building burned down in that street facade complex, a contemporary building should be built, not a reproduction." Not an entirely universal view in Poland, as we were to hear in Gdansk.

In further conversations we learn that the work of the studio covers the entire Voivodship of Cracow. When work comes to them from the offices of the City or Voivodship Conservator or when they do work for ministries other than the Ministry of Culture and Art, they charge a fee. Any profit returns to the Ministry of Culture; "you see we have a closed circle."

Even in this generally closed economic system the PKZ has trouble getting and keeping good technicians: "Because the Catholic Church pays more" salary for restorationists or conservators. And yet another comment: you can be a private architect, "but what can you do . . . only single family houses." But it appears, you can be a successful private restorationist; one member of our hosts turned out to be not on the PKZ staff at all, but a private practitioner who works for the Church in Poland several months of the year and maintains a restoration practice in Chicago the rest of the year! I am sorry to say that I did not get his name in my notebook. However, after our visit to the PKZ studio, he escorted a couple of us to the nearby Ethnographic Museum. On the way he showed us his most recently completed restoration work in a side chapel in, I believe it was, Saint Catherine's Church.

We had only a couple of hours in the early afternoon to visit the Ethnographic Museum, grab a quick bite of lunch (the usual long lunch was scheduled back at the hotel, but most of us wanted to use the time about the city) and to take a last shopping-looking about Cracow.

The Museum was not on our schedule, but for those of us who saw it—even quickly—it was most worthwhile. Whole rooms of indigenous folk architecture were on display, as well as well constructed large scale models of the entire log structure. We made a rather fast dash through the displays of folk costumes and objects. Fortunately, we would have a scheduled tour of the smaller, less comprehensive but equally well arranged museum in Torun. Most of our group made last minute trips to the Cepelia shops on Old Town Square. I had seen interesting wood carvings in one Cepelia shop in Market Hall; I returned that last afternoon to purchase a small one, but this one Cepelia shop was "closed for inventory." Oh well, my suitcase was thus much less bulky. □

4. North to Gdansk.

Late in the fast darkening afternoon of October 17, our tenth day, we boarded the bus for the drive back to Warsaw. It was raining again and darkly overcast as our bus drove through one of the largest of Poland's new cities. Nowa Huta was begun in 1949 in the popular Stalinist style of architecture and planning, but in open country and with much open space about. It is located only about 5 miles from Cracow, and is connected with Cracow by a broad avenue with a trolley line in the center divider. The town center is composed of grey, monolithic blocks six stories high. As we passed through we could get a glimpse into inner courts of lawns and trees. Trees also line the main avenue and the side streets leading off between more housing monoliths. The recent construction is more contemporary in style; many have balconies and are sited with green spaces all around. The overall impression is not as forbidding as that of the area around Constitution Square in Warsaw or Staline Alle in East Berlin, but still the rigid plans of a heavy all powerful bureaucracy give the whole a feeling of inhumanity, with a loss of personal individuality. It is a place for workers; 30,000 of them work in the adjacent immense, sprawling Lenin Steelworks, and from those tall stacks billow forth clouds of smoke to spread across the Vistula and over Cracow.

An unscheduled brief stop happened here in Nowa Huta. A couple of bottles of Slivovitz were aboard the bus, but no cups or glasses. A halt was called. Ella and one member of the group headed for a state store for some form of drinking cup. I took the opportunity to rush into a food store for a bottle of Vodka. The store was immaculate and with all kinds of food stuffs. A counter separates buyer from product; each group of items has its own cash register with a white capped and aproned clerk. There was a queue of customers at each station. I spied the Vodka in among other bottled drinks and boxes of crackers. When my turn came I said "Vodka" and the clerk stared in total incomprehension; I pointed, she bagged two bottles, I paid by handing her a fist full of money from which she smilingly took what I assumed was the correct price. It was inexpensive in any case. I got back to the bus just after the drinking cup team. They had been completely unsuccessful. Necessity became again the mother of invention. Eastman Kodak now has a new use for those little cans in which rolls of 35 mm film are sold; they make a most useful Slivovitz or Vodka cup. Here, I must admit to a personal smugness. In my shoulder bag I was carrying my set of always available and most useful silver cups. A couple of us had Vodka from gold lined silver cups, befitting the long suppressed aristocracy.

A late arrival in Warsaw, a late supper and a weary group went to bed for one night in the Grand

Hotel; a rather new but undistinguished hotel located within a block of the Warsaw Centrum shopping area.

After breakfast the following day, October 18, Friday, we rode out of Warsaw heading northwest, our destination Gdansk on the Baltic Sea. The road was never far from the broad Vistula river, which we crossed some five times in the 400 kilometer drive to Gdansk.

A short distance out of Warsaw we passed through the broad fields of a State farm where mechanical equipment was at work; the fields are large with neat surrounding fences, the new sturdy barns of masonry and concrete construction and efficient machinery attest to State ownership and would suggest high productivity. But as mentioned previously all those little 20 hectare private farms worked by one horse power outproduce these great spreads.

Interspersed in this gently rolling landscape with the State farms are some private farms and stands of well groomed forests of closely planted pine or spruce. Occasionally we passed a small forest of birch trees. As we saw south of Warsaw, the highways are tree lined, and most small towns have tree lined streets with many flowers either in small planters or tiny, neat park or plaza spaces.

As we entered Włocławek, 172 kilometers from Warsaw, the impression of a neat and clean countryside changed to one that is grim and dirty. In this industrial city of 65,000 people, we passed run-down houses and industrial plants belching smoke. In the central city some streets are tree-lined as usual, but the overpowering impression is of a vast, smutty, polluted city in desperate need of urban renewal. The recent housing, the typical vertical and horizontal dominoes, are surrounded by unkempt grounds with little or no landscaping. It is *the* city not to be shown, certainly it is not good for public relations.

Just south of Torun I saw a couple of heavy timber framed houses with mud bricks for fill-in panels; one appeared to have a mud plaster coating. But the sky was dark and the speed of the bus too fast for taking photographs. Ella thought there would be more north of Torun and assured me she would halt or slow the bus so that I might photograph one of these. Alas, I saw no more such structures! However, half-timber structures with fired red brick fill-in are common from Torun north.

Half way to Gdansk, we arrived in Torun in time for lunch. Our hotel, the Kosmos, is a recent structure of undistinguished contemporary design. It is situated across the broad green parkland that typically surrounds the old cities of Poland and where cars, buses and trolleys can circulate freely without destruction to the historic walled city. (Figure 65)

After lunch our bus took us to the center of the city and to City Hall Square. In the old City Hall we were greeted by the City President and a glass of

wine. The Town Hall, originally Gothic, but partially rebuilt during the 17th century in a Dutch Renaissance style is actually a rather grim pile of dark red bricks. The building is now used as a museum and the big room on the second floor where we met is used for concerts and meeting. Its ancient wooden structure has been weakened by age and heavy use, thus the wood beamed ceiling no longer supports the floor above; it is hung from a newly installed concrete beam and slab structural ceiling.

A talk, "Preservation Problems in Torun," was read to us by a local interpreter. Unfortunately, he didn't know the subject matter and obviously had not seen the hand written manuscript before the meeting. His English pronunciation was poor; he was most difficult to follow. Although intended as an introduction to Torun, its history, its architecture, and its preservation problems, the talk put some of our group to sleep and drove the rest to complete boredom; I could understand only small bits and pieces. Torun, luckily suffered no damage during WW II. Here, as we had been told elsewhere, people were moved out of the too crowded old city and into new housing; restoration was then begun. Much of the old housing will be converted to museums—yes, more museums—libraries, artist studios, shops, and for use by "different societies," such as artists co-ops and professional groups. The old city will be separated from the expanding new city by green areas all around the old walled city. Much of this greenbelt is already in place, as we saw in front of our hotel. In explaining why the old Gothic and Renaissance houses could not be converted to living quarters, the speaker said that they would need bathrooms, heat, and kitchens. "This would be destructive to the Gothic details." Further, halls and rooms have ceilings of from 3 to 5 meters (about 10 to 16 feet) high; this does "not conform to today's standards." Worse yet, because of the existence of only one staircase, they would be able to house but one family in each. Of course, this would not do in that land of tiny rooms, low ceilings, and exposed piping, which characterizes the new apartment dominoes—those vast filing cabinets for the masses. However, certain areas of old town will be remodeled into housing, some blocks of old houses are to be adapted to flats, and, as we saw during our walking tour later that afternoon, these blocks are going to be quite pleasant. Many outbuildings of later periods which clutter the inner core of the block are being cleared out and these areas are being turned into parks and playgrounds. To be sure, the inner clutter was 19th century additions and sheds and, as we had seen before, the 19th century in Poland is a no-no.

Our walking tour included a visit to the house in which Nicolaus Copernicus was born. It has been very much restored in order to return its facade, but not the entire house, to the Copernicus era. In a large exposed brick-walled room a large scale model depicts Torun at the time of Copernicus. A well done taped sound and light show lasting some 15 minutes

and prepared in several languages tells of the growth and history of Torun. The sound tape is synchronized with carefully controlled spot lights in the ceiling and small lights in some of the buildings.

Before continuing the walking tour we had a refreshing pause for coffee and delicious pastry in a local and very crowded coffee shop. The coffee shop (or *kawiarnia*) appears to be the daytime Polish rendezvous, always patronized and varying in interior design from simple rustic to very plush. Both large and small, they are everywhere and apparently all government owned. Here in Torun we were proudly taken by the City Conservator to a "restoration," which he said would be better termed an "adaptation of a Gothic house into a *kawiarnia*." It was progressing well, some original Gothic detailing was being exposed and repaired, while the new installations were of contemporary design and generally handsome. But overhead had been installed corny, American type, reproduction wagonwheel lighting fixtures!

After coffee another session in Town Hall, which shed a little more light on the Polish system. As usual interpreters were needed to read the prepared talks and to communicate during the discussion periods. To hear all of these talks is to hear that all is rosy in a rosy land! There is full inter-agency cooperation; differences are settled in an amiable manner. It is only during the un-prescribed discussions, in free conversations over coffee, or on the walking tours that cracks in the facade of inter-agency cooperation begin to become apparent. The Polish bureaucracy is after all made of the homopians, regardless of the rules of governmental ideology. Like the bureaucracy of the democratic world these representatives guard their departmental powers and areas of control; they are jealous and protective of their stations and prospects for advancement.

When questioned about the resolution of a major difference of approach between the office of City Conservator and City Architect or City Planner, we get this stock reply: "It's very hard to explain." However, in such historic cities as Torun the City Conservator appears to have much power; he reviews plans of the City Planner who must abide by his decision.

As in Cracow, Torun's new city plans place all major shopping facilities outside of the old town core. When asked how he feels these plans will affect the present city core as the real center of town life which it still is, the City Conservator was vague, even evasive. We were told that the proportion of shops in both the new and old areas of the city will be controlled to attempt to prevent the commercial death of the old town. Much concern was expressed by members of our group, at each of these town planning sessions, for we feared that the older cores could degenerate into tourist centers devoid of local use or interest. In each city the answer evaded our concern with an attitude of superiority: they are not going to make the mistakes of other countries; they have the problem solved. But how??



58

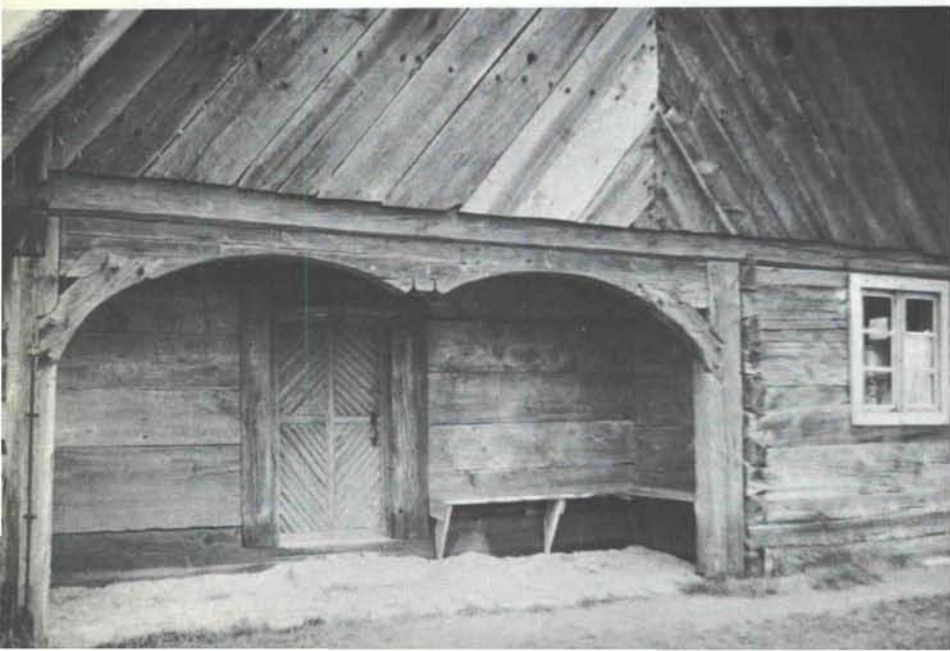


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In Torun the bend in the Vistula river was dominated by a vast Teutonic knight's castle, remnants of which include parts of the wall and one gate structure, figure 58. At shopping hours the main pedestrian street is crowded with people, figure 59, while a nearby automobile display was essentially empty. At 69000 zlotys (\$3,450.00) for a small Fiat, I suspect few can buy. In a country where the annual income is very low \$3,450.00 is a great amount of money. Figure 61 is a detail of one house in the Torun Skansen Museum. Figure 60 was taken in Chelmno; notice the small glass panes set into the ceramic tile roofs to give light to the attic.



61

62



In response to the question about the design for a new building which is to fill in a vacant space in the street facade between historical structures in the old city, we were told that it has to match the existing scale, that they should always "reflect" the old structures but should be of contemporary design, that success "depends on the taste of the architects," and that all new construction must be approved by the City Conservator. Here in Torun, the Conservator has review controls over the entire old city and for a radius of one kilometer beyond the old town boundaries. In this one kilometer area, however, his major concern is for "mass and height" rather than for architectural style or detail.

As elsewhere, the City Conservator has little or no staff other than a secretary. Rather, he "cooperates" with other agencies. In particular, he works closely with the national preservation agency, the PKZ, whose staff does much of the actual preservation planning and execution. He exercises great power and influence; he is sometimes an architect, sometimes a historian.

When preservation activities began after WW II, 23,000 people lived within the old walled city of Torun; this is to be reduced to 7,000 as the plans progress. To be sure, much overcrowding did exist but is this reduction too great for a healthy, viable central core? The planners for the city of Torun expect it to grow from the present population of 110,000 to 150,000.

It is interesting that in the cities which did not suffer severe war damage, Torun and Cracow, the preservationists stress the need for contemporary design in amongst the old historic buildings while in the ravaged cities, Warsaw and Gdansk, the new construction must copy, even mock, the restored old.

According to the City Conservator of Torun, Poland is committed to spend 3 billion zlotys (\$150 million, one zloty equals 5 cents officially) for restoration and conservation during the next five years!

A visit to the Ethnographic and "Skansen" Museums was on the schedule for Saturday morning. Located on the edge of old town Torun facing the greenbelt, the Ethnographic, or Folk Art Museum, is in one large late 19th century barn-like building, once an arsenal. The cut limestone, high pitched roof structure was adapted to museum use after WW I. In addition to collections of early indigenous folk crafts and costumes of the surrounding areas, the building contains also a large, well displayed collection of early fishing implements, including Vistula river sailing boats and wooden dugout canoes. A small auditorium and the administrative offices for the outdoor "Skansen" Museum, occupy space in the museum building. All of the material in the Ethnographic Museum and the ten peasant farm houses and barns of this outdoor museum have been gathered since WW II. (Figures 61, 66) While they continue to search for ancient relics, they also are recording the folklore and collecting the crafts as they are being practiced or produced today. "Research is the basis

for us. The gathering of relics and objects for displays," follows the research. One of their "aims is to have care for all living folk art. . . . Of course, we don't have enough money to do all we want to do." They are trying now in their field work to leave "in situ" as much as possible; it is the only way to really be "authentic." They make photographs and documentation of the "changes as they happen in folk art and customs. . . . There is no living thing that is not important to us (including) dried flowers arranged and placed in churches. . . ." These notes I jotted down as Professor Prufferowa talked—in English—about the museums and the staff's dedication to the work. I would guess that she is in her late fifties or early sixties. The enthusiasm, professionalism, and boundless energy of this lady radiated as she talked, first in the auditorium and later as she escorted us about the exhibits. In collecting the structures, for the outdoor museum the "Army has been a great help; they provided trucks and men to carry the dismantled building to its new home here in Torun."

An unheard of happening: the sun broke through the clouds at 11 a. m. and it stayed out bright and shining all afternoon! Because the afternoon was unscheduled some of our group decided not to return to the hotel for the usual multi-coursed, always lengthy lunch. There was too much to see under a bright sky so we walked about Torun. Three of us paused for a snack of Polish sausage and wine in a small restaurant set on the edge of the crumbled defense walls of the 13th century Teutonic Knight's castle high on a bluff guarding a bend in the Vistula river. Little beyond a few piles of brick and a segment of the one gate remain of this former large, commanding fortress. Happily for Poland and much of Europe only ruins remain to remind us of those arrogant, lordly knights. (Figure 58)

In late afternoon, we were bussed to the University, which is located a couple of miles away from the old city in a new district. A vast campus of sparkling new architecture, the designers could well have been inspired by the past work of American architects like I. M. Pei and S. O. M. All is clean design and sharp edged with much glass and too much open space. An immense reflecting pool stretched out before the multi-story administration building. Incidentally the pool was completely free of litter; I suspect something just short of the death penalty awaits any student seen throwing so much as a gum wrapper into those still waters, or, just perhaps, the students do have pride in their University and its grounds.

On the fifth floor of the administration building we gathered in a conference room of polished light wood paneling of pure undiluted contemporary Scandinavian design. Chairs were set about a U-shaped conference table for us and our hosts, additional chairs lined the walls for faculty and students. Some 30 students were present, all clean shaven and bright faced, but as we were to discover, too quiet. They asked not a single question! It was at this session that our side, so to speak, was to present talks. Edward

Sayre, chemist at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, gave a somewhat technical explanation of the chemical processes of art object and stone deterioration and its conservation, while Lawrence Majewski, Chairman, Conservation Center, Institute of Fine Arts, New York University, explained a major preservation-restoration project in which he participated in the Middle East. A local professor of conservation translated for Ed, while Mr. Hendryk Brandys of the Ministry of Culture and Art in Warsaw translated for Lawrence. It appeared to us that the local professor was intending to do all the translating, but that Mr. Brandys usurped her role. Later that evening Ella confessed that while Mr. Brandys did translate highlights of Lawrence's talk, he mostly described a project in which he was involved. A bit of one-upmanship. Following the presentations only the faculty asked questions!

Sunday, October 20, our bus took us north past the large open fields and a well tended apple orchard of a state farm. While no fences surrounded the fields, the orchard was enclosed with heavy, high wire fencing with precast concrete posts and topped with barbed wire. Apples must be very desirable in Poland.

We notice that even for the state farms single family or duplex houses are scattered along the highway, facing side dirt roads or in the fields, rather than in a designed, clustered community as one might expect. There are large concrete block barns, and some other very long structures (I would guess them to be some 200 feet long), older, probably pre-war, large estate barns built of red brick.

Passing through the villages we again see crowds of people flocking to and from Sunday Mass. As we ride along, Ella tells us the speed limits for buses is 70 kilometers per hour and 80 kilometers (or 48 miles) per hour for cars "... but nobody cares about these limits."

Half way to a mid-morning coffee break, scheduled for Chełmno, we pass through the small city of Chełmża, an industrial center of 15,000 people. It has the largest sugar refinery in Poland and, according to the guide book, "2 Gothic Churches,"⁵ but apparently nothing else to recommend it to the traveler. A tall, smoking chimney dominates the skyline. It is a grubby, grey town with thick polluted air, old and dirty stuccoed buildings, narrow streets, narrow sidewalks, no trees. On the town edge some new housing is under construction; built of hollow red clay tile, they are two story, two or four family cubes and, probably of private ownership. Scattered amongst the new cubes are older single family houses of red brick with red ceramic tile pitched roofs set on small lots and all have low wire fencing with pipe frame gates.

The land all about is open with only an occasional forested plot. It is gently rolling with a rare high, commanding knoll overlooking the Vistula. On each knoll is what, obviously, was once the local guarding, ruling castle. (Figure 64)

Atop one such knoll, blessed with a larger and

flatter top, is Chełmno, "one of the most interesting towns in Poland picturesquely situated on a high bank in the Vistula valley and surrounded by a ring of 14th-16th century defense walls."⁵

We had time to walk about Chełmno for a half hour. Luckily it was not raining; in fact the sun came out for a few minutes. A large, brick Gothic church was filled with worshippers of all ages, including many teenagers. We gathered back at the Gospoda Pod Kołutkiem coffee house facing the Town Hall Square for a snack before pushing on farther north to Gdansk. (Figure 67)

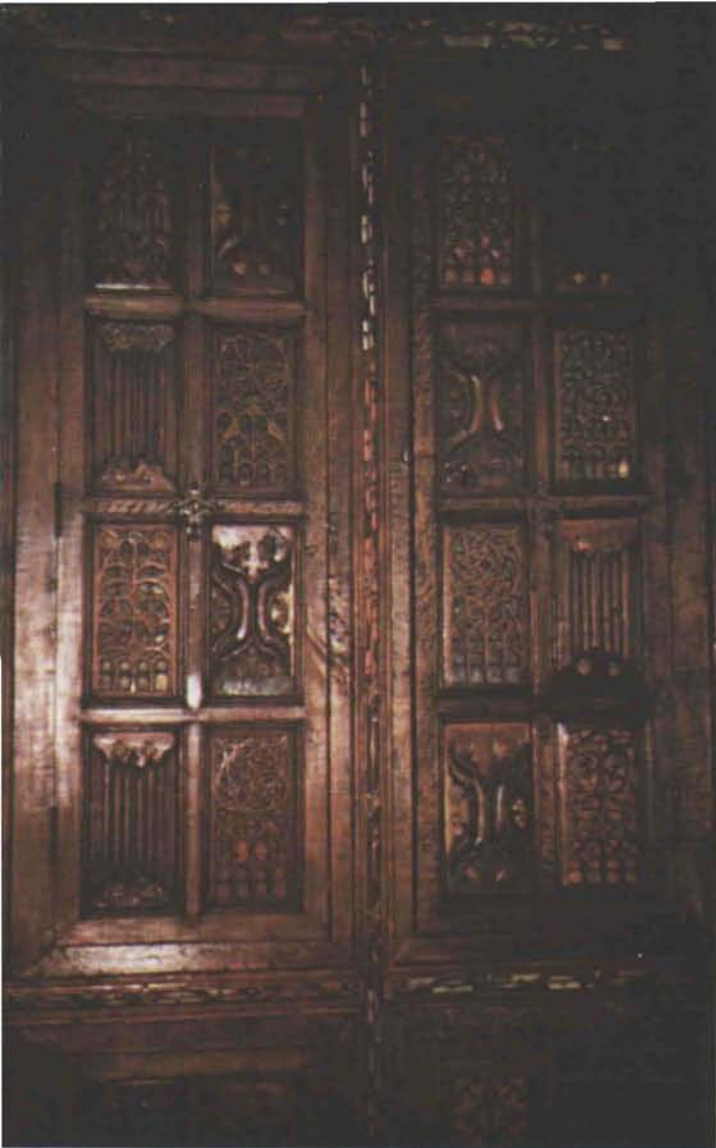
As with most of the hill-top towns, Chełmno is by-passed by the main highway which passes around the base of the hill.

Traveling north from Chełmno we cross again the Vistula and for a short stretch along a section of old highway paved with granite cobble stones of about 3 or 4 inches square. The landscape is more distinctly rolling and with more plots of dense forested areas; almost all are evergreen trees. At Nowa, some 45 kilometers north of Chełmno, we entered the narrow neck of the former Polish corridor which once separated Prussia on the east from Germany proper to the west. The corridor, created by the Treaty of Versailles which ended WW I, gave Poland access to the Baltic Sea at the port city of Gdynia and also encompassed the free city of Danzig. It was at Danzig (now the Polish city of Gdansk) that WW II began.

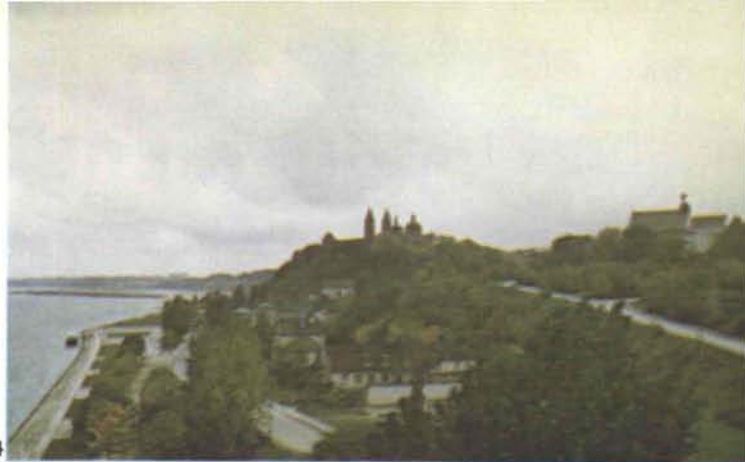
Along the highways signs are all, naturally, painted with Polish names, places and directions, but two words appear frequently and look strangely out of place; along pull-outs off the highway appear the words "parking" and, on many direction signs is the word "camping." As with the salutation "OK," it appears that "parking" and "camping" have become international.

The highway took us past a number of little lakes on the stretch between Nowa and Gdansk, all of which appear to be natural with thick growth of reeds and water lilies around the edges. As we saw while traveling south of Warsaw, chickens, geese, white ducks and a few turkeys are abundant in the front yard of each farm house. □

Figure 63, impressive carved doors in the Copernicus house in Torun. Figure 64, the town of Plock is typical of the castle dominated defensive hill towns along the broad Vistula river. Figure 65 was taken from our Orbus hotel looking towards the old city of Torun, and across the park created from the area once occupied by defensive walls and moats. Figure 66 shows the only adobe structure I had the opportunity to photograph. It is in the Torun Skansen Museum and is, we were told, a pig sty—for a well housed family of pigs I would say. Figure 68, also in Torun, shows the half-timber structures which become common from Torun north into Gdansk. Figure 67 is the 16th century Town Hall in Chełmno.



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5. Gdansk and Malbork Castle.

We arrived in Gdansk in time for a scheduled late lunch at the Hotel Monopol. And a fine lunch it was, a real change from the normal fried veal or pork. A good beet soup was followed by roast pork, sauerkraut with mushrooms, red cabbage and french fries. French fries must be a real staple of Poland; never a meal went by without them in generous quantities. And on our tables were the first pitchers of clear, plain water we had seen in Poland—no mineral water, no gaseous bubbles.

After lunch we were met by the City Conservator and a representative from the local PKZ studio. Because the hotel, a new plain-Jane contemporary, is but a five minute walk from the old city core, we followed them on a walking tour into and about the old town.

In late afternoon we were led to the reconstructed Gothic Town Hall, which is now a museum and conference headquarters. The President (Mayor) of Gdansk greeted us and, through an interpreter, we were told about Gdansk, its restoration or, more correctly, its reconstruction, and its industries, of which shipping and ship building are uppermost. It is the "merchant, cultural and historical center of North Poland." Gdansk and its sister city of Gdynia, a short 20 kilometers along the coast, are the principal ports of Poland. Gdynia faces the Baltic Sea directly and situated on a branch of the Vistula delta, five kilometers from the Baltic Sea, and it is the ancient port of Poland. Gdynia faces the Baltic sea directly and grew into prominence between World Wars I and II as the port for Poland, while Gdansk (Danzig) was a Free Port under the League of Nations mandate. Gdansk suffered severely at the outbreak of World War II and was all but reduced to heaps of rubble. In the Town Hall area about 60% of the facades suffered damage, but were repairable to what we see today; the others collapsed upon themselves, but, as happened in Warsaw, the falling and piling rubble of the upper floors shielded many of the lower level facades and details upon which reconstruction could take place. However, little documentation was available from pre-war files, so that much less was known about the building in Gdansk than in Warsaw. Thus much totally new building design and construction was required. In several instances a quite successful new building has been integrated with the older, restored structures. But this attitude of using a contemporary, yet harmonious design approach appears to be changing, we all thought for the worse. A reconstruction in-the-style-of attitude seems to be taking firm hold for the new work, even to the decision to take down two of the contemporary buildings and to replace them with old style architecture. According to the mayor "it is forbidden to build new architecture inside the old city." He went on to say how strongly he was dedicated to "preservation," and that



69

4% of the city budget is given to the City Conservator plus additional funds from industry and national ministries. He indicated that this all added to a tidy sum indeed. However, the representative of the PKZ who accompanied us and who spoke English shook his head and quietly informed those of us sitting close to him that the only real dedication the mayor has is to industry, growth, and progress.

Immediately after the German surrender in 1945, the various options for Gdansk were discussed: leave Gdansk in ruins as "a monument to war," build an entirely new city on the old site, or restore. Restoration, or reconstruction, was the final choice and has been limited to the area formally enclosed by walls, an area of about 40 hectares (99 acres).

As we observed elsewhere, the inner block additions of the 19th century have been cleared away to create parks, playgrounds, and occasionally, garages. Before the devastation of World War II over 40,000 people were crowded into the old town; this is being reduced to 25,000.

They did have some photographs and other documentation from various parts of the old city and from this reconstruction was aided. We were shown drawings of the new river front facades, some of which are based on detailed documentation such as the famous medieval Crane-House. (Figure 85) Early engravings and drawings indicated the kinds of structures which once were along the river from the city wall bastion on the northern edge to the bastion on



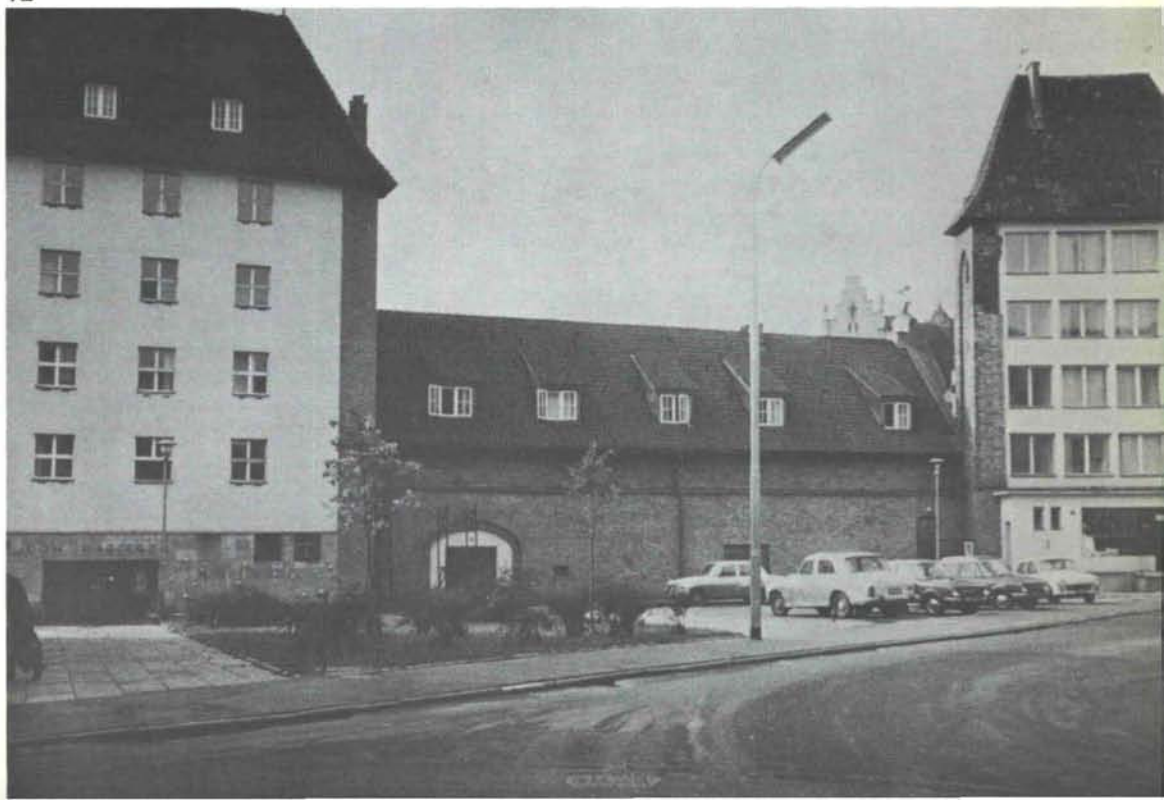
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South of Gdansk is this windmill, the only one we saw in Poland, figure 70. Many, many signs throughout Poland are contemporary in design and handsomely graphic, such as this one on a shop in Gdansk which sells amber jewelry, figure 71. Built along the line of the old city walls in Gdansk and copying the form of the walls and towers is this office and apartment building, figure 72. The architectural integration of contemporary urban needs into the old city forms was done well a few years ago as in these buildings. Those who now occupy the decision-making roles are more prone to total reproduction a la Disney.

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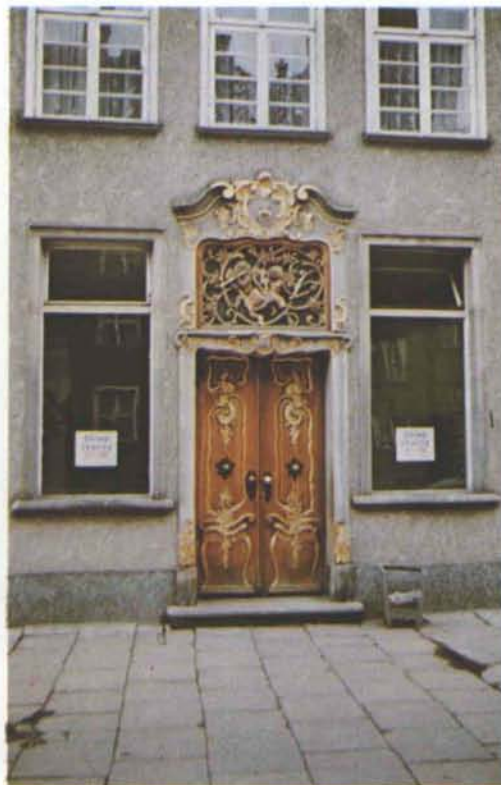
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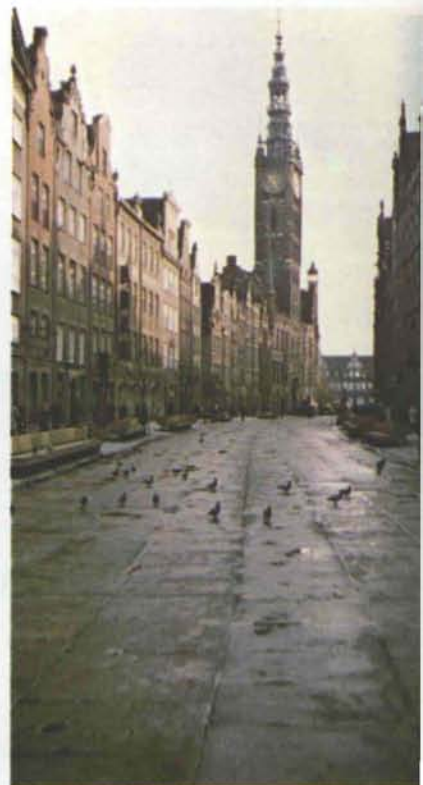
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Stretching along the river front from bastion to bastion is the recreated facade of ancient Gdansk. It is doubtful that the city ever put such a clean well integrated, utterly charming face before the arriving traveler. It will, they hope, thrill the hordes of tourists they expect in the future, figures 73, 74 and 80. The main shopping street

in old Gdansk terminates against this reconstructed tall gate building on the inland side, figure 75. A Gdansk doorway, figure 76, and in the middle of its passage to the river side of town the main shopping street passes the towered Town Hall, figure 77. Figures 78 and 79 contrast inner city and outer city Gdansk.

78



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82



The first floor of this reconstructed warehouse is beer hall, figure 81, and nearby an open-air market selling fresh produce, figure 82; when she saw me holding a camera this woman purposely and with much bravado guzzled down her vodka, at least it was a vodka bottle!

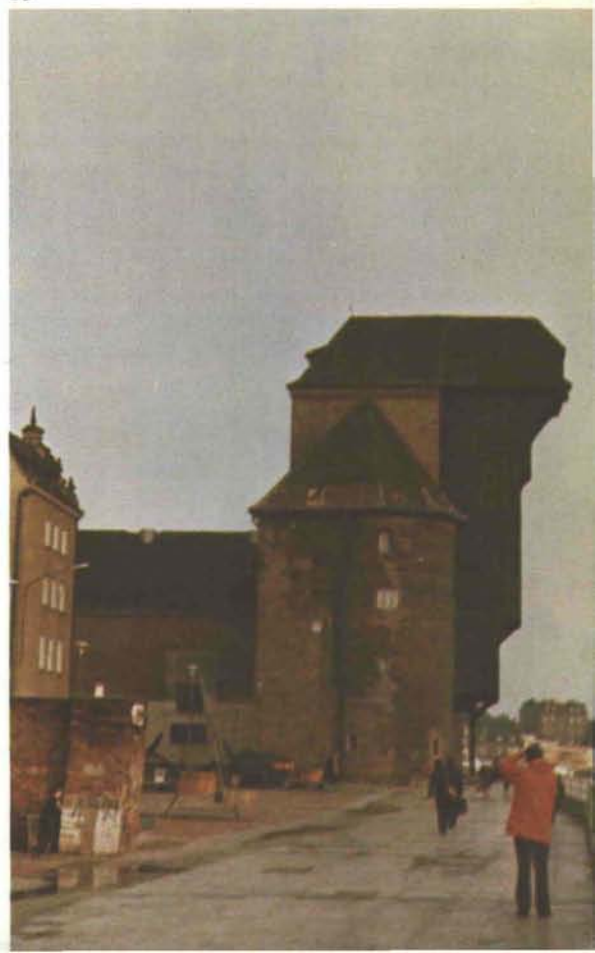
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Southeast of Gdansk is the town of Malbork which is dominated by a 13th-15th century Teutonic knight's castle; figure 83 is the broad inner court and figure 84 shows the reconstructed wooden entry bridge across the now dry moat. Figure 85 catches this writer in the act of photographing the medieval cranehouse (Stary Zuraw) in Gdansk.

84



the south. From these indications of what was there, the PKZ designers have created a picturesque facade with little concern for what needs are to be housed behind the facade. (Figures 73, 74, 80) These fronts are "typical," we were told, of early Gdansk architecture; in fact, they "moved them here" (the facade design, that is) from other parts of town. When questioned about the philosophy or Disneyland aspects of this kind of architectural creation under the name of "preservation" their response was only: "this perhaps might be discussed . . ." whereupon they avoided any possible discussion.

The usual broad avenues and green park separates the old area from the buildings of the new town. The most recent construction facing old town is highrise and unsympathetic to the historic scale and silhouettes of old Gdansk; this is most probably the result of the pressures of housing needs due to industrial expansion. A little farther removed from the central core these highrise buildings would be visually more acceptable. At the present time, these structures only impose their weight and severity upon the townscape. The blocks of apartment flats, which were built a few years ago, between the Monopol Hotel and the edge of old town are of brick construction, only three and four stories high with pitched roofs covered with slate shingles; they are obviously contemporary in design but fit well the architectural scene that is Gdansk.

Directly across the river from the Crane-House on Granary Island (Wyspa Spichrzow) is to be a new hotel "designed to look like the old granaries" which once stood there. The rebuilt medieval Crane-House now shelters the national Maritime Museum. The Director took us on a full tour. She conducted a never pausing commentary through the museum on each exhibit, and expounded on the tonnage and type of each ship that was ever built in the local shipyards. She was so dedicated to shipyard tonnage that it became an endless recital of impressive statistics from which it was almost impossible to escape. Exhausted and desperately in need of the revival qualities of good Polish vodka, we fled to a nearby restaurant for dinner.

The City President and City Conservator joined us for supper. The small pleasant restaurant is in one of the buildings facing the river. The food was a real delight, a marvelous casserole dish of rolled beef simmering in rich brown gravy. (I admit it, I am a sucker for "rich brown gravy.") The casseroles from which it was served were small loafs of dark bread hollowed out and with the top of the loaf sliced through to form the casserole top. But the loaf casserole was not served along with the dinner—what a waste!

The time scheduled for Gdansk was far too short. We were scheduled to depart for Malbork Castle and on to Warsaw at 9:15 a. m. We wanted to walk about town, to look, to photograph, to enjoy, and some wanted to shop in those interesting shops which we had just been able to glance at during the day. At

dinner we began to agitate for more time. Who wants to see another castle? What's the hurry to get to Warsaw at 6:30 p. m.? Let's get back at 10:30 p. m.

The tenacious Poles relaxed; the morning was granted as free-to-look-at-Gdansk time. Although the sky was heavily overcast (it had rained all night), we walked and thoroughly enjoyed the additional time to absorb a bit more of Gdansk. An extra bonus was arranged by one of our Gdansk hosts; a fine craftsman who makes imaginative use of locally found amber in the crafting of handsome, yes, also expensive, jewelry gave us a demonstration of his tools and methods of working. His shop is located on one of what must be one of Poland's most architecturally intriguing streets, Mariacka (Saint Mary), a short street of but two blocks long beginning at the steps of Kosciot Mariachi, Saint Mary's Church, and ending at the river. Largely reconstructed after World War II, the buildings here retain most of the ground floors and the elaborate Renaissance or Gothic raised stone porch entrances. The street is very narrow, thankfully too narrow for automobiles. People still live in the buildings on this street which also has artists studios, offices, and, located in remodeled basements, small shops such as that of our jewelry craftsman.

Revitalized by the morning's wanderings, we boarded the Orbus bus and with a bag lunch in our laps were driven away towards Warsaw, with a visit to Malbork Castle. Visually Malbork is truly a castle, with massive red brick walls, broad moat, and a wooden bridge leading through the portcullis into a large courtyard. (Figures 83, 84) The main castle living quarters and chapel are across a second narrower moat with another wooden bridge and built around a smaller stone paved inner courtyard.

The 13th-15th century castle was built by the Order of Teutonic Knights and is one of the largest medieval fortresses in Europe. The castle was damaged during the War, and has undergone extensive repairs. New bricks were made in specially constructed kilns so that they match the original. Because they are new they show clearly where they have been used, but the castle Conservator expects that with time they will darken and blend in with the old bricks.

All during our visit to Malbork the sky continued to darken; the northern Poland air became cold and damp. As the tour of the Castle ended we were led down a stairway into a room in the lower corner of the fore-court, with brick walls and vaulted ceilings. A roaring fire greeted and warmed us all, and a fine dessert wine, coffee and cookies refreshed us. For wine connoisseurs the wine label read:

PROMONCOR
CSEMEGEBOR
WINO DESEROWE
bottled in Budapest

It was late afternoon under gloomy skies when we began the five hour trip back to Warsaw and the familiarity of the Hotel Europejski. □

6. Warsaw — the final days.

Two days remained for our Polish experience, and another palace was first on the schedule. Set in a lush and vast park within the city is Łazienki palace. One guide book calls this "Poland's most beautiful 18th century architectural and landscape complex."³ (Figure 86) The palace was emptied of furnishings by the German invaders, who set the building afire in 1944. However, the Poles, as with the Royal Palace, managed to carry away many objects to the basement of the National Museum. But, again, the Germans found and sent to Germany the choicest of these objects. The victorious Armies returned to Poland what they later found. The Germans had drilled the walls of the palace for the setting of dynamite, but evacuation of the Germany Army came too soon and too fast and it frustrated their plans. Nonetheless, the interiors had suffered severely from the 1944 fire. All ceilings and second floor wood flooring were destroyed. Although darkened and stained by the fire some of the first floor wood flooring, and much of the marble fireplaces and door trim survived.

Łazienki palace has been completely restored since the war. The palace is surrounded by water with a paved front terrace reached by one of two columned bridges placed on each side of the front terrace; thus one approaches from the side onto the terrace and then into the palace. (Figure on page 11)

A facing of blue and white Dutch Delft tiles covered the walls in one or two of the first floor rooms; they all fell off the walls due to the intense heat of the fire. Only a few whole tiles were rescued from the ashes; from these survivors new tile could be made and set into place once again. The restored ballroom is used for concerts of 18th century music. In the evenings during these concerts the ballroom and the adjacent rooms are lighted only by candles, the better to recall the feeling of the rooms during the 18th century.

Throughout the palace are inlaid parquet wood floors of varying and intricate designs. In the restorations, no "modern resins" were used, the floors were varnished and each Monday they are polished with a "simple floor polish."

In the small private chapel on the first floor is the dark marble tomb of Polish and American Revolutionary hero, Tadeusz Kosciuszko. General Kosciuszko

was the leader of the unsuccessful 1794 Polish Uprising. He died in exile in Switzerland in 1817.*

The palace is owned by the Ministry of Culture, while the vast gardens are owned by the city of Warsaw. This separation of control results in a conflict of purpose. The Director of the palace, who escorted us about the palace and the gardens, expressed his, and I suspect the Ministry's opinion, that the gardens should be a part of the palace interpretative program, and thus be redesigned into a proper 18th century park as a more accurate setting for the palace itself. On the morning of our visit, October 22nd, all was dampened by a constant drizzle. The leaves on the trees were gold; the ground and black asphalt walks were speckled with fallen leaves. Even with the dense overcast sky, a glitter and sparkle was all about, and squirrels were darting about gathering nuts. The very vastness of the park, the density of large trees and expanses of lawns pushed away from our minds the surrounding city. And *no* litter lay about! (Fig. 87)

The afternoon was free; so, in spite of the constant drizzle, we scattered into the city for a shopping and sightseeing spree. In the evening we were treated to a piano concert in the comfortable Warsaw Philharmonic Hall. The all Chopin program was very well performed by an attractive blond, in her 30's. Her name is Lidia Grychtolowna. The hall was full, but at the cost of tickets for concerts in Poland, why not? The posted price at the ticket window was 20 Z's (under \$1.00). At the opera the same night, to which a couple of our group had arranged to go, the price for their fifth row center seats was 50 Z's or under \$2.50.

Wednesday, October 23, the last day of the seminar/tour, one last conference session was scheduled. It was held in the auditorium at the National Museum and was to be followed by lunch in the Museum's small but tidy public coffee shop.

The day, very oddly for Poland, dawned bright and sunny. I arose early, dressed quickly, grabbed my camera, a fresh roll of film, and rushed outside to enjoy a bright sparkling morning. I walked about town rapidly taking photographs, finished my last roll of film, and got back to the hotel in time for the 8:30 breakfast.

We were greeted at the Museum by our energetic

*All my guide books say that Kosciuszko is buried in the Wawel Cathedral. My notes, however, say differently. Perhaps I am reversed as to who is buried where; I am confused! Jack McDermott, a member of our tour group and one of the two Americans who made prior trips to Poland to arrange this

trip, told me that he was told that there are some six places throughout Poland which claim the Kosciuszko tomb! Now, dear reader, I suspect that you are as confused as I. Perhaps Kosciuszko was also, as Poland, "partitioned"?



86



87



Łazienki Palace sits on an island in its own long, narrow lake and is approached by short bridges from both sides leaving the main facades to overlook the calm water, figure 86. The Łazienki gardens are vast, forested, grassy preserves, figure 87. The area where once stood the defense walls of Cracow are now a space of green and shade, figure 88. Overlooking the Vistula river from Old Town Warsaw is this flock of birds, figure 89. Scattered about Warsaw are shrines and plaques depicting specific events during the Warsaw uprisings of World War II figure 90. Grave crosses in southern Poland, figure 91.

88



89

90



91



friend, Professor Lorentz, who introduced the Chief Conservator of Nature for Poland, whose paper, "The National Parks in Poland," was read for him. The paper outlined the history, departmental structure, park philosophy and long range planning. The legislation creating the National Parks, "one of the first laws concerned with preservation in the world," was enacted in the late 1880's. In 1972 the law was refined by the creation of the Department of the Preservation of Nature, which along with the National Park Service, is under the State Forest Ministry. Like the U. S. Park Service, the parks are feeling the pressure of too many vacationers. "Tourism in the National Parks should be limited to sightseeing . . . (controlled roads and defined walkways) . . . this is the only way to preserve the parks." The park visitor would thus be limited to the roads and paths; he "cannot go off of them." All campsites and tourist facilities will be developed outside the actual Park boundaries in "transitional zones." These zones "can be very wide" and will be managed by a special agency under the Forest Ministry; "no factories, no industry can be built in these zones." The Park Service controls all endangered species and—hear this now—it has a breeding and protection program for bison! Asked if there were ever conflicts between the timber and lumber interests in the Forest Ministry and the Park Service where forest and Park might overlap—"generally, no conflicts," the Parks "have their own legislation which says what can and cannot be done." All historic buildings located within National Parks are the responsibility of the Ministry of Culture and the local area Conservator, there generally are "no conflicts." Again, one suspects that because of the system, which solves problems without the meddling of public and press, "conflicts" can be argued out, or simply decided upon by the man at the top. He does not have to suffer the review of a Congressional committee or an alert, free press.

The final presentation by our Polish hosts was by Professor Dziewonski, a planner. From his talk and the subsequent discussion period I jotted the following notes and data:

Throughout Poland there are 1400 places—cities, towns and villages—possessing "urban character." Of these, some 700 have historic preservation needs which must be "considered in planning for growth."

It is almost impossible to establish a fully New Town, "there is already something there," which has historical character and which must be taken into consideration in the planning.

"In the end all the new buildings are alike," not only in Poland, "but all over the world." The only thing to give a sense of location to them are the natural elements and the older "historical remains." Although the "historical value" of the "remains" will vary, all are important to the future plan.

While most towns have sewer systems, many are antiquated and inadequate. But it

has been discovered that the installation of modern sewage systems causes a change in the ground conditions through a reduction in the water content in the ground. This has had an adverse effect on the stabilization of the old existing buildings.

The oldest city in Poland is Kalisz, the earliest sections of which were built on an island located between branches of the Prosna River. The city was heavily damaged by the Germans in 1914, but it was "very successfully" rebuilt in 1918. The old street pattern was retained. Only the main street through the center was widened, and this by only a couple of meters. The old city is considered an area of "strict preservation," and is presently the shopping center for the industrial city of 75,000 inhabitants. However, plans call for a large "new center" just outside of the old city, but again, "is this a good idea?" In Cracow, for example, plans call for a vast new town center, again, just outside the old city. "I don't think it will work." The best shops are in the old city; "the people like to shop there, the tourist heart is there."

"One of the greatest dangers" to historic areas "is the eminent architect."


There is a national awareness and dedication to the preservation of the Polish culture. "The war's (WW II) destruction caused this consciousness."

Because of central planning "extremes" can be prevented. "We will have problems with traffic, but perhaps we can prevent the extreme problem." It is still very difficult to tell the people that they cannot drive into the center of the city.

This man was the first to be really relaxed and candid. He seemed to be more aware of the kind of present and potential planning problems which members of our group saw as we viewed the handsomely colored and drafted plans in Cracow and elsewhere. He expressed his own concern for the possible failures of these grand schemes.

Following a coffee break, Norman Pfeiffer, AIA, of New York, gave a well organized slide presentation overview of historic preservation across the U. S. Interestingly, our Polish hosts didn't seem to care—or were they not informed by Professors Majewski or Lorentz? Only Lorentz and Professor Majewski's pleasant assistant who had been with us during most of the past fifteen days were in attendance. Norman gave a fine summary to us. No one bothered to translate; there were no Poles to listen!

Throughout the trip and reinforced again on this last day, it was apparent that we were there to listen to them. I suspect that no interchange of ideas was actually planned on their behalf. They rarely asked questions of us; they responded to our questions in varying degrees of evasiveness, rarely with full open-

Continued on page 57 

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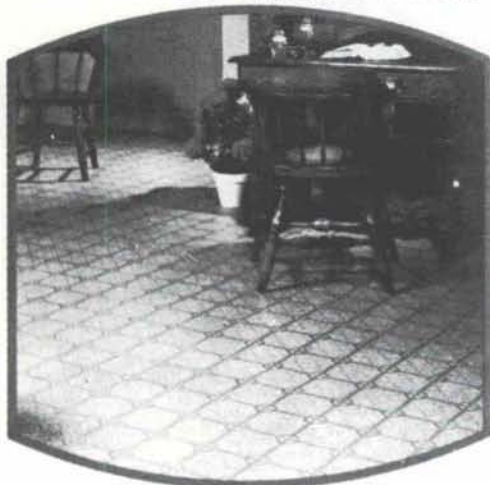
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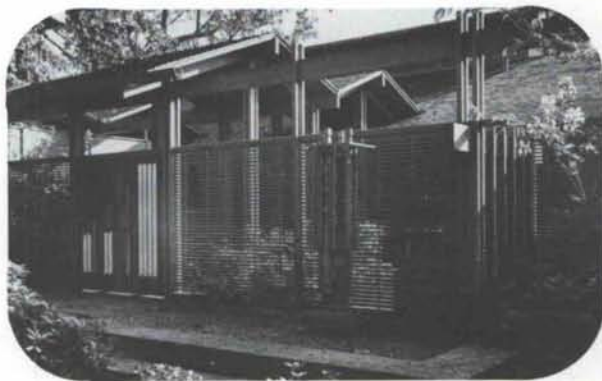


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ness or candor. Was this as planned? The few times that conversation began to probe, it was time to break for coffee or for the next scheduled event and we were rushed away. Were all those experts told not to probe our minds for opinions or methods? Certainly they have accomplished much. They have a commitment to preservation far in excess of our country. Would that we could spend less in the destructive hardware of military defense and more on the constructive bricks and mortar of preservation and conservation.

The final affair was a lavish state banquet in Wilanow palace. It had been arranged by Professor Lorentz, who could not attend. Earlier in the day he expressed sincere regrets to a member of our group; he had to attend another state banquet in another part of the city with the Prime Minister of Norway. He said that he really would prefer to have been with us in Wilanow.

Professor Majewski and the Vice-Minister of Culture and Art, Dr. Josef Fajowski, were the hosts and led the farewell toasts with much vodka. The toasts and speeches were heavy with pleasantries and well-wishes. By dessert time and on through coffee, I thought we would be drowned by the fast rising tide of international comradeship!—JPC

NOTES AND SOURCES:

- 1) *THE ROYAL CASTLE IN WARSAW*, a pamphlet.
- 2) *Quotes from Professor Lorentz.*
- 3) *A GUIDE TO WARSAW.*
- 4) *THE ARCHITECTURE OF POLAND*, Brian Knox, Praeger Publishers, 1971.
- 5) *CRACOW*, a pamphlet.
- 6) *POLAND, A GUIDEBOOK FOR TOURISTS.*

The many quotations throughout the article are taken from my notebook which was with me always. They talked—I jotted.



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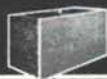
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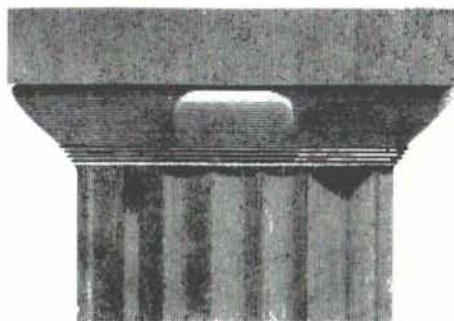


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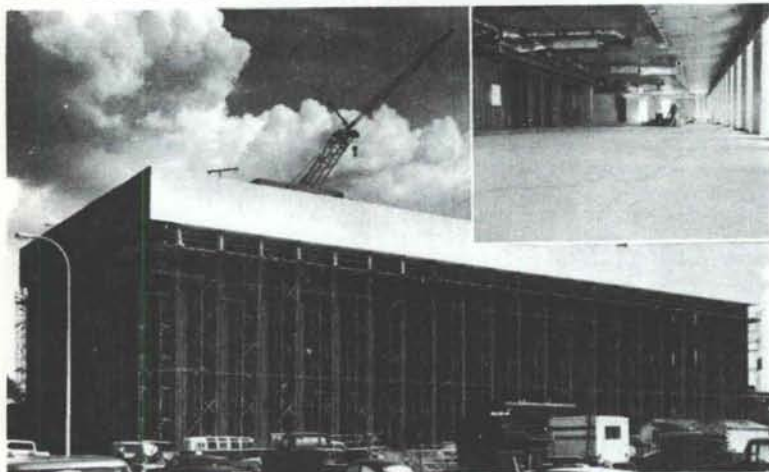
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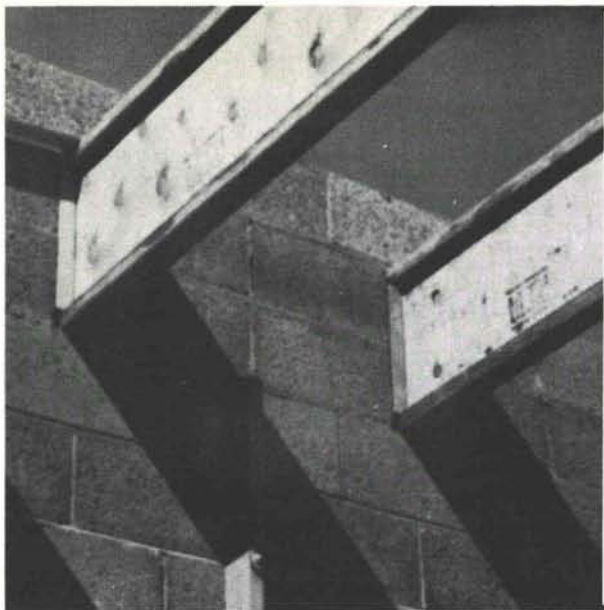
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