

**ZOFIA MOCZARSKA AND KAZIMIERZ MOCZARSKI'S
PRISON LETTERS, 1946–56
A SELECTION**

1

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

17 November 1946

Dearest Kazinek,

... I am sending you: a blanket, a green jacket, trousers and a jumper.
Everything is v. warm.

... I spent my two-week holiday dealing with your case. Your appeal
to the President was delivered to the Court – thus everything is in
order.¹ I am working v. intensively!

Be patient and stay calm.

Believe me and love me and think of our future! ...

Yours with all my heart

Your wife ...

2

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Rawicz 24 August 1946, 16:00²

Dearest Kazinek! I am writing this letter from a hotel in Rawicz. ...
Due to your quarantine until 3.9 we will not have a visit. I will come
to visit straight after the 3rd.

¹ Kazimierz Moczarski submitted an application for clemency to Bolesław Bierut in February 1946 after the Supreme Military Court upheld his sentence of ten years' imprisonment for activities in the underground conspiracy movement following the dissolution of the Home Army (*Armia Krajowa* – AK) between January and August 1946. Moczarski's application landed on Bierut's desk with an assessment issued by the then director of the Supreme Military Court who wrote that "the guilty individual does not deserve clemency". Bierut did not grant Moczarski clemency.

² Kazimierz Moczarski was transferred to the penitentiary prison in Rawicz in August 1946.

... It is very tough for me that you are so far away but I will do everything to ensure you do not feel alone. I am constantly deep in thought. My head is troubled – but I am keeping myself together – just as you would want me to. There is a lot of responsibility and interesting work in the office. A whole Department is in my hands – I organized the stay in Poland of the United Nations delegation for the reconstruction of destroyed territories.³ I got a bonus. ...

I love you beyond measure, so much that I do not want to leave Rawicz because I feel your presence here! But I must go to work – to the office. Yesterday (Friday) I left at 16:00 – I arrived at 4 a.m. on Saturday and was outside the prison by 08:30.

your dedicated and always loving

wife

3

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Rawicz, 23 September 1946

My one and only, Beloved Kazinek!

...

A fortune teller tells me that you will be home in November. I believe passionately that with your positive attitude towards the new circumstances, with your creativity and education, you will be useful for the State.

This is what I live for and for my work, which demands increasing responsibility and is increasingly interesting. I enjoy complete trust and respect, and I earn a decent living, too. Above all, though, I am waiting for you, full of belief and optimism – my Dearest Husband. ... Yours in unwavering care for you and faithfully loving

Zosia

...

³ At the time, Zofia Moczarska worked at the Central Planning Office (*Centralny Urząd Planowania*). This institution was established in November 1945 and was led by the economist Czesław Bobrowski. It was here that the Three-Year Plan for Economic Reconstruction of Poland after the war was conceived.

4

Kazimierz Moczarski to Zofia Moczarska

To Zofia Moczarska

Fordon Prison

Warsaw, Mokotów 19 April 1953

My dearest Zosia. The most beautiful day of my life is approaching. Your name day. ...

I am deeply worried that you will suffer a lung infection. Look after yourself. I know very well that you are strong and courageous, but I implore you, my dearest love, do not exhaust your body. Be calm, just as I am. And never think ill of me. I love you as always and unwaveringly. I always think of our marriage as something most beautiful and most radiant. I am feeling perfectly well. I am healthy and mentally strong, as never before. ... Write to me as soon as possible.

5

Kazimierz Moczarski to Zofia Moczarska

Warsaw, 2 July 1953.

To Zofia Moczarska – Fordon Prison.

My dearest wife,

... Our fourteenth wedding anniversary is soon approaching. I remember that sunny day that marked the start of our life together. We certainly cannot complain that our married life has been dull or lacking in adventure and experiences. Right? Nobody could ever say that our life had been boring. You might say that there have been too many experiences for a fragile Kitten like yourself. Perhaps you are right in some way. Yes! But on the other hand, I that how a renaissance-like love of the abundance of life, of the fullness of life, resounds in you. I like you very much for that. You are now bound to ask, 'do you, Kazik, only like me?' There is no need to ask, as you know my answer a thousand times over. You know that you are my heart. ... Be strong and calm. And never, dearest, let life destroy your complete sense of composure. I kiss your eyes. Your hands and your little nose. Yours always and unwaveringly dedicated husband

Kazik

...

9

Kazimierz Moczarski to Zofia Moczarska

Warsaw, 5 August 1953
To Zofia Moczarska
Fordon Prison

My beloved wife,

On 15 July 1953 I first received your letter dated 21 May 1953. On 20 July 1953 I received a second letter from you written on 28 June 1953. – I must admit that when I received these letters – particular the first – I choked up with emotion. The first written trace of your life after five years, the first letters written by your lovely hand, the first signal of your love. The second (from 28.6 this year) moved me to my core. This was no longer a reserved prison letter about the life of a wife to her husband. This was the opening up of a shell to reveal a pearl. I always believed that you are the way you are, that our life is a unity, that we are bound until death by that which binds us. And what binds us is so strong that no prison walls will prove capable of breaking that bond. The fact that you, my love, are in Fordon and I am in Mokotów is of relatively little significance, since in the realm of the spirit there is no such thing as being apart or saying farewell. I can sense you as if I were beside you, as if I were in your soul.

The thing about being in prison for many years in prison is that one becomes increasingly free mentally. This growing sense and understanding of genuine freedom is born in prison as the years pass, as the distance to material reality that is left behind as soon as one passes through the prison gates grows. Such a state can be achieved on the condition that you desire it and can reason. So many people think! Everybody thinks! But few people are capable of reasoning, which means to think applying the most developed forms of thought. Thought born of such difficulty (genuine thought) is a rarity, as the genius Beyle Stendhal put it. It is a valuable rarity – such thought is and must be the one and only cornerstone of the life of a person who dares to wish to think, who wants to reason and thus wants to live! ... I am certain, Zofia, that you – although you are just my little kitten – also dare to want to live, you have an ambition to think, you reason. But enough of this philosophizing!! You ask: what do I look like? – Well, I am, as usual, fairly slim, and I will never be able to straighten out

my cheeks since I was born with this facial bone structure that gives me natural hollows beneath by cheekbones. I will never be fat, but I look alright. Particularly after a walk. A half-hour march gets my skin so red that only the white scarring on my cheek is visible. You remember my dear how you liked to kiss the scar and we often bantered about how many times you were to kiss it. ... Mentally I feel perfect – thanks to the moral fibres that I have built up during these 8 years in prison. Physically I am also well. My dearest kitten! Be brave, be strong, be wise, listen to reason and look after yourself (your lungs!!!), remember that Goethe said, 'I know of something that is stupider than optimism – pessimism', look towards a bright future and love me always like I love you, my best wife under the sun. Your husband Kazik. Sender. Moczarska Kazimierz – Mokotów Prison, Warsaw. 4 August 1953.

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Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Inowrocław, 6 February 1955.
To Moczarski Kazimierz
Warsaw Mokotów Prison
Rakowiecka 37

My Dearest Cat!

... Your June letter did not reach me and I was informed of its confiscation on 23 September this year in a similar manner to what you described. I read very little because I now have work to do in my cell. ... The date of my release is approaching – it is simply unbelievable that it is so close. My Kitten, my dearest under the sun. I have so many questions in my heart and in my mind. So many most tender and most intimate thoughts exclusively and only for you. Your last letter from December I had to surrender with great pain in accordance with prison rules after three days despite feeling that I was losing a part of you. One almost certainly becomes a little odd, becoming so agitated by everything. I am looking after myself, although I have eaten very little recently because I was punished with a month-long *wypiska*,⁴

⁴ *Wypiska* is a term used in prisons for purchases in the prison canteen. Here Moczarska indicates that a prisoner could be temporarily banned from making such purchases as a result of, for example, violating of prison regulations.

even though I care as much as you do that my mental wellbeing and health should not be as it was in 1940/41. ...

Zofia Moczarska

...

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Kazimierz Moczarski to his family

K. Moczarski to his
Family (Mother, Sister,
Wife – Z. Moczarska)
14 February 1955
Sztum

My Dears, I have finally left Mokotów! You will have to admit that my almost ten-year stretch (with a short hiatus in Rawicz) in the Mokotów interrogation block was hardly a pleasant experience for me. Despite the fact that I recently enjoyed luxurious conditions in Pavilion A, and despite the fact that my family is in Warsaw, I am nevertheless brimming with delight, to the very ends of my shaven hair. This joy stems from the fact that my personal nightmare – my long-term stay in Mokotów – is finally behind me, together with the diverse baggage of painful memories. I can feel at home in any prison on the condition that it is not Mokotów. Although this is only my third day here (we arrived in Sztum on the morning of 12 February 1955), I already feel revived and my mental state has immediately improved. ... Overall I feel very well here for now. How things will be, only time will tell. Don't come to visit too often. It is a waste of money and your health. Perhaps my wife, as soon as she is released, can come here, to see her husband whom she has not seen for so many years. Perhaps my wife will be able to secure a visit lasting longer than 15 minutes if she can provide a good justification in her application. And the justification is so human and convincing. Let her get some advice from Winawer the lawyer beforehand.⁵ ... I am finally reading newspapers again. I am

⁵ Władysław Winawer (1899–1973) – lawyer and soldier who fought in the campaign of September 1939; during the occupation he was in hiding in Milanówek. In early 1955, he became Kazimierz Moczarski's legal representative and sought to ensure a review of his sentence and his release. He, together with Aniela Steinsbergowa, he went on to represent Kazimierz Moczarski and Zofia Moczarska in the ultimately successful rehabilitation cases in December 1956. Winawer was

finally learning about life in a Poland that is completely alien to me. You know that in Mokotów I only had access to many books most recently. All from my field. ... My wife! Love and friend of my life. I am pleased that you will soon be released. Perhaps you are already home? I kiss your beautiful eyes and slender hands. You are the heart of my life – to the grave and the conclusion to the letter is missing.

13

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Inowrocław, sixth March 1955
To Kazimierz Moczarski
Mokotów Warsaw
Prison

... Recently I have been feeling increasingly exhausted and weak. I have great pain in my head and my mouth. But it will probably pass. I will not be able to collect all the letters because eight in all were burned after being collected (from September to April last year). I did what I could but they were confiscated during a search then burned. [*Pencil note:*] I am still unable to come to terms with this. ... My One and Only Husband – I am most deeply troubled and filled with care for you. You write that you are doing well or alright – in your tenth year in prison! Remember that you have a most dedicated wife on whom you can always rely ... Your Kitten Wife, your friend and lover

Your wife
Z. Moczarska

also the defence lawyer in the rehabilitation cases of members of the underground authorities' legal and judicial authorities tried under Stalinism – his clients included Eugeniusz Ernst, Stanisław Koziółkiewicz and Ludomir Sakowicz, as well as Anna Rószkiewicz-Litwinowiczowa, who was employed in counter-intelligence in the Home Army's Warsaw command centre.

14

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Podkowa Leśna
Sunday 27 March 1955

My Beloved.

I have just eaten an early breakfast with Father⁶ and am now writing to you, My Dearest Cat. I left the prison walls behind yesterday at midday. Daddy was waiting and we went through Toruń to Warsaw. In Toruń I ate dinner at the station. Dazed and confused, looking like a nightmare– wearing pelisse and shoes that were almost completely destroyed nevertheless caused a sensation on the route from Inowrocław to Warsaw. ... I was welcomed warmly and sincerely in Warsaw ... I have no plans for now. My head is empty. ... My Dearest, you are loved by me and your Family and my father. Love me as you have always done and be sure of your wife. I have plenty of strength to last me a v. long time. I cannot express to you what is going on in my heart that is so dedicated and true, so friendly. My father has sold up all remaining luxury objects and is looking for a post for me. He will help me to get some clothes and survive this first phase of my convalescence. ... I will shortly pay a visit to your lawyer. But I am not looking forward to the rush of the capital. I am a bit tired of life at the moment. I am not sure when I will see my friends – probably once I have got my life together. My Dear – little one! I hug you tenderly and full of longing. Try to forget that I spent six years in prison. That period is behind us now. I wish the same to you with all my heart. Your wife.

Z. Moczarska

...

⁶ Aleksander Płoski (1887–1967), Zofia Moczarska's father.

15

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Podkowa Leśna, 13 April
11.45, 1955
Kazimierz Moczarski
Sztum

My Dearest! Did you get my card? The first Easter – PV holidays have been and gone. ... Everyone is v. kind to me, although I take delight in silence and being alone. ... In the coming days I will be in Warsaw again. Kitten, Kazik my Dearest – I think that having seen you the longing in my soul and heart has grown. You look v. intriguing and young. I can feel that you are thinking about me and are worried. I will do everything possible as far as my health is concerned – I just need to get some energy to do that. I still cannot read. Books, newspapers – they are no longer attractive. Only the spoken word. I dressed up for Easter in a light grey dress – I bought it from the same place that you got me that black striped dress with the mauve. ... I am scared of getting dentures because I have suffered so much on the dentist's chair that I now cannot stand the sight of it. But I know that I need to get them. What kind should I get – should they be completely straight? I try not to think about anything other than everyday matters, so don't be alarmed that my letters are so 'wifey'. How's your work going? Can I bring you any literary works? What do you need? Do you have enough socks? Have your other health problems passed completely? Do you love me lots? Are you feeling positive? Do you believe in our future, mine and yours? ... My Cat – these are just the first weeks – but be sure that your wife will return to full strength and her energy will return because she wants to live because she has you. If she did not have you and did not receive letters from you at the most difficult times in her life – then perhaps things would be hopeless. ... Z. Moczarska

...

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Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Podkowa Leśna

29 April 1955

My Dear! Both letters dated 28.4 and 21.4 arrived quickly. The latter I received on 25th of this month already. Your wife is not doing too well because she is v. weak and exhausted, while last Saturday I had something like a heart attack that laid me low in bed and I only got up today. It is nothing serious, I am just run down. ... I will not send you the photograph of me for now because I took it straight after seeing you and it is v. poor. I will have another one taken. Don't think about financial problems because there is no need to sell your camera or the chandelier for now. ... I hug you. I love you....

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Kazimierz Moczarski to Zofia Moczarska

12.7.1955

To Zofia Moczarska in Podkowa Leśna, ul. Jelenia 32

My dearest wife, I spoke to the Inspector of Prisons today. Objectively speaking, he was straight to the point. But subjectively, he was very kind and disarming in his directness and matter-of-fact perspective on all my hardened prejudices and distrust. As a result, he has allowed me a thirty-five minute meeting with you, my dearest, without the net and he recommended that I inform you of this. Come, then, as soon as you can, my dearest love of my life, just not on a Sunday because there is a flood of visitors then and the authorities here struggle to cope with the number of visitors. Of course, as long as you have the funds. ... I kiss your beloved eyes – your husband

Kazimierz

...

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Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

To Kazimierz Moczarski in in Sztum
14 June 1955

My Dearest Husband!

Since 20.5 we have not had a letter from you – did you write. Did you get my letter of 1.6? How is your health? How are the problems with your urinary tract, those pins and needles in your fingers? Do you sleep? Are you feeling calmer after talking to your defence lawyer? Mr. Winawer told me about the meeting – I am pleased that he managed to reach you and I am very jealous indeed that he spent such a long time with you. It was your state of mind, however, that meant that he wrote a v. strong letter recommending commuting your sentence, as he pointed to the fact that there has been no response as yet to your application regarding an extraordinary appeal in your case while you are in a catastrophic state of health. I am very worried that you are feeling so bad and I cannot believe, My Dearest Cat, that your balanced approach to life has been so disturbed – but I saw your agitation myself!! ... I kiss you warmly and tenderly. I am waiting. Your Zosia.

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Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

18 July 1955, 9.00
To Kazimierz Moczarski
written in pencil

My Dearest Kitten! On Saturday I received your letter dated 12 July. You can imagine, My Love, the weakest in all the world, just how worried I was by your poor health. ... I will see Lawyer Winawer today. On Saturday I had a conversation in my position as a wife at the office of the Prosecutor General regarding permission for an extraordinary appeal (from 9 February) and for your defence lawyer's application from 11 June to commute your sentence to be considered.

Despite not yet being aware of your conversation with the inspectors, I continued to make efforts for a direct visit with you, My Husband! I am feeling better, although the headaches won't go away. Financial problems mean that I am now looking for a job. I spend

quite a bit of time during the week in the fresh air and sunshine. I don't have much of an appetite. ... I hug your heart most warmly, most tenderly, full of anxious concern for your fate, your health, and I will not surrender to depression or any difficulties. ... I see my friends and acquaintances v. rarely. I get worn out by people and conversation. ... Your Z.

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Kazimierz Moczarski to Zofia Moczarska

31.07.1955

To Zofia Moczarska in Podkowa
Leśna near Warsaw, ul. Jelenia 32
From Kazimierz Moczarski,
criminal prisoner in Gdańsk
prison

... I was transferred from Sztum to Gdańsk Prison on 26.07.1955. Don't you all worry about me, as you have been during my imprisonment over the past ten years. I feel, as usual, well. I am v. tanned. I take exercise daily. In Sztum I received 400 złotys from you all ... I feel very awkward that I am proving to be such an expense for you all and that you are all so good to me – so consistently good and for so many years. Such an expression of a family's love and dedication should be carved in stone in a monument erected to the Love of a Family ... I love you madly. Your Husband

K. Moczarski

...

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Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

1–3.09.1955

Podkowa Leśna
To Moczarski Kazimierz
Gdańsk – prison

My Dearest Husband! My Beloved! I have still not managed to visit

you, but given our financial situation I am sure that you do not hold this against me. You have no idea just how worried and concerned we are about you, My One and Only! I am not losing hope even if there is no clear progress or important advances in your case. I visit your defence lawyer regularly. ... I am not always alone here – relatives and friends come to see us. You, My Love, I miss you lots and I am looking after myself as best as I can. I kiss you tenderly. 1 September 1955.

...

3 September 1955

... I enjoyed a rendezvous with my old office colleagues. I will probably get commissions for work through them. Although I am slim, my face looks young and fresh. I wear a grey dress made of thin cotton made by Myszkowska. I encounter your old, old friends who are very sincere towards you and me. I saw the beautiful Warsaw fountain that is illuminated at night – it has been built behind the Escarpment (Skarpa). Do you still receive the parcels? Has your appetite improved and has your temperature gone up? The most important thing is: do you love me? Autumn is coming. We need to think about getting coal. I love you my Cat as always in a wifely way and in our way. Sometimes I am filled with so much hope for another fate for us and so many inklings of better days to come. ... Zosia

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Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

24 October 1955, 16.00

To Kazimierz Moczarski
Gdańsk Prison

My Dearest Husband! ... My father is miserable and worn out by fourteen-hour days. He keeps me on a short leash and will not allow me to 'fester'. ... The last time I was at the Prosecutor General's office was 3.10 and I pushed for a decision. I cannot stop thinking about you and the prison, as well as my own prison experiences. ...

28

Kazimierz Moczarski to Zofia Moczarska

Sztum, 1 December 1955

My dears! An encounter with someone dear to me during a prison visit results in mixed feelings. On the one hand, there is a rushed, matter-of-fact and often seemingly indifferent exchange of sentences, but on the other hand there is the incomparably quicker and, it would seem, infallible observation of all the details of the figure, voice, movements, experiences, hidden thoughts, unexpressed opinions and masked feelings of the interlocutor.

Beyond the necessarily slow turn of even the quickest conversation, I experience a sudden avalanche of observations and associations that give rise to a series of judgements and emotions. It seems that the best illustration of this state of mind would be to compare it to an imaginary situation that would result in me suddenly being given access to a hundred sensory receptors, rather than the handful given to me by nature, that would be connected by a vast and precise set of associations within which the impulses aroused have their own existence, developing and connecting me with parallel thought processes, influencing them and evoking further reactions, while being subject to analyses and syntheses, etc., etc. And everything passes by – despite the compressed multitude of what seems like an imbroglio, a tangled and crazed rush of some kind of physical-psychological currents – in an odd kind of order maintained by the subordinate, directing activities of the brain and the product of the brain – logic. This was also the case during the most recent meeting with my wife last Sunday, 27 November. I am writing these words in order to assert to you all the great benefits that visits bring and so that Zosia knows that a v. stormy stream of cold observations and hot feelings runs beneath the smooth surface of the conversation during which – as was the case recently – there is officially no tender or passionate word exchanged. Zosia does not look well. So thin! And so different in terms of her psychological responses than in previous years. Perhaps it is not a suitable analogy but it seems to me that – in contrast to those times long ago – Zosia today is like a disparate set of sparks that ignite irregularly, loosely and uncoordinatedly. There is not the same mental composure that, despite her temper and sensitivity, had always

characterized her and ensured that I could enjoy peace of mind as far as her future is concerned. Things are different now – and this worries and concerns me. I understand that the reason for this are your experiences and their physical consequences. I think, though, that the effectiveness of medical treatment is and will be dependent upon your nervous-metal state. And this state is again dependent upon the efforts that Zofijka should make to work on herself. I would very much like for you, Zosia, to want to listen to my concerns and advice in this respect and then to consider how useful they are to you.

Your goal is to restore your full psychological balance that has been disrupted by your recent, hardly pleasant, experiences. You can only achieve it by delving into your own spiritual resources, i.e. by applying your own reason and will. You possessed and continue to possess these resources (after all, I know you better than probably anyone else), although they are currently not serving you as they should as they have been thrown off course. What does your sense of reason tell you, based on your experience and ability to think logically? It shows that the key element to so-called success in life is a constant 'internal reservoir' that is to be accessed in an emergency in order to maintain psychological balance in every situation, even one which seems to be hopeless. This 'reservoir' stores a long series of principles, rules and canons that serve, in times of need, as guidelines for behaviour and point you in the best (and thus essential) direction in a given situation. The content of this set of principles (which people compare, quite accurately, to a compass or anchor) is exceptionally diverse. Among other things, it contains the statements that I will try to communicate to you below, namely: a great deal of one's path through life is filled with barriers that are to a greater or lesser extent aggressive and known as misfortunes. The task of a true human being (and it is a beautiful task) is to overcome them. Overcoming them demands, however, a great deal of skill, whether natural or acquired, including (and hardly the most banal) awareness that barriers are in constant motion – meaning that they pass. Life is full of ebbs and flows. Hence success or victory depends on the ability to deal blows and put up blocks, depending on the situation. A defeat will only come – regardless of temporary, common setbacks – if the abovementioned 'internal reservoir', which is a material thing albeit formed of psychic elements, are crushed or paralysed. The integrity of the 'reservoir' must be protected above all, since it serves as an

asylum, offering shelter and respite, while also enabling further, new, perseverate approaches to the challenges that life throws up. I am still writing about setbacks, yet I have forgotten that just as much of a threat to the individual is submitting to the intoxicating burden of triumph. Losing one's head as a result of success is also dangerous. Both success and failure must take the bit controlled by the hand of the 'reservoir'. In this case you are your own master. And this is a source of delight, generating a feeling of being equal to the gods – as Kipling put it. Of course, it is clear that each act or renunciation must be in accordance with one's conscience and ethics, as expressed in being guided by goodwill towards others and oneself.

To sum up, I think that you, my Zofijka, must bundle your rich set of values that form your 'internal reservoir' in order to turn them into the active foundation of your life, controlled by reason and will. I would like to note at this juncture that I not only have your individual wellbeing in mind, but also the wellbeing of those close and dear to you, including my own wellbeing. You should not forget that any changes affecting you also impact on me. Such a functional relationship applies mutually to both people involved. Given this responsibility, I am writing this letter as if I were writing an operational order outlining the most important tasks in life for myself. But I thus also demand, as I would also demand of myself, that you do absolutely everything in your power to overcome this mental state (which is a key factor in your general wellbeing – including your health) which also has an impact upon me and causes me pain. And now I kiss your beloved eyes and dedicated hands and I ask you to please reply to me immediately and exhaustively (and in pen) on the subject of the problem that I have described here extensively.

...

Kazimierz

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Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

7 January 1956

To

Kazimierz Moczarski

Sztum Prison

My Beloved! Did you get my Christmas letter of 12.12? Your sister was meant to send it together with her own letter a little bit later since she managed to send the previous one before the one from 12th reached her. I met your family on the day before Christmas Eve but since then I have had no news about what is happening with them. Podkowa is a long way from Warsaw for Varsovians. I went to see the lawyer Winawer before the end of the year and he chased up your case with a letter to the Supreme Court. He requested examination of the application for an extraordinary appeal or retrial. ... The day-long trip to Warsaw costs me a lot of strength and energy, and afterwards I am grouchy for a couple of days, which is hardly pleasant.

My closest family comes to visit and is full of sadness that I have still not returned to my old self. I did not leave the house at all over Christmas or New Year. I got a tree from the forest and decorated it without great enthusiasm. There were two of us for Christmas Eve dinner.

My Dear, Beloved – I started the New Year with the most passionate thoughts about you. When will our torment come to an end? Warsaw is quite busy and bustling. People are enjoying themselves after all. There are colourful silks in the windows and people wearing colourful scarves on their heads. Lights, neon lights. More distant family members are always asking about you and your return. I have to say and admit that very few people have forgotten about you and your fate. ... Kisses – Zosia

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Kazimierz Moczarski to Zofia Moczarska

Sztum, 17 January 1956
To Moczarska Zofia
Podkowa Leśna
32 Jelenia Street

My Dearest Zofia, I finally received your letter. It was written on 7.1.1956 and reached me on 14.1.1956 – it raised my spirits. ... Judging by what you have written, I can only assume that my second December letter never found its way to you ... There is some imbroglia affecting our correspondence and that annoys me, since regularly receiving letters from home is the most important thing to me while I am in prison. In light of this, I ask you all to: 1) write to me systematically, once at the start and once in the middle of the month, 2) send you letters by recorded delivery, 3) keep hold of your receipts from the post office – for control purposes and for possibly reclaiming costs. Furthermore, you should write clearly and legibly, since this speeds up the work of censors and thus the delivery times. ... Christmas in prison is notable for two things: the food improves slightly on Christmas Day and the flood of thoughts of home grows stronger, turning to the future, to the nearest and dearest. There is neither a Christmas tree nor presents. There are no fireworks nor sweetmeats, no almond soup nor any other special Christmas dish. The walls and the bars remains the same. Only thoughts surge, swelling with yearning and even – as in my case – become immersed in anger and frustration at a situation where I have been unable for a whole year to secure a hearing (so clear today after Róžański,⁷

⁷ Józef Róžański (1907–81), legal expert, lawyer; in 1945, he began his career at the Ministry of Public Security (MBP) and on 1 July 1947 he became colonel and director of the Investigations Department. He oversaw the case of Kazimierz Moczarski, among others. In March 1954 he was dismissed by the MBP before being arrested in November that year, facing charges of abuse of authority as director of the Investigations Department. Róžański was sentenced to five years in prison, but as a result of an extraordinary appeal, the court ordered an extension of the investigation against him. After another trial in autumn 1957, his sentence was increased to fifteen years. Róžański was released in 1964 already and until his retirement worked as an official in the State Mint (Mennica Państwowa). See

Dusza⁸ and Kaskiewicz⁹ were sentenced) of my case at the Supreme Court. ... Zosia, my dearest wife. I have been thinking a great deal about you and my situation today. And I have reached the following conclusion. The fundamental cause of your poor health is probably the damage done to your mental apparatus that was put under duress during your prison experiences and the injustice you have faced. You have changed a lot. This is clear in your direct nervous reactions (during your visits to me), in the tone of your letters and – furthermore – in your handwriting. Despite still being the same dear Zosia, you are – different. You have buried yourself away like a badger sow in your set in Podkowa Leśna, you are reliving your old pains you have become permanently sensitive and, it would seem, stubbornly inert in a way. And, furthermore, passive. Such a state of mind can last for a while, that is obvious. But when your depressive mental state goes on too long then things are bad and it must be overcome. How can this be achieved under such conditions, when your beloved husband (I am too arrogant, aren't I?) is absent and your normal routine has been disrupted, and you have had so many disappointments, and you are affected by financial problems, and you are so slim and weigh so little – and the tress and mists in Podkowa encourage dreaming and contemplation? How to do it? It seems to me that there are two ways to combat being psychologically broken: one is travel, the second is work. Both solutions involve a degree of movement. And movement means health and life. The travel-based course of medicine cannot be administered today. But the work-based medicine can be. So, have a good think, my Kitten, if perhaps there is not a need, or perhaps

Marek Jabłonowski and Włodzimierz Janowski (eds.), *Proces Romana Romkowskiego, Józefa Różańskiego, Anatola Fejgina w 1957 roku* (Warszawa, 2011).

⁸ Józef Dusza (1913–93), member of the Communist League of Polish Youth (*Komunistyczny Związek Młodzieży Polskiej* – KZMP) from 1934. He joined the Polish Workers' Party (*Polska Partia Robotnicza* – PPR) during the Second World War, following which he took up employment as an investigating officer in the Investigations Department of the MBP. From 1951 he was part of Department X of the MBP, which was responsible for clamping down on 'internal enemies' within the ruling PZPR. He was infamous for his sadistic and cruel approach to prisoners under interrogation. In January 1955 he was sentenced to five years imprisonment, while in February 1959 his sentence was increased to seven and a half years'.

⁹ Jerzy Kaskiewicz (1923–99), an investigating officer in Department X of the MBP. He was arrested alongside Dusza and sentenced during the same trials to four and later six and half years in prison.

even a burning necessity, to apply it today in your case. Try to find a job, spend some time among people, in the realm of new interests and do something other than cleaning, laundry and recalling that which, thankfully, will not return. ... I am sharing these remarks with you, my dear, but it is also clear that it is difficult for me to take up a clear position on this matter since I am far away from you and from freedom. Furthermore, perhaps I have misjudged the situation, perhaps my advice is misplaced? On the other hand, I can tell you, my Dear, that I have an instinctive feeling that my proposition is correct and my suggested solution will bring you improvements, my beloved wife and loyal partner. Thus I ask you to consider my remarks, think them over, analyse them objectively and make a decision. And then, if my propositions meet your approval, develop a plan and start acting with your old energy, your old prudence and ingenuity. You will see how much better you will feel once you start working, once you overcome the initial resistance relating to your health and mental wellbeing! I would also like to add that once you overcome this impasse there will be a positive impact on my wellbeing, too. After all, you almost certainly know that all the pain you experience I share, and all the joy you experience, I share. ... I am waiting as always longingly and impatiently for your next letter.

Kazik

31

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Leśna Podkowa
21 January 1956
To
Kazimierz Moczarski
at Sztum

Dearest Husband! ... I am very worried, Kazik, about your health, since you were so sick, so exhausted by your eleven-years in the wilderness. How can you ever stand on your own feet again? How can you sit again after so many weeks of lying down? I have been lying down for so many hours and months – almost a year and I still cannot regain my balance and sense of ‘freedom’.

How odd freedom is after such a long period you will find out yourself. ... I kiss you lots.
Love me. Moczarska Zofia. ...

32

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Podkowa Leśna, 3 February 1956
To Moczarski Kazimierz
at Sztum

My Beloved! I received your most recent letter dated 17.1.1956. Thank you so much for it. My whole family agreed that the tone of the letter is evidence of the fact that you have maintained complete balance and good nature, and it is typified by a realistic, v. realistic approach to life. I have taken your remarks on board. Work remains just a pipedream for me. I am writing this letter to you from my bed because I feel v. weak. You suggested that I should travel. I try to do so to a small degree, as I travel to Żyrardów and for chats with acquaintances and family members who live on the *EKD* route.* At home there is always work to be found if you have the urge and good will. I transcribed your most recent letter for your family although no one has got back to me yet. If I were to tell you about all of my everyday problems then you would end up with your head in your hands. Recently they took an inventory our furniture because despite my father's company being dissolved it still has debts. All of my 'sources of electric power' are broken – which is no small disaster since that leaves no way of cooking warm food. However, I have received an invitation from my friends Bogna and Irka to come to them for some respite. I am not sure which one of them I will choose. Both have quite good living conditions and access to food. Both of them ask me to send you big hugs. When will Kazik be coming out?!, they say. ... I love you as always, in my way, in our way.

Your, unchanging
Wife Zosia

* This refers to the route of the Electric Commuter Railway (*Elektryczne Koleje Dojazdowe* – *EKD*) that passes through the village. The current name: Warsaw Commuter Railway (*Warszawska Kolej Dojazdowa* – *WKD*) was adopted in 1951 (translator's note).

33

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Podkowa Leśna
16 February 1956
To
Kazimierz Moczarski
At Sztum
Prison

My Dearest! Thank you for your most recent letter, I am not sure why but it brought me even more pleasure than the previous ones, perhaps because it is v. balanced, to the point and kind. There is nothing new at my end, over the past fortnight I have not set foot outside the house (except of course into the garden), although I have been reading a great deal from various old magazines. It seems that while I am still quite, or perhaps even more, miserable, people have nevertheless remarked that my face is calmer and I resemble the 'old' Zosia. In fact, almost nobody comes to see me here because we are knee-deep in snow and we are sealed off from the world. You mention your 'grey' longing, but my longing is probably green because it is full of home and faith in your and my future. ... It is still difficult for me to come to terms with the fact that I was sentenced (to six years) and was stripped of my civil rights for four years. This is certainly the source of the 'scars' in my body and my whole psyche. However, I am not and will not be bitter, while I am in no danger of the 'passivity' that you mention. I am in complete control of myself despite the signals I am giving to the contrary. A day, a month or even a year of 'not working' will never break my internal discipline or my 'inner' sanctum – i.e. my worldview that has been formed over these eleven years that we have spent apart, and it will not detract from my life experiences that I gained thanks to the utmost efforts during my three years at the Central Planning Office in a position that entailed great responsibility and was in the end a leadership role, or during the seminar at the Academy of Political Sciences and in my social-political work with the Democratic Party – just as they will not detract from the knowledge of life and people that I 'gained' during six years in prison. I am writing this only now, it seems, because I got the impression from a whole series of your letters that you

think of me as a child or a doll that only has a torso, while the legs, arms and head all do their own thing as if they were dilapidated and damaged. This doll has spoken to you today and asks you to smile and believe in your return. I kiss you v. tenderly, I hug You tight and warm.

Your wife

Stamp: Censored

Stamp: Letters should be written legibly

34

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Moczarski Kazimierz, Sztum – prison, Gdańsk voivodeship
Podkowa Leśna, 29.3.1956

My Dearest

I kiss you most passionately this Easter and it saddens me that you have not asked me to come to visit. In any case, I am not sure if this would be possible since even a trip to Warsaw wears me out. Lawyer Winawer wrote me a short letter stating that he would like to see me and that he is feeling confident. As am I. Perhaps spring is making me more optimistic. ... I will write more. Kisses from your wife

Note: 4/4 1956 KM (date of receipt)

35

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

Podkowa Leśna 5 April 1956
To Moczarski Kazimierz
prison – Sztum

My Beloved! Easter has passed by 'quick as a flash' ... Our food was rather modest but nevertheless tasty – and for our tastes shaped by prison, it was indeed quite simply exquisite. I stuffed myself in the way you might expect... I have had it up to my ears with vegetarian food, particularly all those grains and pasta. I was lectured by all the women in the family, telling me that it is high time that I get to 'work'.

As if I need telling to get to work like some layabout! I swallowed what they told me and I continue to lead my idyllic life in my isolated village, reading newspapers, magazines and a few books. My head hurts in a different way to before, but no less painfully. There have been so many controversial articles in the newspapers recently that everyone could find a way to vent their internal doubts and dilemmas, or at least think over this and that. I would be very interesting if you could subscribe to the student journal *Po Prostu* (Straight up) which published a fairly thankless article titled 'Na spotkanie AK'.¹⁰ Perhaps it is an echo of the open letter to *Życie Warszawy* (signed by two unknown citizens) that stated that in accordance with the directives of the Third Plenum, victims of miscarriages of justice should be released, and indeed they are, but they receive no compensation for the injustice done to them. ... You mentioned a flat, so I would like to ask you if you have nothing against me trying to reclaim my flat that was formally confiscated and I think, though, that I am still a member of the housing cooperative, although I have heard of cases where people who were 'sentenced by a court' being struck off the list. If you are not in agreement – because it would be a flat in a large block – then maybe I could try subletting a room through acquaintances. My one and only friend, who came to our wedding, now has four rooms. I could also try to get a room in Podkowa by applying to the local authorities. Apart from that, some acquaintances (if you managed to secure release this summer) have promised me a loft space in a small house while two of my brothers' acquaintances, bachelors, would also have room for us. There are plenty of opportunities, just the most important person is missing. How are you feeling? How are your urinary tract problems? How is your head – not too heavy? Daddy often mentions you and warns me saying that when you are released you will not want to look at such a knackered person and that even the greatest hero would not manage to put up with me. ... I kiss you v. passionately and dearly and I want to believe that we will see each

¹⁰ The authors of this article that featured in *Po Prostu* of 11 March 1956 under the title 'Na spotkanie ludziom z AK' were Jerzy Ambroziewicz, Walery Namiotkiewicz and Jan Olszewski. They called for the rehabilitation of Home Army soldiers, arguing that "the injustice done to them must be repaired as soon as possible; the moral rehabilitation of a significant portion of our generation – former AK soldiers – is a necessity".

other soon because 'returns' apparently occur so suddenly that even lawyers do not anticipate them. Your most dedicated friend

Your wife

36

Kazimierz Moczarski to Zofia Moczarska

Sztum, 10 April 1956

To Moczarska Zofia –

Podkowa Leśna, 32 Jelenia Street

My dearest wife, I collected your card dated 29 March on 4.4.1956. Thus your March correspondence with me was limited to just two postcards. If things were to continue like this, I would expect to receive from you in future only brief telegrams. And then yesterday I received your first April letter, sent on 5.4.56 and it was quite long at that. It made me very happy. ... Today I collected a recorded express letter from my lawyer dated 6.4.56 where he wrote that he will not come to see me (as planned) and that he believes 'that in the near future you will be a free man' and that I should inform him immediately after I have been assessed by some kind of medical commission which will probably, I believe, take place. The most important thing is that he expects 'a decision in my case very soon'. It would seem that such a rosy letter from my lawyer should bring me joy or excite me. Yet nothing of the sort has happened. I have to force myself to treat it optimistically. I constantly recall the long series of deceptive, unrealized hopes that I was given 'not once, not twice, not three times'. It is difficult to forget, after all, that on 26 March 1947 that the well-known Szymanowicz, director at Rawicz – you know him personally – told me before I left that place that I would be going to Warsaw to be released which turned out to be in reality me being handed over to the dark practices of Różański whom First Secretary of the Central Committee Ochab described in such harsh terms at the recent party council meeting in Warsaw;¹¹ it turned out to be intended as a death sentence

¹¹ At the 21 March 1956 meeting of the Secretariat of the PZPR's Central Committee, a decision was taken to translate into Polish Nikita Khrushchev's 'secret speech' given at the 20th Congress of the CPSU in Moscow in February 1956 in which he criticized Stalin's dictatorship. The speech was distributed at party

for me with a long-term stay in the infamous pavilions of Mokotów, with blood filling my throat and bile filling each brain cell at the very thought of them. I stopped believing in so-called truth, in reason, in law, in goodness, fairness and sincerity – in a word, those concepts that I had been nourished with since childhood, which I imbibed in my youth and manhood. This does not mean that I myself turned to a lupine lifestyle. Perhaps sometimes I had the urge to live that way, but I simply can't manage it. And such behaviour would not be in the interests of my mental wellbeing. I am the way I am. Furthermore, I am too set in my ways now to imbibe another ethical or unethical foundation. I have become acquainted with Sartre's philosophy and I am starting to find the meaning in his statements attractive, as they seem to fit perfectly with my experiences over the past decade. As far as my health is concerned, it is not the best. My inability to pass urine has passed but things are no better with my sleep. Without Adaline or Luminal there is no way that I can get a good sleep. For six months now I have been feeding on those medicines. By nature, the way I am built means I need relatively more sleep. Like my father. But there is nothing doing; I am not blessed by sleep's mercies. You can imagine how I feel after a night spent to a large degree lost in thoughts and tracing the stars out of the window, how angry, tired and frustrated I am, how my head pounds and how much anger there is in my heart, or sometimes apathy. I think that the cause of this state is – beyond the effects of spending 9 and a half years under investigation in once intolerable conditions – my unceasing sensibility to the pain caused by the unjust sentence passed down to me by Różański, Dusza and others. Awareness of this injustice lives inside me like Prometheus' liver, it cannot provide a release for the moral pus that has built up inside me and oppresses my mental-nervous apparatus. In this letter, my dear, I am trying to provide as objective an analysis of my situation

meetings throughout the country. Its contents provoked shock, with party meetings lasting into the early hours as many questions asked. At a March 1956 meeting of voivodeship-level party apparatchiks organized at the Central Committee in Warsaw, over three hundred questions were asked. In mid-April, the Central Committee recommended that the speech be read only to members of party organizations and secretaries of Basic Party Cells (POP), although this measure was too late by then. Although each copy was individually numbered, copies of the brochure were even already available at Różycki's market in Warsaw. See Zbysław Rykowski and Wiesław Władysław, *Polska próba. Październik 1956* (Kraków, 1989).

as possible, just as I always try to adopt a cold, clinical perspective when looking at the big and small pictures. ... As far as you working is concerned, without knowing the full facts about the situation, so all the conditions and circumstances, it is difficult for me to take a firm stance on the matter. Still, it is a bit strange that you have not managed to work. Although it seems that I do understand you and that I have sensed things correctly and accurately. I presume that the cause of this is to be found primarily on the mental level. These are fairly complicated and sensitive matters that can only be established in direct and unfettered conversation, looking each other in the eyes. And at this moment that is impossible for us. I am thus limiting myself to 'empathizing' with you and attempting to trace in an abstract way the possible paths that your most hidden thoughts and experiences might take, combining the present with past experiences, your desires, ambitions and decisions. It seems to be that I understand you in a certain sense. We did not spend such a long and diverse period of time together for nothing. Right? And so I kiss you passionately, you my love. ... You, dear lover and wife, I embrace you close, hug you until there is no more air, I kiss your little eyes, lips and fingers, and I ask you not to be upset by some parts of this letter from a man who loves you most deeply, cares for you most of all, is with you most dependably and misses you to exhaustion. Your husband

Kazimierz
10.4.1956

38

Zofia Moczarska to Kazimierz Moczarski

19.4.1956

To

Kazimierz Moczarski
in Wronki prison

My Most Beloved Cat!

News of you being transferred to another prison came out of the blue. Lawyer Winawer brought the news after he went to see you on 17th of this month – in vain. He is thus planning to visit you in your new location. There is to be a hearing in Court this Saturday to decide whether your case will be reopened. The lawyer is demanding a retrial,

he rejects the allegations on the basis of which you were sentenced and he is upholding legal and formal standards. ... My Beloved Husband, I have been thinking of you so much as you enter another phase of your prison life. How heavy and passionate your most recent letter from Sztum was. ... I love you very, very much and nothing in the world can change that. I am yearning for the summer, warmth and sunshine. ... My entire Family, the nearest and more distant relatives, are deeply concerned by your fate and awaits your return as much as I, with the same faith and determination. ... After all, lawyer Winawer says that it is now just a matter of days. I cannot believe it, as I am experiencing the same disillusionment that you have been through in prison. Goodness? Sincerity? Integrity? What I do remember well is what you once wrote to me many years ago, that you have 'be' on me and that is what keeps me strong. Thankfully life is less tragic and arduous when you are fighting your way through it with someone so beloved and dedicated. Thankfully neither you nor I can be classed among the 'Hamlet-Socratic' types, even if sometimes they would like to force us into this category. Thankfully there is always sunshine after the rain and there is something even stupider than optimism, namely pessimism. I kiss you very tenderly and passionately. Your wife – ever unchanging. Your Zosia, your Woman full of longing, your partner
 Sender: Zofia Moczarska, Podkowa Leśna, Jelenia 32

39

Kazimierz Moczarski to his family

Wronki, 22 April 1956
 To Moczarska Michalina – Warsaw,
 Marszałkowska 72, apt. 3

My dearest! While every change of location is accepted begrudgingly by prisoners, I was largely unconcerned by this change of surroundings and have already become accustomed to my new living conditions. I adapt easily to life's new demands – oh yes! and this is often made easier by my particular sense of humour, which is a sign of a free mind. Thankfully the mind cannot be put in handcuffs. What would happen if scientists developed an apparatus that prohibited free thought, which today runs free and could not care less for any limitations, barriers and demands. The first thing that you notice coming to Wronki is

that the climate is different to Sztum. It was still winter there, the cold stormy winds coming in off the coast, and the sharp thrusts of the East Prussian aura. Things are much milder here. There the trees were black and ossified. Here they are already turning brown and are budding with spring. There was not a single trace of green there. Here, while it is still weak, the grass is showing signs of life and the irises are showing their little sword-like leaves. The air is spring-like and rainy. But a prison is a prison. ... Just the walls of the buildings are different to those at Rawicz, Mokotów and Sztum. They are – it would seem – filled with an austere, unsmiling, uncouth Prussian earnestness. The Brandenburg-Wilhelmine architecture undoubtedly contains a synthesis of boredom, routine, conceit and mental oppression in its bricks. I am amused during my daily half-hour walk by: the inauthenticity of the pseudo-gothic clock tower, the imitation medieval escarpment, the comical pinnacles above the windows in the roof, and by the misshapen black rooks – the only birds in this barred abode. I am unfamiliar with the Greater Poland region, but it seems to me that over one hundred years being tamed by the Prussians has left its mark on this district in the form of an indelible mark of automatism, barrack-like life and admiration for any kind of authority, while at the same time ensuring a lack of humour and imaginativeness. In contrast to Sztum, things are peaceful, quiet, orderly and regular here. Furthermore, there are none of the draughts here that cut through the cells in Sztum. On 20.4.56 lawyer Winawer was here. I was very happy to see him, particularly since he brought such optimistic hopes.¹² But I should warn you now, that after so much disillusionment that I filter even the most likely and successful solutions to my case through thick scepticism.

¹² After the Supreme Court rejected the appeal to reopen the case against Kazimierz Moczarski in January 1956, Winawer and Steinsbergowa decided to engage the help of well-known intellectuals. This decision was aided by the atmosphere of the Thaw that was increasingly perceptible in Poland following Świątło's broadcasts on Radio Free Europe, the arrests of former MBP functionaries and the lively discussions around Khrushchev's speech. Moczarski's lawyers prepared a letter demanding fair trials for political prisoners, addressing it to the head of the National Council Aleksander Zawadzki. The first signatory was Maria Dąbrowska, followed by nineteen others including Karol Adwentowicz, Jan Brzechwa, Antoni Słonimski, Tadeusz Kotarbiński and Stanisław Ossowski. The letter was sent to Zawadzki on 13 April 1956 and several days later, some of the signatories were invited to a meeting with Zawadzki where they were promised that the cases of Moczarski and several other prisoners would be resolved accordingly.

On the other hand, I understand and sense that I will soon be free. Nevertheless, I would again like to repeat to you the same words that I have written to you all previously and which I repeated to the lawyer recently. Namely that my position is that I demand categorically rehabilitation in the case of my unjust sentence. This might seem comical to someone looking in from the outside, but freedom is less significant than being liberated from those fantastical accusations that Róžański's regime imposed on me. Even if I were to be released from prison following the amnesty declarations, I would still not end my fight against the harmful sentence. And my zealous determination is equal to the injustice hurt that has been done to me and burns inside me. This flood of bitterness and understandable anger that fills me from head to toe is such that it does not fade with time. ... So many years, so many years of being forced to be apart! When I look back at this time, I feel strange and I am deep in thought for the fickleness of human fate. All the threads of yearning that have built up inside me during this time could be bundled together to make a mummy for the greatest of the pharaohs. I now have lots of grey hair, a huge amount. But nevertheless, I am doing well, which means conditions are tolerable within these widespread chambers of thought that I have constructed in the small cells of my prisons. I have thus become an abstractionist architect, albeit one who does not operate in public as I am my own private architect. I was always attracted by that noble profession. But I never assumed that I would be active in it in such an idealistic form. ...

I read the newspapers each day. *Trybuna Ludu*. I also read books, though the selection is small. I gobble up any book I can get my hands on. Good books bring me pleasure, sometimes delight and benefit. Bad books teach me how not to write and what stupidities, tall tales, clichés and other untruths should be avoided. I am starting to suffer from rheumatic pain. Where I am locked up today is damper than my previous address, the cells in Sztum. I think that this minor discomfort will quickly pass because I am due to be released soon after all. I have served enough time in prison for my participation in the Home Army – right? ...

Keep sending your letters by recorded delivery. Write legibly! This makes the censors' work easier and speeds up delivery of letters to prisoners. Let us make life easier for each other – this is a good principle to live by and a sign of good culture in society. I understand

that you have little time as you enjoy freedom and you are in a hurry even when writing letters, but perhaps you could look kindly upon my requests. ...

Zofia, my dearest and sweetest wife, I embrace you tightly and delicately. Which street will we be living on, Zosia, when I am released? After Jasna, Hoża and Słoneczna, I think we should try Promienista or Świetlista.* ...

Your always dedicated son, husband, brother, uncle, son-in-law etc.

Kazimierz
22.4.1956

trans. Paul Vickers

selected by Anna Machcewicz

* Here Moczarski plays on the names of Warsaw streets, where he had lived: *Jasna* meaning bright, *Hoża* meaning lively, *Słoneczna* meaning sunny, while *Promienista* means radiant, and *Świetlista* means luminous (translators' note).