

IT HAPPENED IN POLAND

by

Garret Sobczyk

"Only he is worthy to be called a human being who has a sure conviction and succeeds in translating it into action without regard for the consequences."

- Jozef Pilsudski

Written for: The Honorable Clement J. Zablocki, Chairman
Committee on Foreign Affairs
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

June 20, 1983

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The Honorable Clement J. Zablocki, Chairman
Committee on Foreign Affairs
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

Honorable Sir:

Thank you for your letter of June 1, and the enclosed report from the American Embassy in Warsaw. I am extremely grateful for your assistance in obtaining this report. The State Department, to date, has not answered my request for an explanation of the slanderous charge against me.

After a careful study of the Embassy's report, I have found in it erroneous information, false insinuations, and many omissions in regard to my contacts with them. It is apparent to me that they have conspired to destroy my credibility and thereby cover up their own inept and costly (to Western interests) handling of the affair. I do not see any recourse other than to seek legal action against the State Department, and, in particular, against Consul General James Halmo and Susan Lively of the American Embassy in Warsaw.

Were it simply a matter of the injustice done to me, I might be willing to dismiss the whole affair as having been the unfortunate consequence of getting myself into the mess by defying the criminal Military Junta of General Jaruzelski. But by doing so, I became a symbol of resistance for the Solidarity Underground Movement, and as such I enjoyed their protection and confidence. By maliciously slandering me, the State Department has seriously impaired my ability to help Solidarity's cause here in the United States, as I promised them, and as I am morally obligated to do. I have unwittingly become the whipping boy of not only the Military Junta, but of the State Department as well.

I am enclosing with this letter a new report which corrects the erroneous information and omissions made in the Embassy's report, and which provides details not touched in my earlier report, "Ordeal in Poland".

I have decided that now is the time to give a full report on what I learned about the Polish Underground Movement in Lower Silesia, including specific requests made by its leaders for help from the West. Normally, I would have approached the State Department with this information, but unfortunately, this line of communication has been cut off to me.

In order to give more depth and perspective to these reports, I am adding additional relevant material. Because of the quantity of material involved, I have collected the material into a Notebook entitled, "It Happened in Poland," and for completeness, I have included a copy of my earlier report, "Ordeal in Poland".

I hope that the above mentioned material will be useful to you, and I regret that so many pages must be devoted to what did and did not happen at the American Embassy in Warsaw.

Most respectfully yours,

Garret E Sobczyk

Dr. Garret E. Sobczyk
Research Mathematician &
Second American Expelled
From Poland.

Encl. "It Happened in Poland."

cc Ms. Sharon Lucas, Independent News, Anderson, South Carolina.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

The purpose of this Notebook is to gather under one cover relevant information and documents concerning my expulsion from Poland on February 6, 1983, and the role played in this occurrence by the American Embassy in Warsaw. I have also included material which I believe will provide insight and understanding into the political reality in Poland today. Most important is the report, "The Polish Underground Solidarity Movement in Lower Silesia," including an Appeal by Solidarity Leaders for Outside Assistance.

Inevitably, since my credibility has been called into question, I have found it necessary to include documents and hard evidence which supports the validity and accuracy of my accounting of events.

1.	The report, "ORDEAL IN POLAND". -----	1
	- Copy of train ticket and unsigned customs receipt.	12
	- Unclassified document from American Embassy in Helsinki, Finland.	13
	- Announcement of Math Seminar in Helsinki.	14
	- Receipt of payment for Radio Free Europe interview.	15
2.	The report, "Assistance Rendered by American Embassy in Warsaw". -----	16
	- Weather conditions for February 1, 1983.	27
	- MEMO documenting Embassy's ignorance of my whereabouts between Feb.2 - Feb.5.	28
	- Copy of my letter to Polish Minister Kiszczak as taken from underground press.	29
	- Documents relating to brutal beating of Dr. Jerzy Petryniak.	31
	- Receipts of registered letters sent to the communist authorities.	34
	- Translation of letter from the Rector of the Polytechnical University.	35
	- Translation of letter from Wroclaw Church.	37
3.	The report, "The Polish Underground Solidarity Movement in Lower Silesia". ----	40
	- Short History.	40
	- Appeal by Leaders for Outside Assistance.	41
	- Prognosis for the future.	42
4.	Translations of Underground Press. -----	44
	- SOLIDARITY IN BATTLE (May 8, 1983).	44
	- DAY BY DAY (May 12, 1983).	50
5.	Article, "An Interview with Kornel Morawiecki". --- (Untranslated. SOLIDARNOSC WALCZACA, May 29,1983.)	55
6.	What I Will Tell People Back in the USA.----- (Written while in hiding. January 1983.)	59
7.	Newspaper Articles. -----	67
	- Anderson Independent News & others.	67
	- Nowy Dziennik (Polish American - New York).	72
	- Polish article, "ONE WAY TICKET". (Translation.)	74

8.	Letters Regarding My Scientific Career. -----	85
	- To NSF from Professor John Wheeler.	85
	- To NSF from Dr. Zbigniew Oziewicz.	87
	- NSF reply.	88
9.	Letters (to and from). -----	89
	- The President.	89
	- The Honorable George Shultz.	90
	- The Honorable Clement J. Zablocki.	92
	- Copy of American Embassy's Report.	97
	- The Honorable Butler Derrick.	108
	- The Honorable Dante B. Fascell.	112
	- The Honorable William S. Broomfield.	113
	- The Honorable Don Fuqua.	114
	- The Honorable Daniel K. Inouye.	116
	- The Honorable Charles H. Percy.	119
	- The Honorable Jesse Helms.	120
	- The Honorable John Glenn.	121
	- The Honorable Strom Thurmond.	122
	- The Honorable Walter Berns.	123
	- Mr. Zdislaw Najder, Director, Radio Free Europe.	124
	- Readers Write, The Christian Science Monitor.	127
	- Mr. Lane Kirkpatrick, President, AFL-CIO.	130
10.	Resume. -----	(31)
	- Short Biographical Sketch.	(32)
11.	Appendix (NEW MATERIAL). -----	
	- Recent letters to and from State Department.	
	- Copy of my letters to the American Ambassador.	
	- My copy of my letter to the Polish Ministry of the Interior.	
	- Copy of my open letter to Polish Churches.	
	- Copy of my letter to the Rector of the Polytechnical University of Wroclaw.	
	- Copy of my letter to the Director of Technical English at the Polytechnical University.	

ORDEAL IN POLAND

Up until December 22, 1982, if I was guilty of some crime against the Polish State, it was that I had been a witness to the historic development of events beginning with the Pope's visit to Poland in the spring of 1979, followed by the birth of the Solidarity Trade Union in August of 1980, and culminating in the year of the State of War and the outlawing of the Trade Union in November 1982. I have many friends in Poland cutting across a broad spectrum of Polish life, and these people, including communist party members took me into their confidence. During this period of time I kept a chronicle of events that I had seen, of events that my friends had witnessed, and⁸¹ my own thoughts and feelings about these happenings. My notes included no names and were meant strictly for my own use. My primary purpose for being in Poland was that it allowed me the opportunity to be a research mathematician during the six years that I lived in Poland. As an American citizen I did not feel that I was in a position to be more than a witness of these events, however sympathetic I was to the liberalizing trends in Polish society during these unusual and exciting times.

On October 5, 1982 fifteen Polish secret police (plainclothes) raided my home from top to bottom, going through all my personal possessions and every scrap of paper in the house. They confiscated many of my possessions including my typewriter, photographic equipment and about 30 rolls of film, as well as many personal correspondence and my chronicle. I was held for 48 hours and subsequently subjected to over 25 hours of intense interrogation and threats of expulsion. On October 7, they carried out another raid of my house, and as if they hadn't found enough the first time they planted the printing matrix of an underground press in my house and claimed that they had found it there. Over the next ten days I was subjected to intensive questioning, and then, abruptly, the harassment ceased, but they did not return my belongings.

On December 22, 1982 I went to the Wroclaw Bureau of Passports in order to request permission to travel to a Winter School of Mathematics, which I had been invited to contribute to, in Czechoslovakia. Instead of being given the necessary travelling visa, I was told out of the blue that I was being put under house arrest, and that I must leave the country by the end of the year. They gave me back a box of some, but not all of my belongings; in particular they did not return a number of important correspondence, or my chronicle. They also refused to give me a copy of the expulsion decision so that I could study it with the help of a lawyer. They told me to wait in the waiting room while they "fixed" my passport.

I fully recognize the power of the Polish Military Junta to kick me out of the country. But having lived and worked in Poland for six years, having made a life for myself, including many important professional contacts and dear friends, I was not about to give it all up without a legal fight over this arbitrary decision.

At the same time, I recognized that such a battle in Poland was hopeless from the start.

I did not wait for them in the waiting room, but with my box of my possessions under my arm, I walked out of the building and into the street. I made my way into the Polish underground with the explicit intension of doing everything possible to further the cause of freedom and Solidarity in Poland. I recognized from the start that I was doing so at great risk to my personal safety. On the other hand, I remembered the great number of Polish people who had risked or given their lives for the cause of freedom and democracy in America, and I was determined to repay at least a small part of that debt. I also wanted to thank the Polish people in some tangible way for the opportunity I had found amongst them to fulfill my dreams as a research mathematician. (During my years in Poland I wrote and had published 7 papers in international research journals, completed the manuscript for one book and partially completed the manuscript for a second book.)

I began by writing a letter to the American Ambassador in Warsaw on the same day that I went into hiding. In this letter I detailed what had happened to me and asked for his advice and assistance. Next, I wrote letters to the Rectors of both the Polytechnical Institute, and the University of Wroclaw, followed by letters to the specific departments in which I was working: the chairmen of both the Departments of English at the Poly. Tech. Institute and at the University, and to the Director of the Institute of Theoretical Physics. In these letters I told them what had happened, asked them for their assistance in resolving the matter, and in the eventuality that I would not be able to return to work, thanking them and my colleagues for the opportunity and pleasure of working with them.

As an American I felt it my duty to put into practice the ideals of freedom of public expression in which we so deeply believe and yet take so often for granted in America: I wrote an open letter to the Polish Minister of Interior, with copies sent to the Polish Mass Media, as well as to General Jaruzelski and other people in positions of power in Poland, complaining about the illegal handling of my case by the Wroclaw secret police.

I met and won the confidence of some of the most important underground Solidarity leaders, and they asked me to represent the cause of Solidarity to the appropriate authorities in the USA. In particular, they communicated to me specific areas in which they believe the USA and West can best help to promote the causes of freedom and democracy in Poland.

On January 13, 1983, an open letter I had written to the Catholic church was read out loud in a public mass devoted to the two Solidarity chiefs Wladyslaw Frasnyniuk and Piotre Bednarz, who are currently serving 6 and 4 year jail sentences, respectively,

as well as to other victims of the State of War and their families. I was very deeply moved by the symbolic tying of my fate to the loss of Piotre and Wladyslaw in this church service, and I vowed that if I ever got back to the West that I would work for the freedom of my two brothers in spirit, Wladyslaw and Piotre.

Not too surprisingly, since I was continually under a tremendous amount of stress, I developed alarming medical symptoms, namely, a sharp pain in the left side of my chest, followed shortly by a partial paralysis of my right leg. Throughout this time I was cared for and protected, and provided with the best possible medical attention by the heroic people in the Polish underground, at no small extra risk to themselves. I felt greatly indebted to them, to the extent that I pledged to them that I would devote at least the next year of my life to doing everything that I can possibly do in the West to help further their fight for freedom and Solidarity.

While in hiding, I also occupied myself with the task of writing a number of articles for publication in the underground press after I was out of the country, should I be so lucky.

At the end of January there occurred in Wroclaw a huge stake-out to try to smoke out underground Solidarity. Although the authorities had not one shred of evidence that I was with Solidarity people, I felt the extra danger I was causing them. Also, my health had deteriorated further and I began to believe that I had accomplished everything that I could possibly do in Poland to help the cause of Solidarity. For me to stay in hiding longer would create not only extra dangers for underground Solidarity, but would decrease unnecessarily my own chances of getting out of Poland with my skin intact. I communicated my wish to the Embassy that I wanted to come to the Embassy in Warsaw and turn myself in to Polish officials in Warsaw in the presence of Embassy officials, and enclosed copies of most of the letters that I had written.

Consul General James Halmo, who apparently was in charge of my case, was sympathetic and communicated to me that I could come to the Embassy, but that the timing was inconvenient and for me to wait a few more days. Under the circumstances, I did not feel that I could wait, and Solidarity people smuggled me to Warsaw, dropping me off near the Embassy gate. I had previously instructed the Solidarity people that once I was through the Embassy gates, the responsibility that they had willingly taken for me had come to an end. I brought with me only a briefcase full of my most important scientific papers, and essentially no money.

It was 3:30 in the afternoon of February 1, 1983, a cold, rainy day, that I walked through the Embassy gates and into the Embassy. Mr. Halmo was not very happy to see me. He informed me that the Polish authorities absolutely did not want me in Warsaw, and would only handle my case in Wroclaw. I told him that I had no place to go and almost no money, and that I believed that my personal safety was in great danger. Although he had received copies of most of

the letters I had sent, when I started talking about Solidarity, he cut me off saying that he didn't want to hear a word about Solidarity. I did my best to explain to him that not only was my own personal safety in danger, but that I might pose a danger to underground Solidarity should I be taken into captivity and beaten. I told Mr. Halmo that I would not leave the Embassy on my own free will, and that if they kicked me out on the street that I would wait in front of the embassy gates until the secret police arrested me. Mr. Halmo told me that the security officer, Ms. Susan Lively, ordered me out of the embassy because I posed a security risk; they made hotel reservations for me in Hotel Victoria, and ordered three Marines to carry me out. I protested that I was a sick man on heart medication and that I could have a heart attack, and that they might just as well take me directly to the Polish secret police station.

It was a cold rainy evening. The three Marines carried me out and set me down on the wet pavement in front of Ms. Lively's car, opened the door, and shoved me into the back seat like a sack of potatoes. Somehow I landed draped across the Marines' laps like a rag doll. Seeing that further passive resistance was futile, I immediately asked to be allowed to sit normally on the seat between the Marines, and to be allowed to put on my coat since I was chilled. This I was allowed to do.

My night at Hotel Victoria was a peaceful one with only a knock at the door in the morning for breakfast. I read special significance into the fact that my hotel room overlooked Victoria Square, now a fenced off area with a high pile of rubble in the center. Victoria Square had been the place where hundreds of thousands of Poles had gathered in the Spring of 1979 to welcome the return of the Pope to his homeland, and to receive his blessings in an open air Mass. It had also been the sight of the famed Floral Cross that had become the symbol of open resistance to Marshal law in the minds and hearts of millions of Poles, and to people all over the world. I had been here for the Pope's visit, I had been here to lay a flower at the Floral Cross, and now I was here again to stare down at the shambles that had been made of the dreams and aspirations of a Nation. Shambles there were, but I knew that in the hearts and minds of Poles the resistance was stronger than ever.

The next morning Mr. Halmo, Ms. Lively, and one other Embassy official picked me up at the hotel and took me back to the Embassy as they had promised. I was very surprised that the secret police had not come for me during the night because it was now certain that they knew who I was and where I was. I told Mr. Halmo that I was certainly very glad to see him, and that it was too bad that his magic could not be made to extend to all my (Solidarity) friends.

Mr. Halmo had made a doctor's appointment for me over at the English Embassy. At around 11 AM we walked over to the English Embassy to meet this appointment. Before I met the English doctor, Mr. Halmo talked to him privately for about 5 minutes. I found the doctor very helpful and told him what medication I had been taking. He measured and found my blood pressure to be high, listened to my heart and examined my legs. He believed that the partial paralysis in my leg was due to lower back problems and the irregularities in my heart due to the conditions of extreme stress that I had been

under. He then asked me to roll my eyes in circles as he examined them. Thinking that he was checking for signs of damage due to high blood pressure, I asked him if he had detected any such signs. He smiled and said 'no', and then confided in me that Mr. Halmo had asked him to check for signs of hypoglycemia. He said that he had found no such signs.

At around 3 PM, Mr. Halmo told me that he had been in touch with the Vice Director for Consular Affairs Kalinowski, and that Mr. Kalinowski had told him that a special person had been assigned to take charge of my case in Wroclaw, that I would probably be given a couple of months to put my affairs in order, that I would be given a copy of the expulsion decision and the possibility to seek legal counsel. He said that my personal property and correspondence not yet returned to me would be returned, and that I would be allowed to return to my home in Nadolice near the city of Wroclaw. I told Mr. Halmo that I found this all very difficult to believe since just four days earlier I had received a new cluster of threats from the Polish secret police in Wroclaw. On the other hand, I did not want to go through the scene of the previous evening, and I told Mr. Halmo that I would leave the embassy on good faith in his reassurances. I also told Mr. Halmo that it had never been and was not my intention to embarrass the American government, but rather to lay bare the intimidation, the threats, and the complete illegality of the treatment I had received at the hands of the Wroclaw secret police. Mr. Halmo told me that the Polish government was bending over backwards to improve relations with the USA.

I thanked Mr. Halmo for the trouble that I had caused him, and made a special point of shaking hands with the Marines to show them that I harbored them no hard feelings. I made an appointment with Mr. Halmo to meet with Cultural Attache Janet C. Demiray in Wroclaw the following Tuesday, Feb. 8, at the Hotel Wroclaw. Mr. Halmo admitted that we might be pushing the 'magic' of the embassy a bit far, but told me that the embassy staff were very busy that week, and that that was about the earliest possible time that someone could get down to Wroclaw. I offered to walk to the train station, and even looked forward to walking along the streets in the open after having spent the previous six weeks in hiding. But, Mr. Halmo insisted that Ms. Lively drop me off at the Central Railroad Station, especially considering the state of my health and the cold weather.

Ms. Lively dropped me off at the train station at about 3:30 in the afternoon. I had just enough time to purchase a train ticket to Wroclaw before I was apprehended by a smiling police officer who seemed to be waiting just for me. I produced the paper that Mr. Halmo had given me in lieu of my passport which I had left behind in the passport office in Wroclaw on Dec. 22nd, the day they ordered me to leave the country by the end of the year. I explained that the Polish authorities knew about my case and that I was returning to my home in Nadolice with the full knowledge of the Polish authorities. From that moment on Feb. 2nd until the evening of

Feb. 6th when they put me on the boat for Helsinki, despite numerous requests to see my lawyer, an American Consul, and a doctor, I had no contact with the outside world; I felt like an abandoned child lost in a nightmarish cave with no light at the end of the tunnel.

Two Warsaw secret Police in plainclothes came to the train station to interrogate me. They told me that the American Embassy officials themselves had called them to tell them that they could find me in the station. They told me that they knew about my troubles at the embassy the night before, and that these events had significantly improved my chances for remaining in Poland. They also told me that I had better cooperate with them, because I might not get as good a deal if I waited until I was in the hands of the Wroclaw secret police who were much nastier. What they wanted to know was where I had spent the previous six weeks, names and all. I had previously prepared a story for them, implicating nobody, but yet on the whole just plausible, and this I fed them. At the end of the interrogation period they started playing it back on a secret tape recorder, obviously pleased with themselves.

Two incidents occurred at this interrogation session that I want to make record of. They searched through my things and asked me to take everything out of my pockets. I gave the appearance of cooperating. On my person I had a small notebook upon which I had written down matters that I had taken up with Mr. Halmo and which could embarrass the American government, and which might also implicate my involvement with underground Solidarity. I had wanted to destroy this document, but with all the things that had happened in such a short time, I just hadn't thought to do so before leaving the embassy. Slowly I started ripping up this document under the table, and got it into quite a number of pieces before my activity was discovered. Immediately the two agents ran around to my side of the table and physically restrained me saying, "You shouldn't have done that! Why did you do that??" They forced me to leave the room and my things in the room on the pretext of a formality, upon which occasion I am certain they thoroughly searched my briefcase and my few personal belongings.

They told me that I had made a lot of trouble for the Americans and that they, the Americans, didn't like me. They told me that if I was kicked out of Poland that I should probably try to make a new life for myself somewhere other than in America. They produced a picture of Ms. Lively, and asked me if this was the embassy official who had dropped me off at the train station. I feigned a state of shock and to believe their accusations. I did not let on to my realization and understanding as an American that the embassy people, far from wanting to betray me, simply had failed to understand my situation, and were afraid of the diplomatic ramifications and precedent I might set if they had allowed me to

stay at the embassy. Furthermore, the Warsaw authorities had probably convinced the embassy that they really weren't all that interested in me, that I certainly wasn't in any physical danger, and that they really were going to let me return to my home in Nadolice. Very nervously I suggested that had I been allowed to attend the Winter Mathematics School in Czechoslovakia, to which I had been invited, and for which purpose I had been in the passport office in Wroclaw on Dec. 22nd, that I would have met a Professor from Helsinki, Finland who was very interested in my research, and who had written to me about the possibility of a position at the University of Helsinki.

After my questioning in Warsaw, I was driven by three Warsaw police officers to Wroclaw, a distance of 350 miles. The secret police in Wroclaw were up and waiting to welcome me when we arrived at 3 o'clock in the morning of that snowy night. I could not help but make a mental note of that scene. Here, the secret police of a totalitaristic system were working around the clock to reach their criminal objectives, where-as the people of the freest and most democratic country in the world did their best to see to it that their Embassy was closed promptly at 5 PM according to regulations.

From 3 o'clock in the morning to 9 o'clock I sat with those three secret police agents, secretly admiring their dedication to their, by any standards, criminal work. They wanted to question me again about where I had been the previous 6 weeks; I refused to answer saying that their Warsaw brothers had taped their interrogation session with me and that I had told them everything.

They told me that 'yes, they could give me back my things, but that they weren't going to ... that they were going to keep them for "possible future use" '. (Among my personal correspondence was a letter I had written to Congressman ~~Rodino~~, chair- Don Fugate man of the Committee on Science and Technology, expressing my misgivings over the lack of support for basic research in the USA, and about the irony of my own situation of finding the possibility for my own development as a research mathematician on American grain money in Poland, where-as I had been unable to find any similar opportunity in the USA. I wrote this letter in 1979.)

They then told me that the American Consul John Parnell, whom the embassy had sent down just after Christmas in answer to my first letter to the embassy about my situation, "could have helped you, but didn't". Again I feigned shock at this revelation, and once again started talking about my possibilities for beginning a new life in Finland. At this point I was extremely concerned about my situation. I was certain of a good possibility of spending several years in a Polish jail. I believed the main worry of the Polish authorities to be the noise that I might make once I got back to the West, including the publication of a book about my

experiences in Poland entitled, "Return Ticket to Poland," about which I had made mention in my chronical that they had confiscated back in October. I acted the role of a scared, naive, and psychologically broken American. They hand-cuffed me at around noon and led me off to jail, despite my requests to see a lawyer, an American Consul, and a medical doctor.

The next day, on Friday, Feb. 4th, they came and got me and told me that I was being put on trial. In the waiting room to the courtroom there were two people that I recognized. One was a Captain Poniatowski who was notorious among my circle of friends for being responsible for the arrest and harrassment that our group of people had suffered during the year of the State of War. The second, the individual to whom he was talking, continually stared at me with dark penetrating eyes of a hawk sizing up its prey. I walked up to these two individuals and said, 'why you're Captain Poniatowski, and you're the State Prosecutor whom I've seen on T.V.'. 'No', they lied, 'we are just ordinary secret policemen.'

They marched me into the courtroom, the bright lights came on, and the T.V. camera started filming. I was it. I was the star performer of this farce, straight from jail, dirty and unkept, and without even shoelaces in my shoes. I told the judges that this was no trial but a mockery of Poland's 1000 year history. Where, I demanded was my lawyer, and where was the American Consul? I refused to cooperate and said that this was more of a circus than a court of law. One of the three judges feigned a pain in his chest, asking for a short break in the proceedings and for a glass of water. I also asked for a glass of water and was obliged. They found me guilty and demanded that I pay a fine of 50,000 zlotys or face a 50 day jail sentence. I refused to pay anything and repeated my demands for the presence of a lawyer and an American Consul. My captors returned me to jail, and told me that since I was now a sentenced criminal, I had the right to sleep on a mattress instead of the hard wooden floor.

During the next couple of days I made more requests to see my lawyer, an American Consul, and a medical doctor. My requests were denied. On Sunday morning, Feb. 6th, at 9 AM, Captain Poniatowski came with two regular police officers and informed me that I was being expelled on the boat to Helsinki leaving that evening from Gdansk. They took me out of jail to a waiting car with a chauffeur. One of the police officers rattled a pair of handcuffs in front of my face, and the other opened his vest and showed me his gun. He told me that he would shoot me if I tried to escape. I told him that I believed him and did not offer any resistance.

When the five of us arrived at the port in Gdansk, a 450 mile drive, the boat was already taking on passengers. They took me into a special room and thoroughly searched my person and meager belongings, confiscating some but not all of the Solidarity pins that

people in the underground had given to me for mementoes. When they also confiscated two silver PRL coins that had been given to me, and then asked me to sign a document essentially giving them the right to do so, I began making a fuss. By this time the formalities were almost over, and they had taken me back into the area where other people were about. Captain Poniatowski cast nervous glances in the direction of the people nearby who were now aware that something unusual was afoot. I refused to sign the document, saying that what they were doing amounted to outright theft. The bureaucrats were left agast, not knowing how to respond to such unheard of impudence.

Captain Poniatowski gave the signal, and the two police officers hustled me back into the sideroom, asking me why I had had to start making trouble after being 'good' on the trip up. I didn't know whether or not to expect a few kicks for good measure, but they were not forthcoming.

I was the last to be put on board the ship, only at which time did they return to me my passport, and surprisingly enough, the document that I had refused to sign. Captain Poniatowski and his two police officers waited at the bottom of the ramp until it was taken up. I watched them through the port window, and it was only after the ship was under way that they walked away. I spent my last six dollars to have my friend called in Wroclaw, to tell him that I had been expelled and was on the boat "Silesia" with destination Helsinki, Finland. I also told him to convey this information to the American Embassy in Warsaw.

When I arrived two days later, on the afternoon of Feb. 8, in Helsinki, I immediately went to the American Embassy. They were very helpful and expecting me. The American Consul at the Embassy gave me a copy of an unclassified document that he had received just that morning. He also had before him a classified document of which contents he partially revealed to me about the coverage the Polish media had given my expulsion. I asked him to let me have a copy of that document, but he refused saying that it was classified. 'But', I said to him, 'surely since it pertains to me he could certainly let me see this document?' He refused. I told him not to worry, that I was not going to refuse to leave his Embassy. He smiled. 'Look,' I said, 'does it say I'm crazy or something?' No, he says, nothing insulting. I told him that when I requested asylum in the Embassy in Warsaw, they told me that I could not stay because it would be a breach of the Embassy's security. He told me that he would have given me asylum in his embassy if I had been in danger. I arranged to call my Mother from the Embassy and have \$1500 wired to the State Department in order that I could draw out the money in Helsinki. I also called the Professor whom I knew in Helsinki, Professor Lounesto, and advised him of my situation. He agreed to help me and arranged for me a small honorarium to be paid to me for giving the mathe-

mathematical seminar that I had planned to give in Czechoslovakia. I thanked the people at the embassy for their assistance and left.

In Helsinki I was interviewed by an Associated Press man, Mr. Risto Maenpaa. He was very interested in my story. A few days later he called me to tell me that he had confirmed my story by calling the American Embassy in Warsaw, but that for one reason or another the story he had written about me was not accepted. I also gave a telephone interview with Ms. Sharon Lucas of the Anderson Independent Mail, Anderson, S.C.. I left Helsinki in the morning of Feb. 15. The sun was just rising in the East, and from the jet window I could make out the continent of Asia stretching out in the distance to meet the rising sun. My destination was Radio Free Europe in Munich, West Germany.

The people at Free Europe were very happy to see me, and immediately gave me a copy of the article that had appeared in the Polish Press about my expulsion from Poland. That very same afternoon, and the next day, I was in their recording studios telling the Polish People the truth about my expulsion from Poland, that I would work for the release of the Solidarity leaders Bednarz and Frasyuniuk, and that I would continue to work for the cause of Freedom and Solidarity in the West.

From Munich, I flew on to Geneva, arriving in the evening of Feb. 16. Professor Constantine Piron of the University of Geneva was able to arrange a stipend that paid my expenses for a week's visit at the Institute of Theoretical Physics, for which I was very grateful. In addition to giving seminars on my mathematical research, I arranged to meet news correspondents from the Associated Press, UPI, and the International Herald Tribune. Initially, they all seemed very interested in my story, only to lose interest in it later.

While I was in Geneva, I called my friends in Poland. They told me that the story of my expulsion had been extensively covered in the Polish mass media, including a half hour T.V. News Special, featuring footage from my "trial", talks with my neighbors as to whether they had ever heard Morse code signals emanating from my house, and an interview with my wife who is still in Poland. Somehow it seemed strange to me that my story could be so widely covered in the strictly controlled communist news media, and yet so un-newsworthy for the Free Western news media that they were either satisfied with the Polish Press release (PAP) of the story, or content to ignore the story altogether. Perhaps the Free Press now feels that people in the West are tired of hearing about events in Poland, and considers the fight for freedom and democracy in Poland to be dead and buried.

Before leaving Geneva for New York, I found the opportunity

to meet Professor Walter Berns, America's Associate Representative to the Commission on Human Rights at the United Nations building in Geneva. Professor Berns told me of the upcoming vote at the Commission on the Resolution for the Investigation of Human Rights Violations in Poland. He told me that the passage of this Resolution this year would be much more difficult than last year. I told Professor Berns that I had just been expelled from Poland after having lived there over the past 5 years, and that I could personally testify to the grossest human rights violations, and that I, myself, had been a victim of such violations. I told him that the great majority of the Polish people were staunch supporters of President Reagan and his economic sanctions against Poland, and that he could be sure that the Polish people were counting on and would be grateful for continued American support in their present hour of great suffering and travail, for the causes of Freedom and Justice in Poland.

I returned to New York on Feb.27, tired and thoroughly exhausted after my ordeal, but determined to continue the battle for Freedom and Solidarity in the West, and to not forget the heroic struggle of the Polish people. Too often we Americans are lulled into the belief that we are responsible only to defend our own Freedom and Democratic system, and to let the rest of the world take care of itself. The most important precept of the Solidarity Movement is that one man's human rights and Freedom is the legitimate concern of all men, and that when one man's rights and freedom are violated, then all men's rights are in jeopardy.

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REF: WARSAW 1198 AND PREVIOUS (NOTAL)

1. CONGRESSMAN BUTLER DERRICK INTERESTED
2. MFA VICE DIRECTOR FOR CONSULAR AFFAIRS KALINOWSKI INFORMED CONOFF FEBRUARY 7 THAT AMCIT GARRET SOBCZYK HAD BEEN DEPORTED BY FERRY FROM POLAND ON FEBRUARY 6. AT SOBCZYK'S REQUEST, THE AMCIT WILL BE TRAVELING TO HELSINKI.
3. FOR THE DEPT: PLEASE CONVEY FOREGOING TO SOBCZYK'S MOTHER THROUGH OFFICE OF CONGRESSMAN DERRICK
4. FOR HELSINKI: SOBCZYK IS A MATHEMATICIAN WHO HAD RESIDED FOR SIX YEARS IN WROCLAW, POLAND, DUE TO HIS CONTACTS WITH MEMBERS OF THE OUTLAWED SOLIDARITY TRADE UNION, POLISH AUTHORITIES APPEAR TO HAVE CONCLUDED HIS CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN COUNTRY WOULD BE DETERMINAL TO THEIR NATIONAL INTEREST. WE ARE UNAWARE OF HIS CURRENT FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE. WE BELIEVE THAT HE WILL BE CALLING UPON YOU FOR ASSISTANCE ONCE HE ARRIVES IN HELSINKI.
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UNCLASSIFIED

(ANNOUNCEMENT OF MY SEMINAR GIVEN IN HELSINKI, FINLAND.)

Teknillinen korkeakoulu

Matematiikan laitos

9.2.1983

V i e r a i l u l u e n t o

Amerikkalainen tohtori Garret SOBczyk on tullut Puolan kautta (University of Wrocław) vierailulle Teknillisen korkeakoulun matematiikan laitokselle ajaksi 9.2.-17.2.1983 ja hän esitelmöi matemaattisesta fysiikasta otsikolla

COMPLEX VECTOR ANALYSIS AND SPECIAL RELATIVITY

klo 14.15-16.00 torstaina 10.2.1983 salissa U322

(Y-os., uusi osa, III krs.).

Kaikki aihepiiristä kiinnostuneet opiskelijat, tutkijat ja opettajat ovat tervetulleita tilaisuuteen.

Pertti Lounesto

dosentti

